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THE LIABILITIES OF THE TREATY.

RARELY has any important treaty of peace, however powerful the victorious side and however willing the vanquished to accept the penalty of defeat, settled permanently the issues in dispute, thoroughly cleaned the slate, and given satisfactory security for the future. Few of the great European treaties of the last century can such a claim be made. Will the Treaty of Versailles, so little marked by any departure from the merely retributive motives which have dictated similar documents in the past, prove an exception to the rule? Have its many authors and inspirers attempted too much? Might they not have done better to be satisfied with readjustments less ambitious, less contentious, less spectacular? Was it really essential that a great war should issue in territorial changes of corresponding magnitude? European statesmanship is a hundred years older since the Congress of Vienna—does the treaty justify the conclusion that it is a hundred years wiser?

Already it is as clear as daylight that, far from being a final, all-round settlement, the treaty which still awaits German signature is full of pitfalls and occasions of future mischief.

Perhaps attention has been concentrated hitherto too exclusively upon what may be called the credit side of the account—the indemnities to be exacted from Germany, the restrictions upon her power to work evil in future, the destruction of her militarism, and the like. But a balance-sheet has two sides, and its soundness or otherwise depends altogether upon whether the items on both sides are correctly stated and the accruing result shows gain or loss. Nothing is easier in commercial stock-taking than to magnify assets and to do it in perfect honesty and good faith; on the other hand, nothing is more difficult than to minimise liabilities—these, at least, are sure to be real and can seldom be written down. The same thing holds good in politics, and it cannot be amiss, therefore, to call attention to some of the **liabilities** which must be set against the positive **safeguards**.

REMARKS OF THE SPEAKER.

ed settlement with Germany. In doing this
yself to questions of international bearing,
h exclusively or mainly aff. Germany and,
If my somewhat despondent opinion of the
event prove unwarranted, no one will
nedly than I.

his is too much for me," says the chivalrous Mel-
bbot, when the unucky Queen is being pressed too
ha. "I came hither not to revive old griefs, but to find the
mode of finding new ones." No one could convince me, though
the assurance came from the tongue of an angel or archangel, that
this is the treaty which Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson
went to Paris to frame. The public utterances of both men,
their known idealism and sense of right, the imagination and
foresight which attest the seeds in them flatly forbid the thought.
It is only when we bear in mind the influences which have been
at work in Paris making against moderation in any form that
we can understand how it comes about that the treaty is one
de contenance—a compromise between incompatible principles
and ideals. The two statesmen who have during the past six
months represented in Paris the specifically Anglo-Saxon view of
things know better than any others what they are doing and why
they are doing it. To suppose that either of them has simply
been misled by rash and ill-informed advisers is an impossible
assumption. If this is not the peace they wanted and would
have liked, the reason is that they cannot at present obtain a
different one in face of the unrestrained opposition of others
who do not follow their ends, think their thoughts, or share their
aspirations.

From the first they were confronted by enormous difficulties.
The spokesmen of France in particular, craving security, had
convinced themselves that this would be impossible unless Ger-
many were permanently crippled, not only as a military Power
but politically and commercially. Conscious that France had
been regarded in Germany as the "hereditary enemy" ever since
the days of Louis XIII., France refused to believe that the future
could be different from the past, and that in undoing the fatal
blunder of 1871 Germany could be trusted to forget and forgive
earlier wrongs of her own and make a new start. She saw her-
self, a country with a population of forty millions and a stationary
birth-rate, confronted by a virile and prolific people of between
sixty and seventy millions. How were the conditions to be
equalised or, as that was impossible, to be made less unfavour-
able? France saw her hope in the application of the old maxim
Divide et impera. Germany must be split up and partitioned.

And any further security must be sought in a new system of alliances: Upon these principles French statesmen have worked consistently and pertinaciously in all the negotiations over the treaty of peace, welcoming every valuable, however impracticable, which seemed to promote the dismemberment of Germany.

To these influences and to this spirit the British and American representatives have been compelled to defer far more than can have been their wish. In spirit and intention the treaty is essentially the work of Foch and Clemenceau, and its only fault in their eyes is that it is not far more severe. The *Manchester Guardian* is told by the Paris journal, *Le Libérateur*, which, in exploring its undue mildness, reflects: "The conditions would have been different if Foch and Clemenceau had been able to act alone, in pursuance of the purpose. States and to economic considerations." It adds that the only reason why the British and American governments have assented to the treaty in its present form is that they know it to be unworkable and are willing that France and those who have abetted her shall convince themselves of this by the hard and swift logic of facts. If this supposition is correct—and I am prepared to believe it—it will not be the first time that wise men have deliberately done unwise things in order that foolish men might by experience learn wisdom.

Those who are accustomed to take long views are naturally most anxious about the territorial aspects of the treaty. It can hardly be doubted that the countries which for the moment believe that they have gained most at Germany's expense will in the end find that they have profited least. And yet they had a precious opportunity of concluding a peace of agreement and goodwill, which would have given security both to them and to Europe. It was to the interest of France to be satisfied with Alsace-Lorraine. Not only was her claim to its retrocession understood and approved by all the world, but this was the only territorial compensation officially demanded on her behalf during the war. There is every reason to believe that in the interest of a permanent closure of a three-centuries-old feud New Germany, no longer dominated by the military party, would have agreed to make that painful act of renunciation, as one of justice, and as a final settlement of old scores, bearing no grudge.

Unfortunately, no sooner had her enemy, appealing to President Wilson's Fourteen Points, one of which was the return to France of the spoils of 1871, but no more, accepted the Armistice and the condition of impotence which the enforcement of its stringent but necessary stipulations entailed, than a wild spirit of

Chauvinism took possession of France, or at least of the statesmen who to-day speak in her name. Now claims were made for the first time to the Saar Valley—not merely the coal, the wish for which was justifiable, but the territory—and when Marshal Foch declared that Germany must be pushed right across the Rhine M. Clemenceau, whose knowledge of Germany and German history is said to be no greater than that of the average Frenchman, promptly endorsed the demand. The reduction of Prussia to a third-rate State was to have been the complement of the policy of destroying German unity. This mistaken and impossible idea has been behind the French support of the Poles in all their claims to Prussian territory; it explains why Denmark is being pressed to accept not merely the districts of North Schleswig which are hers on ethnographical principles, but the whole of which Prussia is quite willing to cede, but actually she wants, it explains why at the present time General Mangin, with the encouragement of his Government, yet with singular disregard for his obligations to the other Allies, is scheming for the creation of a separatist Rhenish republic.

It was only after much plain speaking, friendly but perfectly explicit, that the dangerous temperature of French Chauvinism became lowered and the tension was relieved. What France was told, in effect, by her British and American Allies was "Annex the Saar Valley outright, take the whole left bank of the Rhine, take Berlin itself if you will, but remember that you will do it on your own responsibility, for no democratic nation will be behind you."

Brought back to a sense of realities France was persuaded to take a more moderate view of the situation, but it was solely due to the cool-headedness and firmness of the British Prime Minister (who had to face much ill-mannered attack from the Chauvinistic section of the Paris Press) and of President Wilson that her gargantuan thirst for territory has been slaked, though not quenched, by a less potent draught than she wished. The left Rhine projects of annexation became in the end whittled down to the Saar Valley arrangement as it now stands. By this arrangement France is to obtain the coal of the region for fifteen years and Germany is to have a right to buy back the mines at the end of that term. That is a measure of justice. The rest of the scheme is pregnant with mischief. For it is proposed that the mining area, with its five or six hundred thousand German inhabitants, shall be placed under international control for the same period, after which the population is to decide by plebiscite whether it will retain German citizenship or pass to France.

While I believe that this internationalisation of a German

territory and population is an entirely unnecessary measure, not to be commended by any sound political instinct, it must in fairness be understood for what it is—a compromise intended simply to save the face of France, or rather the faces of her thwarted Chauvinists. These men wanted annexation outright. Neither our Prime Minister nor President Wilson would assent, and in the *impasse* thus created the device of a deferred decision was accepted. No one believes, however, that a *plébiscite*, whenever taken, will favour France, and few people believe that it will be taken at all. Nevertheless, it is easy to see what the effect of the arrangement will be. There will be fifteen years of acute aggravation; during this time a large homogeneous German population will occupy an intolerably humiliating status; and the pride of the entire German nation will be wounded for no useful purpose. The Saar Valley arrangement is one of those skin-pricks which hurt and irritate more than straight, honest, downright blows.

The mistake made by France in the West has been repeated, chiefly owing to her encouragement, by the Poles in the East of Germany. None of the Allied nations went to war in order to re-establish a Polish State. That measure, inevitable as it has proved, was a by-product of the struggle. There were, of course, cogent reasons why a New Poland should be created, but the worst of all reasons has been exploited by the Polish leaders and their French sympathisers. Liberty-loving peoples saw in the reconstitution of Poland a tardy act of justice, the recognition of nationalist aspirations which ages of oppression had failed to shatter or weaken, and the destruction in the three partitioning States of a system of ascendancy which had proved bad for the ruling races and desperately bad for the race split into fragments and subjected against its will to alien domination. The Poles, and with them the French Ministers, saw in the creation of Poland another step towards the dismemberment of Germany and thus the crippling of a dangerous neighbour, and in acting upon this motive they have far over-stepped the limits of prudence and safety.

Had they been well-advised and temperate in their demands, the Poles might in all probability have had a settlement of content with Prussia. Before the war there was in that country a growing body of opinion which had come to regard the Polish problem as hopeless and the old aggravating policy of Germanisation as a complete failure. During the war not a few influential voices were raised in favour of a "square deal" with the Poles, the effect of which was to have been the creation of an autonomous Polish commonwealth comprising, besides Russian and

Austrian Poland, the ethnographical Polish districts of Prussia in so far as these could be agglomerated with the more homogeneous populations lying to the east and south. Even more desirous for a settlement along these lines was the public opinion of the rest of Germany, which has never ceased to upbraid Prussia for her inability either to assimilate or conciliate her Polish citizens. Such a settlement would not have given the Poles all they wanted, but it would have given them more than they had ever dared to hope for before the war, and it should have satisfied reasonable ambitions.

The leaders of the Polish nationalist movement, who have spared neither effort nor money in their endeavour to exploit the war in the service of their cause, declined to listen to any such counsels of moderation. They wanted to see Poland reconstituted in her ancient territorial proportions, regardless of the political, demographical, and economic changes which have occurred in the intervening centuries; and the fact that under German influence large territories had in the interval been brought to a high level of culture and prosperity was to them only an additional reason for a clean sweep of the dominant race, even in its chief strongholds, like Danzig. The result is that the Poles have persuaded the Allies to give them a large part of West Prussia, with control of its seaport and capital, which is as little Polish as Berlin or Cologne, a slice of East Prussia, which is to be cut off from the rest of the monarchy, and the rich industrial region of Upper Silesia, though that region ceased to be part of Poland six centuries ago. In the case of Upper Silesia the motive for annexation is admittedly sheer cupidity. The mineral wealth and the great iron works of the region are all in German hands, and though in the Oppeln Government area the Poles are in a large majority, they do not speak pure Polish and they have to a large degree kept aloof from the nationalist movement. What is of greater importance is the fact that in Upper Silesia the Poles predominate solely in virtue of the present industrial conditions, so that their presence there no more creates a title to possession than does the presence of Polish Jews in certain quarters of East London.

Let it be added that the greater part of the inhabitants of the districts to be annexed in the interest of Poland, Germans as well as Poles, are to be transferred to a new allegiance without so much as "By your leave!" As incidental results of the disastrous territorial changes proposed a relatively high civilisation will be placed under a distinctly lower one; an orderly and efficient system of government will be replaced by one, yet to be organised, for which no one who knows the Poles will dare

to predict order and still less efficiency; a system of local administration unequalled elsewhere on the Continent will fall to pieces; industry will be crippled and paralysed; hundreds of thousands of workpeople will lose the advantages of the beneficent scheme of social insurance, in introducing which Germany led the world; and the present racial enmities will be accentuated a hundredfold.

Of the territories to be taken from Austria it is not necessary to speak; Austria having died intestate, the Poles have reclaimed possession of the Habsburg share in the partition of 1815, and here the claim was reasonable. It is different with Russian Poland. Russia, though desperately sick, is not dead, but far from it; in due time, if not dispatched by her too many doctors, most of them quacks, she will come out of her fever, and then she will call for an account of their stewardship from those who have had charge of her affairs. The Allies are to-day rightly calling for the restoration to France and Belgium of all property appropriated by their invaders. Such a demand Russia will likewise make as soon as she comes to herself, and it may be that Poland will have first to give back the territory which she has taken without permission.

M. Kerensky has just warned the Allies against the mistake of infringing Russia's sovereign rights, and the warning was needed. What guarantee exists that Russia will accept arrangements made over her head? Without her acquiescence her frontiers are being revised and huge slices of territory lopped off the old Empire in all directions and converted into, or annexed to, new States. Who can seriously believe that these transactions can possibly last, or be free from anxiety lest Russia's sympathies for the Allied cause will not as a consequence of them be estranged and diverted into hostile channels, Germany, of course, being the *tertius gaudens*?

There are disquieting signs that the Poles, in their eagerness to play again a part in European affairs in the grand style of old, are leading the Powers into a perfect quagmire of difficulty and danger. No sooner had the boundaries of New Poland been fixed than they began to embark upon a policy of aggression on their own account. Their leaders have left us in no doubt that it is their intention to extend the frontiers of the new State just to the extent of their wish and power. Several weeks ago General Haller was dispatched by the Allies (and at their expense) to Warsaw, at the head of the Polish Army, and he heralded his arrival there with an incendiary speech, in which he said: "The Poles in Spitz, Orawa, Silesia, and Pomerania were calling to their brothers, and Poland would not rest until they were rescued. If Poland ordered it, the Polish soldiers from the Carpathians

to the Baltic would extend her frontiers at the bayonet's point." That is a Pan-Polonism which puts to the blush all we know of Pan-Germanism. In their ambition to found a powerful military State the Poles are now ~~clearing~~ ^{clearing} for territory, populated by other races, to which they have no claim whatever, either on historical or any other grounds, trusting that the Great Powers will be behind them with military force in the difficulties which are certain to come directly the Russian nation recovers the mastery of its own affairs. Disregarding the solemn pledge given on their behalf by M. Paderewski, they have invaded and appropriated a large part of the Ukraine, where they have proclaimed martial law and are enforcing a *régime* of terrorism, and they are also bent upon the annexation of Lithuania. In this way it is hoped to create a State of thirty-two million inhabitants, barely one half of whom will be Poles!

It has been said of the Poles that they excite in everyone sympathy, but in no one confidence. Their action since the establishment of the Warsaw Government promises to cost them even the sympathy of those who have hitherto looked upon their national aspirations with goodwill. Lord Palmerston once wrote to Lord Clarendon: "There is a passion in the human heart stronger than the desire to be free from injustice and wrong, and that is the desire to inflict injustice and wrong upon others." This the Poles are proving. If the horrible massacres which have already been committed upon the defenceless Jewish population in various parts of Austrian Poland are an indication of the spirit which the Poles intend to bring into their new national life, the prospect is a dismal one. What will happen when they try the same methods of government upon the Germans? It is not encouraging to read that nearly a million and a half inhabitants of Upper Silesia—whose total population is only three-quarters of a million more—have signed a vigorous protest against the cession of this territory to Poland, declaring that if it is persisted in they will resist it to the utmost by force of arms.

Little prescience is needed in order to tell what will be the end of this scheme of aggression. A Polish publicist of fame and authority, who must be nameless, has given the new Sarmatian republic a life of thirty years at the outside. It needs great faith to anticipate for it even so short an existence, for instead of endeavouring to create a new status such as Russia and Germany might both have been willing to accept, the Poles have deliberately gone out of their way to invite trouble. In this trouble other countries will inevitably be embroiled. Somewhere Poland will have to find both the money and the armies which will be needed in order to carry out her leaders' ambitious designs. Her

Ministers are already greatly wondering how the German mine-owners of Upper Silesia are to be legally expropriated in the interest of complete Polish ascendancy. But the difficulty of buying out the German capitalists, appalling though it is alone, is only part of the financial problem involved in setting Poland on her feet as a going concern. The Poles being, in general, from no fault of their own, miserably poor, the needed money can only come from two sources, Great Britain and America, since France has none to lend. Does the British taxpayer welcome the prospect of Polish loans? Is he satisfied with the credit, and, above all, with the purpose? As to the military liability which will be created if Poland is organised on the lines proposed, one can only say: "Sufficient unto the day is the day's evil." Yet the prospect of the condition of the East of Europe after a brief span of Polish aggression in the spirit of General Haller may well excite feelings of anxiety and dread.

The stipulation of the treaty which is intended to make it certain that Austria (the German remnant of the monarchy) shall never be absorbed by Germany will hardly be taken seriously. "Never" is a word which wise statesmen do not admit into their vocabulary. German Austria cannot continue permanently as a detached and impotent political unit. Either she will return to the parent stock, as child to mother, which, in lieu of a larger destiny, is the natural and rightful solution of the problem, or she will form the nucleus of a revived Habsburg realm; and the longer the first solution is delayed the greater may become the probability of the alternative. Perhaps this larger destiny is anticipated for her. It is notorious that the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is now lamented by many people who were amongst its most active advocates, and that the conviction that in destroying it a great blunder has been committed is nowhere stronger than in France. The present eagerness shown by that country, greatly to Italy's disquiet, to prove friendliness to Austria is not without significance. It is not likely that a democratic Austro-Hungarian federation, embracing as many of the now autonomous territories of the old Empire as were willing to come in, with the Emperor Karl as president, would be displeasing to France if only it offered an additional safeguard against her Eastern neighbour.

Looking to the future, perhaps the greatest danger threatened by the treaty of peace is that its too obvious policy of ostracising and isolating Germany will drive her into the arms of her companion in misfortune, Russia, which was the effect of Bismarck's similar policy towards France after 1871. Neither aristocratic nor middle-class nor peasant nor Bolshevik Russia bears any good-

will towards the Allies, whose inconstant, fitful, and jerky policy has disappointed monarchists, republicans, and social revolutionaries alike. Whatever the future Government of Russia may be, the way is already prepared for a *rapprochement* with her Western neighbour. "Germany will recover and Russia will arise," said Mr. Winston Churchill a few days ago; "our policy must be directed to prevent a union between German militarism and Russian Bolshevism." But the prospect of an alliance between these two elements does not exist. the two are incompatible and they cannot mingle. The great danger is that as soon as Germany and Russia have fallen again into settled ways they will find it to their interest, as contiguous and interdependent empires, each animated by hostility to Western Europe, to renew in a more intimate fashion the political ties of old. Commercial measures will almost certainly prepare the way. These may take the form either of a customs arrangement or merely of the resumption by Germany of that policy of economic penetration which has served her so well in the past, yet has also done much for the development of Russian resources. Quite recently I had the opportunity of discussing this contingency with a leader of Russian opinion, who has suffered grievously at the hands of the Bolsheviks, and has little cause to love Germany, and he entirely confirmed this view. "Most certainly Russia and Germany will come together again," he said. "There may still be hatred of Germany at the present time, but it will soon pass away, for the Russian is a bad hater and has a short memory for wrongs suffered. Nothing can prevent the resumption of the close economic relations with Russia which Germany had cultivated so successfully before the war. She will, indeed, be at a greater advantage than ever, since during the war tens of thousands of Germans have remained in the country, and they now know Russia's need- down to the last button."

The economic alliance, however, will inevitably lead to a political alliance unless both Germany and Russia are brought into the League of Nations on conditions which will require the radical modification of the treaty of peace. Should such an alliance be concluded it is greatly to be feared that its effects will be more serious for Great Britain than for any other Power. Poland may go, or, at least, be reduced to a Russian satrapy, the Prussian territories being returned to a revived Hohenzollern monarchy; France will long before have struck her tent in the Saar Valley, and her immediate concern will be how to retain Alsace-Lorraine. For Great Britain, however, the danger will be in the Far East, for Germany will take care that all the

pressure of which Russia is capable shall be directed towards India.

A further source of anxiety is the proposal to deprive Germany permanently of colonies. That some of her colonies could not have been returned in any circumstances, and that she could not have been allowed to re-enter at once into custody of any of them, was a foregone conclusion. None the less, I believe that a great mistake has been made in closing the door of Africa to Germany with so uncereceremonious and demonstrative a bang, and hold that it would have been wiser, looking again to the future, to have given her the hope of resuming her place in that spacious continent at a later date, perhaps on well-considered conditions of tenure and trusteeship, which might have applied to all Colonial Powers alike. The Allies, it is true, have pleaded moral justification for their action, viz., Germany's cruelty to the native populations, proving her unfitness to bear the responsibility of empire; but the world at large is hardly likely to find this plea convincing. Never before did any one of the Allies show the least compunction on account of these cruelties, though they were known of all men, and so little did our country trouble about them that as late as 1912-11 it was negotiating treaties under which further territories were to have been handed over to German rule.

The right course and the just course, I still hold, was to have acted towards Germany on the colonial question as we acted towards Belgium when the Congo excesses forced the Powers to active intervention. In neither case was the nation as such responsible for the crimes done in its name, in the case of Germany, indeed, both the Diet and the nation protested against them without cessation, but the military gang being in power they were helpless. The cure for the mis-government of the Belgian Congo was the transfer of that region to the administrative competence of the nation. Germany, likewise, should have been given the opportunity of proving, in the changed political conditions, her capacity for just government, with the promise that, on such proof being forthcoming, she should again take her place amongst Colonial Powers.

What, however, has to be put on the debit side of the account here? To unreflective people it may seem that the removal of Germany from the colonial arena is an increased guarantee of the world's peace. What if the result should be just the reverse? By depriving Germany of any share of colonial empire we relieve her *pro tanto* of political responsibility and make her a free lance. What can the world's peace matter to a nation which is refused any share in its life? Henceforth, no country will be so free and

unfettered in her foreign relations as Germany, and as a consequence so able to pledge her influence just where her interests may best be served. What we are doing is deliberately to encourage Germany to fall back into the egoism which ever since 1871 has been her curse, and which contributed so largely to bring about the present world calamity. Worse still, we are giving to Pan-Germanism, which a moderate settlement might have permanently discredited and extinguished, a new lease of life, and the only justification it has ever had, for we are presenting it with a legitimate grievance.

Meanwhile, though German imperialism has for the present been checked, French and Italian imperialism has been inflamed to a fervent heat. Who will dare to say that this is a gain? The menace of a dangerous German ascendancy has been averted, but a new system of ascendancy no less disquieting has been set up in its place. That system is bad for all the Powers concerned, but it is positively fatal for France, which has neither the population nor the wealth nor the military resources necessary to the ambitious rôle which she is aspiring to fill. Moreover, while no one will regret that the machinery of German militarism is to be scrapped, there is neither guarantee nor promise that the other Powers will reduce their armaments correspondingly. It is greatly to the credit of the British Prime Minister that he has resolutely advocated a policy of disarmament all round. To the adoption of that policy, so entirely faithful to every pledge given to the British nation throughout the war, France has been the principal and the successful obstacle. It is a tragic fact that at the end of a triumphant war against German militarism a French newspaper, the Socialist *L'Humanité*, is compelled to ask the question. "Is it Germany, freed from militarism, or France, delivered over to it, who is now the victor?"

These are some of the more obvious of the international issues which are raised by the treaty of peace, and they cannot but excite profound misgiving in thoughtful minds. If it be admitted, as in fairness it must be, that it was beyond the power of Anglo-Saxon statesmanship to arrive at results which would have involved no risk to future peace, and imposed on the Allied Powers a narrower range of liability, the fact remains that the fate which rules the affairs of men makes no allowances for even the best intentions. As Butler says, with terse common-sense: "Things are as they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, therefore, are we deceived?"

Is it possible to liquidate all or any of these liabilities? Not now, perhaps, but later—by the revision of the treaty. Already a large body of public opinion in all countries is urging that

revision should be the first work of the League of Nations. There is an uneasy feeling abroad that until the League has undone much of the work of the Conference there will be behind it no faith or confidence or enthusiasm, and that this organisation, to which the eyes of the world were turned with so much hope, will remain a dead symbol of ideals which the statesmen of France had not the imagination to grasp, the moral fervour to appropriate, and the courage to apply. In the meantime, the Paris Four would be well advised to defer the entire question of the Polish frontiers. To execute the provisions of the treaty in relation thereto—even if it could be done—in the present inflammable state of opinion on all sides might well lead to a massacre or a new war.

Whether, and how soon, the penalty and position of Germany will be reconsidered by the Powers may depend more upon her own action than upon that of any other country. Her present interest is clearly to sign the treaty, subject to whatever protests she may be advised to make, and, having signed it, to make an honest attempt to observe it. That would be the first step towards convincing the world that her change of government means also a change of policy, of ideals, of heart. It must be her aim and endeavour to win back the lost confidence and respect of the nations. It is certain that a merely prosperous Germany, or a Germany predominant in science or material accomplishments and values of any kind, will never again impress mankind. If she is to be reinstated in the world's esteem it must be in virtue of the moral and spiritual contributions which she is able to make to the common life of humanity. Let Germany "make good" in that way, and she would rally sympathy to herself from many sides, and most of all from those who still hold that a war begun for righteousness' sake cannot, without infinite harm to civilisation, be allowed to end in a calculated vendetta and a scramble for loot. Nothing could prevent the revision of the conditions of peace in favour of such a reformed and regenerated Germany, for to maintain all the present proscriptions against her would be the limit of un wisdom and impolicy. A peace of consent is impossible to-day, but a revision by consent may not be impossible to-morrow, and such a revision may yet prove the salvation of Europe and a new and hopeful starting-point in the forward march of mankind.

WILLIAM HARRITT DAWSON.

THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES.

II.—THE EASTERN FRONT.

AN attempt was made, in a previous article,¹ to indicate the nature and scope of the opportunity which the sword has afforded to diplomacy. The statesmen of the world have now got the chance of redressing many ancient wrongs; of meeting the legitimate wishes of many peoples long oppressed; of fulfilling the just aspirations of kinsmen long divided, of relieving Europe from the haunting apprehension of imminent war; and, above all, of securing to the world, if not perpetual peace, at least a prolonged interval for repose and recuperation. The previous article dealt in particular with the problem of the reconstruction of what, during the war, has come to be known as the "Western front," the delimitation of the frontier between France and Germany on the one hand, between Germany and Belgium on the other. That problem was not an easy one, but it was almost simple as compared with that presented by the reconstruction of Eastern Europe.

In attempting to pass judgment upon the terms of peace imposed upon Germany—to anticipate thus far the verdict of History—stress must again be laid upon two points. (1) the distinction between the German Empire and the Prussian Kingdom, and (2) the fact that "Prussia" is pre-eminently an artificial product; that its several parts have been conjoined, not by the decrees of Nature, still less of God, but by the violent and rapacious hands of man.

What God and Nature have not joined man may put asunder. The modern kingdom of Prussia is the resultant of a series of aggregations and annexations, all of which have taken place since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Starting from the Electoral domain of Brandenburg, the Hohenzollern have added field to field. The Duchy of East Prussia fell in to them by an Erbverbrüderung (family compact) in 1681; the Treaty of Westphalia (1648) gave them the eastern and poorer half of Pomerania, the bishopric of Cammin, together with the secularised bishoprics of Halberstadt and Minden, and the reversion (which finally fell in in 1681) to the rich archbishopric of Magdeburg. These accessions of territory were mainly, be it noted, at the expense of the "German" Empire. There were claims, too, eventually conceded, upon certain territories on the Rhine. In 1701, Frederick I. merged the dignity of a German elector in that of a

(1) *The Treaty of Versailles* By J. A R Marriott June, 1919.

non-German crown, and henceforward the Hohenzollern were kings in Prussia. In 1740 there came to the throne, third of the royal line, Carlisle's hero, Frederick the Great. His acquisitions were of great importance for the making of modern Prussia. The Silesian Duchies were the fruit of two wars with Austria, while "West Prussia" represented Frederick's share in the first partition of Poland, though the great prize of Danzig and Thorn was denied to him. That prize fell in to his successor in 1792, together with the provinces of Great Poland, Posen, Gnesen, and Kalisch, all, of course, at the expense of Poland. The last act in the Polish tragedy was not long delayed. The final partition was effected in 1795, Prussia's share consisting of the provinces subsequently known as South Prussia and New East Prussia, including the city of Warsaw.

That modern Prussia was "made" at the expense of her neighbours is a fact which does not admit of contradiction; that a great wrong was thereby done to her neighbours, particularly to Poland, has become the commonplace of historical criticism. Can that wrong now be righted? Can it be righted without involving the perpetration of a greater wrong? Those are the questions with which the diplomatists in Paris have been confronted. How have they been answered?

One observation must at this point be interjected. The case of Poland is one which makes an irresistible appeal to the sentiment of Europe, and, indeed, of humanity. Few events in modern history have made upon the mind and conscience of mankind an impression so ineffaceable as the erasure of Poland from the map of Europe. The imposing extent of the old Polish kingdom; its peculiar place in the European polity; its function—not always adequately performed—as the outpost of Western civilisation; the long diplomatic connection between Warsaw and Paris; the naked brutality of the methods employed by its neighbours to effect its destruction—all these things have made to generous minds a peculiarly potent appeal. Thus, M. Clemenceau accurately interpreted the sentiment of Western Europe when, in August, 1914, he exclaimed; "Poland will live again. By the will of Tsar Nicholas II." (the words were uttered on the morrow of the Grand Duke Nicholas's historic proclamation to the Poles), "supported by France and England, an end will be put to one of the greatest crimes in history."

But the Polish case does not rest only on historical sentiment. There is a practical side to it as well. "*La question la plus exclusivement européenne est celle qui concerne la Pologne.*" So Talleyrand wrote to Metternich during the Congress of Vienna. Napoleon I. used words even stronger: "The future of Europe

really depends upon the ultimate destiny of Poland." The truth of Napoleon's observation cannot here be demonstrated in detail; the reader who desires such demonstration may be referred to an admirable brochure by the Polish statesman, Mr. Dmowski.¹ Mr. Dmowski's little book will appeal with equal force to the ardent advocate of the principle of nationality, and to the student of *Realpolitik*, the diplomatist who still clings to the maxim of the "balance of power."

On all hands, then, it is agreed that Poland must be reconstituted. But how? The sentimentalists who are declaiming against the Treaty of Versailles, as a product of Bismarckian diplomacy, as a "peace of violence," comparable to the Treaty dictated by Germany to Russia at Brest-Litovsk, may profitably be invited to explain how they would reconstitute Poland without "despoiling" Prussia. The naked truth is that it cannot be done. Modern Prussia is the product of a series of crimes. Europe has hitherto condoned them, partly in the stress of circumstances too strong to be resisted. She has now the opportunity of redressing them. Is it to be neglected?

The diplomatists at Paris have decided that it is not. Poland is to be reconstituted, and is to recover from Germany (or as I prefer to say, from *Prussia*) "the greater part of Upper Silesia, Posen, and the province of West Prussia on the left bank of the Vistula." But what of Danzig? Danzig presented a peculiarly knotty problem. "Poland," it has been truly said, "is the Vistula, and the Vistula is Poland." But what is the Vistula without the great city which commands its mouth? That great city is, however, predominantly Prussian. To give it to Poland would contravene certain fashionable formulæ; to give it to Prussia would throttle Poland. Danzig, therefore, with a certain amount of circumjacent territory, is to revert to the position assigned to it in the Treaty concluded between Napoleon and the Tsar Alexander I. at Tilsit; it is to become a "free city," under the guarantee of the League of Nations. Poland, however, is to be permitted to include it within the Polish Customs frontiers, "though with a free area within the port"; to enjoy "the use of all the city's waterways, docks and other port facilities, the control and administration of the Vistula, and the whole through railway system within the city, and postal, telegraphic, and telephonic communication between Poland and Danzig; provide against discrimination against Poles within the city, and place its foreign relations and the diplomatic protection of its citizens abroad in charge of Poland." The device adopted may be a clumsy one, it may be found difficult in practice to work it; but it is, at

(1) *La Question polonaise*, par R. Dmowski. Paris: Colin, 1909.

least, a transparently honest attempt to reconcile awkward facts with fashionable formulae, and to do the maximum of justice with the minimum of violence to the susceptibilities of minorities.

The gravamen of the charge against the arrangement is that it involves the disintegration of Prussia, and that it drives in a Polish wedge between the old Duchy of East Prussia and the Electoral domain of Brandenburg. That is true; but critics must remember that the original connection between the Duchy and the Electorate was purely dynastic and arose from the accidental circumstance that at the moment when, under Luther's influence, the Teutonic Order was dissolved (1525) the High Master of the Order happened to be a member of the Hohenzollern family, though not of the Electoral branch of it. At that time, and for some years after the union of East Prussia and Brandenburg, the Duchy was held in fief from the Crown of Poland, while Poland retained the intervening territory of West Prussia, until it was filched from her by the partitions of the eighteenth century. Arguments derived from historical origins are perhaps as little relevant to the live issues of politics as are mediæval charters to the problem of the nationalisation of coal mines. The blunt questions which the diplomatists have practically to face are these: (1) Is Poland to be reconstituted; (2) if so, can it be reconstituted without involving the disintegration of Brandenburg-Prussia? The first having been affirmatively answered, there is nothing to be said, except to answer the second with an emphatic negative. We may bewail the stern facts of physical geography, but it is no use arguing about them. The irony of the situation is that those who, while Germany was unbeaten, were loudest in their advocacy of the claims of Poland, are, now that Polish aspirations are within measure of accomplishment, most anxious not to hurt the susceptibilities of Germany. They cannot indulge both sentiments simultaneously.

No safeguards have, however, been omitted which could make the Treaty dispositions less distasteful to racial or religious minorities, whose rights and interests will be secured by Treaty. The precise delimitation of the frontier between Poland and East Prussia will depend upon the result of a *plébiscite* among the inhabitants of the territory affected.

On one point in the above arrangements there is likely to be acute controversy and possibly some concession to Germany before peace is actually signed. The cession of Upper Silesia to Poland would mean, for Germany, the loss of a most valuable and productive coalfield. Taken in conjunction with the loss of the Saar basin, the loss of Upper Silesia would render the industrial recovery of Germany very difficult; without that recovery

there can be no hope of exacting from Germany the reparation which she is justly called upon to make. The objection of such considerations may be held to detract somewhat from the idealistic principles upon which the Treaty is professedly based; but, in truth, its provisions throughout represent a compromise between deference to the abstract formulae of the idealists, and a frank recognition of the stern facts of the actual political situation. But the broad result would not seem to be inconsistent with equity.

Several matters, however, are left by the Press summary of the peace terms in ambiguity. (Parenthetically, we may ask why it is that the public in this country should be denied access to the precise terms of the Treaty, when it is circulating freely both in Germany and the United States? Such secretiveness creates an atmosphere of suspicion entirely unwarranted by the terms of the Treaty itself. The Treaty and its authors, if the present writer's reading of the terms be correct, have nothing to fear from, and everything to gain by, the widest publicity and the freest discussion. But let that pass.) Not the least ambiguous is the provision in regard to German Austria. The summary merely states: "The entire independence of German Austria is recognised by Germany," but it has been assumed that this clause is to be read as a prohibition of union between the Austrian Germans and the Federal Empire or Republic of Germany. Should this assumption prove to be correct, it would seem that a grave blunder has been committed. The diplomatists at Paris may well shrink from contemplating even this measure of approximation to the dream of Mittel-Europa; but, if the German Austrians desire to contract a union with their kinsmen to the north, on what pretext can Europe forbid the banns? It is far from certain that the German Austrians would welcome union, though for them it would solve many problems, economic and political; nor is there likely to be complete unanimity of opinion on the question among non-Austrian Germans. Many Germans have in the past recognised the advantage of maintaining a "Teutonic buffer" between the Teutonic Empire of Germany and the Slavs and Magyars. Is the validity of such considerations likely to be diminished by the disintegration of the Russian and the Habsburg Empires? Bold would be the man who would answer this question with an unqualified affirmation. But this may be asserted without hesitation, that if there be a genuine desire for union between "Austrians" and Germans, there exists no power on earth—not even the League of Nations—which will suffice to keep them permanently apart. Let Europe recall two recent instances of similar attempts. The Roumanians of the two

Danubian Principalities ardently desired union, and looked to a Congress of Paris—that of 1856—to effect it. Despite the favourable inclinations of Napoleon III., Europe declined; but the Roumanians took the bit into their own mouths; both the Principalities elected the same Prince, and Europe bowed, as gracefully as it could, to the accomplished fact. Twenty years later the Congress of Berlin tore up the Treaty of San Stefano, and decreed that Bulgaria, in the interests of the balance of power in the Balkans, should be split into two halves. Within a decade the Bulgars had set aside the artificial delimitation, and again Europe had to submit. The moral is too obvious to demand enforcement. It may not be pleasant to contemplate a solid block of one hundred millions of Germans united in a federal republic, with its capital, say, at Frankfort-on-Main, but it is too late in the day to deny even to beaten enemies the rights of “self-determination” or to ignore the strength of the forces which operate behind the facile phrase “nationality.”

We have already passed by an easy transition from the terms imposed upon Germany to those which have been dictated to Austria. We may now proceed to examine the latter in some detail.

“Austria,” as Prince Metternich once observed, “is like no other kingdom in its origin or its maturity.” The man in the street is, we may surmise, learning more of its origin to-day than he ever knew before; for history is retreading its footsteps with extraordinary rapidity. But let the man in the street be wary as to accepting the services of the first guide who offers to conduct him through the mazy paths of history. For to my astonishment I lately read in a journal, of high and deserved repute, these words from a special correspondent in Paris: “The political event of the week has been the official disappearance of the Holy Roman Empire” Shades of Napoleon I! Did you after all, bungle that execution? Did you shrink from laying your hands on that “hoary anachronism” which Voltaire had long ago declared to be “neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire”? Has Lord Bryce written in vain? Have the ponderous but impressive lessons of Freeman failed to penetrate the popular mind? Is there even one person who still needs to be reminded that the Holy Roman Empire “officially” disappeared 118 years ago, or that two years before that historic passing there had come into being—to the constant confusion of historical students—the modern political entity known as the Austrian Empire. That Empire, though anathema to the historical purist, though derided as “ramshackle” by the democratic diplomatist, has nevertheless successfully held together a curious congeries

of States and has provided a very respectable administration for a medley of peoples who, in the day of their "emancipation," will probably find the prosaic tasks of week-day administration less easy, and even, may be, less agreeable than in the days of their "servitude" they had imagined. But efficiency, as we have been frequently reminded of late, can be purchased too dear. The sanguine may still have to learn that freedom is an expensive luxury.

The Habsburg Empire, like that of the Hohenzollern, has disappeared; but there is a striking difference between the two cases. The fall of the Hohenzollern leaves Germany all but intact; the fall of the Habsburgs involves the disappearance, not merely of a dynasty, not merely of an empire, but of one of the most imposing Powers of the modern world. The mosaic of nationalities, which we have hitherto known as the Austrian Empire, or, with more semblance, but less reality of accuracy, as Austria-Hungary, was held together solely by dynastic cement. The Habsburgs, like the Hohenzollern, were by origin a Suabian family. The family acquired great estates in Alsace and in Zürich, Unterwalden and Lucerne, and in 1273 the reigning Count Rudolph was elected King of Germany and the Holy Roman Emperor. Rudolph's election was due partly to the absence of a decent alternative, partly to his own talents as soldier and statesman, but most of all to the relative obscurity of his family and the insignificance of his hereditary patrimony. Here, thought the electors, was a man who would be dangerous to their enemies, but innocuous to themselves. The Bishop of Bâle formed a truer estimate of the founder of the Habsburg fortunes. "*Sede fortiter, Domine Deus, vel locum Rudolphus occupabit tuum.*" The prayer came from unfeigned lips, but it was ambiguously answered. For nearly two centuries the connection between the Empire and the House of Austria was intermittent, but from 1440 to the extinction of the Empire in 1806 it was broken only by the three years' reign of Charles VII. of Bavaria (1742-45).

Meanwhile, the Habsburgs gradually built up an imposing hereditary dominion. To the duchies of Austria and Styria, conquered from Bohemia in the thirteenth century, were added in the fourteenth century Carinthia, and parts of Carniola, Tyrol, Istria, and Trieste. In the fifteenth century the marriage of Archduke Albert with Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Sigismund, brought to the Habsburgs the Crowns of Bohemia and Hungary. The newly acquired crowns were temporarily lost in 1457, but early in the sixteenth century another fortunate marriage brought them back. Thus was the hereditary domain

of the Habsburgs built up. Their later connexion with the Netherlands, with Spain and Italy, does not immediately concern us. There are, however, one or two landmarks in their career which, in view of contemporary events, it is important to recall. The first is the Thirty Years' War. After the Treaty of Westphalia, the Imperial functions of the Habsburgs were reduced to a shadow. With the loss of Alsace and the Lorraine Bishoprics to France, the centre of political gravity for the Habsburgs shifted eastwards. They began, in Bismarck's famous phrase, to "gravitate towards Budapest." But, meanwhile, their position in Hungary was rendered more and more precarious, on the one hand, by the rising spirit of Magyar independence, on the other, by the attacks of the Ottoman Turks. After the end of the seventeenth century the Turks ceased to take the offensive; but the difficulties with the Magyars were never really composed until after the conclusion of the *Ausgleich* in 1867. In the meantime much had happened. The Imperial structure had been finally shattered by Napoleon; the Hohenzollern had advanced by rapid stages to the first place in Germany, and in 1866 the Habsburgs had been simultaneously driven out of Germany and Italy by Bismarck. After 1867 the gravitation towards Budapest was even more marked. Bismarck himself cordially encouraged it; he encouraged also the Habsburg penetration in the Balkans. Reluctantly compelled to choose between the friendship of Russia and Austria, he chose the latter, and at the Congress of Berlin the good offices of the Habsburgs were rewarded by the "administration" of Bosnia and the Herzegovina.

Henceforward the Habsburgs were committed to the policy which by slow but sure stages culminated in the outbreak of the European war in August, 1914.

The essential causes of that war were two - the internal difficulties of the Austrian Empire, accentuated by the growing self-consciousness and restlessness of the Jugo-Slavs; and the consuming ambition of Germany, in alliance with Austria, to dominate the Near East, and so, by securing a land route to the Middle and the Far East, to turn the flank of the Empire, which held together its scattered dominions and dependencies by dominant sea power. Hohenzollern and Habsburgs were alike playing for high stakes. The gamblers have lost, and have paid for it. Two historic Empires have crumbled into ruins.

Out of the ruins of the Habsburg Empire many new nation-states are painfully arising. They come into being under the sanction of the Treaty of Versailles - Czecho-Slovakia, with the new Poland, will be the rallying point for the northern Slavs; Jugo-Slavia for the southern branch of the same race; while the

cession of part of Transylvania and the Bukovina to Roumania will enable Roumania, augmented also on the east by the recovery of part of Bessarabia, to resume on a more important scale its historic rôle. Roumania is historically and traditionally "*an îlot latin au milieu de l'océan slav.*" The position of Roumania, has always been an interesting one; it may become one of first-rate importance to the European polity of the future; but its path, even with the goodwill of the League of Nations, will not be devoid of stumbling-blocks. Still less will that of the new Czecho-Slovakia or the enlarged Jugo-Slavia. There appears to be some hope, as these pages go to press, of a tolerably satisfactory solution of the Adriatic problem. Whether Italy will permanently acquiesce in a settlement which neutralises Fiume and assigns the Dalmatian coast to Jugo-Slavia, time alone can tell. Meanwhile, Italy reaps a rich harvest from the fall of her traditional enemy: the Trentino, the great commercial port of Trieste, with the district of Gorizia-Gradisca, the western half of Istria, with Pola, the "Portsmouth of the Adriatic"—these represent, apart from islands of the Dalmatian archipelago, immensely important accessions. Italy becomes undisputed mistress of the Adriatic. The disentanglement of other knots in the Near Eastern problem is not yet completed, there are the conflicting claims of Roumania and Jugo-Slavia, of Roumania and Bulgaria, of Bulgaria and Greece still to be adjusted; above all, there is the cardinal problem presented by Constantinople itself. It is idle, while negotiations are still actively in progress, to embark upon a discussion of these difficult questions. This article has been concerned with the liquidation of the two great Central European Empires: that of the Hohenzollern and that of the Habsburgs. Of that liquidation only one important section remains to be considered.

Forty years ago Germany did not possess one foot of territory outside the confines of Europe, and had not yet become conscious of the lack of a colonial empire. To this generalisation one exception ought perhaps to be made. As far back as 1848 Roscher, an eminent economist, suggested that Asia Minor was the obvious shore to which Germany might look forward in the ultimate partition of the Ottoman Empire. About 1870 the idea became more widely prevalent and more precisely defined. Ten years later a commercial association was founded in Berlin with a capital of 50,000,000 marks to promote the "penetration" of Asia Minor, while in 1886 Dr. Anton Sprenger, the distinguished orientalist, published a brochure with the following highly suggestive title: *Babylonien das reichste Land in der Vorzeit und das lohnendste Kolonisationsfeld für die Gegenwart.* By this time

the attention of Germany was fully aroused to the possibilities offered in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia by the impending dissolution of the Ottoman Empire. The Kaiser himself paid two ceremonial visits to Constantinople; on the second occasion his tour extended to Palestine, and in a famous speech at Damascus he took the "three hundred million Mohammedans who reverence [the Turkish Sultan] as Khalif" formally under his protection. Meanwhile the Deutsche Bank had established a branch at Constantinople; the port of Haidar-Pasha had been ceded to the "German Company of Anatolian Railways," and a convention had been concluded for the construction of a railway from Constantinople to Bagdad. The whole policy was conceived with conspicuous ability, and its execution pushed on with characteristic energy. The dream of an Asiatic Empire has been dissipated by the issue of the great war. The future of Asia Minor and Mesopotamia still hangs in the balance; what we do know for certain is that it will not be moulded by German hands.

Other dreams, not less substantial, have suffered a similar fate. Between 1880 and 1900 Germany underwent an industrial revolution. A land of rural peasants was transformed into a land of urban industrialists. Population increased with great rapidity, and sought an outlet in emigration. For some years Germans were emigrating at the rate of 200,000 a year. Once the emigrants left Germany they were lost to the Fatherland. Germany suddenly awoke to the need for colonies. In 1884 she made a territorial start in Africa. In that year she established a formal protectorate over the whole of the coastland of South-West Africa (with the important exception of Walvisch Bay) from the Orange River to Cape Frio; she annexed Togoland and the Cameroons in the north-west of the same continent; while in the Pacific she acquired the greater part of Samoa, the northern coast of New Guinea, and the New Britain and other islands, since known as the Bismarck Archipelago. A year or so later, the German East Africa Company was established, and rapidly acquired a large territory on the east coast of the African continent. The progress of German "colonisation" was thus amazingly rapid, and within three years she was in possession, thanks in large part to the goodwill of England, of an overseas Empire extending over 1,000,000 square miles of territory and embracing a native population of over 12,000,000 persons. One thing only did these colonies lack. All that Governmental forethought could provide was provided; all that administrative skill could devise was effected; Germany could furnish highly-trained officials, plenty of soldiers, a well-disciplined police; the one element she could not supply was—colonists. If Germans emigrated they preferred to live under

alien flags; but, in fact, the tide of emigration soon slackened under the influence of rapidly developing home industries. Of late years, the Pan-Germans have frankly faced the situation and have based their "colonial" crusade upon three grounds: the demand for raw materials of tropical origin; for points of strategical advantage; and for cannon-fodder. A Colonial Empire, in the English sense, was a vanished dream; all the more fervently did Germans embrace the project of an overseas Empire, calculated to supply the deficiencies and to extend the power of Continental Germany.

Had the Central Empires won the war that project would not only have been realised, but vastly extended. Even defeat might not have involved the loss of the German colonies in Africa had not German colonial administration outraged the conscience of mankind. Germany has been arraigned at the bar of public opinion, and she has been adjudged guilty and sentenced to forfeiture.

The Colonial Empire of Germany, the product of a day, has fallen in an hour. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. By world-decree that Empire will pass, for the most part, into the keeping of the Power which thus far has shown the most conspicuous genius for colonial administration. Whether it passes in full sovereignty, or under mandate from the League of Nations, matters little. Without fear of contradiction and without hypocrisy we may affirm that ever since the painful lesson taught by the loss of our first colonial empire we have conceived of empire less as a possession to be enjoyed than as a trust to be administered.

Fair is our lot, and goodly is our heritage
Humble ye, my people. . . .

The "sturdy patriot of the world alone" may carpingly enquire whether Germany, too, is not entitled to "a place in the sun." That depends surely on the use she made of it when, largely by the complaisance of her neighbours, she was allowed to occupy it. On that point the verdict, as we have seen, is unequivocal. The trust she has abused must, therefore, pass to another. When the dust in which the diplomatists at Paris are at present involved has been dissipated, when men have leisure to reflect upon the meaning of all that has been accomplished in the past months, this, with much else in the Treaty of Versailles, will be seen in true perspective. The world will then realise the truth of Bossuet's aphorism: *Quand Dieu efface c'est qu'il se prépare à écrire*. Verily, out of the ruins of the old world the emergence of a new world may already, in outline, be discerned.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

1914: LORD FRENCH'S NARRATIVE.¹

THE Commander-in-Chief of our original Expeditionary Force to France has rendered invaluable service to the rising generation of British officers by the publication of his own story, whatever the merits of the controversy which it has given rise to may be. Moreover, the indignation at his indiscretions and his want of good taste seem to the writer somewhat exaggerated. The book is the mirror of the man; its very mistakes are instructive, nor need anyone take a single account as gospel. It can be checked and compared with several others. After all, the contention that military affairs are beyond the ken of the public, that military leaders are sacrosanct and exempt from criticism, rhetorical indignation about "the living and the dead," are all misleading and inspired by interested motives. Even the greatest of living or dead statesmen and commanders must be judged by the verdict of history, and that verdict is likely to be justest when the real facts are accessible to the historian. Democracy is the pretended creed of politicians and newspaper proprietors in these days. Why, then, may not the people know what has happened in the most critical days of their history? The exigencies of war found the pretext for keeping the nation in ignorance of its most vital affairs for nearly five years, and war certainly imposed restrictions on news. Nevertheless, the greater misfortunes of the war would probably have been avoided if, at the beginning, all the facts of the case, including the news of mistakes and disasters, had been published in England, instead of being published in Germany, in America, throughout neutral countries, but concealed from the British people, whose duty it was to redeem them.

Some of Lord French's narrative will be modified by others; some of his conclusions will be rejected by the best expert writers, and some of his personal prejudices and impulses will perhaps reduce the weight of his authority, while proving the sincerity and spontaneity of his work, but it is undeniable that he has done good in the main by shedding light on the mystery of the first great battles of the war. Besides, the precise folk who shudder at revelations have got to nerve themselves for much greater shocks ere long. Too many competent witnesses are preparing to testify, not only about 1914, but also about 1915, the Somme Campaign of 1916, Passchendaele and Cambrai, 1917, and finally about the battles of 1918. The stream of revelations has only just begun to flow from the rock of discipline.

(1) 1914 By Field Marshal Viscount French (Constable)

All history is difficult to obtain, but the history of war is proverbially the most inaccessible, for the only men who know the truth have in the past, for a variety of motives, concealed or distorted the vital facts. Here, for the first time in history, the Commander-in-Chief not only is telling his own story while the facts are fresh in his memory, but no one can read his pages without the conviction that he is frankly and heartily revealing the true story so far as recorded information has made it possible to do so. The book is therefore a History, a work of art, and a State paper of inestimable value. For many other reasons also the narrative of the campaign in France of 1914 stands out even among the gigantic conflicts which followed, because this campaign alone exemplified typical warfare, the war of march and manoeuvres, in which the science and art of war had full play. The subsequent struggle so heroically waged by our troops against the Germans was of the nature of a gigantic siege, a siege in which the Allies were alternately the beleaguered and the assailants, and in which our Army held but a sector of the fortified lines with flanks protected by our Allies or by the sea. In 1914, too, our old Regular Army crossed swords with a great numerical superiority of the cream of the German host at concert pitch and undamaged by war, whereas subsequent campaigns were fought between improvised and only partially trained forces on both sides. For the student of war the events of 1914 will always surpass in interest and in value the vicissitudes of the later campaigns waged materially on a far more extensive scale.

Viscount French's narrative begins with his sudden appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force. He had resigned the principal post of the Army Council on the preceding spring on account of the Irish question, and was thus at a considerable disadvantage in resuming the threads of the tangled skein. Nor had the Cabinet in his absence arrived at any very definite scheme of action to meet the long-threatened emergency. At the first Council of War at which the corps commanders and other high military officials were present it was still under discussion as to whether our Army should go straight to the assistance of our French Allies, or whether an interval of time should be taken advantage of to increase our forces so as to launch them against the German flank at the most opportune place and moment. The new Commander-in-Chief decided in favour of rapid intervention, and the assembly of our troops in the neighbourhood of Mauberge was immediately undertaken.

The struggle thus begun was not unequal. On the Eastern frontiers of Germany the Russians were preparing to strike with

superior forces at the half-dozen army corps left to guard the Fatherland, besides invading Austria. The bold invasion of Belgium by the enemy had certainly given him some strategical advantages, but at the price of bringing the Belgian army, about 100,000 field troops, into the field, while the seven millions of Belgian inhabitants beset the columns of the invaders. The Kaiser attacked France with 34 army corps, about one-and-a-half million soldiers. The French army numbered thirty corps by the eve of the Marne, and the British three. Thus there was an approximate equality of numbers in the West; the Allies were fighting close to their arsenals and reserves, so that the optimistic spirit of the British Commander may well seem to have been justified. Our author is very restrained in criticising the French High Command, but the story requires that the false conception of the campaign at General Joffre's headquarters should be noted. It was there assumed that the Germans would not have troops enough to attempt any important offensive action west of the Meuse, and the whole French deployment was planned on that hypothesis. When the enemy threw nearly half a million of soldiers across the Meuse for a great outflanking manœuvre the French chiefs were too slow in grasping the situation, and in taking the necessary counter measures. Maubeuge constituted an excellent rendezvous for the British Army on the original hypothesis of the campaign, but the German outflanking march rendered it quite unsuitable, and the first action at Mons found our line facing north instead of east. Moreover, the failure of the five French armies to hold the frontier between us and the Vosges almost immediately placed our little Army in extreme peril. Small credit is due to the Staff officers who planned the opening of the campaign, for the contingency which actually occurred might have been guarded against.

Four rivers—the Seneffe, Dender, Escaut, and Lys—cross the Belgian plain from south to north. They flow, roughly, parallel to one another, about a day's march apart. If our Army had been assembled at Lille, and had formed up so as to outflank and prolong the French line, while at the same time threatening the flank of the Germans, our relatively small numbers would have exerted a far greater influence, and in case Kluck had marched against us with the bulk of his forces, as he did at Mons, we should have enjoyed the following advantages. A broad gap would have been opened between Kluck's army and the German main body, through which French cavalry and other forces might have penetrated. We could have fallen back from one strong position to another, still covering our base, *i.e.*, the Channel Ports, and still threatening the flank and communications of the enemy.

dispositions for the retreating troops at all. Apparently, the Staff had not yet acquired the capacity for controlling the vast traffic of their army, nor of getting about alternately on horseback and motor, according to circumstances, which is now necessary. At any rate, we lost 15,000 men, mostly prisoners, who were intercepted on the retreat during the 27th, and eighty guns, with much necessary equipment.

The position of the British Commander-in-Chief at nightfall on Aug. 27th was almost appalling. The greater part of his army had fought a victorious battle indeed, from which he had been personally absent, and in the subsequent retreat disastrous confusion had taken place. The fury of the German pursuit had compelled our troops to prolong their march with great resulting fatigue. The two corps of the Army were still separated. Our Allies were unable to contain their opponents, and the existence of the British Army depended on the leadership of Allenby and on the resistance which his 5,000 horsemen could offer to the pursuit of two German cavalry divisions, followed closely by half a dozen German infantry divisions. Sir John, however, maintained his sang-froid, and successfully reassembled the Army in the Valley of the Oise, fixing his own Headquarters at Compiègne, where he remained till Aug. 31st. The victorious progress of the Second German Army under Von Bülow, which threatened once more to isolate us from the Fifth French Army, compelled the British to continue the retreat to the Marne. The book then proceeds to relate the interviews and exchange of views which Sir John French had with Joffre and Laurenzac, and the differences of opinion which arose. It will be seen that the position of the British Commander-in-Chief was most illogical and difficult; the course of events constitutes his justification for the energetic attitude which he thought fit to adopt, both to his French colleague and to Lord Kitchener.

The most dramatic incident described in the early chapters of Lord French's book is the visit of Lord Kitchener to Paris during the retreat, and the interview between the two field-marshal. The author narrates that Kitchener was sent to Paris by the Cabinet to remonstrate with the Commander-in-Chief on account of his decision to retreat south of the Marne before taking part in another battle. Before anyone can form a sound opinion on the controversy which is thus initiated he must know what despatches the Cabinet in London received from the French Government. Judging by the official account of the retreat, published in the French War Office in 1916, and repeated by M. Gabriel Hanotaux in his *Enigme de Charleroi*, it was the premature retreat of the British Forces which compelled the

whole line of the Fifth French Army to fall back. In the opinion of the writer, who was present with the Sixth French Army, on Sir John French's left, this statement is untrue, and our Commander-in-Chief is right in concluding that if he had not acted as he did both his flanks would have been turned, thus exposing his army to isolated disaster.

On the other hand, it may be that the London Cabinet received deceptive information from Paris, which induced them to dispatch the Secretary of State for War to confer with the Commander-in-Chief in the field, and to verify the situation from personal observation. It is further to be observed that under the Army Council system either the King in person or the Secretary of State for War is actually the Commander-in-Chief of the whole land forces, of which an expeditionary force is only a detachment. Thus, if a situation had arisen which demanded the intervention of the Chief of the Army, the Cabinet had no choice but to act as it did. Actually, Lord French had accurately gauged the military situation, which doubtless became evident to Kitchener, even in Paris. If a stand had been made on the Aisne instead of on the Marne by the whole Allied line, a great German victory would almost certainly have been the result; and if our small Army had stood to fight alone it must have been destroyed by weight of numbers, nor could the Sixth French Army have taken the offensive on the Ourcq earlier than it actually did, i.e., Sept. 6th.

The Kitchener incident, as well as the considerations arising from the posting of the British Army at Maubeuge, the battles of Mons and Le Cateau, the disorder on the retreat, and the lack of co-ordination between the two wings of the British Army, all contain military lessons of the highest importance, which all who aspire to the comprehension of the art of war should carefully study. It will be seen that Sir John French's instructions were self-contradictory. He was ordered to maintain his independence of General Joffre as if he had an independent military mission and objective, and yet his troops were posted as a component part of the French line of battle. The importance of our base, the Channel Ports, was lost sight of, and corps commanders were posted to the Army from London in defiance of the expressed wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. No military officer was recognised as Commander-in-Chief of all our forces, so naturally enough the commander in the field resented interference with or inspection of his command. The problems of co-operating with a Continental ally had never been properly studied, nor had the competent officers been found to maintain what is technically called *liaison* between the armies of the two nations so as to ensure harmony of action. These problems and deficiencies in our system exerted

a more or less paralyzing effect throughout the war, nor did victory crown our arms in spite of the devotion and unhesitant courage of our regimental officers and men until the appointment of a French generalissimo more or less obviated the most serious of them. That two national armies can work in complete harmony without a single chief had been shown by Wellington's uninterrupted career of victory, but then his allies were only too glad to accept a lead from Wellington. Moreover, the British Staff at that period was the most competent and experienced in Europe.

While the chapters which describe the battles of the retreat are the most thrilling in the book, the narrative of the events on the Marne and Aisne, of the great countermarch to the north, and of the epic battle of Ypres, is of weighty and absorbing interest. The long and rapid retreat, rather than the enemy's attacks, had exhausted our army, so that it was unable to strike either on the Marne or on the Aisne with the force and energy which it subsequently showed. It may be that the enemy formed a, for him, fatally low estimate of our troops from these battles; there is strong evidence that such was the case. On the muddy banks of the Yser the British soldiers surpassed themselves, however, and once again redeemed the shortcomings of their rulers. Probably Lord French is correct in his opinion that if the enemy had broken through our lines on the Yser and captured the Channel Ports, the disaster would have made complete victory impossible, although the further deduction that the Germans could and would have invaded England will not be so generally accepted. It is perhaps a pity that the author did not say more of the French share in this tremendous battle, for, under General Foch, they supplied as many troops as we did to the defence of the threatened sectors, and their fierce resistance to the German rush was only second in degree to ours because our Army was the focus of the German effort. Not only was the first battle of Ypres one of the greatest military feats in our history, but more than any other battle of the war, was a triumph gained by magnificent co-operation of British and French leadership and troops. As our Commander in this immortal victory, Lord French is entitled to a great place among British generals, regardless of the controversies which the conduct of the war has aroused.

With the battle of Ypres Lord French closes his narrative of operations, but he adds chapters of criticism directed against the Cabinet then in office, and against Earl Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War. Mr. Asquith has replied at some length in two speeches to these criticisms, and there are some observations to be made on the matters in dispute. First, it is a safe prophecy

that the impartial historian of the war will regard these events from a quite different standpoint, will exonerate partially or entirely both distinguished protagonists where they blame one another; he will, however, have other and not less weighty criticisms to make on their public acts, particularly on the responsibility of the Government for the difficult, nay, almost desperate, situation from which they called upon Lord French to deliver the nation in 1914, and the slaughter of gallant British lads which their emergency tactics involved.

It is rather remarkable that Lord French has nothing to say about the strategy which only sent four divisions to the first battlefield, tardily followed by two others within a month, when more troops were available, and still more that he refrains from criticising the failure to reinforce the British line on the Yser during October, 1914, from the troops uselessly retained in Great Britain. A brother officer, describing the battle to the writer within a week of its close, said: "We had plenty of ammunition, but no one to fire it off." Artillery ammunition was certainly deficient in the battle, and subsequently, but short of a judicial Court of Enquiry of expert officers, it is not possible to decide whether the War Office could have produced increased supplies by that date. It is certain that great efforts were made, and that neither expense nor trouble was lacking to supply the Army in the field. There are more grounds for the serious complaints of Lord French that in the spring of 1915 trainloads of ammunition were rolling south for a campaign in Turkey, while the Army in France had not enough for a single pitched battle of the modern sort.

Here, again, strategy and military policy were at fault. Lord Kitchener was at the same time War Minister and Commander-in-Chief, as Mr. Winston Churchill is now. He had to make the plans for all our armies, but had not the technical knowledge of European war, nor the trained general staff which the task required. The only excuse for the diversion to Gallipoli would have been its success, and that success was not to be hoped for by the methods adopted. The Government, in fact, could not make up its mind upon which theatre of war to strike with its maximum strength. Neither army was equipped as it should have been, and both failed.

Unquestionably, too, the judgment of posterity will be very severe upon the Liberal Governments, and especially the Secretary of State for War, Haldane, and upon Asquith in the years immediately preceding the outbreak, because these Ministers were well aware of the peril of war, knew perfectly well that the policy of supporting France and Russia must eventually lead to a crisis,

and yet reduced our forces and permitted the nation to be practically disarmed in the all-important weapons of explosives, heavy guns, field guns, rifles, besides other war material, of which we had not the machinery or the ingredients for manufacture in August, 1914. For many months we were quite unable to obtain even clothing and personal equipment for the patriotic stream of volunteers who flocked to the colours. Our preparations in no way corresponded with the policy of the Cabinet nor yet with the notorious trend of European events. A yet more heavy condemnation will be visited on the Prime Minister who, in August, 1914, quailed before the difficulties of enforcing National Registration. The failure to impose equal liabilities on all the King's subjects had the most fatal consequences. Not only did it sacrifice in turn the best officers and men before the necessary numbers were raised by conscription, but it swelled the inordinate cost of the war and has landed us in a morass of debt and economic disaster from which it is not evident yet that we can raise the Empire in credit.

In 1914, there was a disposition to worship Lord Kitchener as a demi-god; now there seems a disposition to blame him because he did not accomplish the impossible. To have called into being factories, stores, machinery, troops, and leaders as fast as they were needed was quite impossible, and if in the future we revert to the methods which prevailed before the war we shall have the same experience when next we have to defend our national existence in arms. Lord Kitchener was a great statesman, a great Colonial Governor, and for Colonial wars a competent Commander-in-Chief. An administrator is not necessarily an organizer; there is a confusion of ideas as to this fact; nor has it ever been recognised in England that Colonial expeditions require a different type of military leader from European war, which is a mighty and complex development of the art of war. Of course, there are important elements in common, but European war needs long and very special study, a fact recognised in every country but our own. No single man, even if he had made the art of war, and not the art of administration, his life's study, could have solved Lord Kitchener's difficulties with success unless he had been assisted by a trained and capable staff. This staff did not exist when the war flamed up, nor had Lord Kitchener the personal knowledge of the corps of officers to enable him to choose the staff officers whom he needed in time. In this respect he was badly served.

Yet another fact stands out very clearly in the light thrown upon the 1914 campaign. Not only had our leaders been educated for what continental military writers call Colonial wars, as dis-

tinged from European or grand war, but, perhaps, on account of this dissimilarity of rôle from continental armies, the officers who had risen to the most important posts at the War Office and to the most important commands in the field had won their place by skill and patience as administrative rather than as executive officers. In peace, administration evidently counts for more in immediate results than strategy or tactics. No one ever heard of an officer gaining rapid promotion in our Army by skill at manœuvres, by exhibiting superior gifts in strategy, tactics, leadership, or powers of instruction. Some executive officers, such, for example, as Lord French himself, emerged from the Boer War, but generally speaking, all the competitors for the first places were administrators, not necessarily fighting leaders, or experts in troop-leading. This characteristic of our Army has exerted a tremendous influence over all the events of the war, and it is not reasonable to blame either Lord Kitchener or Mr. Asquith for it. The causes are far more remote, and, to a great extent, spring from our national lack of imagination, from lack of historical education, and from the absence of any clear-cut national policy, whose exigencies would have sharpened our wits and brought out the need for evolving strategists and tacticians to prepare for possible wars.

The British people have displayed the highest courage and tenacity during the great war, and the average soldier produced both by voluntary and compulsory service fought better than any rival on the blood-stained fields of France. These soldiers were adequately led by the regimental officers and well supported by the patriotism and energy of the nation as a whole. The information now forthcoming, however, tends once more to drive home the oft-repeated lesson that the masters of the most difficult of practical arts cannot be found in a hurry nor produced without long and careful training. There is too much to know, too much to be thought out before ripe and rapid judgment in difficult emergencies can be counted upon. It is for these reasons that other States besides Germany, France and Russia, notably the United States of America, have devoted money and attention to the higher education of the General Staff of their Army, and not merely to the mechanical or administrative side. A fair criterion of the relative value of the General Staffs of the great States of the world before the war was to be found in the literature which they respectively produced.

CECIL BATTINE.

OUR AIR SERVICE.

THE late war was full of surprises, but nothing has astonished the people of this country and the Empire and the world more than the development of the Air Service in successfully making battle. Very lately Viscount French, in the articles of his book which have been appearing in the *Daily Telegraph*, said that after the first few battles General Foch and himself, who had fought upon the old lines, realised that a new system would have to be followed if the war was to be successful for the Allies. Now the genius of a general is to adapt himself to the immediate necessities of action in the field; and, let it be said for General Foch and Viscount French that they swung away from the old traditions and experiences and developed successfully new methods of warfare. They saved the Empire and the world, and beat the Germans at their own game. The war was decided in our favour when the German army was held back from Paris.

The submarine in its work was also a surprise to the Allies, and, indeed, to the Germans, though the Germans in both the submarine and the aeroplane and Zeppelin had vast advantages over this country and the Allied countries, because they had better foreseen their usefulness in time of war. They had not, however, foreseen their full usefulness, and it was only when war had shown the capacity of the submarine for making destruction on a large scale, and the failure of their Zeppelins to do more than ravage and destroy innocent and undefended towns and their populations that they developed the aeroplane on a large scale with vicious and damnable intention.

We had in this country, in 1911, a Royal Air Force, which consisted of two aeroplanes and two seaplanes, with four officers and their servants; and those who worked them and believed in the aeroplane service were considered cranks. I was a Member of Parliament then, and I know that we wrangled in a debate as to whether we should have one or two aeroplanes. Well, the war taught us that our Navy would fail to accomplish its purpose if it had not seaplanes for scouting submarines, and in the field of war in the Western front it soon became apparent that aeroplanes were necessary for observation of the enemy movements and for fighting the enemy forces. Who fails to remember the wonderful achievement of Gustav Hamel in flying the aeroplane "Britannia" from Dover to Cologne in April, 1913, with Frank Dupree, 340 miles without a stop in four hours and eighteen minutes! That was considered a tremendous achievement; but the other day an American aeroplane went from the United

States to the Azores, a distance of about fourteen hundred miles, successfully. Messrs. Alcock and Brown's recent achievement is greater still. Why did the United States come into the war? Because of the submarine. The Kaiser had declared to the American people that he would not sink merchant ships by submarines until the passengers had been given a chance of escape. When I landed in New York in January, 1917, I learned from the Press that the Kaiser had broken his faith and pledged word, and had determined upon the wholesale destruction of innocent vessels and their passengers, and had insolently warned the American Government that it should have permission to send one or two ships into the war zone. The destruction of the *Lusitania* had moved the American people, but it had not wholly brought them into preparation for fighting the Prussian enemy of civilisation. Yet, when the Kaiser did to the United States what he did to Belgium, and made his pledged word a scrap of paper, the United States, as a whole, realised what its duty was.

It is wonderful to think that we who had a very small aeroplane service mastered the art and produced fighting-machines which beat the Germans at every turn; and I am glad to know that over thirty per cent. of the pilots in the British Air Service came from the Dominion of Canada; while the name of Lieut.-Col. Bishop, V.C., a Canadian, ranks amongst the greatest air pilots, and adds honour to the splendid achievements of our air forces in the field. The Naval Commander-in-Chief, Lord Jellicoe, soon discovered that the best way to track the submarine was by aeroplanes, and they were used with effect at the Battle of Jutland.

Now, before the war, the Imperial Air Fleet Committee, of which Lord Denborough is the active President, and who sent his acceptance of the Presidency from Fashoda in March, 1913, steadily and persistently advocated Air Service for these Islands and the Empire. With the efficient organiser and honorary secretary, Mr. C. J. Fairfax-Scott, the Committee, steadily, faithfully educated the British public and the Government of this country to the stern necessity of developing the Air Service. They were practical and definite. They proposed the presentation of a squadron of eighteen aeroplane units to the six Dominions, that is, a flight of three units to each Dominion from cities to the Motherland, for future defence and the promotion of the commerce of the Empire and as a link of Empire union; and they took as their motto "Heaven's Light our Guide," which is inscribed on the specially designed (by Mrs. Fairfax Scott) bronze mascot of each gift machine.

Well, the first Dominion to receive an aeroplane was New Zealand. She has received two, "The Britannia" and "The Nottingham"; and "The City of Edinburgh" has been arranged but not yet presented. Australia has received two, "The City of Liverpool, No. 1" and "The City of Hull." Newfoundland has received "The Sheffield" and "The Liverpool, No. 2." South Africa has received "The South Africa" from the London Chamber of Commerce, and "The City of Birmingham" has also been arranged. India has received "The Leeds" and "Manchester." Canada has received "The Leicester," "The Huddersfield," and "The City of Glasgow," and these three have now been actually handed back *en bloc* by the Air Ministry for shipment to the Dominion, the ceremony having taken place at Hendon on January 21st last.

After its famous "Dover to Cologne" non-stop flight, organised by the Imperial Air Fleet Committee, the "Britannia," which had been presented by the Committee to New Zealand in 1913 and was actually shipped out there, was brought back again at the beginning of the war and loaned to the War Office. No one has better expressed the importance of all this than General Smuts, who, on May 5th, 1917, in accepting on behalf of the Government of South Africa, the Imperial Air Fleet aeroplane "South Africa," said, among other things:

"If there was one factor that would contribute to our ultimate success in the war it was keeping the supremacy of the air. He believed, too, that after the war the aeroplane would prove one of the most potent instruments of peace, and the conquest of the air would open up new vistas of progress for the human race. Space and time raised difficulties in the way of a close union between the Nations of the Empire scattered as they were all over the world. If these difficulties were overcome by means of an air fleet, a great work would have been accomplished in knitting the component parts of the Empire more closely together than ever before. He, therefore, looked forward to the gift of to-day playing a most useful part in the Era of Peace after the War."

Thus, General Smuts dwelt upon two aspects of the Air Fleet; its use in time of war and its use in time of peace. That is where the development of the Air Service is so powerful and so wonderful. The Peace Conference in Paris has forbidden the manufacture of submarines. It will not forbid, it will encourage, the manufacture of aeroplanes: they have come to stay.

I saw Gustav Hamel, with the late brilliant and lamented daughter of Lady Limerick, loop the loop at Worcester in 1913. It was considered a great achievement. So it was. But thousands have looped-the-loop since then, and people who would have feared to fly from London to Hendon now fly to Paris, and will, in time, fly to Spain and Italy and Egypt without thought

of anxiety, though there is much to be done in international arrangements for landing places and supply of petrol before that is done regularly.

The commercial development of the Empire will be greatly developed by the use of the aeroplane. I am convinced, in spite of the failure of the brave and gallant Mr. Hawker to make the journey successfully from Newfoundland, that the same skill and genius which has raised the aeroplane from what it was when the two famous American brothers, the Wrights, started, now a dozen or so years ago, will give us in the end control of the Atlantic, and we shall find that as the five-engined aeroplane went from the American coast to the Azores, so will a five-engined aeroplane go from Newfoundland to Brooklands, though not so easily, so uncertain is the northern weather; and I regret Mr. Hawker had not such a plane when he attempted the journey which was unsuccessful. It may be that aeroplanes will be obliged to take a more southern course, however.¹

When the war began the military wing of the British Air Service comprised four aeroplane squadrons with a total of 179 machines, the Naval Wing comprising an airship squadron and three aeroplane and seaplane squadrons, with a total of 98 machines. The two Wings combined the total *personnel* of 197 officers and 1,647 other ranks. At the time of the Armistice, the Air Ministry had 20,000 machines, and were receiving from contractors machines at the rate of 4,000 monthly.

What a record the Air Service has made! There have been sixteen V.C.'s granted, and such names as that of Major Mannock, Lieut.-Col. Bishop, Captain Ball, and Captain McCudden, to say nothing of Lieutenant Rhodes-Moorhouse, Lieutenant McLeod, Lieutenant Jerrard, Lieutenant Insall, Major L. G. Hawker, Captain Iiddell, Sergeant Mottershead, Captain Robinson, and Major Rees, and Flight Sub-Lieutenant Warneford, Captain West, Major Barker, Captain Beauchamp-Proctor, and Captain Cobby will ever have distinguished the early history of the Air Service of this Empire. From July, 1916, to November, 1918, on the Western front alone, the Royal Air Force brought down 7,054 enemy aircraft, dropped 6,942 tons of bombs, and fired over 10,500,000 rounds at ground targets. In the Navy, by July, 1918, there were seventy aeroplanes carried by the Fleet as part of the battle equipment. On the outbreak of war the airship—as distinguished from the aeroplane—service consisted of three airships only, with a *personnel* of 24 officers and 174 other ranks. When the Armistice was signed there were 108 ships in service, with a *personnel* of 580 officers and 6,534 other ranks.

(1) Written before the recent success of Messrs. Alcock and Brown.

In the first days of the war, aeroplanes were either entirely unarmed or the pilot carried a revolver, service rifle, or Winchester repeater. Now machine guns of the Vickers and Lewis type number nearly 88,000. When the war began, the German Air Service was greatly superior in machines and in *personnel*; when the Armistice came they had lost control of the air; they were at the mercy of our Air Service, and 5,000 of their aeroplanes were surrendered. They had mistaken the British people and their capacity. Our Navy maintained its reputation and secured the world from destruction, and had the joy of seeing the German Navy surrender in a cowardly way. Our Army, which was, at most, 250,000 when war broke out, became an army of six millions, superior in organisation and in *personnel* to the German army, and our Air Service knocked them into a cocked hat. The British Royal Air Force had more machines and a larger organisation than any of the Allies at the signing of the Armistice; and this our Air Service may take to their credit, that the Navy of the United States has adopted the system of training of the British Air Service for their own Air Forces.

The Dominions had played a great part in our aerial war service. Australia contributed 250 pilots and a total *personnel* of over 3,000. But the big achievement remains with Canada. Over 8,000 Canadians have served as officers in our Flying Service, and when the Armistice came there were nearly 2,500 in the Royal Air Force. From South Africa came 2,000 men to serve in England or Egypt as probationary flight officers, and about 3,000 were commissioned in the Flying Service, in France, Egypt, Palestine, and Africa. This was a wonderful record, and the Imperial Air Fleet Committee did an immense deal to make it possible and to inspire our overseas dominions with the love of the Service.

Lord Desborough is a fitting President. He has the instincts and the traditions of a sportsman, and he has given two sons to the cause of the Empire, one of them a literary genius. Associated with him, in addition to his able lieutenant, Fairfax Scott, are distinguished representatives of the overseas dominions, like the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Ward, Sir Thomas Mackenzie, Sir George Perley, Lord Morris, the Right Hon. W. P. Schreiner, and such keen, far-sighted men as the Duke of Portland, Lord Hugh Cecil, the Right Hon. Sir T. Vezey Strong, Lord Carbery, Sir William Cain, Alfred Docker, William Coward, E. Marshall Fox, W. H. Butlin, Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell, A. Montefiore, and Sir Algernon Firth, and prominent men of affairs in many of the provincial towns. Two of the early Committee members, the Right Hon. Sir George Reid and Captain Hucks, unfor-

tunately succumbed to the strain of the war. The public of the Empire owe a great debt to these enthusiasts who, either before or during the war, gave themselves to this practical and patriotic work, and opened the doors to men like Major Mannock, who brought down 78 enemy machines, Lieut.-Col. Bishop 72, and Captains Ball and McCudden, some 50 each.

The British Royal Air Force had more machines and a larger organisation than any of the Allies at the signing of the Armistice. May its progress continue in time of peace, for we are only at the beginning of the great work, and the time will come when we shall go to India by air, and to the uttermost ends of the earth. We shall live to see the day when the storms of the air will not defeat our air machines, and when, as Lord Desborough said, the machines presented by the Imperial Air Fleet Committee to the overseas dominions will "form the nucleus of an all-red-air route round the Empire."

GILBERT PARKER.

6
UN GRAND PEUT-ÊTRE.

§ I.

"Je vais chercher un Grand Peut-être." So Rabelais is reported to have said on his deathbed. If the majority of thinking men could be interrogated on what they expected, hoped or feared when their life was drawing to a close, what would their answer be? Would they express something more nearly approaching a certainty? I put aside, of course, the case of fervent believers in some creed which promises them immortality: they ought to approach Death, not indeed with a welcome, for much depends on what use they have made of their opportunities in this sphere, but at all events with resignation. For if our present existence is properly regarded as a preparation for the next—as it is according to the ordinary Christian conception—then Death becomes part of an evolutionary process, not so much arresting vitality as helping it on, developing it on an altogether higher plane. The believer, if he is honest with his profession, dies in order that he may live, surrenders one kind of living for another and far better one, so that Death is not merely necessary but irradiated with hope. The Dark Angel is transformed into an Angel of Light, taking us by the hand gently to lead us into green pastures. And, indeed, such a view is rich with consolation. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil. For thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Unfortunately the condition attached to this creed is that it should be believed. The average thoughtful man would like to believe, but cannot; the average man of the world may say that he believes, but his daily life betrayeth him. Hell may now have become as harmless as an extinct volcano; but what of Heaven? What mental picture is formed of the realm of the blessed? The idea suggested by modern spiritualism—by such books as Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, for instance—is widely different from the older pictures based on the Apocalyptic visions of the apostle John. Does Heaven mean eternal happiness, or reparation for past miseries, or readjustment of man's relation to God, or merely eternal rest? "I am going to do nothing for ever and ever," says the line on the servant girl's tombstone. That is her idea of the next world. And it is tolerably plain that each imaginative person frames his conception of Heaven in accordance

with his paramount wish and desire. On the whole, therefore, it is a vague conception. Directly we try to define it, it loses its poetic charm.

But, however we may vary in our indefinite and semi-conscious portrayals of the future world, Death is the necessary portal. Death confronts us, whatever we may believe or think, a grim and, to a large extent, a terrifying portent, about the reality of which there can be no question. We do not always face death honestly, or rather, perhaps, we find it impossible to fix our thoughts steadily on a process or episode which involves the obliteration of our consciousness. "In the midst of life we are in death"—such a sentence comes glibly enough on our lips, but we do not, we cannot, realise this constant propinquity. In the sunshine, under a blue sky, and in conditions of perfect health, the menacing figure has disappeared. We do not quite believe in its reality, when for the time we are living unconcernedly like animals, who have no troublesome reflections on the past or the future. It is in this fact that some philosophers have discovered a reason why Death should have no terrors. "Why should we fear it?" they ask. "When we are, Death is not; and when Death is, we are not." It would be interesting to know how many persons have been consoled by this frigid exercise of the logical intellect. The dictum is mere words; for what we are afraid of is not the bare abstraction—death—but all the antecedents and concomitants of Death—the sickness and the pain, the flickering consciousness, "when, to dying eyes, the casement slowly grows a glimmering square," the adieux, the weeping relatives and friends. This is what unnerves a man. If we could only, like Hezekiah, turn our face to the wall, or die without a struggle or without an audience! And so men have wished for a sudden death, an instantaneous heart-failure, something which brings to a vanishing point the difference between living and dying. Here, let us remember, Nature is often kind. When we are very ill, our self-consciousness is extremely faint, and there is so little to choose between continuing to breathe and ceasing to breathe that it seems of no concern to us which way the issue is decided. Anyone who has very nearly died will confirm that experience.

The belief in immortality is undoubtedly a strongly consoling influence. But our difficulty is that, so far as scientific considerations are involved, it is by no means easy to justify such a creed, while if we appeal to instinct and faith we must be content to base so vital a matter as this on the avowedly insecure ground of intuition, emotion, and the needs of "the heart." Belief in immortality has, of course, had a long history, and

it may fortify us to remember how many widely different peoples in the past have accepted it. But many misleading conceptions have been very widely accepted—the notion of Luck, for instance, and its influence on human affairs. Are we prepared to believe in the reign of Chance, because many past ages of mankind have believed in it? *Te facimus Fortune deum eulogus locamus.*

Or, take a still stronger case—the belief in Witchcraft. Throughout the seventeenth century in England, very wise and learned men, and not only the vulgar crowd, were quite sure that certain women were imps of the Devil, who used them for his own nefarious ends. Sir Matthew Hale, before whom was tried a notorious case at Bury St. Edmunds in 1664, involving the condemnation of two widows of Lowestoft, Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, affords an excellent example of how cultivated men regarded witchcraft. Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the "Religio Medici," is another instance. But, indeed, it would be true to say generally that the belief was on all hands taken for granted as resting on sure evidential grounds, and in strict conformity with the words of Scripture. From the earliest times of human history the belief has prevailed—from the Witch of Endor down to the latest exponent of magic arts in Paris or London, or the Rat-wife of Henrick Ibsen. And yet, directly the matter is looked at scientifically, we discover that the phenomena which seemed to indicate diabolic possession are explained by hysteria, and that the women supposed to possess an unholy influence coming from Satan himself were neuropaths—their dominion over their victims being due in large measure to some of the many forms of hypnotism. In this instance, reason and science have overcome an inveterate superstition, despite its long ancestry and the wide range of its acceptance; and the question naturally occurs whether a similar enlightenment, or, rather, let us say, a more searching analysis, may not explode other largely prevalent views, despite their hoary antiquity. Moreover, it is doubtful whether we can get much comfort from the fact that so many worthy men and learned thinkers have persuaded themselves of their immortality. I suppose it would be true to say that a majority have usually been found to accept this as their creed. But it is one of the tragedies of history that in reference to any given dogma men equally good are found on each side of the line—equally ready to defend their acceptance or their rejection on grounds of pure reason. At all events, belief or disbelief of immortality cannot be decided by a mere counting of heads. And very few men indeed are sufficiently detached from their environment to be able to exempt themselves or their thoughts

from the atmosphere which they habitually breathe—that atmosphere of commonly received dogmas, prejudices, and conceptions which makes us children of our own and not of any other era.

§ 2.

We are unable, therefore, so far to rest a belief in Immortality on anything save an emotional instinct widely diffused among men in most periods of human history, or else on a definite dogma inculcated by theology. The second basis involves the necessary condition of implicit faith; the first avowedly rests on a persistent intuition, important, indeed, but unverifiable and of its very nature vague. But here we are met by a very different line of argument and have to face the pretensions of what is known as spiritualism. We do not need historical testimony, cry the spiritualists; we are in no want of any theological dogma. We have now actual and verifiable testimony of the reality of another world, because those who have passed away can communicate with us and we can communicate with them. Our dear departed are able to tell us something about themselves and the condition in which they find themselves—not very much, it is true, for the record is often disjointed and sometimes inconsistent, but enough at all events to strengthen our belief in a life beyond the grave, indeed, to establish it on indisputable foundations. Indisputable? Ah, there's the rub! For the phenomena do not always carry with them the conclusion that a communication has taken place from the other side. A good many not unreasonable inquirers think that we are still on this side of the veil and that telepathy affords sufficient explanation. Telepathy does undoubtedly exist as a fact, perhaps as a scientific fact, though its possibilities, its nature, its method of working, its range have not yet been fully explored; and science always bids us choose the simpler rather than the more abstruse interpretation in the case of phenomena about which we are uncertain. The answers given through mediums *may* be due to clairvoyance, to clairaudience, to telepathy—in which case we are dealing with terrestrial matters, not with matters wholly beyond our present ken.

One or two things should be said at the outset. There exists at the present day a vast body of recorded experiences, most of them seeming to establish the reality of communications between the dead and the living. A good many eminent men, like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who have gone somewhat deeply into the question, have persuaded themselves that spiritualistic phenomena prove the truth of a life beyond the grave. The war, like other human experiences of prodigiously

disturbing events, has increased men's readiness to accept the supernatural. Wonderful stories have been related of "The Angels of Mons" and other spiritual helpers of hardly-bested troops—precisely of the same character as that voice which came to the Athenian sailors at Salamis—which all the fleet heard—telling them to back their ships no more, but boldly advance against the foe.¹ In highly emotional moments men are ready to believe in miracles and are very prone to see visions. All this has raised the level of spiritualism, as it were, enhanced its value, and given it almost a practical import. It has come as a consoler to bereaved mankind. No one in his senses would wish for a moment to deprive the mother, the sister, the lover of the satisfaction, the real help and solace they may gain from listening, as they think, to the very voice of him whom they have lost, comforting their sorrows and breathing familiar accents of unchanged love. It may be a dream, but it is too beautiful to dispel. Let us leave them to their sacred intercourse with their beloved dead.

I am not so much interested in the recorded messages themselves as I am in the general theory and the conditions which they involve. You can communicate with the other world and its inhabitants, but not directly. You must go to some "psychic" person, you must find a "medium" who has to be sent off into a trance and speaks under a "control" of some sort exercised from the other side. This complicated process involves the somewhat unfortunate condition that messages are coloured by the individuality of the medium, who may be, and often is, an uneducated or vulgar person. That is supposed to account for the triviality or coarseness of many messages thus received. On the other hand, it is equally supposed to guarantee the fidelity of the communication, because in the circumstances it could not possibly be invented by the medium. And what kind of Heaven is thus revealed? It is almost wholly materialistic, another earth with shadowy differences and suggested contrasts, based on the supposed change from here to there, a place in which apparently human bodies are retained, with wants and desires of their own—very vulgar wants in some cases, if we are to believe certain strange passages in Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*. According to some theorists, it is only the feebler, less reputable spirits who hang on to the earth they have left; others do not recognise this distinction between lower and higher. But, obviously, it must cause pain to the spirits to know about the sufferings and unhappiness of their relations and friends in this mortal sphere. They can do little to help them, except so far as they can bring comfort by communicating with them. But their own happiness

(1) Herodotus, viii., 84.

is clearly endangered in the process. They exist at all events as individuals with individual bodies and even with recognisable clothes of their own. Such a materialistic conception—so crude, I may add, and childish—hardly appeals to all of us, and we sometimes wonder whether spiritualism is the right name for the theory. The Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body is, it may be assumed, the guiding influence in some of these speculations. "How are the dead raised and with what body do they come?" the question which the Corinthian converts addressed to Paul, is also the question which the spiritualists attempt to answer. On the whole, Paul's series of analogical arguments seems preferable to the bald and often disconcerting revelations of a modern medium.

There is indeed a feature in Paul's treatment of immortality which lifts it decisively to a higher plane of thought than is ever reached in *Raymond* and kindred works. Naturally, the Apostle to the Gentiles believes in a physical resurrection, and believes, too, that Jesus whom he saw on the road to Damascus was a risen Saviour. And he believes also that He is to come again in glory to establish a kingdom of righteousness with all the holy angels around Him to magnify His triumph. But the whole meaning and intention of Christ's resurrection were not concerned with a bodily rising from the dead. What was really involved in this stupendous close of the Messiah's career was a *spiritual regeneration* in the hearts of His followers. Our sins are a spiritual death; our resurrection is a spiritual re-birth. As Christ died, so we must die—to our past. As He rose again, so, too, we must rise—to a holier future. From this point of view the resurrection is a phenomenon carried out within the believer's own consciousness: an experience so vital, so profound, as to change the whole man from what he was before to something infinitely purer and more righteous. Faith in Christ means faith in Christ's death and re-birth; and that carries with it a radical transformation of character—from the old Adam to the new. A conception of this kind is bound to give rise to misconception, because, like the famous text, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," it transcends ordinary thought and appears not a little mystical. I may remark, however, that something of the kind is to be found in the sayings recorded in the fourth Gospel, though here, too, physical resurrection and spiritual regeneration are often confused. But at least it is clear that we are moving in a very different world from that illustrated by mediumistic outpourings, and that the thoughts of a Paul or a John are not to be translated into the language of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

§ 3.

Let us now take an opposite point of view, widely different from the conceptions we have been studying. We are now supposed to be guiding ourselves by strictly scientific methods—experiment, accumulation of data, induction from a mass of particulars to general propositions, and so by degrees to those universals which we call laws of Nature. And we discover that the laws of Nature are regular and uniform, and that to a certain extent we can argue from the known to the unknown. The world, as interpreted by the man of science, is a vast mechanism which works with unflinching punctuality and an entire absence of the haphazard, the inconsistent and the irregular. How does the matter look from this point of view? The answer is clear. In a regular world miracles do not occur. Resurrection from the dead, being a miracle, is impossible. Such things do not happen, as one of the characters in Ibsen's plays remarks, when confronted with an inexplicable event. When a man dies, he dies, and that is the end of it. There is nothing can save him from extinction—not Nature herself, for she is blind and deaf and dumb, and works mechanically: not God, for He is the unknowable, and the idea of a Providence is absurd. But the soul? you ask. There is no room in a material universe for souls.

No one faced the issue more resolutely than Lucretius, the Epicurean philosopher and poet, who was a contemporary of Cicero and Catullus, and wrote an extraordinarily eloquent work in hexameters *On the Nature of Things*. It is convenient in many ways to take him as a type of the materialistic creed, because it is easier to criticise an ancient than a modern thinker, and the main principles of an atomistic universe are as surely laid down by him as by any of his scientific successors. Only where he talked of atoms we talk of electrons. Moreover, Lucretius possesses a great literary charm, which cannot be said of all the modern professors of materialism. You read his work with an increasing wonder, for he is so indubitably a poet and yet forces himself with such unremitting ardour to explain some of the dreariest articles of the Epicurean creed. There are passages which for sheer majestic beauty are almost unrivalled in literature set in the midst of discourses, prosaic and tedious, except that the author's zeal makes them interesting. Apparently he was a man with acute and sensitive nerves, for he is always referring to visions and phantoms—"such as frighten boys in the dark"—and the whole object of his book is to get rid of superstitious terrors. Then there is the strange tale about him that his wife gave him a love potion to recover his affection, that

he had fits of madness, and that in one of these fits he committed suicide. Tennyson's poem on him is, of course, well known.

Lucretius copied his system from Epicurus, for whom he has an enthusiastic admiration; Epicurus, in his turn, owed a great deal to a finer and more consistent thinker than he was—Democritus—although he hardly gave proper credit to his predecessor. Lucretius abounds in almost extravagant praise of the "divine" teaching of Epicurus, who, according to his admirers, was the first to release men from the unnecessary burden of their fears. For what is the real object of this long treatise on the nature of things? Why is it plain wisdom for us to explore the inner constitution of the world and discover the secrets of Nature? We are slaves to superstition. Let us shake off our fetters. We are afraid of the gods. Let us learn that if there are such beings, and both Lucretius and Epicurus thought there were, they live a serene and untroubled life in the "interspaces" of the world and have not the slightest wish to exert any influence on our mundane affairs. We dread death, mainly because the pictures of the other world upset and alarm us. Let us take comfort, death means everlasting extinction—*mors æterna, mors immortalis*. It is the last point which especially interests us, and we find our author advancing some twenty-eight arguments to prove the mortality of the soul. Some of these are aimed at its pre-existence, which the ancient believers in immortality quite naturally and logically assumed to be also involved. But if the ultimate constitution of Nature is merely atoms and void, and our bodies and our souls are both composed of atoms—though in the second case the atoms are finer—which are endlessly being broken up and reformed, what we call death is dissolution of our composing particles, and that must happen to body and soul alike. The idea of an everlasting soul conjoined to a perishable body is absurd. "To link together a mortal thing with a thing that cannot die, and imagine that they can have feeling in common, and can act in accord, is sheer madness."¹ In order to be immortal the soul must have a texture and structure quite different from the body; and, if it had such a texture, any enduring union would be impossible. No, both have a material basis, and both therefore suffer the fate of material things. You cry out against such a fate of annihilation? But in what is it different from your state of unconsciousness before you came into being? It did not distress you, when "from all quarters the Carthaginians came marching to the battle, and the whole world beneath high Heaven, shaken by the uproar of war, shuddered in terror, and men were in doubt which empire should prevail both

(1) *Lucr.*, iii., 800.

by land and sea."¹ And just as such a world's crisis as the Punic Wars left you unconcerned, so will it matter nothing to you after death, though earth and sea be hurled together and sea and sky. Never suppose, Lucretius says in an earlier book,² that life which floats on the surface of things, now born, now perishing, can be inherent in, form an integral part of, eternal atoms. Atoms and void—yes, they are eternal, but not their fortuitous combinations. With great solemnity and eloquence Lucretius argues his melancholy thesis and urges the conclusion that, as body and soul are both mortal, death is nothing to us. How impressive he is can be gathered from a passage in F. T. Palgrave's *Life of Tennyson* (Vol. II., p. 303), which is quoted in Mr. John Masson's *Lucretius, Epicurean and Poet* (p. 219):—

"Another time, late over the midwinter fire, reading the terrible lines in which Lucretius preaches his creed of human annihilation, and perhaps those on the uselessness of prayer, and the sublime, but oppressive fear, inevitable for the thoughtful mind in the awful vision of the star-lighted heavens, so carried away and overwhelmed were the readers by the poignant force of the great poet, that next morning, when dawn and daylight had brought their blessed natural healing to morbid thoughts, it was laughingly agreed, that Lucretius had left us last night all but converts to his heart-crushing atheism."

"Laughingly agreed!" But it is no laughing matter. For whether our hearts be crushed or no, this creed is one of the alternatives that are put before us. When Socrates was discussing the end of life with his friends before drinking the hemlock, he asked why we should fear death. For either it was a sleep, and therefore the best of sleeps as it involved no awakening; or else it was a migration to the happy isles, where one could meet the heroes of the older time in happy converse. The first is a poetic way of phrasing what scientific materialism calls annihilation. Catullus puts it in similar fashion as a reason why he and Lesbia should love in good earnest:—

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus. . .
Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis cum sæcul occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

The lines are faultless, the moral is questionable. It is on a par with "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Why should we trouble about moral laws in so brief a span of existence? And, as a matter of fact, Epicureans are not strong on the ethical side of their system. "Duty, what is duty?" asks the dying Lucretius in Tennyson's poem. Epicurus apparently thought that the question required no answer. Could anyone who is

(1) *Lucr.*, iii., 830.

(2) *Ibid.*, ii., 1010.

aware of the richness and variety of life, who is dimly conscious of certain laws in this universe which, as Matthew Arnold put it, "make for righteousness," who, however imperfectly, realises that man's intelligence and honour and love have nothing finite about them, but are in themselves of the nature of the infinite, accept in all its rigour a system which is purely materialistic and bow his head before its inexorable demands? That is, of course, a rhetorical way of regarding the matter. It is more interesting to observe that neither Lucretius nor his teacher, Epicurus, carried out his philosophy to its bitter end. All the phenomena of the world are to be explained as in their ultimate essence concretions of atoms, or, in other words, as Tyndall said, we are to find in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life. In themselves, too, the atoms are dead things. Yet, are they really dead? How is it, then, that we can apply the word "concilium" to them, as though to say that certain atoms have an "affinity" towards one kind rather than to another? "Concilium" is hardly to be explained on a materialistic basis. Then, again, both Epicurus and Lucretius believe in human free will (a strange admission) and find its origin in a subtle tendency among the atoms to "decline" or "swerve" from regular and downward motion. This is the famous doctrine of the "*clinamen*" or "*declinatio*," at which the Stoics laughed so heartily. Yet it could be defended on two grounds. First, if the atoms always descended or moved in straight lines, there would be no collisions, and therefore no birth of things, dependent on such collisions. Secondly, free will can only be explained by this "independence" on the part of atoms, which shows them to have a certain spontaneity of their own. We are already far from the original conception of dead atoms and a purely mechanical structure of the world. But when we further discover that gods exist, that Epicurus found it possible to pray to them, and that Lucretius begins his poem with a long and splendid invocation of Venus—"Alma Venus genetrix"—we open our eyes in wonder at the transformations which an apparently rigorous atomistic creed can undergo. And if we leave the ancients and turn to the moderns, do we not find scientific materialism still struggling with the old insoluble problems: How life can arise out of conditions which are not life? How consciousness can be evolved out of mere vitality? How soul and conscience and the sense of duty can be explained among men who are for practical purposes mere automata, and in a world that, so far as it affects our lives and our hopes, seems to be governed by blind nescience and irresponsible chance?

So that perhaps we can take heart of grace, after all. If it is

impossible to explain resignation and faith and love by starting from the material end, perhaps it is more profitable to start from the other end, and assume as the basis of our creed the existence of soul. And then our task becomes simpler. For if soul does not come into being out of matter, but is independent in its origin, it cannot be destroyed as matter is destroyed, but is in its essence an indestructible and a deathless principle. Are we leaping over too many gaps and obstacles in reaching so wide a conclusion? Some difficulties, no doubt, are obvious, but it must be remembered that we are only considering this matter in relation to death and our fear of it. Moreover, if we once get hold of this conception—that there is in man some principle or essence which is independent of his bodily structure—we have banished that idea of utter and endless annihilation which is the main source of our anxiety. Whether personality exists on the other side of the grave is another question. But the essence of us does not die, and therefore our existence in the terrestrial sphere is not—as on the materialistic hypothesis—a cruel joke, a tragic mockery.

§ 1

Meanwhile, how do we stand? There are various theories before us of different value. The Christian faith is one, with its elaborate view of a bodily resurrection; of death as the gate to an eternal life; of an immortality of happiness (to which some would add an immortality of punishment and pain); and the whole theory is accepted by the believer by an act of faith and essentially based on the resurrection of Jesus Christ. This is clear, definite, and eminently consoling. Confronting this is the materialist creed which finds in matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial life, together with its views of the conservation of energy and the ultimate atomic structure of the world and all that is in it. As human beings are "matter," like everything else they obey the laws of matter, and death puts an end to their hopes and fears. For those who accept this creed, austere and soberly, there is no resurrection, no other world, no supremacy of spirit, re-awakening in a new sphere, no Heaven and no Hell. Such conceptions are due to superstition, which has worked havoc at all periods of history, and which Lucretius and those who agree with him wish to sweep away. Then, thirdly, there is spiritualism, which claims to prove through mediums and the flight of tambourines that there is no death, that those whom we call dead are alive and ready under certain conditions to communicate with us and to tell us something about their new home.

But many serious persons are not attracted by such key-hole glimpses of another world as spiritualism professes to give.

Is there anything else? Yes, I think there is. There is the attitude of a modest and reverent thinker who does not ask for much and makes himself contented with what he can get. He remembers that Christ, in one of His rare references to this subject, said that there was no marrying in the next world; but that believers lived as the angels. It would follow that the conditions of the next world are totally different from those which obtain in this, and that therefore it is idle to speculate about them. Moreover, it is a marked characteristic of moral teachers and reformers that they discourage much talk about the other world, as interfering with the due prosecution of our duty in this. That would be fairly true of Buddha, Christ, and Socrates. It helps us somewhat, too, to know that so many great philosophers (it is true, mainly on the idealist side) have believed in immortality. But above and beyond everything else our modest and reverent thinker will cling to the notion of a spirit in man which is independent of material conditions, for in this he sees "the promise and potency" of celestial life. "Non omnis moriar," said the poet, and we, too, hope that something of us will survive. But we entirely refuse to be dogmatic on the subject. Immortality is a *grand peut-être*, with a slight but real probability in its favour. As Browning reminds us, there may be heaven, there must be hell; meanwhile there is earth, which gives us quite enough to do and to think about. When our end comes near, happiest is the man who has faith in a God, who is not the God of the dead, but of the living. But if that be not possible, the next happiest is the man who has schooled himself to be courageous and serene.

SENEX.

CURRENTS CALAMO.

"Euporia," a sagacious writer has observed, "has made many settlements; it has never yet made a settlement." That is to say, it has never yet made the settlement which would stabilise international relations once for all, and remove every occasion for future wars. It meant, and honestly tried to do so, at the close of each of the greater conflicts, solemnly affirming, and genuinely intending, that peace should henceforward be preserved between the ex-belligerents, and by them defended and maintained against all possible disturbers. So it was at Münster and Osnaburg, at Utrecht, Aix-la-Chapelle, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, London. Sated with slaughter, the tired nations were in a pacific mood, and earnestly desired to live in amity and good-fellowship for ever after. The late war was always to be the last war; a League of Nations—for the idea is very old if the name is new—was to supersede the rivalries and enmities that had cost so dear. The admirable intention never reached fruition; the Permanent Settlement could not be achieved. Scarcely had the clash of arms died away when the old jealousies, ambitions, national egotisms, inconsistent ideals, reasserted themselves; "that confounded science, geography," proved as inconveniently inflexible as ever; human nature, with its irrational patriotism, racial prejudices, religious enthusiasms, and hungry appetites, could no more be expelled by the diplomatic fork than by the soldier's bayonet. So the great Peace was painfully evolved out of illogical compromises, unwilling concessions, and hard-driven bargainings; and usually it turned out to be a loosely-framed, jerry-built structure, with many weak joints concealed under the paint and plaster. The negotiators could only hope that the patchwork would hold together for some years, and that the occasions it offered for future quarrels might be closed or bridged over by skilful statecraft.

It was all to be different this time. So we said in the first buoyant moments of the Armistice period. But it has not proved very different. When the representatives of the "Allied and Associated Powers" got to business in Paris, they found themselves confronted by the old obstacles and hindrances. The ideal peace of justice and reconciliation, which was to satisfy everybody except the beaten enemy, smooth away all difficulties, and turn the nations into a great progressive family party, eluded

them, as it had eluded their predecessors. The tough problems of frontiers, nationalities, and economic outlets, so easily soluble by philosophic observers at a distance, proved as intricate as ever at close quarters; for some of them no solution could be found, and they have been simply shelved, or buried below a thin layer of compromise, under which the embers of the old fires smoulder dangerously—*ignes suppositos cineri doloso*; ideals have receded into the background, and the line of a rough, practical expediency followed. The eminent statesman, one cannot help thinking, will relinquish their task in a somewhat chastened mood. We may, indeed, all be a little less loftily contemptuous of those who went before. A few months ago it was the fashion to speak disdainfully of the old diplomacy, its lack of "vision" (a blessed word—I wonder what it means!), its narrowness, its ineptitude. The "plain people" were going to get things better done this time, and avoid the mistakes of these futile aristocrats and bureaucrats, the Choiseuls, Wellingtons, Talleyrands, Castlereaghs, Cannings, Bismarcks, and Beaconsfields, of the bad old times. They were very fallible mortals, these dead diplomatists, short-sighted, some of them, arrogant, fiercely patriotic rather than nobly cosmopolitan. But they were not altogether nincompoops, nor were their errors and miscalculations wholly due to blind ambition and callous chicanery. We can make more allowance for them in the light of the experiences of the past six months.

We can, for example, look less harshly upon the muddle which the Congress of Vienna and the Conference of Berlin made over boundaries and nationalities when we think of the many loose ends the negotiators of Paris have had to leave in North-Eastern Europe, in the Balkans, in Asia, in what was once Austria-Hungary. It may be that the peace will be tested, not so much by the settlement with Germany as by what it does or leaves undone in the East. Here we are confronted by the tangled and perennial problem in history and geography which has impended over Europe for some five and twenty centuries. Bolshevism is only a new phase of that menace of the steppe and plain which threatened, and from time to time almost destroyed, the civilisations of Rome, Greece, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, and mediæval Christendom. Again and again has the West and South had to fight for very existence against the hordes of the North and East, Finno-Slav, Mongol, Turk, and Tartar. The subject is discussed by Mr. H. J. Mackinder, M.P., in an interesting book, which bears the somewhat misleading title of *Democratic Ideals and Reality* (Constable and Company). The "reality" to

There is throughout geography almost no variation in that, and all political changes, the configurations and topography of the earth remain the same. Europe and Asia, he tells us, are still one great island, of which the "heartland" is the mighty triangle of bridge between the spinal mountain range of Southern Russia and Asia and the Arctic Sea. Here is one vast continuous shelf of tableland and plain, unbroken save for the Ural Hills, which spreads from the Pacific to the lower Rhine. It is still the fullest reservoir of humanity, the richest store of all natural products of the globe except those of the tropics. Whoever holds the heartland, with its great rivers and inland seas, its cornfields and forests and illimitable pastures, its iron and gold and coal and copper, its cattle and sheep and horses, and its human livestock by the hundred million—who holds this holds the world. Will the League of Nations, and the statesmanship of the Western and Latin peoples, succeed in getting this immense area into order, and turning its latent, unorganised strength to safe uses? It is the question of questions.

One of the avowed objects of Germany in making the war was to impose upon the world the blessings of German *Kultur*. If the Central Powers had won, this expectation might have been in great part fulfilled, or, at any rate, Germany would have made use of her enhanced prestige and opportunities to flood us with the products of her printing-presses, publishing houses, studios, theatres, and concert rooms. But the Central Powers have failed; and though we may have the Teutonic propagandist and the Teutonic financier as busy as ever we are not likely to fall victims to Teutonic literature and art. It seems that our apostles of culture are to come from another quarter. America is "out" to supply us with this commodity as with so many others. Her export activities are not confined to ships, motor-cars, machinery, coals, beef, corn, boots, and stocks and shares. She has also turned her attention to those things which powerfully influence tastes, thoughts, and habits: with results already very remarkable.

The Americanisation of this country goes on at a great pace. American stories and magazines are stacked on every bookstall. About half the new plays which are presented on the London stage come from across the Atlantic; so do many of the revues, and variety entertainments, and music-hall shows. The English theatrical manager is now as much interested in New York and Chicago as he was erstwhile in Paris. We get our dances from America, with the weird music to which they are enacted. Our mothers and grandmothers floated through the vales to the dreamy

contributions of German and other Viennese composers. To-day young couples and middle-aged couples—jerk and jawn, while minstrels imitate or exaggerate the noises which arose from the banging of tin kettles and rattling of saws on lids at negro camp-meetings in the Southern States. Thus does the course of Empire pursue its Westward way.

The greatest American "spiritual" conquest of all is that of the cinema. In the world of the film America is supreme; at any rate she has far more than a Two-Power superiority. One hears much of new British companies, and combinations, which are to produce native films, sufficiently striking, "boomed" with the requisite energy, and supported by the necessary vast capital, to compete with the American importations, and even to overcome them in our markets. One may hope something will come of these enterprises; for there is the possibility of a great art in the cinema theatres which will in time lift it clear of vulgarity and mere profit-mongering. We would like to think that it may reach its highest possibilities in this country, on the artistic as well as the commercial and mechanical side. In the meanwhile, the Americans hold the field, and they supply, I believe, about 90 per cent. of all the films shown in our picture theatres. Millions of English, Scottish, and Irish men, women, and children see these American photographs every week of their lives. The cinema is the chief recreation of the masses of the people, perhaps it may be said their chief interest outside their own work and domestic affairs. It has superseded the church, the meeting-house, the lecture platform; it outshines the novel and the popular magazines; it is overtaking its most formidable rival, the cheap illustrated daily and weekly newspaper. And it is, in the main, American.

This is surely a matter of deep interest and significance. Nearly all classes of our population, except perhaps the "intellectuals"—and even they are beginning to frequent the "pictures"—are habitually and constantly seeing life through American spectacles. Certain phases of American society must be better known to our small tradesmen, mechanics, labourers, with their wives, sons, and daughters, than our own. What goes on, from the scenario-writer's point of view, within the luxurious mansions and country-houses of American financiers has been revealed to every English shop-assistant and factory-hand. They know all about the mammoth hotels, and the sumptuous restaurants, and the dance-halls, and night-clubs, and the seaside or hillside pleasure resorts. They know the ways of the millionaire, upright

or shady—generally shady—and the ways of the adventurer, who aspires after his dollars or his daughter; and the ways of the Wild West, where stalwart young men with revolvers defend virtuous school-mistresses. "They know all about those other young men, the fast young men who engage in the pleasures of the town, and tempt "business girls" to stray into the paths of error. They gaze at American houses, American furniture, American scenery; they confront American police-captains, and American train-men, and American criminals. The moral presented to them is that of the writer of the American story. For them the difficult epigrams in which the composer of the American scenario is accustomed to express his thoughts have no mysteries. They can construe the sub-titles off-hand, translate even the obscurest of them at sight.

No wonder our younger generation talks American. No wonder astute advertisers, anxious to catch the prevailing note, allure us with direct personal exhortations in the manner of the American publicity expert, who is an acknowledged master of his craft. Mr. Jones no longer informs the nobility and gentry that he has a stock of goods which he is prepared to sell at a moderate price. He prefers a more direct and demonstrative form. "You are a business man; your time means money. You cannot afford to cut it to waste by fooling around after low-grade stuff. It is up to you to get the best. You get it, and get it quick, from A. P. Jones. Why? Because A. P. Jones specialises in mind-saving. A. P. Jones has studied this thing out. He knows that you need your brains for live work, not for worrying over back numbers. Therefore——" and so forth for a vivid column or two. The language, the mode of thought, would have been unintelligible to most Britons a few years ago. But O. Henry, and the American magazines, and "Uncle Sam" plays, and the cinema, but most of all the cinema, have made it familiar in our mouths as household words. No missionary ever had such a preaching stool in foreign lands as this pictorial pulpit, which is set up several times a day—everywhere.

One might speculate widely as to what the results of this feast of film-kultur are likely to be. From one point of view you might say there is something obviously beneficial in it. We are all asking that the two English-speaking peoples shall be brought into closer communion, that they shall get to know more of one another. Well, is not the cinema reaching towards this high purpose: is it not, at least, making the Americans better known to the British, and giving us a deeper understanding of our kins-

men across the Ocean? Is it? I am not so sure. For the view we get of the United States on the films, and indeed through the other agencies of popular information, is scrappy, incomplete, and distorted. In the popular screen pictures, as in the popular "best-selling" novels, and in the only kind of American periodical publications which circulate in Great Britain, we have certain phases of American life over-emphasised, and others ignored. After all, a great nation does not consist mainly of "crooks" and criminals and dishonest financiers, and impossibly sentimental girls, and fatuous "society women," and funny men playing the fool brilliantly. If you were to judge the United States from the majority of the picture-shows, or from the magazines on sale in England, you would form an erroneous impression. There are other aspects of that varied and vivid civilisation. But we do not see much of those other aspects; we do not understand, for example, how intensely sober America is under this surface frivolity so insistently presented to us, how much there is of genuine thought, earnest effort, and real culture in the better sense, and how many people there are in the universities, the large cities, the farmsteads, everywhere from the Great Lakes to the Caribbean, who are not exclusively absorbed in money-making and pleasure-seeking. Of them we hear and see too little.

One cannot blame the picture artists and playwrights. They believe that certain topics are specially suitable for treatment in their media, and they prefer in the main to stick to them, thinking that it is somewhat easier to interest the public in such themes than in others. It is a convention, and all artistic creation, however humble, has its conventions, and is apt to hold to them too long. "Crook" plays, and sentimentally unreal love-stories, and knock-about farce have become conventionalised in the film-studios, just as in the last century sexual passion and connubial infidelity were conventionalised by French novelists. It was the tradition in Paris that this was the subject which lent itself best to prose-fiction; and clever authors, who could have written just as well on anything else, spent their ingenuity in concocting new variations of the eternal motive. Thereby they conveyed to foreign readers a ludicrously distorted view of society and morals in their own country. The French are not more immoral than other peoples; but all the world, especially the English-speaking world, thought they were, thanks to their popular novelists and playwrights. We read their yellow-backed fiction and saw, in pruriently diluted "adaptations," their suggestive farcical comedies, and deemed our "lively neighbours" very lively indeed. Aus-

these Britons winked and chuckled over the wickedness of gay Paris, and concluded that the French were a naughty people, clever, no doubt, but deplorably lacking in that exalted appreciation of the domestic virtues which was the pride and glory of our own fortunate island. I am sure that in the mid-Victorian days nine Englishmen out of ten would have been genuinely astonished to be informed that there were quite as many faithful husbands and good wives in France as in any other country, and that sexual adventure was not the main preoccupation of the majority of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. He would have replied by pointing to French literature, the only sort of French literature with which he was acquainted.

It would not have occurred to him that the Boulevard novel was, as I have said, a convention, a *façon de parler*, an entertainment devised to amuse an idle hour, a very unsound and misleading index to national ethics and psychology. All through the last century, and indeed till quite recent years, it was the fashion for English-speaking male persons, when they met for social converse, in clubs, bachelor chambers, military messes, and other places, to refresh one another by the interchange of what used to be called "smoking-room stories." The unpleasant custom still lingers on in some quarters, though it is now discredited, especially among the younger generation. Undergraduates and schoolboys and subalterns use language among themselves of painful explicitness, but I do not think they enjoy the ultra-Rabelaisian *contes* which passed current among their grandfathers and great-uncles. They were extremely horrible, some of those stories. It was possible, in a club smoking-room, or even round the cut-glass decanters and coffee cups of a blameless dining-table, to listen to tales and anecdotes which nobody would dare to print, garbage fished out of the unplumbed deeps of human depravity. If you did not know, you might infer that the persons who made a jest of such things must themselves be depraved profligates. But they were nothing of the kind. They were quite average respectable persons, country gentlemen, stockbrokers, barristers, doctors, officials, manufacturers, who lived sober and decorous lives, and cultivated the domestic virtues. The crude indecencies of their half-hours of social relaxation scarcely touched the surface of their minds. They laughed at the dirty—and usually dull—jokes, and thought no more of them. It was just the literary convention again. There was the queer tradition that men, when they met together to unbend, should amuse themselves in this virile and humorous fashion. There was no more in it than that; nor was there much more in the vivacious, irresponsible Gallic

force and action which so often the ingenious British reader, and gave him such extremely erroneous opinions of a sister nation.

Unfortunately, it is the worse, not the better, part of a national literature which most successfully captures a foreign market. Not one Briton in a thousand had seen a line of Lamartine, but everybody had read the edifying works of Monsieur Paul de Kock, who for a space of years was positively the most popular of French authors among the English. Nations, like dogs—to quote one of Carlyle's pungent metaphors—seem to approach each other sometimes only to sniff at the shameful parts. So it is apt to be with the interchange of periodical publications. I remember once in a great American city going round the news-stands and book-shops in search of English weekly and monthly journals of the more literary kind. I could not find them. The *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum* (the thoughtful *Athenæum* of that epoch), even, I regret to say, the *Fortnightly*, were not to be had. But I could have been solaced by the *Police News* and by a whole collection of the something or other *Bits*, always vulgar and sometimes indecent, which were just then pouring out of the courts and back lanes of Fleet Street. And I thought: "If *this* is all that the American citizen gets to know of Britain, no wonder he thinks poorly of us." Nor is the situation much better to-day. A good deal of American printed matter comes to us, but it is mostly of the "lighter," or the lower, or the looser, kind. Few of us read, or get a chance of reading, the more responsible of the American newspapers and periodicals. The consequence is we are almost as much misinformed about American opinion, about the operations of the American mind, as we were in the past about France and Germany. What the crooks and the cowboys and the "clubmen" do, or what the best-sellers and film authors tell us they do, we know. But what serious people in America, a country where many people are serious, think about serious matters—these things are hidden from us.

Perhaps that is why the more cautious of our publicists and editorial personages touch American politics with so tender a hand. Even our news columns show an unwonted restraint in dealing with the topic. It is to their credit; for this reserve is prompted by a patriotic and honourable motive. We are all nervous about hurting American susceptibilities and imperilling the entente of the English-speaking peoples. Nobody in these islands would venture to refer to President Wilson in the terms

applied to this eminent statesman by thousands of his own countrymen. Except for the brief news-agency summaries of the speeches of Republican Senators, we get hardly a hint of this acrid criticism. For months after the Armistice it was the common opinion in Great Britain that all America was behind the President in an ardent crusade for the League of Nations Covenant. Many Englishmen were themselves languid about the League: it did not inspire them with enthusiasm, though they hoped it might do some good; but they felt it undesirable to oppose a project on which, as they understood, our friends beyond the Atlantic had set their hearts. It is disconcerting to discover, from the fragmentary intelligence that comes to us by the cables, that large numbers of Americans denounce the League with unmeasured fury, and see in it a deep-laid scheme framed by British politicians to weaken and embarrass the United States! It may seem an odd return for all our deferential politeness to President Wilson, and I think many Englishmen, when they hear of these diatribes in the Senate and elsewhere, are merely bewildered by them. They would be less astonished if they had been reading the American newspapers with attention.

Here, for example, is a passage from an article in the *New York Review* of May 17th:--

"The enemies of the League of Nations have some justification in declaring that it comes into the world lame, halt, and blind. And its friends can not deny that as regards the military protection of France the League has seemed weak, as regards doing justice to China in Shantung it has shown itself conveniently blind; while in the shifting settlement of the Italian claim to Fiume the League has displayed a halting attitude. In short, France believes the League too weak to protect her, and asks additional assurances from England and the United States; the League believes itself too weak either to do territorial justice to China as against Japan, or racial justice to Japan as against Australia and our Pacific slope; and the League has not yet developed wisdom enough to settle the Fiume question. Thus the League comes into the world with a heavy handicap in the contrast of promise and non-performances. The adjustments, which are relatively slight blemishes in the Treaty of Peace, considered as such, are serious departures from the principles of the Covenant, and tend to diminish confidence in it. What would have been hailed as a very good peace in its own right is a rather poor first exhibit for the League of Nations."

I reproduce these remarks because they do not come from a party organ, or from one which is professedly hostile to the President. The *Review* is a new journal, independent in politics, and what Americans call "conservative" in tone, edited and written with high ability in a scholarly and thoughtful manner. It is not specially addicted to the Republicans, and apparently has

no political axe to grind, but aims at reflecting and influencing the opinion of moderate and well-informed citizens. Though not pacifist, it earnestly favours the peaceful settlement of international disputes, and strongly supports the principle of a League of Nations. But, as will be seen, it does not like this League, as designed and constructed in Paris, and it criticises with severity some of the proceedings of the Conference, in particular the attitude adopted towards Japan and Italy. "Mr. Wilson's excessively harsh and highly irregular handling of the Italian question is in unpleasing contrast to his silent acquiescence in the surrender over Kiaochow." I will not now discuss the justice of policy of this comment. But it shows what the limited number of Englishmen who read such journals as the *Review* and the *New Republic* know very well, that adverse criticism of President Wilson, whether in the "conservative" or the "radical" spirit, is not confined to his political opponents.

The *Review*, by the way, supplies an excellent example of that perfected American art of publicity to which I referred above. It is extracted from an advertisement of one of those institutes for imparting mental efficiency, strength of will, concentration of thought, and other valuable qualities, which are doing a flourishing business on both sides of the Atlantic. The announcement recites a truly inspiring little tale about a young man who, when he consulted the advertiser, was penniless. "To-day this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home - and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, travelling whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week." Is there, justly inquires the writer in the *Review*, an impecunious Economic Unit that does not thrill to literature like that? Can any aspiring youth be expected to resist those three automobiles and the twenty-five thousand dollar home—paid for in cash?

SIDNEY LOW.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF NORTHERN FRANCE.

As we walked through the streets of Soissons the old priest, who was making his first visit to the invaded regions, groaned anew at every step. The architect and I, accustomed to seeing destroyed cities ever since the first mad rush of the Hun towards Paris, were affected by our companion's distress. When we reached the cathedral the priest's despair brought forth words. Raising his hands to heaven, he cried :—

"Ossa ista resurgent? Domine, tu scis."

"Men also know, *mon père*," answered the architect gently. "For God restricts the resurrecting power of men only when it is a question of human bones. We can enter by the transept door, and you will see."

We climbed over a mound of fallen stone. Pieces of statues and gargoyles protruded from the amorphous mass. Bits of stained glass gleamed in the sun. An angel's face stared up at us from a chunk of plaster. My cane disengaged a twisted brass candlestick. The priest stooped over to pick up the INRI of a crucifix. We had to make our way carefully to avoid splinters of carved panels. But when we entered the cathedral we realised that German cannon had not prevented the Soissonnais from saving the heritage of their fathers. The roof of the nave and of part of the transept had already been replaced. The high altar was prepared for Mass. Sand-bags protected tombs and shrines. With glowing face, the architect pointed to a wall built from pillar to pillar to shut off the nave. "We were determined to keep the apse intact and strengthen the corner pillars. All this was done under the enemy's fire. Part of it has been done twice. And now we are clearing out the nave and rebuilding the walls and roof." We went to the other side of the temporary wall. German prisoners, French soldiers, civilian masons were working side by side.

The next day at Cambrai we visited a textile mill which the Germans had turned into a soda-water factory. Some buildings were empty. The fine looms in others had lost their copper fittings, and had afterward been smashed with axes by Russian prisoners. An explosion had wrecked the machines in the power plant.

"I am glad you came this week," said the superintendent, "for we are going to begin to remove the *débris*. New looms are all

ready to be put in place. If we can get raw materials and coal, work will start up within a month."

At Lille we found the same eagerness to go ahead without waiting for Government initiative or German indemnities. The first winter of liberation was a cruel deception. So inadequate and dilatory were the steps taken by the military authorities that the people had become bitter.

"Nineteen hundred and nineteen is the crucial year," an automobile manufacturer assured us. "Our biggest problems are those of transportation, and we can accomplish little without Government aid. But if we wait for the Government to take up and direct reconstruction work we shall soon be beyond redemption. There is confusion, if not anarchy, in the various Government bureaus. We have to keep pressing Paris to give us food-supplies and a minimum provision of raw materials. We insist now that we be allowed to buy machinery and whatever else we need for reconstruction where and how we will. My plant was used by the Germans throughout their occupation, and they tried to burn it when they left. I started immediately to repair what could be repaired, and to order new machinery. You can have no idea of the difficulties the Government put in our way."

In Fives, a suburb of Lille, we visited one of the most important steel construction plants in France. Here locomotives and rolling-stock for the Northern Railway Company were made before the war. The Germans sacked the plant, removing what they could of the machinery and destroying the rest. But ever since 1915 the *Compagnie de Fives-Lille* had been preparing for the day of liberation. In their own shops, in a branch in Central France, machines have been made. They are awaiting transportation. After the plant is restored some means must be devised to keep it supplied with coal and raw materials.

Throughout Northern France the will to get back to normal activity is manifest. There is the spur of necessity. Everywhere, as at Fives-Lille, employers and artisans and labourers know that the path of salvation is in the resumption of production. In agricultural regions there is the same unbroken spirit. And illustrations are numerous of local efforts to preserve historic monuments, as at Soissons; of refusal to leave homes unless forcibly ejected by the military authorities. Going through what seemed to be entirely ruined cities one is constantly surprised at the sight of people who are working to make the ruins habitable.

But six months after the Armistice one is tempted to doubt the efficiency, the capacity, the ability of a Government in Paris to undertake and carry through reconstruction in the invaded departments. Students of democratic institutions are watching

with which different the problems that have arisen. The doctrine of State control of industries is being tested. Is there a feeling of solidarity in the nation? Are the people as a whole willing to make sacrifices for the common weal? Is it possible for a highly centralised democracy to cope with the difficulties of certain categories of citizens, especially when those citizens belong to a restricted portion of the State? Or must the North be allowed a free hand in working out its own salvation, with only limited dependence upon, and limited expectation of, aid from the rest of the nation? Decentralisation, a large measure of local autonomy, power of initiative left in the hands of municipalities and communes, seem necessary in order that "these bones rise again."

In 1915 the Ministry of the Interior established a special department to study the needs and look after the interests of the invaded regions. The prerogatives of bureaucracy were encroached upon. A howl went up. Soon the services of this department were distributed among the Ministries of Public Works, Agriculture, and Commerce. When Hindenburg executed his "genial retreat," resulting in the liberation of a hundred communes, the preparations of the Government proved of no practical value. So reconstruction interests were once more grouped under a new Ministry, called the Ministry of the Blockade and of the Liberated Regions. In the autumn of 1918 the Germans began their retreat from Flanders. Government preparations again proved inadequate. There was chaos. None was responsible. Every problem was referred to some other bureau. After the Armistice the Ministry of Armament was reorganised into the Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction, with a limited field which touched the North only in part. At the end of 1918 reconstruction questions were entrusted to a *Commission Inter-Ministérielle*, with representatives of the *Présidents du Conseil* and the Ministries of the Liberated Regions, War, Public Works, Agriculture, Industrial Reconstruction, Commerce and Finance. Premier Clemenceau appointed as president of this Commission an eminent Frenchman who had been urging its creation for more than three years!

To assure the transformation and continued activity of factories which worked for the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction was granted a credit of two billion francs. Monsieur Loucheur, under whose guidance French industry intensified its production during the war, is using this money for ships, locomotives and rolling-stock, agricultural machinery, fertilisers, and the different machines and materials needed to reconstruct the invaded regions. But, as two birds must be killed with one

stone, the orders are given wholly to French factories on French soil. Part of the orders go to plants created by the State during the war, and part to enterprises that worked in connection with the former Ministry of Armament. The Government had built an arsenal at Roanne for casings and shells and a plant at Bourges for explosives. The former will repair old and construct new railway rolling-stock, and the latter will make chemical fertilisers. Private factories which furnished wood for aeroplanes have been given orders for doors and window-frames and shingles. Telegraph and telephone material is expected to be produced by factories which made aeroplane motors. The new Ministry has authority to distribute indemnities, to import raw materials, to allot labour supply, and to apportion transportation.

It is admitted that the idea is a good one, and that State aid is necessary to tide industry over the critical period of cessation of war work and demobilisation. The State must also control transportation and importation of raw materials. But public opinion fears waste of money, new burdens upon taxpayers, discouragement of individual enterprise, and, above all, the crystallisation of State control. Critics are legion to point out the difficulties. One cannot pick up a newspaper without seeing an article protesting against the Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction. Since large investments must be made for new machinery, will not the extension of State industrialism, justified during the war by considerations of national defence, tend to become permanent? Will private factories get their share of the orders? Will not the State, backed by public money, compete with private industrial establishments? If there is over-production, the State will be tempted to forbid competition. If there is increase in the cost of production, the State will be tempted to regulate prices, or lose public funds in trying to compete with private enterprises and foreigners. The hands in State establishments need a period of apprenticeship, which will cause great delay in turning out the products sorely needed. The Ministry of Industrial Reconstruction is attempting to solve industrial problems of the whole of France at the expense of sacrificing the immediate and pressing necessities of the North. Are the manufacturers of the North to be made to wait for their machinery and the people of the North for their homes in order to safeguard the industrial interests of other regions, which have been fostered and developed during the past five years through the misfortunes of the North?

The policy of the French Government in regard to the use of imported merchandise in the reconstruction of Northern France is already unmistakably defined. There is going to be no competition between French and foreign manufactured articles in

France. Following the example of other belligerents, the French Government had been requiring importation licences for all goods brought into the country. The reasons for controlling importations during the war were sound. Precious transportation facilities had to be reserved for articles of absolute necessity, and purchases abroad were limited in order to prevent the depreciation of the franc in foreign exchanges. Until peace is signed war legislation holds. After peace is signed it is certain that pressure will be brought to bear to protect French industry by levying high import duties.

But the Lille automobile manufacturer said: "1919 is the crucial year." In half a dozen industrial centres of the North I received confirmation of this opinion from men in every line of production. All fear the influence of five years of lost markets upon their home and foreign trade. They feel that if they do not get back to their normal production quickly, they will find closed doors—at home as well as abroad.

The five departments of Northern France produced three-fourths of France's coke and one-fourth of France's steel, most of which was transformed into manufactured articles on the spot. The woollen industry, at Roubaix, Tourcoing, Cambrai, Sedan, and Rheims, disputed with silk the first rank in France's foreign commerce. Since 80 per cent. of woollen weaving was in the North, and the North furnished the other 20 per cent. of raw materials, French woollen cloth has practically disappeared from Paris markets. Most of France's linen was spun at Armentières, Lille, Bailleul, Comines, Cambrai, and Valenciennes; of her cotton at Roubaix, Tourcoing, Lille, Saint-Quentin, and Amiens. The Pas de Calais was famous for its linen and cotton lace. Among other products were pottery, glass, and chemicals. The Department du Nord alone had an industrial production of four billion francs annually before the war, of which two and a half billions were in textile industries.

In considering the problem of industrial reconstruction, too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the textile industry of the North was not a phenomenon of the nineteenth century, and consequently did not owe its pre-eminent situation to the nearness of coal. Roubaix, Tourcoing, Courtrai, Armentières, Valenciennes, Cambrai, and Le Cateau were famous for their textile exports as early as the fifteenth century. Flanders was the richest and most populous country of Europe during the Middle Ages. Its woollen, linen, and cotton cloth are the development of ten generations. The wealth of France's northern departments was in the skill and number of the artisans. All of France's weavers of fine cloth were settled there. Within a

radius of fifty miles of Lille one found three-quarters of France's skilled workmen for five industries, more than half for thirteen, and more than a third for twenty-three. Fecundity and the handing down of traditions and knowledge on the part of the artisans, and bold use of capital and credit on the part of the manufacturers, made the North supreme in French industry.

The first thought, then, of the manufacturers of the North is to prevent organic ruin through the loss of skilled workmen. The only way this can be done is to start factories immediately. They cannot afford to wait for machinery and raw materials. Otherwise the emigration that has already started will continue.

On the eve of his first departure from America President Wilson spoke to Congress about the obligation of the world toward the regions that suffered from the German invasion. His specific mention of the necessity of granting commercial favours during the period of reconstruction is deeply appreciated in Northern France. But months have passed since then, and nothing definite has been proposed on either side of the Atlantic for the restoration of French and Belgian industries. The Peace Conference has lost itself in a maze of problems relating to the past and future of mankind. In the meantime, a hundred miles from Paris, a tragedy is being enacted which may affect more profoundly than treaties the new European equilibrium. The *moral* of the people of the liberated regions, which resisted superbly during four years of German occupation, is being undermined by forced unemployment and by the feeling that others are taking advantage of their misfortunes—more subtle forces of demoralisation than invasion and exile.

A Lillois put the situation to me in this way: "In other parts of France factories prospered during the war. As their products were for war purposes they were allowed to keep some of their *personnel* and the rest was gradually demobilised. They received subsidies from the Government and enjoyed special transportation facilities. Ever since 1914 they have been employing our demobilised and refugee artisans. To-day our engineers, foremen, and skilled workmen are bound elsewhere by contracts and by not having jobs here to return to. It would be enough for us to contend, at the beginning of the reconstruction era, with famine and high prices and the delays in getting started arising from rebuilding, restocking, and gathering together again our working forces. But we have the opposition of our own countrymen who are not interested in seeing us get on our feet. We do not succeed in securing permits to import machinery from abroad. Why? Because, having lost war orders, manufacturers of Central and Southern France want the monopoly of making new machines

for us. "They even refuse to admit that we have a right to priority in the importation and transportation of raw materials. The anxiety of the Government seems to be confined to sustaining the activity and expansion of the manufacturers who reaped rich rewards during the war."

A year ago, in the darkest days of the advance on Paris, I was lecturing in one of the large steel plants of the Loire Inférieure. The chief engineer was a refugee from Northern France. He was not pessimistic about the war, for he felt that Germany was at the end of her rope. He predicted an internal collapse of Germany in the autumn of 1918, no matter what her military situation might be at the time. But he was exceedingly pessimistic about the *post-bellum* relations between the invaded regions and the rest of France. He told me that the Government had no reconstruction policy, and that failure to take immediate measures for the relief of the North would be as disastrous to the nation as a whole as to the invaded regions.

"I do not go so far as to predict civil war," he said. "That would be absurd as well as impossible. But I do say that the most deplorable result of this war for France is likely to be the creation of ill-feeling on the part of the North toward the rest of France, which will weaken seriously the solidarity of the French nation."

At the Peace Conference the French insist upon the right to the special consideration of their Allies. They say that they have borne the brunt of the war, have made the greatest sacrifices, are exposed to the greatest dangers and handicaps in the *post-bellum* period. Not only for their own sake, but for the common cause, are not the French justified in asking for favoured treatment? The war is not yet won, and a strong France emerging from the Peace Conference is essential to prevent Germany from winning the war. However, it is equally important for the French Government to realise in turn the justice of exactly the same claim to special consideration that comes from its citizens of the invaded regions. What France has been in the Entente Alliance, Northern France has been in the French Republic. The North must face competition with new factories created in other parts of France and with the intact and admirably equipped factories of Alsace-Lorraine, in a country of stationary population, which means stationary consumption. The North has lost foreign markets. Great Britain now produces all the articles formerly manufactured in Northern France and can supply them at home and abroad at lower prices. For the time being German markets are lost, and in attempting to recover them Northern France will have the competition of Alsace-Lorraine. Japan is looking after

the Far East. South America is learning to buy from the United States. A Lille newspaper said recently that three nightmares were haunting the sleep of the manufacturers of the North: inability to recreate industries, even enough to prevent organic ruin; a new catastrophe, when production is resumed, through a lowering of prices or over-production; trouble with labour, which is likely to spread all over France.

Northerners believe that the speedy restoration of their industries is the most vital task of reconstruction, which should take precedence for the moment over rebuilding cities and aiding agriculture. For organic ruin is imminent. The communities of artisans are the precious heritage of centuries. If they are allowed to scatter, the revenues upon which France is counting for recuperating her finances will not materialise. The manufacturers of the North protest against the narrow viewpoint of practically all outsiders, who conceive the reconstruction of Northern France in terms of brick and stone, cement and wood. In talks with those who do not see the problems of the North from the chair of a functionary in a Paris Ministry or through the eyes of one who has made a two days' trip in the devastated regions, I have gathered the following conditions of renaissance:—

1. *State Aid to Restore Credits.*—Without waiting for the Germans to pay, the State must advance indemnities sufficient for rebuilding and repairing, replacing machinery, restocking raw materials, and carrying wages until returns come in from articles marketed.

2. *Exceptions for the North in the Application of Administrative Regulations.*—The exception the North asks for most insistently at the present moment is waiving the principle of demobilisation by classes. The North demands the release from the Army of artisans, miners, and fathers of families of the Northern departments, irrespective of age. Then follow the suspension of the income and other State taxes, the modification of tariff duties and import and export regulations in favour of the North. Northerners point out also the unfairness of uniform rules, which apply equally to them, in regard to the allotment of transportation and the distribution of imported raw materials.

3. *A Separate Administrative régime for all the Invaded Régions during the Period of Reconstruction.*—Flanders, Artois, Picardy, Champagne, and Lorraine are distinct provinces, with different needs and different characteristics. During the years of recuperation and readjustment each province must enjoy an autonomy that is not possible under the administrative system of present-day France, with its artificial departmental limits, each department depending upon Paris and having to conform to the general

laws, decrees, and regulations enacted for all of France. At the same time the five provinces have many interests in common, owing to the privileged position they hope to have during the reconstruction period. They ask, therefore, to be allowed to deal with the various branches of the Government at Paris through an intermediate regional administration centred at Lille.

4. *Special and Distinct Provisions, National and International, in Regard to Commerce and Tariffs.*—France, in her customs duties, must favour the industries of the North. In treaties of commerce and tariff regulations, Allied countries should waive restrictions concerning exports and imports intended for and coming from the North of France until the invaded regions are on their feet.

In a magazine devoted to the interests of French builders and contractors I read a series of editorials on the reconstruction of Northern France. Not until the fifth editorial appeared were industrial problems of the North referred to. This is natural. One thinks in the terms of one's own trade. But it must not be forgotten that only a portion of the invaded regions was destroyed in the physical sense of the word. With the exception of Rheims, the nucleus of industrial life could be re-established everywhere without waiting for the rebuilding of homes. Work is the magnet that draws men to cities. After one gets a job one looks for a home. It is putting the cart before the horse to plan and carry out a wholesale programme of reconstruction of cities and towns until means of livelihood are safeguarded to those who remained during the cataclysm and assured to those invited to return. Whoever has lived through an earthquake or fire or struggle between armies knows how tenaciously human beings cling to the place where they earn their daily bread. One finds shelter somehow where one has work. The best elements of a population do not flee before danger and a shortage of food. Unemployment and lack of opportunity to get ahead in the world, however, drive very quickly from a community the workers of real economic value. More than once I have seen the order to evacuate a town meet with stubborn resistance on the part of people whose homes were being shelled and destroyed. The same type of urban population, which did not flee before the Germans, is now leaving cities of Northern France of its own initiative. The French Government cannot afford to ignore the fatal consequences of retarding industrial reconstruction.

Agricultural reconstruction goes hand in hand with industrial reconstruction. Cereals and meat can be sent into the North. But until local agriculture is in a position to furnish potatoes, green vegetables, fruits, and dairy products, high prices and the lack

of a well-rounded food diet will affect economic and health conditions in industrial communities. More than this, the sugar and linen industries are dependent upon local production of beets and flax. Before the war Northern France had a quarter of a million acres sown in flax. Since the flax of Pomerania and Russia is not likely to come into the market again for several years, this raw material is an indispensable asset.

In the strip of territory from the North Sea to Switzerland, where the armies faced each other during the years of French warfare, much of the land is dead. The problem of bringing it to life again will take a long time to solve. Returning it to cultivation cannot be undertaken by its owners. The State must bear the expense of clearing it, of filling in the trenches and shell-holes, of fertilisation and reforestation. There must be military supervision of this work, for unexploded shells and hand-grenades are likely to be turned up in any field through which or near which the trenches ran. The strain was severe, also, upon the forests and farms throughout the provinces occupied by the Germans. Fields were ploughed constantly, sowed without manure, and used for intensive production of the same crops. They are exhausted, and need to lie fallow for a while. Since fertilisation out of proportion to the gain from the yield is required for at least five years, the Government will have to provide the farmers with fertilisers. There is nothing haphazard about location and extent of forests in France. The situation and proportion of wooded lands could not be allowed to change without affecting water supply and climate. Nothing is more imperative than the reconstruction of forests under State guidance.

The pillage by the Huns of farms was scarcely less thorough than that of factories. The good old Anglo-Saxon verb, *to ruff*, has become obsolete. We need to revive it. For I cannot think of another word to express the clean sweep the invaders made of agricultural machinery, farm implements, copper kitchen utensils, bedding, horses, live stock, poultry, and seed. In the first renewal of the Armistice Marshal Foch added the delivery of agricultural machinery to the delivery of locomotives and rolling-stock provided for in the original Armistice. I suppose he did not go farther in demanding the return of stolen property only because what the Germans took from the farmers of the North had ceased to exist. The delegates on the Armistice Commission at Spa, as well as the peace delegates at Paris, have been warned not to try to exact the pound of flesh. But is the criticism that France wants to take advantage of Germany's helplessness justified? If France does not secure restitution from Germany, she will have to devise some measures—and without delay—to furnish

them, who were robbed of the means of subsistence and production. The estimate of a competent authority that the failure to plough land in February and March, 1919, will result in the loss of two billions of francs, throws light upon the attitude of the French delegates.

A year before the end of the war contractors and builders presented a memorandum to the Government suggesting reconstruction measures that should be decided upon in advance. They pointed out that as soon as the Armistice was signed skilled workers in building trades and their employers should be released from military service; factories working for war material should be ready to devote their energies to replacing what was destroyed; and the privilege of priority in transport, given to war material during hostilities, should automatically be accorded to reconstruction material. The category of "skilled workers in building trades and their employers" should include all workers in wood, stone, and cement. Cannon and shell factories should be ready to turn out rolling-stock and auto-trucks, iron girders, bridges, and machinery for the factories in the North. Adequate production of agricultural machinery could be assured only by the manufacture of uniform types in series. The State must have ready a plan to recruit an army of builders and carpenters and masons, and to house and feed reconstruction workers. But, in spite of numerous bureaus and commissions, nothing was done along these lines. The cessation of hostilities found the Government unprepared to grapple with the problem of rebuilding in the devastated areas. The Government is being bitterly criticised now for lack of foresight and for the slow progress made since the Armistice. One must not forget, however, that it was still nip and tuck for France during the last year of the war—perhaps more so than in the earlier years. Victory was a miracle in itself. Was it reasonable to expect another miracle—the change overnight to reconstruction with unimpaired energy and ability?

An experimental stage in reconstruction has been inevitable. However pressing the needs, actual progress could hardly have been expected during the first winter of liberation. Divergence of opinion was bound to arise and Governmental machinery to break down. After catastrophes, the indifference and apathy of those who have not suffered, and the desire of 'ghouls' of all classes of society to take advantage of the misfortunes of others, always come to the surface. On the other hand, the problems of reconstruction are clearer than they were *a priori*. Wrong methods and impracticable schemes, which threatened to waste time and money and divert energy, are discredited. What the French did not know when the Armistice was signed they know

now. They are ready to do their own part in banding up the wounds of their brothers of the North and in nursing them through the period of convalescence back to health. They are ready to accept and direct the loving aid offered by friends of France in other countries. On March 8th, at a meeting of the *Union des Grandes Associations Françaises*, M. Deschanel, of the French Academy, who is president of the Chamber of Deputies, said: "The inhabitants of our invaded departments wonder whether the rest of France and foreigners realise what has really taken place." The challenge in these words was answered. By a unanimous vote the representatives of the national organisations declared the responsibility of the rest of France in the matter of reconstruction and the solidarity of the rest of France with the Northern provinces.

Here are the truths which French public opinion has come to accept in regard to reconstruction.

The provinces devastated by the Germans have the right to look to France and not to Germany for financing their rehabilitation. The reparation for her crimes Germany owes to France as a whole. It is the business of the French Government to collect damages from Germany. But the restoration of Northern France should not depend upon when and how much indemnity is paid. As France did not succeed in defending the integrity of her territory, every Frenchman must recognise the debt of honour he owes personally to the invaded regions, and assent to the sacrifices necessary to finance reconstruction. The consideration of interest enters into the question also. Upon the rapid rehabilitation of the North depends the recuperation—political, economic, social—of France.

Political organisms are the result of the gradual union of groups of people in towns and cities. No State can reverse the process of evolution. Without the aid of the State, destroyed or dispersed units would not be able to reconstitute themselves. But this aid must be complementary. The bases of reconstruction are the commune and the corporation, not the State. The initiative in reforming communal centres and industrial groups must have its source in the centres and groups. In order to make this possible, the Central Government must not interfere with local autonomy. For months after the liberation of the North the provinces remained in the zone of the armies, subjected to military administration. The result was complete paralysis. Not until municipal and communal authority was re-established did the work of reconstruction begin. The new plan adopted by the Government is to divide the Northern departments into districts, each autonomous, with the privilege of recruiting its own workers and with

control of its own transportation. How and when and whether this or that town or village or this or that building in the town or village is to be rebuilt will be decided upon by the people of each community. Is not this the only way? Of the 102,000 buildings destroyed by the Germans, considerably less than one-half of 1 per cent. were built or owned by the French Government. If the 99½ per cent. are to rise from their ashes, it will be by individual, corporative, and communal effort.

The heart of the world has been touched by the misery of Northern France. Two continents share the eagerness to aid in reconstruction. French cities which did not suffer from the German invasion have adopted cities of the North as *filles*. The idea was taken up in Allied countries, especially in the United States. My American readers often write to me asking how they can help France. No letter has touched me more deeply than one from a father whose only son was killed in the advance from the Marne to the Vesle. He was ready to reconstruct, at his own expense, the town in which his son fell. He named a place of less than a thousand inhabitants, the rebuilding of which I found would cost about two million dollars. But in this case, as in all others, reconstruction could not be undertaken *en bloc*. In co-operation with the communal authorities, the American father might rebuild the *mairie*, the school, the fountains, the *lavoir*, or the church. Homes and shops and local industries—these depend upon the needs of the community, which may be entirely changed. Only the people of each community can do their rebuilding—and in their own way.

Ossa ista resurgent? Perhaps, after all, we must say with the priest, *Domine, tu scis*. For the answer depends upon an unknown factor, the will of the people concerned. The illustration of the cathedral at Soissons, however, is significant. Our part in the reconstruction of Northern France is to make the necessary sacrifices, as Governments and individuals, to show our solidarity with those who have suffered for us. We can make possible reconstruction. We can smooth the path for and strengthen those who are called upon to perform one of the most formidable tasks of history. At the least, we can refrain from discouraging them by indifference and inclination to profit by their misfortunes. But, when all is said and done, the reconstruction of Northern France depends upon the people of Northern France.

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS.

THE POLICY OF INDUSTRIAL SUICIDE.

THE British industrial position is becoming exceedingly serious and disquieting owing to what is loosely called the "unrest" of labour. This unrest is unprecedented both in extent and in character. It has two very different aspects, an economic and a political one. On the economic side the workers have demanded, and are demanding, simultaneously vastly increased wages and a great reduction in the hours of labour, and apparently there is no limit to their claims, for every concession, however far-reaching, is treated by them as merely a stepping-stone towards further and greater ones. On the political side, the workers have demanded the abolition of private enterprise, the confiscation of private wealth, the nationalisation of the most important industries, and they have more than once threatened that they would bring the national industries and the national life to a standstill unless the Government carried out at their dictation and without delay certain legislative or administrative measures. The intervention of labour in purely political matters is becoming more and more frequent and its attitude more and more dictatorial. Some time ago a member of an important Trade Union said to me: "The State? Bah! We are the State." It has become the custom among the workers to address at every opportunity an ultimatum to the Government demanding its unconditional surrender.

In the past there have been periods of acute and widespread labour unrest. However, the present campaign of labour is unprecedented in character because its spokesmen frankly state that no rise in wages and no reduction in working hours will satisfy them, that their principal aims are not economic but political. For instance, in a Memorandum on the Causes and Remedies for Labour Unrest, signed on behalf of Labour by the Right Hon. Arthur Henderson and Mr. G. D. H. Cole, and presented to the National Industrial Conference—the text is given in the *Times* of March 27th, 1919—we read.—

"The fundamental causes of Labour unrest are to be found rather in the growing determination of Labour to challenge the whole existing structure of capitalist industry, than in any of the more special and smaller grievances which come to the surface at any particular time.

"These root causes are twofold—the breakdown of the existing capitalist system of industrial organisation, in the sense that the mass of the working-class is now firmly convinced that production for private profit is not an equitable basis on which to build, and that a vast extension of public ownership and democratic control of industry is urgently necessary. . . .

"The present primary cause is closely linked with the fact. It is that the workers can see no indication that either the Government or the employers have realised the necessity for any fundamental change, or that they are prepared even to make a beginning of industrial reorganisation on more democratic principles. . . .

"It is essential to question the whole basis on which our industry has been conducted in the past, and to endeavour to find, in substitution for the motive of private gain, some other motive which will serve better as the foundation of a democratic system. This motive can be no other than the motive of public service. . . . This cannot be done so long as industry continues to be conducted for private profit, and the widest possible extension of public ownership and democratic control of industry is therefore the first necessary condition of the removal of industrial unrest."

A series of general suggestions for removing these causes of discontent is given in the Memorandum. Among them are the following :—

"A substantial beginning of the institution of public ownership of the vital industries and services. Mines, railways, docks, shipping, etc., should be at once nationalised. Key industries and services should at once be publicly owned. There should be a great extension of municipal ownership and co-operative control of local services. . . .

"A graduated levy on capital, with an exemption for property up to £1,000."

This authoritative declaration of faith, which is representative of many similar statements, shows that the present unrest of labour cannot be cured by the usual expedient of readjusting wages and working hours.

In view of the uncompromising temper and the reckless demands of labour, many believe that nothing but a sharp and decisive struggle between capital and labour can re-establish workable conditions in the industrial world. Force is not always a remedy. Methods of violence should be avoided if possible. A labour war may be almost as disastrous as a foreign war. Hence it will perhaps be best to consider the present labour unrest, not as a revolt against society and against the State, but as a disease, or as a symptom of a disease. Let us carefully examine the aims and claims of the workers so that we may know which of labour's aspirations are justified and which are not justified, and let us take particular note of the authoritative views of some of the most eminent business men and economists who have shown themselves the sincere friends of labour. Europe may learn much from America. Let us therefore give special attention to the lessons which we may learn from the Great Republic.

The mind of the labour world, both in Great Britain and abroad, has for decades been filled to saturation by the anti-capitalist doctrines of that prince of agitators, Karl Marx. The important Memorandum signed on behalf of organised labour by Messrs.

Henderson and Cole is purely *Metaphysical* in aim and spirit. It places in the foreground the demand "to challenge," which means to abolish, "the whole existing structure of capitalist industry" and to tax private capital out of existence by "a graduated levy."

CAPITALISM IS AN EVIL.

Those labour leaders and workers whose judgment has been clouded and warped by Socialistic teachings complain about the constant and rapid growth of capital, about its aggregation and concentration, and about the increasing wealth of the rich, as if wealth in itself were an evil.

Modern industry requires the investment of gigantic and constantly increasing amounts of capital to provide the complicated, powerful, and very costly machinery by the use of which modern men make a living. Moreover, as a large factory can work far more efficiently, produce more cheaply, and pay higher wages than a number of small ones, an irresistible tendency has arisen towards the aggregation and concentration of capital. This tendency is beneficial to the workers and to the nation as a whole. It can be stopped only by stopping industry. One of the most successful business men of modern time is Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He has been equally eminent as a captain of industry and as a philanthropist. He is a democrat of the democrats. He rose from the utmost poverty. His parents had to work hard for mere bodily subsistence. He himself started life as a labourer. Mr. Carnegie can therefore look at industrial problems not merely from the point of view of the employer and of the philanthropist, but also from that of the worker. Hence his opinions are of the greatest value to both employers and employed. Mr. Carnegie wrote in his *Gospel of Wealth* (Mr. Gladstone provided the title of that book):—

"We conclude that this overpowering, irresistible tendency towards aggregation of capital and increase of size in every branch of product cannot be arrested or even greatly impeded, and that, instead of attempting to restrict either, we should hail every increase as something gained, not for the few rich, but for the millions of poor, seeing that the law is salutary, working for good, and not for evil. Every enlargement is an improvement, step by step, upon what has preceded. It makes for higher civilisation, for the enrichment of human life, not for one, but for all classes of men. It tends to bring to the labourer's cottage the luxuries hitherto enjoyed only by the rich, to remove from the most squalid homes much of their squalor, and to foster the growth of human happiness relatively more in the workman's home than in the millionaire's palace. It tends to make the poor richer in the possession of better things, and greatly lessens the wide and deplorable gulf between the rich and the poor. Superficial politicians may, for a time, deceive the uninformed, but more and more will all this be clearly seen by those who are now led to regard aggregations as injurious."

The modern world, in which the prosperity and well-being of the masses depend upon an enormous and most costly mechanical outfit, requires the free use of a vast amount of liquid wealth, of capital. Now capital itself, however great, is of little use unless it is judiciously employed by far-sighted, practical men, for it is far easier to waste money on worthless objects than to use it wisely. Nowhere is the reckless waste of money more noticeable than among the Government officials to whom the Socialists would entrust the direction of the national industries. But then, of course, they are not spending their own money, but that of the taxpayer. The judicious handling of large amounts of capital is a business. It requires certain high qualifications which are possessed only by a few specialists. Men who possess these special qualifications are called capitalists. The welfare of industries and of nations depends not only on the possession of able engineers, inventors, chemists, workers, etc., but also, and particularly, on the possession of able capitalists who act as organisers in the industrial commonwealth.

The modern capitalist is, as a rule, not a "drone," as the Socialists tell us, not a man who leads an aimless life of vulgar self-indulgence, but he is, in the first place, and sometimes exclusively, a worker and an organiser, a creator of wealth and of industry and of general prosperity. Mr. Carnegie has told us in his *Empire of Business* :—

"The modern millionaire is generally a man of very simple tastes, and even miserly habits. He spends little upon himself, and is the toiling bee laying up the honey in the industrial hive, which all the inmates of that hive, the community in general, will certainly enjoy. . . . The millionaire who toils on is the cheapest article which the community secures at the price it pays for him, namely, his shelter, clothing and food."

Mr. Carnegie shrewdly added :—

"Here is a remarkable fact, that the masses of the people in any country are prosperous and comfortable just in proportion as there are millionaires."

Capital consists in wealth usefully and reproductively employed, and the capitalists are the managers of that great creative and fertilising force. Great Britain suffers not from a superabundance of capital and capitalists, as so many deluded labour leaders allege, but from an insufficiency. Wealth and income, both absolute and per head of population, are far greater in the United States than in the United Kingdom. Before the war American wages were from two to three times as great as they were in the identical trades in Great Britain. As the cost of living was only slightly higher in the United States than in England, the American workers were infinitely more prosperous than the British workers. The greater prosperity of the American workers

was due to the fact that they produced per head from two to three times as much as did the British workers engaged in the identical callings. The greater output of the American workers was made possible and easy by their employing more perfect machinery and from two to three times as much horse-power per thousand workers with which to set it in motion. The Americans have both more perfect machinery and far more power with which to drive it because a much larger amount of capital is invested in the American industries than in the British industries. An analysis of the capital employed in the British and American industries, based upon the British and American Censuses of Production, yields the following most interesting, most important, and most valuable results :—

United Kingdom in 1907.

Capital invested in the manufacturing industries,				
£1,400,000,000 to £1,600,000,000, say,	£1,500,000,000
Persons engaged in same	7,087,128
Wage-earners employed	6,498,120
Capital per person engaged	£212
Capital per wage-earner	£248

United States in 1909.

Capital invested in the manufacturing industries				
		\$18,428,270,000 =	£23,685,854,000	
Persons engaged in same	7,878,578
Wage-earners employed	6,615,048
Capital per person employed	\$2,415 =	£488
Capital per wage-earner	\$2,766 =	£557

It will be noticed that the capital per worker is from two to three times as great in the United States as in the United Kingdom. We can, therefore, not wonder that output and wages per worker also are from two to three times as great in the United States as in Great Britain.

The British Census of Production stated :—

"The aggregate of all industrial capital arrived at, viz., £1,400,000,000 to £1,600,000,000 includes both the value of land, buildings and plant, and the value of the working capital used in the various enterprises."

The startling difference between the British and American capital employed per worker in industry is therefore not due to a great under-statement on the part of the British census-taker. The British industries suffer not from a plethora of capital, but from its insufficiency, from financial anæmia. Yet there are labour leaders who advocate the diminution, and even the destruction, of capital in the interest and for the benefit of the workers.

The steady growth of population, the constant increase in the

requirements of an increasing number of people which is brought about by the increasing wants felt by men who live in a period of advancing civilisation, require a constant and rapid increase in the income of the nation and of the individuals composing it. That rapid increase in income can be secured by a correspondingly rapid increase in production, which in turn can be brought about only by a rapid increase in capital invested in factories, warehouses, machinery, railways, shipping, etc. The very full and trustworthy American statistics—unfortunately, no corresponding statistics exist for Great Britain—enable us to gauge the yearly capital requirements of industries. The capital invested in the American industries amounted, at the Census of Production of 1909, to \$18,428,270,000, or to £8,685,654,000. It amounted, at the Census of Production of 1914, to \$22,790,979,987, or to £4,558,135,587. It follows that during the five years from 1909 to 1914 the capital invested in the American industries was increased by the gigantic sum of £872,481,587. That huge sum of money required by the American manufacturing industries had to be found by the capitalists, and it came, of course, out of profits. However, this is not all. In addition to this sum, which was actually added to the value of the American industrial outfit in the form of new buildings, machinery, etc., at least as large a sum was added to it in the form of renewals and repairs, while an additional huge amount was spent in the erection of buildings and machinery which proved unprofitable, became disused, and was therefore excluded from the census figures. Capitalists' profits have evidently their uses.

The most eminent American economists share Mr. Carnegie's opinion that the great capitalists, far from being the enemies of society, are indispensable in modern business, that what the Socialists sneeringly call "capitalism" is not a curse, but a blessing. For instance, Professor Hadley, the President of the celebrated Yale University, wrote in his excellent book, *Economics* :—

"To the mediæval economist the business man was a licensed robber; to the modern economist he is a public benefactor. . . . To-day we believe that money is made on a large scale by doing the public a service. If a man's goods command a high price, we assume that he has met an actual need. If this price furnishes him a large margin of profit, we believe that he has so organised the labour under his control as to diminish not only his own expenses, but the actual labour cost of producing the goods. So confident are we of the substantial identity of interest between the business man and the community as a whole, that we give our capitalists the freest chance to direct the productive forces of society to their own individual profit. Even the mistakes of private enterprise may prove a means of progress to society, since they show at comparatively small cost what is to be avoided in the future.

"The fact that the present organisation of capital is the result of historical

development, and that the present forms have survived where others failed, is the strongest proof of their vitality. . . . While it is undoubtedly true that the various rights of the capitalist depend upon the existence of a civilised society which maintains them, it seems equally true that the existence of a civilised society in the stress of the struggle for existence among different members of the human race depends, for the present, at any rate, upon maintaining the rights of the capitalist."

A man becomes a great capitalist because he meets a great public want and renders a great public service, and frequently he has to fight the most determined opposition of those whom he wishes to benefit. Hostile crowds smashed the textile machinery and tried to prevent the building of the railways. Railway surveys had often to be made at night. A democratic Government would probably have refused to undertake so unpopular a measure as the introduction of mechanical spinning and weaving and of railway building. It is a fallacy to describe the great capitalist as an exploiter and a curse to society.

Private investors also who do not manage industrial and commercial undertakings are not merely drones. The capital of the investors is, as a rule, the result of their own labour and thrift, or of the labour and thrift of their forbears, and they provide a large part of the funds which are employed by managing capitalists, financiers, etc., for the development of commerce and of industry.

LABOUR CREATES ALL WEALTH.

Those who wish to stir up strife tell the workers that labour creates all wealth, that therefore the workers are rightfully entitled to the millions which, under the capitalist system, go to the manufacturers and to the shareholders.

Wealth is created by the co-operation of various factors, namely, capital, labour, technical ability, and the community. Labour is one of the factors and it is of course indispensable. However, directing and organising ability is equally indispensable, for labour left to itself produces only little. If a large factory experiences misfortune, what happens? A new manager is appointed. He may change the organisation and the machinery, but he will keep on the workers. If he is capable, he will make the factory exceedingly prosperous. The same workers who were working with a loss and who were threatened with dismissal are producing prosperity. The success of industries, as of armies, depends principally on the leaders. A good general makes a good army, and he is worth as much as an army, although the soldiers do the fighting. The assertion that labour creates all wealth is obviously untrue.

THE POVERTY OF THE WORKERS.

According to the teachings of Marxian Socialism, there is under the capitalist régime a "law of increasing misery," according to which the rich grow constantly richer and the poor constantly poorer. Its absurdity is clear. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that wealth is unequally distributed; but so are health, strength, good looks and talent. An eminent New York merchant, Mr. Eugenius H. Outerbridge, stated with American brevity, in an address delivered at Albany, N.Y., on December 18th, 1918:—

"The spirit of unrest has been said to largely spring, not alone from unequal conditions of life, but from what has been called '*the unequal distribution of wealth.*'"

"Undoubtedly what has been meant is the unequal acquisition of wealth; but there will always be unequal acquisition of wealth as long as there is unequal distribution of brains, industry and thrift, and those are qualities of mind and character which no statutory laws can create or control, but the beneficent exercise of which unwise law can greatly restrict and discourage."

THE TAXATION OF WEALTH .

Guided by their hatred of capital and of the capitalists, many labour leaders advocate the most drastic taxation of wealth. Some wish to tax the wealthy out of existence by a heavy income tax and by very high death duties. Others, who find this process of abolishing the capitalists too slow and too mild, demand that the State should seize the wealth of the wealthy by what is called "a levy on capital," a measure which is recommended in the Memorandum given in the beginning of this paper.

A high income tax and high death duties are immensely popular among the workers. The enormously increased imposts which were laid upon the rich in the course of the War were greeted with the greatest satisfaction by the workers because they imagined that they would rapidly reduce the wealth and income of the capitalists. To their amazement the enormous income tax, super-tax, excess profits tax, etc., led not to the impoverishment of the wealthy, for their capital and their income grew more quickly than ever before. Many workers have therefore come to believe that the wealth and income of the capitalists are far greater than was ever suspected.

A little thought should make it clear to all that taxes on the capital and income of the wealthy are apt to lead not to a shrinkage of their wealth, but to an increase in wealth similar to the amount of the taxes imposed. The wealth of the capitalists

is invested chiefly in productive undertakings, such as factories and railways. Their wealth and income serve partly for the satisfaction of their personal needs, but chiefly for the maintenance of the national industries. Let us^o assume that a manufacturer makes a profit of £100,000 per year from his factory, that he pays £10,000 in taxes, spends £5,000 on himself and his family, and employs the remaining £85,000 for repairs, renewals and extensions of his factory, which give work and wages to a large number of workers. If the State increases the taxes of that manufacturer by £50,000, he will be compelled to increase the selling price of his goods by a similar amount and will pay his taxes out of his increased profits, for otherwise he will not be able to keep his factory in good going order. If thereupon his taxes are increased by another £50,000, he will proceed to increase the selling-price of his wares once more by a similar amount, for, otherwise, he will become bankrupt and have to close his factory. Similar considerations apply in the main to death duties, which, though paid by the rich, are treated as a business expenditure which has to be provided for in the price of the goods produced, or in the house rent, or in the rate of interest charged. It follows that the income tax and the taxes on capital, such as death duties, are, as long as possible, paid chiefly by labour without diminishing capital. It would be very dangerous indeed for the workers if the high taxes imposed upon the rich should lead to the shrinkage of the national capital, of which the rich are merely the managing trustees.

An industrial State absolutely requires vast and constantly growing sums of capital invested in productive undertakings. Hence heavy imposts placed upon capital are likely to lead not to its diminution, but merely to an increase in the price of goods, to a rise in the cost of living. By insisting that enormous taxes should be laid upon the rich manufacturers, merchants, etc., the workers frequently hurt but little the capitalists whose money is invested in commerce and industry, but hurt themselves very much by raising the prices of all goods, house rents, etc., against themselves.

The capitalists are not merely the managers of the national industries, but they serve at the same time as unofficial tax-collectors to the Government. They convert the heavy direct taxes which are laid upon them, and which they cannot pay except at the cost of ruinously reducing the capital required for industry and commerce, into indirect taxes, and these are paid by the people in general in the price of the goods they buy. The workers should learn that by taxing the rich they are taxing themselves, that a high income tax, high death duties, and a "levy on

capital" come out of their own pockets, that they are quite as much interested in strict economy in national and local affairs as the richest income-tax payers.

Of course, there is a limit beyond which prices cannot be raised by the taxation of the rich. When that limit has been passed national decay and ruin begin. When, owing to over-great taxation, the price of British goods has been raised so much that their sale abroad falls off, then the country can no longer pay for the food and raw materials which must be imported. Then the industries of the country come to a standstill. Food becomes scarce and unemployment and suffering become universal. Bankrupt factories are almost valueless. Unduly high taxes may result not merely in reducing the private wealth of the few—a matter which is comparatively unimportant—but in destroying the wealth of the nation. A modern industrial State requires vast amounts of capital handled by able capitalists. The diminution of that capital or the elimination of the men who handle it brings suffering to all. That has been shown by the example of Russia. Imbued by the Marxian ideas, the Bolsheviks destroyed the Russian capitalists and in doing so destroyed capital as well. Thus they brought the whole economic life of the country to a standstill and reduced the people to starvation. It is obvious that capital is indestructible except at the cost of general ruin

THE LIMITATION OF OUTPUT.

The workers naturally desire to have good wages, easy hours of labour and pleasant work, to have the advantage of cheap prices, and to be able to get plenty of relaxation and amusement. As far as tangible objects are concerned, they wish to have good clothes, good food, good houses, good furniture, etc. Men's comfort and happiness depend, in the first place, on an adequacy of tangible things, for high money wages and easy working hours will not compensate them if they suffer from an insufficiency of food, clothes, etc. Prosperity depends on high consumption, and high consumption is possible only if there is high production.

Unfortunately, many trade unions have endeavoured to create an artificial prosperity for the workers by limiting output. Instead of creating plenty of useful and necessary things, they restrict their production, hoping thereby to keep wages high. The bricklayers, by laying only a few hundred bricks a day, are making houses and house rent artificially dear. The transport workers, by insisting on very high wages, raise fares and prevent men abandoning the congested portions of the towns for the suburbs. The coal miners, by limiting their output, are making coal scarce

and dear. Clothes, boots, hats, furniture, etc., are also made scarce and dear by the mistaken policy of restricting output. The dearth of things does not matter very much so long as they are produced in plenty, but their scarcity causes suffering to the masses whether wages are high or low.

THE NATIONALISATION OF INDUSTRIES.

Men are easily fascinated by sonorous polysyllabic words derived from the Greek or Latin, such as Socialisation or Nationalisation. In the eyes of many, Nationalisation is the panacea for all industrial troubles. Those who call most loudly for the nationalisation of mines, railways, etc., are, as a rule, unaware that nationalisation means bureaucratic absolutism. Hence many demand with the same breath the nationalisation of the principal industrial undertakings and the abolition of all Government control over industry, and condemn officialdom as loudly as capitalism.

It is perhaps of secondary importance to the nation whether the great economic undertakings, such as railways, mines, banks, etc., are owned by the State or by individual capitalists, but it is of the very greatest importance that the enterprises whereby the people live are well managed, for we live in a competitive world. To many the State is a vague, omnipotent force. In reality it consists, on the administration side, of a number of more or less narrow-minded officials who are out of touch with the realities of life, for confinement in a Government office cramps men's views.

The War has glaringly displayed the inefficiency of the bureaucratic machine. In all the combatant countries the bureaucrats had to be replaced by able business men. The credit of bureaucracy has been greatly diminished.

Those who advocate the nationalisation of the principal industries often use Germany as a model. Indeed, of all the nations which have tried the experiment of nationalisation, Germany alone has been successful. Her example is the exception which confirms the rule that Government officials are unfit for managing industrial enterprises. The relative success of Imperial Germany in the field of State-managed enterprise was due to the peculiar character of the nation and its Government. The bureaucratic career was practically the only way to power. All the great statesmen of Prussia-Germany, from Stein and Hardenberg to Bismarck, Bülow and Bethmann-Hollweg, came from the ranks of bureaucracy. While the ablest men in bureaucratic autocracies join the Civil Service, the ablest men in free democracies usually go into

politics, business, or the law, leaving the bureaucratic career to the least gifted. Besides, Germany's comparative success in nationalisation was due to the submissiveness of a well-drilled people which patiently tolerated the bureaucratic absolutism of its rulers.

Bismarck, who sprang from the ranks of bureaucracy, expressed a profound contempt for the narrow-mindedness, sleepiness, stupidity, obstinacy, and clumsy interference of the all-powerful bureaucrats. He wrote to his father on September 29th, 1838 :—

" I have often seen how well-paid officials waste time and labour in such a way that one might think that the nation existed for their benefit, not they for the service of the nation. The supreme authorities try to combat the evil, but they fail because they cannot overcome the spirit of our administration."

On April 19th, 1871, he stated in the Reichstag :—

" If I look into the future I am filled with dismay and fear lest the spirit of the nation should be destroyed by the boa constrictor of the bureaucracy."

On December 12th, 1891, he said to a deputation of business men :—

" Who are the people who have made all these wretched changes and regulations? High permanent officials, men who are merely consumers, men who neither sow nor reap, men who do not feel where the shoe pinches. Wherever we look we suffer from the disease of bureaucracy."

Dozens of similar expressions might easily be given. For executive and administrative duties which require initiative and common sense, Bismarck preferred business men to Government officials, as he frequently stated.

The most successful Government undertakings in Germany were the railways, the telegraphs, and the telephone system. They were ably managed, but they were far inferior to those of the United States. The American private railways, telegraphs and telephones are by far the most highly developed and the most efficient in the world.

The bureaucratic control of industry has everywhere been a failure. A number of Governments have secured for themselves a monopoly in manufacturing and selling tobacco and matches, commodities which are made largely by unskilled labour. The business is a comparatively simple one. Yet all those who have travelled in France and in Italy, where the Government manufactures tobacco and matches, have found both absolutely atrocious. A French paper, the *Atlas*, wrote in April, 1914, with regard to the French tobacco monopoly :—

" The smoker is obliged to accept with his eyes shut and his purse open

everything the State sells him. If the quality is always the same, that is to say inferior, prices are always on the increase."

The French paper, *Excelsior*, of June 3rd, 1914, said :—

"Smokers who have complained of finding in their packets of superior cut tobacco, or of 'Caporal Ordinaire,' a sock, a glove, a nail, a dead mouse or other foreign unsmokable ingredients, and those who complain of getting empty cigarette boxes, or boxes not containing the quantity stated on the outside, may now be reassured. We are informed that at Issy-les-Moulineux, where already some means of control of doubtful efficacy have been tried, an infallible but secret procedure has been adopted which will make it possible to trace easily defective products."

Experience has proved that efficiency and bureaucratic control do not go together. Private undertakings are more efficient than those under bureaucratic direction, because free competition mercilessly eliminates the incapable. Business men become prominent by the same means by which racehorses or boxers come to the front—by proved ability. Promotion in the Civil Service goes chiefly by seniority. While private enterprise automatically eliminates the unfit, bureaucratic management automatically promotes them.

The essence of all business is progress. The essence of bureaucracy is conservatism—the strict observation of forms and precedents and hostility to progress. The Army Clothing Factory and Woolwich Arsenal were in 1914 distinguished by their antiquated outfit and general inefficiency.

A number of agitators and of labour leaders have succeeded in persuading large masses of the workers that they produce all the wealth, that they ought therefore to possess all the wealth and to enjoy it, and that they ought to have all the power of the State as well. They have succeeded in persuading large masses of the workers that they can very greatly increase their prosperity by producing less, by working fewer hours and by insisting upon very greatly increased wages paid in respect of greatly reduced output. They have succeeded in persuading them that the able organisers of industry—the capitalists, the employers—who have created modern industry—are their deadly enemies; that the workers can create a new heaven and a new earth by abolishing capitalism root and branch and by handing over the management of industry to the omnipotent State, which, it is true, can print unlimited quantities of bank notes, which simple-minded people mistake for wealth. According to certain Labour leaders, the advent of Socialism—which merely means bureaucratic management—will create general prosperity and satisfaction among the workers. There will be a paradise upon earth, in which perfect harmony reigns between the directors of industry and the working masses.

Recent events in England and elsewhere have shown that nationalisation is no remedy for labour disputes, that men employed by the State or by the local authorities will go on strike as readily as men in private employment. Nationalisation will therefore not abolish the differences between the employers and the employed. Nor will it provide abundance if the workers continue their policy of limiting output and increasing wages, a policy which, if pursued to its logical conclusion, will provide them with basketfuls of bank notes, but with little food, fuel and clothing. After all, bits of printed paper are not wealth.

Certain leaders have taught the working men that they can produce general prosperity and contentment not by increased production, but by the gradual or by the sudden destruction of the existing order of society. That is a very dangerous teaching. If the abolition of private capitalism, either by legal process or by violent means, should be undertaken and should fail to give the workers increased prosperity in return for reduced work; if the nationalisation of industries should bring about general poverty, want and dissatisfaction, as is to be anticipated, their misguided leaders will, of course, not admit that their policy of destruction has been mistaken, but they will blame the managing bureaucracy for the sufferings of the people and hold up to odium the governing officials and reproach them for their incapacity and ill-will. The consequence may be extremely serious. The people, roused to fury by their sufferings and their disappointment, may proceed to destroy the power which they have put into the place of the capitalists. If, as is to be anticipated, the nationalisation of industries should lead to administrative chaos, general underproduction and economic ruin, the nation would probably drift into anarchy and civil war. The introduction of nationalisation may lead not only to economic disaster, but to political disaster as well.

The policy of organised Labour has been mistaken throughout. It has been a policy of industrial suicide.

POLITICS

THE HUMAN INTEREST IN INDUSTRY.

Among the multitude of Reports which have emerged under the aegis of the various Ministries there is one which strikes a high note, that produced as an interim report by the Committee on Adult Education under the chairmanship of the Master of Balliol. It deals with the importance of the things of the mind; it subordinates the claims of industry to those of the human factor in industry. "If the desire for maximum output cannot be realised without robbing the human being of his opportunities for full participation in the organised life of society and its educational facilities, we would unhesitatingly give preference to the satisfaction of the claims of the human being."

Such a statement is opportune. The past four years have accelerated changes in industry already on their way. The struggle to seize on every opportunity given by peace to make up the wastage of war, to avail ourselves of new markets and to develop new trades, will emphasise the change.

Employment which required the intelligence of the skilled is becoming the province of the machine tended by the unskilled or the partially trained. Repetition work tends to prevail Initiative is little needed. The situation was summed up by a distinguished representative of the Ministry of Munitions who replied to the plea for human interest in work by the statement that "Human interest is absolutely inimical to the conditions of modern industry."

It is a truism that every movement bears in its bosom the seeds of decay. It may be that the swing of the pendulum will bring back the personal element, but at the moment this solution is not in sight, and the problem is rather how to humanise the working of an industrial system which is based on the perfection of the machine.

Solution is essential. The changes which are obliterating the chances of the worker's personal expression in industry are coincident with insistent demand for the recognition of his or her human claims. It is this conflict which is producing that industrial unrest, viewed by some with alarm, but really constituting the nation's hope.

As the individual is, so is the nation, and the danger to a nation's welfare is grave indeed should a large number of its citizens apathetically accept conditions which hamper self-

development and self-expression. Agitation and protest against such conditions are, on the contrary, healthy signs.

The more the present discontent becomes articulated the better, for it is based on a sense of deep-seated grievances, of redress long overdue. The danger lies not in the present seething of the industrial movement, but in the way in which the situation is handled. Stones can no longer be given for bread; nor freedom and knowledge be denied to the majority of a people conscious of power to enforce their demand. Judging from the tone in which on the whole the unrest has been dealt with in the Press, public opinion is becoming ripe for change. Prejudice must be more deep-rooted than is likely in the case of a nation whose corporate opinion is on the whole fair and just if it were not affected, for example, by such evidence as that taken by the Coal Commission. The opinion produced by the evidence, prefaced by that of Sir Richard Redmayne and Mr. Lower Dickinson, is reflected in the Chairman's report, which summed up the view of impartial readers that, whatever may be the individual exceptions, the present system of ownership and working in the coal industry stands condemned.

The current belief that miners' wages were extravagantly high was destroyed by the evidence that before the war these averaged 31s. 6d. a week, the eight-hour day was shown to be nominal, and in some cases "really prolonged to a very much longer period," while many of the public realised for the first time the conditions under which miners live. Mr. John Robertson, Chairman of the Scottish Union of Mine Workers, spoke of the houses in mining districts as too small, most of them badly constructed and insanitary, set in places where all natural beauty was destroyed. He told of "numerous houses where a husband, wife, and seven children lived in one apartment," and gave census figures to show that whereas throughout England and Wales the proportion of persons living more than two in a room is 9·1 per cent., the percentage in certain colliery districts rises to as much as 41 per cent. and 48 per cent. "Think of the conditions in these single rooms, pit clothes drying in front of the fire in the same room where the family sleep; sickness—accoutchement. How can the children have a chance after the woman has spent her day cleaning? The miners come home from work, and it has all to be done over again. Do we wonder that the womenfolk lose heart?" He stated, in further evidence as to housing, that "it was in such houses that coals were stored under the bed. They are blamed for drinking; do we wonder that men and women take the 'shortest way' out of their villages?" Dealing with the risks of the occupation, he showed

that out of the 1,000,000 miners employed in and about the mines of the United Kingdom about 160,000 were injured each year, and 1,100 on an average killed.¹ This great trade—regarded by the public as highly paid, pampered, and prosperous—was shown to be in many instances a “sweated trade” for the workers.

Coal-mining happens to be a national service of vital importance, so that its suspension would not be tolerated by public opinion. When unrest in such a trade culminates in a threat by the workers to withhold their labour under the spur of intolerable grievances, the nation is prepared to support radical changes in the industry. If the State can provide such services better than the private owner, they will contemplate with equanimity the substitution of the State for the private owner. All the nation demands is that its vital services shall be provided with the minimum of friction and inconvenience. But the fact is that the case of the miners and the transport workers generally is not isolated, and that intolerable grievances exist for the workers in all trades. The existence of a strong organisation and of the Triple Alliance, which embraces the Transport Trade Unions, enables these to force a judicial hearing, and gives them patience to state their case with remarkable dignity and self-control. But manifestations of “unrest” can nowhere be ruled out as hysterical and unfounded, though in proportion to the absence of organisation and therefore power of corporate expression a case may be ill-presented.

But even here the case is often overwhelmingly stated. Take many of those brought to the notice of the Arbitration Court dealing with the “Temporary Regulation of Wages Act.” The London Laundry Workers preferred such a case on April 11th, and evidence was called by Miss Symons, of the National Federation of Women Workers, to support the requests for a 35s. wage for a forty-four-hour week. The Employers’ Association offered a minimum wage of 20s. 3d., which is equivalent to less than 10s. before the war—a wage which, however inadequate, is not paid in all laundries. One woman, earning 25s. and 5s. bonus at a large laundry, gave the following budget: Care of child, 7s.; rent, 5s. 6d.; light and fuel, 3s. 4d.; bread, 5s. 3d.; dinner (five days), 6s. 3d.; total, 27s. 4d.

Another, a widow with no pension, earned 18s. to 20s. a week on piece work, with 5s. bonus, and spent on her board 20s.; fares, 1s.; insurance, 1s. 6d.; boots and clothes club, 2s.; total 24s. 6d. Another, who does the “best” ironing in her laundry, and until the previous week earned 22s., stated: “I

(1) *Times*, March 17th, 1919.

couldn't live on it, and gave notice, and now they give me 28s." When it was urged in reply that she 'was not a very capable worker, she replied: "I'm given the best work to do," instancing the households of various royal personages whose linen had in the previous week passed through her hands."

There are instances, in this as in all trades, in which employers are giving good conditions and a living wage; but the scope left for individual ignorance and folly is terrible. The much-canvassed case of the domestic servant forms an excellent example. House-hunting in London will reveal the fact that the places in which servants are asked to sleep and the conditions under which they live are preposterous. Attics neglected and crowded; basements dirty and dark. To these they are relegated for the greater part of their working life. The crying need is for standardisation. The essential expression of a "fair and just" national opinion is effective legislation; not retrospective, but anticipatory; so that so far as possible evils incidental to a system be foreseen—not left to be coped with haphazard when they touch disaster.

We are reaping now the seeds sown by the initiation of the factory system on which social reformers have preached to deaf ears for a century, and our troubles are due to our mental habit of "muddling through".² The great industrial changes which began with the introduction of the factory system were first ignored and later met by a patchwork of miscellaneous and entirely inadequate legislation. Yet underlying the condition of wage-slavery which has been evolved, there has been through all the years, in the words of evidence given before the Coal Commission, "the straining of the spirit of man to be free." But though men have been imprisoned, transported and have died for their witness, their voices have not been loud enough to compel a public hearing till the murmur has now risen to a clamour that cannot be denied. What it asks is, in fact, equality of opportunity, that accident of birth or sex should not decide a career; that for each man or woman there should be the same chance of self-development. There is no repudiation of service in the demand. Equality of opportunity means full equipment for service. We are told that our existence as a great nation depends on the extent to which production can be accelerated and developed to meet accumulated and future demands. Such intensive production depends on the ability and goodwill of all

(1) *Daily Herald*, April 12th, 1919

(2) It is not suggested that social evils began at this point, only that they were systematised on the present line under the economic order which began with the introduction of the spinning jenny

concerned. The present troubles are due to the fact that goodwill is lacking, for the best results can only be achieved by the harmonious and willing co-operation of all concerned, but it depends also on the resources of ability and training from which we can draw. Yet in a State in which the best work of all is needed, we are limiting the class from which it is possible to draw. It is a truism that, whatever the job, it should be done by the best man for it, but artificial handicaps of inferior education and sordid environment which rare genius is required to overleap are imposed upon a majority of our citizens and limit our choice.

War, which has brought home to us the need for the best services of every citizen, will surely put a term to a system which bars the way to individual efficiency.

Only the pathos of the situation relieves the irony by which we call ourselves a Democracy and boast the freedom of our people, while we perpetuate an industrial system which is a vicious anachronism.

The solution of the problem, then, involves legislation along lines which will overtake the neglect of more than a century; reconciling the need for intensive production by all with the claims of all for self-expression. I say *all* advisedly, for to gain the best results the loafer—man or woman—must be eliminated. This knowledge lies at the root of the extension of the Labour Party's basis to include all workers by hand or brain. The extension has been much criticised and has its drawbacks, but is fundamentally just. It substitutes the test of service for that of class, and affirms that all who construe the claims of their citizenship into active work for the State are bound together by a common tie. The dangers of class-antagonism which have been nourished by neglect are to be obviated by a new demarcation.

But to return to the measures needed. Can anything be done in industry itself to give back something of the joy in the work which is the reward of creative effort? Such utterances as that of Sir Frank Warner, ex-President of the Silk Association, in his lecture to the National Association of Art Masters on January 3rd are suggestive. He dealt with the "many staple industries in this country which cannot win through solely by some new method of preparing raw material or mechanical improvements . . . what was needed was a great development of education in industrial art." He claimed that such education

(1) Something can be done by instruction as to the intention of the particular process on which the workers are engaged and its relation to other processes used in the manufacture of that particular article. This has recently been pointed out by Miss Squire, the Director of the Women's Branch of the Training Department at the Ministry of Labour.

must be general; it must not begin and end with the designer. "Art education was at present confined to a ridiculously narrow field. . . . The schools should take industrial people into their counsels and manufacturers should drop their prejudices. When we had thrown out the uncultivated person from our industries, improved productions would have a chance to reach the public, and much of the rubbish would be eliminated from our shops and ultimately from our homes."¹

Support is given to the plea by the Designs and Industries Association, which points out that the growth of our national industries is "left mainly to chance, only fitful attempts having been made to improve designs in relation to workmanship." It accepts the position of machinery in manufacture, but seeks so to extend the influence of design that all things, even those of common use, may be made with that fitness and economy which render workmanship beautiful. It, too, claims "industrial supremacy in the future for the nations whose products are best designed."

It appears, however, that it is rather as a consumer than as a producer that, in the province of machine-made goods, the individual worker will profit by any revolution in design and the "elimination of rubbish." Sir Frank Warner's chain, in which "there is to be no weak link," includes "manufacturer, designer, draughtsman, merchant, shopkeeper, salesman," but neither this nor the former category covers the mass of those who are engaged in the isolated operations involved in the creation of any object from the production of a pin to that of a steam engine. There remains a certain amount of hand-made work, the demand for which would probably increase with a more largely distributed purchasing power. Few, for example, would buy ready-made boots if they could afford to have them made by hand, nor purchase machine-made lace could they achieve the purchase of the real. But efforts such as those to develop hand-made industries in villages and country districts need careful watching, lest a new field for "sweating" be formed by their creation. If legislation has not kept pace with the predominating trend of industrial development, and has neglected the province of the machine, it is likely to need much more stimulation in dealing with small and remote trades artificially nurtured. In any case, these various suggestions for humanising industry are infinitesimal in scope in relation to the field to be covered, and leave the main problem untouched.

No solution of the problems created by a great national upheaval is valid unless it meets the demands of the persons con-

(1) *Times*, January 3rd, 1919.

cerned. Remedies invented by persons not immediately affected and super-imposed on those affected are useless. The question is : How does Labour itself propose to harmonise the claim of all for self-expression with the national need for increased industrial productivity, a claim which the leaders themselves tell us is essential? Partly by increased leisure for the workers, however paradoxical the remedy may appear. Since to a great extent self-expression in industry itself has become impossible for the majority of workers, their claim must be met outside industry. One universal Labour demand is for shorter hours of work. It is a demand of old standing, and overdue legislation has here much to answer for.

"It's from bed to work and from work to bed, and no time even to be ill." This was the graphic summary of a worker at the time of the sweated trade agitation some years ago, and it still holds true. Over and over again we have found workers who their long factory hours further increased by the difficulties of transit, leave home daily in the small hours of the morning not to return till after dark.

One of the omissions of our legislation, when it deals with hours of work, is that except in isolated cases, such as that of the miners, it has not touched the hours of men. The hideous overwork of women and children in the early days of the factory system brought about some limitation of their hours of labour, but left those of men untouched except in so far as they were indirectly affected by the interdependence of the work of both sexes. The present Labour demand is for a universal week of forty-eight hours, and is endorsed by the International Labour proposals.² The erroneous belief that long hours increase industrial productivity has been rudely shaken by scientific inquiries into industrial fatigue during the war. Excessively long hours do not increase, but diminish, output, a contention put forward in the past by some of the more intelligent employers, who recognised that efficiency was incompatible with physical exhaustion. The exact relation between hours and output must vary with different trades. Some organisations ask for a forty-hour week or less, while some are satisfied with the demand for forty-eight hours. The report of the Women's Employment Committee expresses the belief that "a reasonable working week for women will be found to consist in about forty-four hours' actual work, exclusive of meal times," while some employers, like Lord Leverhulme, advocate a six-hour day. But the case has been proved

(1) See the speeches of Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas.

(2) Agreed overtime under careful restrictions with extra pay is allowed for by the Industrial Conference.

that long hours are without excuse either from the humanitarian or the commercial point of view, and the Report of the Industrial Conference on this point, translated by the Government into proposals to introduce a Bill dealing with the general forty-eight-hour week, may, if pushed forward, give legislative effect to the principle.

But hand in hand with the demand for leisure there is another which is in the forefront of Labour claims, that for an education which shall give opportunities for leisure's sanest and happiest use to all. Under present conditions of employment the great mass of children leave school for work at the age when they are just beginning to profit by tuition. The impression made upon their minds has been so slight that a few years devoted to industry almost efface it. The imperfect acquisition of reading, writing, and a little arithmetic is the sum of the equipment which probably survives. Theoretically, tuition can be continued by the evening class and continuation school, and linked up to the movement for adult education which is fostered by the University Extension Lecture system, by adult schools, and, above all, by the Workers' Educational Association, created by the workers themselves to meet the demand in their ranks for greater educational facilities. But remembering that school days cease for the majority just when their training has begun to tell, that education has to be henceforth carried on at the fag-end of a day when long hours of work have bred a weariness which makes mental receptivity difficult, it will be seen that we impose the gravest disabilities on the education of the majority of our citizens.

Old ideas die hard, and the notion that it is dangerous to put equal opportunities of education within the reach of all still lingers. Danger really lies in absence of education. Contrast between the opportunities given to one rank and withheld from another forms a fruitful source of class-antagonism. "What chances that man has had—and thrown away!" was the bitter comment of a popular leader who, having achieved at infinite sacrifice some measure of self-education, found himself in the company of one of those for whom the ways of the great public school, of the university, of travel and of public life had been successively and naturally thrown open. If education is to be truly democratised, it must be free from elementary school to university. At the present moment one child in a thousand reaches the university from the elementary school. Mr. Henderson's modest appeal for one million for the universities for endowment and scholarships is an evidence of Labour restraint. However great the sum needed, it will be the wisest investment a Government could make.

For ignorance breeds anarchy. Zeal for progress and an acute sense of the human suffering created by our present system are insufficient unless informed by knowledge of the growth of our national institutions and of the reactions which wait on violent changes and neutralise their result. There are few of us who have not seen such development take place in friends among the Labour ranks, who are reading as well as agitating and gaining a background of knowledge for their work. The objects which they strive to attain are the same, but the methods for their attainment become constitutional instead of revolutionary. The stump orator grows into a statesman.

To meet the need thus stated—that of a democratised education—we have little legislation to offer except what is proposed by Mr. Fisher's mutilated Education Act. In so far as the deficiencies of this Act are due to the dearth of teachers, this should be speedily overcome by the release of many trained teachers and candidates for training whose services war and war-work have claimed. But here fresh difficulties arise. Thirty-two thousand teachers for continuation schools alone will be required in three years' time, and the Circular of the Board of Education suggests the starting of day continuation schools on a voluntary basis, on the ground "that educated men and women would not readily enter upon training courses unless their chances of continuous employment were reasonably secure."

The Departmental Committee which inquired into the construction of scales of salaries for teachers in elementary schools pointed out that for years it has been impossible "to secure recruits in numbers adequate to the needs of the schools" because of the remuneration offered.¹ With everything to gain by efficiency in education, we are understaffing our schools and starving our teachers.² The solution is to be found in security of tenure and adequate pay for the teacher—demands which are put forward by Labour for all who work.

There is an impression in the public mind that wages have been so raised during the war that the workers are in a position to achieve not only comfort, but luxury, in their lives.

We heard of munition workers who went to the factory in

(1) Figures were given at the meeting of the National Union of Teachers on April 22nd which showed that only 1 per cent of the certificated men teachers could earn £350 per annum, and only one in 26,000 women teachers. More than a quarter of the men and nearly 80 per cent. of the women earned less than £3 a week.

(2) This is true also of our provincial universities, where a lecturer may be offered £150 or £200 a year as an inducement to undertake tutorial work, and to a large extent of our secondary schools, high schools, and great public schools.

fur coats, and of their great demand for pianos. Now if these cases exist, they are unfortunately few and far between. Unfortunately, because a fur coat could hardly be put to a better use than by covering the girl who turns out in the chilliest hours of a winter morning to do work of national necessity, and she is certainly entitled to whatever innocent recreation she can get from her musical instrument. That the performance may be excruciating to trained ears is not her fault, but ours. She can reply, in the words of Elizabeth Bennet, that her fingers are as capable as any other woman's of superior execution. The cases are exceptional in which very high wages have been gained—relatively to the increased cost of living—and occur only in certain trades. So far as women are concerned, those working in munitions received an increase in their wages over and above the increased cost of living, but only about a million women in industry affected by the Orders regulating wages made by the Ministry of Munitions are thus accounted for. The remainder, who comprise more than half of the total, are receiving the same or a lower wage in proportion to the cost of living to that received by them before the war.

Mr. Seebohm Rowntree has worked out a careful estimate of the wages required by (a) a man with a family of three children, (b) a single woman, to meet the minimum requirements of a healthy life.¹ He shows these wages to have been, in 1911, 35s. 3d. and 20s. During the war the cost of living for a working-class family increased to over 120 per cent. —it has now fallen to 110 per cent.²—the inference being that even now more than twice the pre-war wages are required, and that the minimum wage required by a man with a small family is about 73s. 3d., while a single woman's wage is 12s. The general standard of wages falls so far below this level that it is clear the great majority of workers have not the requisite for a healthy life.

Meanwhile the risk of unemployment lies like a shadow across the path of most workers—terrifying in prospect and utterly demoralising in actuality—when all thought is concentrated on the bare struggle for existence. Add to the curse of inadequate pay the chance of no pay at all, and our present industrial conditions are seen to be incompatible with the two great factors of national prosperity—industrial efficiency and goodwill.

The wage proposals of the Industrial Conference formulate the demands of Trade Congress for years past. They ask for the extension of the Trade Board system to all ill-organised trades and for legal minimum time rates of wages. Had powers under

(1) *Human Needs of Labour*, published by Nelson.

(2) *Labour Gazette*, April, 1919.

the Trade Boards Act been fully justified and its protection previously extended to ill-organised trades, such panic legislation as the Wages (Temporary Regulation) Act would not have been essential. The Government is now extending Trade Boards and proposes later on to frame legislation on minimum time rates of wages; but in view of the standard to which wages have been allowed to sink, it is to be feared that Sir Robert Horne will hardly arrive at the minimum laid down by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree.

Labour proposes to meet unemployment by a foresight which shall hold over non-urgent work for slack times, so that the volume of production shall fluctuate as little as possible, and to meet by a system of insurance the cases in which unemployment is unavoidable. Such systems of stabilising employment are only likely to be achieved where the Government or the municipality is the employer, not in cases of private ownership, and the appeal is to the Government and local authorities. The Government's scheme has not yet been made public, and we are tiding over an emergency period by unpopular doles, costing the country more than a million pounds a week.

Yet it will profit little to provide leisure and education and adequate pay while there is no room to live. Dr. Addison, in introducing his Housing Bill on April 8th, told of arrears of 350,000 working-class houses unbuilt owing to the war, while 70,000 of the existing houses were quite unfit for habitation and 300,000 seriously defective, and instanced a case in Shoreditch where 733 people occupied twenty-nine houses divided into 168 different lettings. Three hundred thousand people, mostly in the London area, were living under overcrowded conditions. The evidence before the Coual Commission has already been quoted to show the circumstances of life where four or five people have to be accommodated in each letting. The effect on health can be judged by the Medical Officer for Finsbury's report, recently quoted by Dr. Addison, that of 438 consumptives 352 had to share a bed or bedroom with other people. The evil conditions investigated by the Royal Commission on Housing more than thirty years ago may be found in certain areas to-day, and priest or doctor will tell how, in conditions of congestion by which each room or part of a room has to serve for all the offices of life, they will clear it of its occupants to get a moment's hush for the entrance of a new victim or the passing of one who has succumbed. "Students very rarely come from the more squalid parts of the district," is the grave report of an educational organiser in an industrial district. Thus we foster the ignorance which breeds revolution.

The Labour demand for more houses and improved housing

conditions, with bathroom, sanitary accommodation, and living room, kitchen and sleeping room, is urgent. Yet we still hear of projects for the building of one-roomed houses, and the schemes of some local authorities allow for only one living room for the family. As against the Labour demand for one million houses, the Local Government Board are pledged to provide 100,000 new houses in twelve months; recently plans have been submitted for 8,881 houses and approved for 3,576.¹

Living under conditions such as have been described, the workers see, on the other hand, that a large class exists which, to quote Mr. Tawney, "wear several men's clothes, eat several men's dinners, occupy several men's houses, and live several men's lives."² Acquiescence on the worker's part in this state of society would be unnaturally altruistic, for it requires that they immolate not only themselves, but their wives and children, on an altar of sacrifice to class-distinctions essentially mischievous and unworthy. They know that without them the wealth which supports this class could not be created. They are told that there is under-production of this wealth: they see that there is unequal distribution, and the climax of the Labour demand is for a radical change in the management of industry, on which more than on any other factor production depends, and for a share in its control.

The principle is not new, its legislative germ was the Trade Boards Act of 1908, by which employers and employed meet in council to fix rates of wages for a trade. It is the principle which has inspired the creation of Industrial Councils which, however faulty and often misapplied, are based on the belief that goodwill and efficiency can only be obtained by partnership: that unless the workers are admitted to a share in the management of the industrial undertaking which their labour support and to a full knowledge of its conditions and profits, harmonious working with its corollary of intensive production cannot be achieved.

The demand is modest. "Servants kept in the dark," remarked Sir Robert Morier, struggling as an Ambassador with the tortuous and reticent methods of our Foreign Office, "cannot be good servants." If the claims were based only on public utility, not justified by every human claim for freedom and knowledge, it would be enough. "Our achieved goodwill is a magnificent output producer and lessener of overhead costs," said the managing director of John Dawson's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, of his

(1) Sir Kingsley Wood has now stated that the total applications for sites are 1900—which would provide 255,000 houses. He did not, however, state how many of these were "approved." *Times*, June 5th, 1917.

(2) *Labour and Capital after the War*, published by John Murray.

experiment in joint control.¹ The whole system of private ownership is on its trial. In certain great State services it is already condemned. Those who wish it to survive would do well to facilitate, by every means in their power, schemes which admit the worker to active participation in management, for it appears that only on these terms can private ownership continue to exist anywhere unchallenged.

The sacrifices demanded by war have not been met by one class alone; neither will it be well that they shall, in the future, be confined to one. Acceptance of things as they are has become impossible to the workers, and should be intolerable to every other class. After the innocent conservatism of youth every healthy-minded person passes through a period in which recognition of gross social inequalities is attended by indignant protest at their existence. In the majority of cases the pressure of individual claims and responsibilities supervenes, and the poverty and misery in which vast numbers of our fellow-citizens live are apathetically accepted. But after a period of striving and heart-searchings such as that through which we have passed we are still attuned to a common protest against wrong that shall be interpreted into action.

If legislation gives immediate effect to the Labour demand for those things which give fulness of life: if those of us who have till now profited directly or indirectly by the sufferings of the people are prepared thankfully to pay indemnity by the taxation of wealth, so that the great arrears of education and housing can be overtaken, and the claims of all citizens to leisure, adequate pay and equal opportunities be met by a juster distribution of wealth, all may yet be well.

But if unrest is to be fostered by distrust; if there is to be delay in the redemption of Government promises where prompt action is essential, as in the case of the Trade Union pledges: a perpetuation of the old practice of piecemeal and patchwork legislation where a long view is imperatively needed; if, while advocating co-operation and conciliation between masters and men the Government promotes rings of capitalists and gives irreconcilable undertakings to both sides, the workers' patience and sanity may give way, and peaceful reconstruction be replaced by revolution.

GERTRUDE M. TUCKWELL.

(1) See *Observer*, February 8th, 1910

A FAIRER INCOME TAX.

THE recent appointment of a Royal Commission and the prospect of a permanent increase in the amount of revenue required every year from direct taxation have given a new and almost sinister interest to the question of Income Tax.

When I was invited to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Income Tax, I set myself to consider the questions which might be asked and the answers which ought to be given to them. As it happened I did not give evidence on my own account, but as Hon. Sec. (with Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., as Chairman) of the British Association's Sub-Committee on "Income Tax Reform." Our Committee had already sent an interim report to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and now we condensed our opinion into twenty brief "points"; a summary of these has been communicated to the Press by the Secretary of the Royal Commission. We began by saying that the Income Tax is the fairest, cheapest, and most productive of all possible taxes. The experience of the last five years makes it doubtful whether indirect taxation, with the exception of the beer, spirit, wine and tobacco duties, produces any *net* revenue: since the increased cost of living is partly due to indirect taxes and wages have to be raised as a result. It may be argued that the fifty or sixty millions required for the Bread Subsidy more than cancel all the yield of the other indirect taxes: in fact, it would have been better, from a revenue point of view, to have abolished the tea, sugar, and other similar taxes, and to have lowered the duties on tobacco and intoxicants.

But the Income Tax is by no means perfect, and it has not been adjusted by the immensely increased demands upon it. If I were asked, "What do you regard as the chief defect in the existing law?" my answer would be: "Its failure to adjust the amount of the tax to the taxpayer's ability to pay." Of course, "ability" is not the sole test, for it is only one of the famous four canons of taxation as laid down by Adam Smith. The other three canons, "certainty, cheapness, and convenience," are undoubtedly observed by our Income Tax law, but "ability" or "least aggregate sacrifice" (to use a phrase now fashionable in economic circles) is the most important. However, one must explain where, and how, the existing tax fails to conform to the canon of "ability" or "least sacrifice."

On the smaller incomes, say up to £400 or £500 a year, the tax works fairly enough by means of the "abatements" and "allowances." No income under £180 is taxable, and on incomes between £180 and £400 there is an "abatement" of £120, which provides a rough graduation. In addition to the abatement the taxpayer (up to certain income limits) gets an allowance of "the tax on £25" in respect of his wife, of each child under 16, and of certain other dependents. The result of the exemption and abatements is that the man whom I may call "the normal citizen," i.e., a married man with three children under 16, gets a combined exemption and allowance of £220 before his income begins to be taxable. So a man with £400 a year only pays tax on £180 of it, i.e., £20 5s., while a bachelor or maiden lady earning the same income would pay £31 10s., or half as much again. This is a substantial differentiation in favour of men with family claims upon their incomes, though I do not say that it is adequate.

The reader will please notice the words "up to £400 or £500." The anomalies begin at £400, for at this point the exemption falls from £120 to £100, so that the family man with £450 a year pays £28 2s. 6d. and the single man £39 7s. 6d. From this point onwards the differentiation in favour of the man with claims on his income gets less and less, until the allowance for children changes at £800 a year to one for more than two children, and disappears altogether at £1,000. It must be clear to everyone that a family does not suddenly become self-supporting when the father's income passes the £400 or £1,000 point; yet our Income Tax law appears to assume this absurdity as a fact. The most obvious and pressing reform, therefore, is to extend the allowances for a wife and children or dependents to the larger incomes. If the man with £370 a year gets a 10 per cent. allowance off his tax for his wife and for each child under 16, it is clear that the married man with £3,700 a year has some claim for differential treatment as against the bachelor or old maid with the same income. There is no possible defence of a system which taxes all incomes above £1,000 regardless of the natural claims on the taxpayer's income, and yet makes allowances for these claims on incomes below £1,000. It may be argued, no doubt, and one member of our Sub-Committee maintains this opinion, that the State has no concern with how the citizen spends his income; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer abandoned this line of defence when he made his concessions to incomes below £800.

As a man's income grows, some claims on it grow proportionately; others do not. A bachelor's necessary expenditure on clothes, food, and apartments (interpreting "necessary" by the

legal addition : "necessary to his social position"), soon reaches a limit, say, £1,000 a year, beyond which point his expenditure in any direction is optional. No doubt there are exceptions; a man with a big estate has many customary payments to make, but, speaking generally, the single man has few imperative calls beyond a modest minimum; while the married man finds that the claims on his income grow nearly as fast, say, up to £5,000 a year, as the income itself. His school bills mount up; then come University charges, and the cost of setting up his sons in their professions, while his household expenses are on a corresponding scale. From all these the single man or woman with the same income is free, and can therefore bear a much higher contribution to national expenditure. Consequently, considerations of equity combine with those of financial expediency to urge the extension of the present differentiation between married and single to the higher incomes.

My own plan goes a good way beyond the suggestions adopted by the British Association Sub-Committee. It is intended to make assessment and collection simpler and cheaper, and to avoid or reduce the necessity for claiming refund of tax overpaid. It begins by recognising that taxpayers with similar incomes have varying abilities of paying taxes. It recognises also that all citizens above the poverty-line have a duty of contributing directly to the expenses of the State. Representation implies taxation.

In framing a scale the chief difficulty is to know at what point to begin. During a big war one obvious criterion presents itself—the pay and allowances of a private soldier. A second criterion is the statutory minimum wage of an agricultural labourer, fixed at 25s. a week by Parliament and raised to a higher figure by local committees. It does not seem possible to work out either figure at more than £75 a year for a single man without dependents. Consequently the limit of total exemption cannot logically be put higher than £75.

If £75 be taken as the exemption limit, the next question is : What allowance in addition should be given to a married man? At present it is £25. No one will maintain that if one person can just live on £75, two can live on £100. Moreover, with marriage a man usually takes on other new responsibilities, such as a house, and may become a ratepayer for the first time. It appears, therefore, that the allowance for marriage should be the same as the abatement, i.e., £75. This would give a married man £150 free of Income Tax, i.e., £5 more than under the 1918 and 1919 Budgets. For children the allowance of £25 may be left as it is, since it brings the taxable point of a man with a

wife and two children up to £200 a year, or £4 a week. This allowance should be extended so as to include all *bona-fide* dependents.

A big question now arises: "At what amount of income ought the abatement and allowances to cease?" The answer depends upon another question: "At what point does the married man's ability to pay become as great as that of the single man (or woman) without dependents?" The answer to both questions is the same: "*At no point at all.*"

A further question now arises: "Is the difference between the 'ability to pay' of a bachelor with, say, £2,000 a year, and a married man with the same income and three children to educate measured by, 'the tax on £150 a year'?" The answer *must* be: "No." This brings me to my chief constructive proposal, *i.e.*, that the allowances in respect of a wife or children or dependents shall be *percentages* of the taxpayer's income. What the precise percentage should be is a matter for argument: I suggest 20 per cent. for marriage and 5 per cent. for each child or dependent. Whether there should be a maximum limit is also a question of expediency rather than of principle. It might be put at £500 in the case of a wife, and £200 in the case of each child or dependent. Some authorities suggest that the claims of equity would be met if a wife were assessed separately from her husband upon her own income or earnings. I venture to disagree entirely. A man who marries an heiress has his tax-paying ability *increased*. The ordinary man, who is less fortunate, finds his tax-paying ability reduced by marriage. Consequently the demand for the separate assessment of married women has no *economic* validity.

If it were claimed and granted on political grounds, *i.e.*, as a logical consequence of the franchise, it must be balanced by a countervailing concession to married women without separate incomes. If a married woman with a separate income merely desires a separate *assessment*, while her income is aggregated with her husband's for the purpose of graduation, there is no reason to object. Our Committee came to the unanimous conclusion that this separate assessment was merely a logical deduction from the Married Woman's Property Act. Undoubtedly, concessions to married persons and parents, like all concessions designed to make the Income Tax fairer, involve a loss to the revenue so far as these particular taxpayers are concerned, but it was one of our "20 Points" that no concession which makes a tax fairer should be refused by a Finance Minister on the ground that "he cannot afford it." What we meant was that the fairer a tax was (or appeared to be) the more readily people would pay it; so that the best way of increasing the yield of a tax is to meet

all reasonable claims to special treatment. This loss can be made up in two ways : (1) by increasing the standard rate in the pound, and (2) by lowering the limit of total exemption. It is part of my theory of Income Tax that as the standard rate goes up the exemption point should go down, e.g., in the first War Budget it should have been reduced to £130, in the second War Budget to £100, in the third to £75. It is both easier and more obviously just to increase taxation in war time than in peace time.

When Compulsory Military Service was introduced a great extension of direct taxation was the logical corollary; and no valid objection could be urged in theory against any taxation which left an *embusqué* with the same spending power as a conscript. From the outbreak of war *incomes* ought to have been rationed; then prices could have been left to take care of themselves. Conscientious objectors to taxation might have been given the alternative of military service.

The British Association Committee found it impossible to agree on any one scale of graduation, but we offered the opinion that "any abatement which may be granted should be granted on all incomes whatever their amount." This is no new idea; in fact we have borrowed from J. S. Mill¹ (who acknowledges his own debt to Bentham) the principle of "leaving a certain minimum of income sufficient to provide the necessaries of life, untaxed." Mill suggests £50 a year as enough for a whole family. We mention no particular sum, but, if a round figure be wanted for purposes of illustration, Sir Edward Brabrook takes £100, and then an income of £1,000 a year would be treated as one of £900 for taxation purposes, and an income of £5,000 as one of £4,900. What figure should be adopted is a matter of opinion rather than of principle; my own suggestion is £75 a year, or 30s. a week for wage-earners. This uniform abatement provides a first step towards graduation, for it gives a reduction of 50 per cent. on an income of £150, or £3 a week, of 10 per cent. on an income of £750, and of 5 per cent. on an income of £1,500. Of course, this only goes a little way, as its effect soon wears off with the higher incomes; but it serves another useful purpose. We had observed that the symmetry and equity of the Tax were marred by "steps and jumps" at arbitrary points in the scale of graduation. These are caused partly by the successive reductions of the abatement, which falls from £120 to £100 at £101, to £70 at £601, and to nothing at £701; so a uniform abatement would smooth out three of the "steps."

Other "steps and jumps" are caused by the different rates of tax applicable to different incomes. At present, and indeed for several years past, we have had no real "rate of tax," only a

rate at which tax was paid by companies and corporations. What rate of tax individuals paid was determined by the amount of their total income. Thus nearly all the deductions made "at the source" involved some readjustment, and often a repayment by Somerset House. Is this unavoidable? I think not. At present 6s. is deducted from all "unearned" income, yet no one with an income under £2,000 a year has to pay that rate in the end, and the majority of taxpayers, *i.e.*, those with incomes under £1,000 a year, only pay 3s. or 3s. 9d.

Would it not be much better to take as the standard "unearned" rate the one actually paid by some large class of taxpayers, *e.g.*, those with incomes between £500 and £1,000? Then this class would have nothing to claim, and the class below it (under £500) would only need to claim ninepence in the pound. Our Committee did not express a definite opinion as to the rate which should be regarded as the standard rate, but we suggested that "deductions should *not* be made at the *highest* rate, as at present, because only a small fraction of taxpayers are finally liable to pay this rate." Supposing the rate chosen be that now payable on incomes between £500 and £1,000, *i.e.*, 3s. 9d. in the pound, several important consequences follow. Naturally, the first effect is a temporary loss of revenue, but again we have met this objection by laying down a principle, which is not much more than a deduction from Adam Smith: "That in all arrangements and re-arrangements in connection with Income Tax, the convenience of the taxpayer should be consulted before that of the tax collector." Somerset House will not collect quite so much, but then it won't have to give back so much, and nothing can be more unjust than a forced loan extracted from comparatively poor people. Other consequences are more serious. Companies are assessed directly on their profits, which are, or should be, larger than the amounts paid to shareholders as dividends, so the Exchequer will lose 2s. 3d. on all profits which are not distributed. This is not altogether a bad thing, for it will discourage dividing "up to the hilt." Municipal Corporations which own gas, water, or electric light and tramway undertakings, are assessed on the "profits" of these undertakings, although they have no shareholders. In reality they are co-operative societies supplying certain prime necessities, such as water and gas; logically, the inhabitants of the municipal area are all shareholders, most of whom would be exempted from Income Tax altogether. Co-operative societies in the strict sense escape Income Tax, though they carry on grocery, drapery, and other trades in direct competition with private shopkeepers. There is far less case for the exemption of co-operative societies than there is for the exemption of municipalities; possibly the case of

epoch would be met if both were taxed at the comparatively low rate of 3s. 9d. What is called with doubtful accuracy "unearned income" forms only a small part of the national income. The adjective, here used almost as an abusive, certainly as a question-begging epithet, has been borrowed from a phrase where it had a perfectly definite meaning, *unearned increment*, i.e., the value which is added to land in towns by the expenditure of the rate-payer's money. Incomes from savings can hardly be called "unearned" in any sense, and the rent of a house or factory may be regarded as really "earned" by the man who built them. Strictly, "unearned" is a term which should be applied to windfalls, which are rare, or to inherited property on which the heir has already paid a special commuted Income Tax called death duties. In his presidential address to the Royal Statistical Society, Mr. Herbert Samuel reckons the death duties as an addition to the Income Tax on "unearned" incomes, and no one has questioned the validity of his method. Our Committee was not unanimous on the question, but "was inclined to dislike this kind of differentiation, especially as applied to the income from a man's own savings."

The immense additions to wages during the last three or four years, and the smaller but substantial additions to salaries and other forms of remuneration, have changed the relative proportions of the national income which are divided between earnings and property. Taking Mr. Edgar Cranmond's estimate, which agrees with my own,¹ of £36,000 million as the national income, and Dr. Stamp's estimate² of £16,000 million as the value of private property, one may reckon that about one quarter of the national income is taken by "property." Consequently, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has far more scope when he comes to the earnings. At present there can be little doubt that huge numbers of people who ought to pay Income Tax somehow manage to evade their liability. The chief contribution of the British Association's Committee to Income Tax Reform was concerned with these evasions.

We began by recommending that the existing machinery of the Tax should be preserved as far as possible, "and that the most useful and inexpensive machine in the tax-collecting plant—collection at (or through) the source—should be preserved and extended." This was intended to lead up to our main proposal, that the tax on salaries, wages and other periodical payments should be deducted by the person making the payments, at the time of payment. Mr. McKenna, it is believed, wished to introduce this system when he lowered the exemption limit from £160

(1) *The War Debt* (Methuen and Co.), p. 110.

(2) *Economic Journal*, September, 1918.

to £180; but, owing to Trade Union hostility, he was obliged to abandon it, and to substitute the absurd plan of quarterly assessment. Hardly any wage-earners keep accounts on the quarterly system, and every now and then we read reports of a large number of men summoned to the County Court for failure to pay their quarterly assessments. If the wage-earner is to pay the tax at all he should have it deducted from his wages, just as his 3d. or 4d. for National Insurance is deducted every week. The plan is already applied to the salaries and pay of Government, University, Army, and police officials.

It may be objected: "But it is no use collecting all this money since you will only have to pay it back to the wage-earner when he claims his abatement, and the allowances in respect of his wife and children, not to mention his lower rate of tax." If all these objections really applied they would go far to destroy the plan, but they are all met by our "Twelfth Point," which says: "That tax should be deducted at the lowest 'earned' rate from all wages and small salaries, and that in the case of regular payments such as wages or salaries, the taxpayer's abatement and allowances should be taken into account at the time of deduction." Another possible objection is that the employer will refuse to be made the agent of the Government. Such a refusal would be as unpatriotic as an attempt to dissuade his men from enlisting during the war. If, however, he says: "You are throwing a lot of fresh work on me," that would be a valid objection; but it is met by our "Eleventh Point," which says that "the employer or paymaster should be made the agent of the Inland Revenue in collecting the Tax, and that he should be given some small remuneration for his trouble." If, as Mr. Chamberlain implied, in replying to a question in the House, the cost of collecting the tax on small incomes amounts to 8 per cent., there is a very large margin. In the case of a big factory or works the cost should be only a fraction of 8 per cent. The precise machinery is a matter of detail. The President (Sir Hugh Bell) of our Economic Section, suggests a card and stamps on the analogy of the Insurance Act. My own idea is to utilise the wages sheet and to present each wage-earner with a slip of paper, on pay-day, more or less in the following form:

				Present Scale.		Proposed Scale
				£		£
Gross Wages	250	...	250
Abatement	120	...	75
Allowance for Wife (1)	25	...	75
" " Children (2)	50	...	50
" " Dependents (1)	25	...	25
				220	...	225
Taxable Income	30	...	25
Tax 2s. 3d.				£3 7 6	2s.	£2 10 0
Net Wages	£246 12 6		£247 10 0

At this point the wage-earner may raise a valid objection. He will say: "You are taxing me every week; but in some weeks I am out of work, and you don't allow for that." We must allow for it, and we can do so in at least four ways. We may give a higher abatement to the wage-earner, or we may "deem" (as we say in the Temple) that his wages are so many shillings less than they really are, or we may allow him four weeks free of tax in the year, or we may charge him at a lower rate than other taxpayers—say, at 2s. instead of 2s. 3d., or even at the neat round sum of a penny in the shilling. When he has taken his wages, less tax, the whole business is at an end so far as he is concerned, unless he wants to claim a further allowance for life insurance, and this he must obtain by direct application to the local Surveyor of Taxes. If he does not wish to disclose his family circumstances to his employer's cashier, he need not do so, but then he will have to make his claim for the allowances to the Surveyor, though the employer will still give him credit for his abatement as if he were a single man without dependents.

There may, perhaps, be one other objection, *i.e.*, to paying Income Tax at all; but this is an absolute refusal to perform the primary duty of a citizen. A man may object to paying a tax or a rate for some particular purpose, *e.g.*, for a war, or for vaccination, or for a special kind of teaching, but to refuse to pay towards the ordinary expenses of Government is simply Anarchism, and the man who refuses thereby repudiates the State and abandons his rights as a citizen.

So far I have assumed the continuance of the existing scale of Income Tax, but there is nothing sacrosanct about the scale; in fact it has been found inequitable in practice. It may now be convenient to explain my own scheme, which goes some way beyond the recommendations of the British Association Committee. The main idea of this scheme is to divide Income Taxpayers into two classes—those with incomes above £1,000 and those with incomes below £1,000. Already we have two classes under the existing law, but the division is put much higher, *i.e.*, at £3,000 a year, when Super Tax begins. There is no longer any object in retaining the Super Tax, and in its Interim Report our Committee recommended that it should be merged in the Income Tax, with the necessary reservation for existing contracts, such as the Tax-compounded War Loan and War Bonds. But the Super Tax *method* is an excellent one, if applied to a limited number of fairly large incomes, such as those above £1,000. The method is excellent because it gives a perfectly steady graduation by taxing each additional pound at a higher

rate, but it could not be applied to the smaller incomes because it requires individual assessment. No figures are available for incomes between £1,000 and £3,000, but the number above £3,000 was estimated at 38,000 for 1917-18.

Incomes under £1,000 may be divided into two sub-classes, as they are now, of over and under £500 a year. The extension of the abatement and the increased allowances for marriage, children, and dependents involve a loss of revenue which must be made good by increasing the nominal rate of the tax and by making more persons pay it. Quite apart from any question of reform the Income Tax needs to be made to yield more revenue than the £350 million of Mr. Chamberlain's Budget—perhaps another hundred million. This may seem a difficult thing to do, but really it is not. An Income Tax differs from other taxes because, as we say in our "Fourth Point," if skilfully adjusted to the "ability" of each taxpayer, it imposes little burden; if everyone is handicapped all will play level. A man will have less money to spend, but as other men will also have less money, each pound will go farther and buy more. During the war, as a result of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's strange timidity in 1914-15, the Government obtained funds by borrowing and inflation instead of by taxing, with the result that the price of everything rose. The consequence, to people with "fixed" incomes, was the same as a heavy Income Tax, say of 6s. 8d. in the pound, without graduation or allowances. A high Income Tax, paid by all persons above the poverty line, will raise the buying power of money, so that a given income will go farther than it does now. Under a *perfectly* graduated Tax every citizen would give up part of his income, but the remainder would buy as much as if there were no Income Tax at all. In five years the national income has grown by 50 per cent., but £150 will not buy as much now as £100 would have bought in 1914. Of course no tax can be perfect; consequently every tax must involve hardships.

It is now possible to summarise an ideal scale of Income Tax, designed to raise from £100 to £450 millions a year.

1. An abatement of £75 on all incomes.
2. An allowance of the tax on £75, or on 20 per cent. of his assessment, to a married man, with a maximum allowance, say, of £500.
3. An allowance of the tax on £25, or on 5 per cent. of his assessment, in respect of each child, or other dependent, *bona-fide* maintained by the taxpayer, with a maximum of, say, £200 each.
4. A tax of 3s. (or 4s.) in the pound on all incomes below £500.

5. A tax of 5s. (or 6s.) in the pound on all incomes between £500 and £1,000.

6. A tax beginning at 5s. 6d. (or 6s. 6d.) in the pound on all incomes beyond £1,000 and graduated on the principle of the present Super Tax.

7. All tax to be deducted "at the source" where possible, and (1) at the lowest rate in the case of wages and salaries, (2) at the £500-£1,000 rate in the case of interest, dividends, etc.

8. If differentiation be admitted, a fixed percentage or fraction should be deducted from so much of a taxpayer's income as is "earned," e.g., one-fourth or one-fifth, or 1s. in the pound.

In this proposed scale there are no "steps and jumps"; the first £500 of *all* incomes is taxed at the lowest rate, and the second £500 at the next lowest rate. A single man with £450 would pay £56 15s., and one with £550 would pay £81 15s., i.e., the same as the first man, but with 5s. on the extra £100. "Normal citizens" with the same incomes would pay £84 5s. and £56 15s. respectively, i.e., they would each get allowances of the tax at 3s. on £150. The proposed scale will work equally well with a higher or a lower rate in the pound; but the essential condition is a lowering of the present abatement and exemption limit, in the case of single persons. If there should be much opposition from Trade Unionists it might be wise to appease them by abolishing the sugar and other small duties and reducing the tea duty to sixpence.

J. W. ALLEN

THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO FREE THE SCHELDT.

HOLLAND owes her hold on the Scheldt to the Treaty of Munster of 1648, embodying her reward for the part she took in the Religious Wars, and also in no smaller degree to the friendship of this country. She is rather oblivious of the latter contributory. The support of the British Government was accorded to her on general grounds as an ally, and not on the merits of the question which had never presented itself for serious discussion until the incidents arose with which we are going to deal in this paper. Then the Dutch claim to control and shut the Scheldt appeared to the British Government of the day to be not a natural right but an arbitrary privilege, not an indefeasible possession but a tyrannical pretension that could be annulled. And what was thought and done in 1780-1 by the representatives of this country must represent a point of view that cannot be deprived of force by the lapse of time.

In the year 1780 this country stood alone against a combination of powerful enemies. France and Spain were allied against us, the American Colonists were making indisputable progress towards independence, and the Northern Powers, under the lead of Russia, had closed the Baltic by an armed neutrality. There remained outside the ring by which we were encircled, Holland, with which we had treaties of alliance that bound her to come to our aid, and the Empire ruled by the Hapsburg Joseph II., who was the sovereign prince in the Belgian Provinces. The treaties with Holland, or the United Provinces, related to commerce and also to a general alliance. The treaty of Commerce of 1674, as well as the general treaties of 1674 and 1678, had all been renewed by the Treaty of 1716, and were in full force in 1780. It is true that the Dutch were alleged by us to pay little heed to the terms of the commercial agreement, and disputes were frequent. They were particularly bitter at the moment named, because the Dutch were supplying the French with materials for shipbuilding in the Channel, and all our adversaries with stores from a large depôt they had formed in the West Indies at St. Eustace. They had also given asylum to the so-called pirate, Paul Jones, and there were other incidents pointing to an absence of harmony on which it is unnecessary to dwell.

None the less for these contentions, Sir Joseph Yorke, our able Ambassador at the Hague, was instructed to demand the armed succours to which we held ourselves to be entitled under

the Treaty of 1716. The Dutch Government had difficulties of its own. The Provinces might be compared to a house divided against itself. Amsterdam was violently anti-English and pro-American. The Dutch authorities were willing enough to talk and to write despatches, but not to take any active steps whatever.

At this juncture a dramatic turn was given to the whole situation. An English cruiser captured a packet boat, and among the passengers was an American ex-member of Congress named Laurens. He was found to be the bearer of a clandestine correspondence, and among his papers was the text of a secret treaty between the American States and the United Provinces, dated in September, 1778. Accepting this at its apparent value, it looked as if the Dutch had been in league with our enemies for two years while posing as our friends. Notwithstanding the number of its enemies, the British Government did not hesitate a moment. It broke off relations, recalled its Minister, and declared war on December 20th, 1780. That was the event which led it to consider the Scheldt question on its merits. It is unnecessary to conceal the fact that the loss of the Dutch Alliance was the direct cause of our taking into our calculations the views and feelings of the other parties interested in the question. They were in the first place the citizens of Antwerp, and then in the second place the ruler of the South Netherlands, viz., the Emperor Joseph II., the only potentate in Europe whose alliance remained open to us.

It is to Vienna that we must next turn in order to measure the development of the Scheldt question, by appreciating the *milieu* or atmosphere in which it was generated. It was a curious coincidence that at the very moment when Great Britain saw the political necessity of making a new departure in her relations with the Dutch, the ruler who was then most directly interested in the question of the Scheldt navigation should have come to the conclusion that the situation on that river was, from his point of view, intolerable. "Why," asked Joseph II. in 1780, "am I debarred from using my own river?" It is a question that the Belgian people have asked many times since, and never more emphatically than at the present moment.

Joseph II. was a reformer born before his time. He might have made a permanent mark on history if he had found a Minister to support and shape his intentions, but he lived in the trammels of the old *régime*. Prince Kaunitz was the despot of Vienna bureaucracy. He had made his reputation by forming the Triple Alliance against Prussia at the cost of breaking the old Anglo-Austrian Alliance, and at the period with which we

are immediately concerned he thought of nothing but the endurance of the alliance with France, which had been consolidated by the marriage of Joseph's sister, Marie Antoinette, to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI. When Joseph II. was keen on taking a new line he was sharply pulled up, in foreign politics at all events, by Kaunitz's rigid adherence to what is signified by the Protocol. Still, Joseph's words: "Why am I debarred from using my own river?" resound across the centuries.

Before the Anglo-Dutch imbroglio, Joseph had expressed his desire and intention to visit his Belgian provinces. The state of his mother's health caused the postponement of the visit, but after Maria Theresa died, in November, 1780, he was free to carry out his plan, and it formed the first incident of his reign. In June, 1781, the Emperor visited Brussels, Antwerp, Ostend, and other Belgian cities, and by that time the naval war between England and Holland had produced several sanguinary and striking encounters. But the actual visit had been preceded by a considerable correspondence between the Emperor and his chief Minister, which revealed how deeply the Scheldt question moved the former. In January, 1781, the Emperor wrote that his purpose was "to revive for the City of Antwerp freedom of trade on the Scheldt" (misnamed the Meuse in his letter). Two objections to the Dutch pretensions were raised by the supporters of the Emperor's claim. Had the Spaniards in 1618 the right to sign away the sovereign position of the House of Burgundy to the detriment of the Austrian agnates, who came into possession in 1715? In other words, was Joseph II. bound at all by the Article in the Treaty of Munster? There was a second objection which seemed more weighty.

Article 15 of the Treaty of Commerce of 1650 between the States and Spain, which followed that of Munster, "placed Spanish and Dutch traders on absolute equality for general trade and also for trade with both the Indies." The Belgians were, of course, included in the Spanish, but how could it be contended that they were on an equality with the Dutch when the entrance to the only river and port by which the trade could be carried on was barred to them? Both these objections were in Joseph's mind long before his visit to the Belgian provinces. They derived fresh force no doubt from the overture he received from England immediately after the rupture with Holland. The Emperor stated in his private correspondence with Count Mercy-Argenteau that "England, both directly and through the intermediation of the Minister Keith, had endeavoured to tempt him in every direction, and more especially in regard to his obtaining

freedom for the trade of his Low Countries." Corroboration of this statement may be found in J. Adolphus's *History of England under George III.* (Vol. 3, p. 417), where the author states: "Great Britain endeavoured to gain the friendship of the Emperor by liberal offers, and, among others, to open the navigation of the Scheldt." The Minister Keith was Sir R. Murray Keith, who was a *persona gratissima* not only with the Emperor but with Kaunitz also.

We come now to the third participants in the controversy, and also the most deeply interested, the Belgians of Antwerp, and Brabant, and on this occasion their energies were stirred and their hopes revived in the first place by British counsel and sympathy. It was a notable revelation of Belgian individuality and independence. Europe generally ignored the Belgians, but the Antwerp agitation on the Scheldt question in the early months of the year 1781 showed that they were still alive and full of vigour. The privilege of having given them a helping hand at that early stage of their modern evolution towards the state of a free nation belongs to England alone.

Sir Joseph Yorke, one of the ablest men our Diplomatic Service has ever produced, and a soldier whose early experiences had been on Belgian battlefields, quitted the Hague on the declaration of war on December 20th, 1780. How was he to return? There were packet boats from Rotterdam to Harwich—it was the regular route; but he would not use them. He went to Antwerp, whence no vessels at all were allowed to sail for England or anywhere else, and he remained there for close on fourteen days. England had been spurned by Holland. Who, in Europe, had suffered most from Dutch selfishness and narrow-mindedness? The Belgians. Sir Joseph Yorke knew the whole question thoroughly, chapter and verse, so he went to Antwerp, and events soon showed that he had not been idle. I put his motives on no higher ground than revenge, a quality or spirit that virile races only lose when they become soft and pappy. The Dutch had disregarded his advice and remonstrances. He was going to settle their score, and he knew how to do it.

In consequence of the efforts and exhortations of the British Ambassador from the Hague, the leading merchants of Antwerp took counsel together. Now or never is the moment to accomplish your emancipation, repeated this, the first Englishman to declare that the Scheldt was a Belgian river, as it had been in the sixteenth century and all the centuries before, and that it only rested with themselves to make it one again! These views not merely raised great enthusiasm, but they revived old hopes,

and throughout Antwerp, there was but one expectation, which was that England would free the Scheldt. This movement of an enchained nation received a great accession of strength by the important debate in the House of Commons on January 21st, 1781, when Mr. Nathaniel Wraxall, the friend of Lord Stormont and Sir Joseph Yorke, claimed the freedom of the Scheldt and the liberation of Antwerp.

Sir Joseph Yorke continued his journey to London by way of Ostend, but he had sown the seed he desired. A great agitation followed, a committee was formed, and numerous pamphlets appeared setting forth the rights and the wrongs of Antwerp in the matter of the Scheldt closure. Finally, an appeal was signed by 150 of the most prominent citizens in March, 1781, to the States of Brabant, urging them to take up the matter of the opening of the Scheldt, and to press it before the States General of all the Provinces, so that the Imperial Government might intervene. Brabant at once acquiesced, for Antwerp was supported by similar movements in Brussels and Louvain, and eventually the petition was passed on to the Imperial Council at Brussels, which represented the Government of the Netherlands. It may be added that the Minister Plenipotentiary, Prince Starhemberg, who was in the Emperor's confidence, did not conceal his sympathy with the petition, although it was not within his province to decide its promulgation.

When the question was brought up before the Joint Council on March 24th, 1781—the date is important as showing that no time had been lost—there was general agreement on the main point, and the real issue in all the discussions was always only one in regard to procedure. The official or Kaunitz view was expressed by the Count de Nény, the son of an Irish exile, who declared that “he had no faith in England, which was merely trying to detach Austria and France,” and he went on to express a strong opinion that “the only way to attain success was to work through France as the chief of the Austro-Russian Coalition.” Although that coalition went back to 1756, it was supposed to be still in existence in 1781.

The Belgian delegates felt bound to trim their sails to meet the official views, and, after all, it was indifferent to them whether they attained their object through France or through England. M. Delplanck proposed in the Council, in the course of a long and laborious argument, that the Emperor should put forward various territorial claims against Holland—many were available to which the Treaty of Munster did not apply—with the idea of waiving them at the right moment in return for the settlement of the Scheldt question. This suggestion was supported by another

Belgian, M. Grysperre, and eventually it was adopted by the Minister Plenipotentiary for transmission to Vienna. The suggestion of the two Belgian delegates became, as will be seen, the starting point of the Emperor's subsequent policy.

While this discussion was taking place in the Imperial Council the States General had also had their say on the subject during their regular deliberations. They considered what advantage Belgian commerce might derive from the war that had just broken out between Holland and Great Britain; and a Belgian case was formally adopted by the States General and sent as a "supplication" to the Emperor. This attempt to go outside the regular official channel and to work on the Emperor's feelings caused much irritation in Vienna. Prince Kaunitz, writing to Starheimberg, said that he "wished that the people of Antwerp and the Brabant States had abstained from taking steps to obtain the freedom of the Scheldt and had left the matter entirely in the Emperor's hands." But it is not impossible that the Belgians knew something about Kaunitz's own views, which had been recorded in January, 1781, to the effect that "Holland had clear Treaty rights, and that he did not see how they could be ignored." A little later, Kaunitz went further even than Count Nény in mistrusting England, terming the Anglo-Dutch war "a passing tiff," and concluding with the general remark that England's sole aim was to separate Austria from France. It is quite possible that such was the truth; but the Belgian aim was to free the Scheldt and revive Antwerp, and that is the only matter that claims lasting sympathy.

Close upon these incidents came the long proposed visit of the Emperor to his Belgian provinces. In June 1781, he proceeded in the first place to Ostend, the port through which Austria had long been trying to create a trade with the outer world. There he received the salute of two English frigates which happened to be in the roadstead. A day or two later he visited Bruges, where he was met by the Duke of Gloucester, George III.'s nephew. They had a long secret conference, but nothing is known of what passed between them. If we are to judge by results, it was not of the importance assigned to it. Then the Emperor went on to Antwerp, where an unexpected incident occurred on the very day of his arrival.

The right to present petitions to their rulers was one of the ancient privileges in Belgium. The merchants of Antwerp, without taking any officials into their counsel, drew up a petition setting forth their rights and grievances in the matter of the Scheldt navigation, and on his arrival presented it unexpectedly to the Emperor in person. The citizens of Antwerp conceived

that he could have come to their city, seeing what a stir had been made about the question, for no other purpose than to right their wrongs. But secret diplomacy was then the prevailing rule. Joseph was annoyed, his Ministers were still more irritated, and he gave a brief and discouraging answer: "I take a great interest in the prosperity of this city, but in regard to the opening of the Scheldt there is a great obstacle in existing treaties."

This douche of cold water discouraged the Belgian public, and shook their faith in the Emperor's good intentions. From Antwerp, Joseph went on to Amsterdam, and his irritation at the incident mentioned may have been due to the fear that it would spoil his Dutch visit. But the Emperor did everything in his power to appease the Dutch, even at the price of disappointing and disconcerting his own people, and in a conversation with the French Minister at Brussels he said: "I have begged the people of Antwerp to turn their minds elsewhere. They are mad on the subject of the Scheldt. The thing is not possible, nor even as advantageous as they imagine."

What was the explanation of this strange *rolle-face* on the part of a proud ruler, who had complained only a few months before at not enjoying the use of his own river? The statement that the words were uttered to please the Dutch does not seem satisfactory, more especially as their own avowals testified beyond refutation to the immense benefits that Antwerp would derive from the freeing of the Scheldt. While the Emperor alleged that it was not so very advantageous, the people of Amsterdam were proclaiming to the whole world that, if the Scheldt were opened, Antwerp would become *het middelpunt des handels*—the centre of trade.

Another motive, then, must be found for the Emperor's strange tergiversation, and it is not far to seek. He went to the Netherlands with a double object. The freeing of the Scheldt was one, or rather the commencement of arrangements to that end, but his more immediate purpose was to secure the cancelling of the Barrier Treaty which had installed in 1715 Dutch garrisons in certain fortified towns of Belgium. The Dutch were rather tired of an arrangement that kept 10,000 of their troops in garrisons beyond their borders, and the war with England made them still more desirous of having them back. The Emperor had chosen the best moment for action, and showed no flinching in this matter at least, going to the length even of ordering that, if the garrisons would not go, the fortresses were to be demolished over their heads. But the Dutch, in this affair, gave him no trouble. The garrisons were withdrawn, and the Emperor had

the satisfaction of seeing one of his objects in visiting Belgium accomplished.

But although his public utterances were discouraging, subsequent events were to show that he had not altogether abandoned his hope of freeing the Scheldt. His spirit chafed at the servitude imposed on him by the Dutch control, but at the same time he gave the Belgians no encouragement. He wished to settle the question in his own way by some tortuous diplomacy. He suggested to the few Ministers in his confidence that all cases of territorial infractions by the Dutch were to be taken up, that a list of grievances should be tabulated with the object of accumulating bases for a controversy with the Netherlands that might eventually lead to a compromise on the Scheldt question. But to the Belgian people he uttered no words of hope at all—rather the contrary. His parting message was to the effect that “nothing useful can be done for the present,” and he concluded with the very remarkable dictum: “Moreover, the possession of both banks of the Scheldt, and even a part of Zealand, is essential for a permanent and durable solution.”

Abandoned by their Emperor, the people of Antwerp decided to make an effort on their own behalf. England and Holland were still at war. There had been fighting in the North Sea. It was always possible that some incident might cause a British Fleet to appear in the river. If we reject motives, based on reasoning, there remained those of passion. The pent-up feelings of the people of Antwerp at the prospect of recovering the rights that had been denied them for two centuries could not be restrained. The weakness of a foreign Emperor could not curb a national instinct. A harsh and arbitrary law had given the left bank of the Scheldt to Holland, but that narrow strip of sand dunes was none the less an integral part of Flanders. What wonder then that the agitation in Antwerp continued long after Joseph's departure!

In all crises there is need of a man; sometimes he is not forthcoming, and then, instead of a solution, we find confusion. In Antwerp a prominent citizen was found to step into the place vacated by the Emperor. His name was the Count de Proli, a member of an Italian family which had been settled in Antwerp for a couple of generations. He was a banker and represented the Asiatic Company of Trieste. He had relations with several European capitals, and among them St. Petersburg. He was altogether an important personage in Antwerp, where he held the honorific title of Admiral of the Fresh Waters of the Scheldt. As he had received his title from the Emperor Joseph, it seems reasonable to conclude that he might have been one of those

admitted to that prince's secret plans. It would have been quite in character with what was called astute diplomacy for the same ruler to have snubbed the Antwerpers and then to have inspired some one to come forward to express their views. If Joseph did this, he so carefully obliterated the traces of his intervention that the whole credit rests with Count Proli.

The step he took was certainly original. Russia had not existed, so far as Europe was concerned, at the time that the Treaty of Munster was signed, nor had she concurred in any of its subsequent informal ratifications. She was the one Power that, in theory at least, might be regarded as admitting the freedom of the Scheldt as a law of nature. Count Proli proposed to his Russian friends that they should try to interest the Empress Catherine II. in the question, and he expatiated on the importance of the trade that might be developed between Antwerp and Riga. He suggested that the Empress might be moved to action by an adroit reference to the possibility of her adding to her name in history as the author of the Armed Neutrality of the Baltic that of being the liberator of the Scheldt. In any case, he had no difficulty in showing that the project held forth the prospect of a great and lasting reward. The move proved very successful. The Empress was deeply interested and flattered. She gave her sanction to the use of the Russian Flag for the forcing and freeing of the Scheldt. Two ships were fitted out and ready to sail from Riga. Everything was in readiness at Antwerp to give them a right royal reception. At the last moment the scheme was dropped and the ships did not sail. The cause of this change of plan remains unrevealed. One explanation is that it was due to the malicious intervention of Frederick the Great out of spite against England—for everyone considered at that period that the freeing of the Scheldt would be in her interests—another is that the Emperor Joseph stopped it, not wishing to be deprived of any of the credit that would belong to the solver of the problem.

The first act in the public discussion of the question may be considered to have terminated when the Russian ships did not sail from Riga. Only a brief interval separated it from the second. Joseph resumed the consideration of the question, immediately after the withdrawal of the Dutch garrisons from Namur and Tournai was effected, with Kaunitz who remained the supreme director of Austria's policy. In one of his letters—September 23rd, 1782—the Emperor asked his Minister: "Why should I alone not be able to make use of my Scheldt? Why should I not oppose to the law of the stronger, the reasoning of 1648, the law of nations, and the law of the peoples?" And Kaunitz so far modified his original opposition as to declare that

"the reopening of the Scheldt is a matter of dignity rather than of interest." In other words, the Belgians were not to be considered at all. During this period of preparation, the Emperor was in constant correspondence with Catherine of Russia, and he seemed to have made sure of her moral support for the execution of his great plan. His sister, Marie Antoinette, had been apprised of her brother's project by Count Mercy-Argenteau, and she pleaded the case for the freedom of the Scheldt so fervently with her husband that it seemed certain that France would at least stand aside.

Full of hopeful expectation in a triumphant issue, Joseph sent a very astute Italian, in his service, Count Belgiojoso, to succeed Starhenberg at Brussels with instructions to accumulate as many territorial grievances as possible against the Dutch, with the idea of using them as a set off to secure the termination of "the impertinent closing of the river." The claim to Maastricht figured largely in this programme; indeed, Joseph flattered himself that in this he held a trump card. If it was so, the sequel showed that he did not know how to play it. On the other hand, England had gone out of the business. The war with Holland after the first phase of energy had languished long before peace was concluded in September, 1783. The struggle to retain the American colonies had also ended in the Peace signed at Versailles in that month. Finally, the British Government sent to the Hague, in December, 1784, one of its ablest diplomatists, Lord Malmesbury, charged with the delicate task of reforming the old English party in Holland. Certainly, wherever Joseph might hope to find support for the realisation of his scheme to free the Scheldt, it could no longer be from this country. We were compelled by the strain of a long and disastrous struggle to think only of our own needs and requirements. We had failed to find a single ally when we wanted one so badly. The Emperor had no claim on us.

In the autumn of 1783 the Emperor began to take the steps which he conceived to be necessary for the formal diplomatic action he contemplated. Belgiojoso was instructed to take advantage of the smallest trifles. In October Dutch soldiers from a fort on the Scheldt buried a comrade in the Belgian cemetery of Doel without permission. This gave rise to some unseemly proceedings. Shortly afterwards Imperial troops destroyed three Dutch redoubts. A design was formed to burn the Dutch guard-ship at Lillo, but it miscarried. A protest was then made against its presence so near the frontier, and the Dutch withdrew it to Hulstergat, lower down the river. This strengthened the general belief in Vienna that the Dutch would

not offer any very prolonged resistance to the Emperor's demand.

Confident by reason of the adhesion of Russia, and persuaded that he could rely on the goodwill of France, Joseph caused a communication to be addressed to the Dutch Government, which began in the form of a lecture: "The wisdom which guides the deliberations of the High Mightinesses will also guide them as to the ways and means of responding to the mutual desire for the consolidation of good relations and neighbourly good will, as well as to the rights of H.M. the Emperor." This was followed by "a summary of demands" presented by Count Belgiojoso, accompanied by a request that the Dutch should appoint Commissioners to discuss them. The Dutch replied that they were willing to discuss territorial limits, but the Austrian reply was to the effect that the demands must be discussed in their totality. At first the Dutch refused, then they sought to gain time, but at last they conceived it would be wisest to give way and go into the Conference on the Emperor's terms.

All the time they were in no doubt as to what the Emperor wanted, and the presentation of the demands caused immense excitement in Holland. Count Belgiojoso spoke plainly to a Dutch representative in Brussels. He expressed the hope that the Dutch would see what was wanted, and as to the territorial claims they could easily be waived for the settlement of the Scheldt difficulty. The Emperor would go very far, he said, in the way of compensation for the surrender of Dutch Flanders and the free navigation of the Scheldt, concluding with the assurance that his Majesty would certainly give up his demand for Maëstricht. The Dutchman replied that his countrymen would never give up their hold on the Scheldt, and Belgiojoso retorted with anger: "And the Emperor will never abandon his plan." Events were to show that the Dutchman knew his countrymen better than the Minister knew his Imperial master, but the eternal justice of the case remains intact and unaffected by the prejudice and passion displayed on both sides.

The Brussels Conference was thus decided upon, but owing to Dutch procrastination it did not meet before April, 1784, and its deliberations were so spun out that the Emperor decided to adopt more vigorous measures. He presented an ultimatum to the Dutch Government dropping all reference to the cession of Dutch Flanders, but insisting on the concession of the principle of freedom of navigation in the Scheldt. This ultimatum contained a distinct challenge. The Emperor announced his intention to send ships flying the Imperial flag up and down the river, and if the Dutch fired on them it would be regarded by him as

a ~~casus~~ belli. When Belgiojoso handed this announcement to the Dutch Commissioners, he added words of advice, to the effect that "the States should declare the River Scheldt open, and navigation on it completely free." The Dutch reply was defiant; the guardship was sent back to Lillo, a squadron was assembled at Flushing, and the Pensionary declared in the secret committee that "the Republic ought to spend its last shilling rather than submit to so destructive and humiliating a measure as the opening of the Scheldt."

Strong language and inflexibility of purpose; yet, to prevent its being thought abstract justice, I give the words of the Belgian Linguet printed in his remarkable treatise at almost the very moment of the Dutch Pensionary's outburst:

"Is the theme supportable for a moment that the Count of Flanders, the Duke of Brabant, the ruler who to-day stands in their places, should be to the end of the world his people's own gaoler, the humble bearer of a Dutch *lettre de cachet*, issued in the name of force and in defiance of the laws of nature and society?"

Although the Emperor had become less sure of French support than he was, he decided to carry out his programme. A ship was fitted out at Ostend to proceed to Antwerp; another was got ready at Antwerp to sail down the Scheldt. The latter, named *The Louis*, commanded by a Fleming, L. van Issegheem, was to bear the brunt of the adventure. It set out on October 6th, and two days later it was fired upon by the Dutch batteries and compelled to return. It suffered but slight damage—a kettle was said to have been destroyed, which led to the whole incident being called the *guerre de la marmite*. The vessel from Ostend was stopped at the mouth of the river and taken into Flushing.

The Emperor had got his *casus belli*; he had 80,000 men ready to invade Holland, through Gueldres and Lambourg, and if he had only been prompt he could have brought the Dutch to their knees. They knew this themselves very well. They sent an appeal to France for "full and prompt aid, without which the Republic is lost." If Marie Antoinette had been able to keep her husband in leading strings, the Dutch would have been left to their fate; but the influence of "the Austrian" was on the wane, and the Minister Vergennes succeeded in bringing Louis round to his view that Holland could not be sacrificed for the advantage of England. The Dutch were told that French aid would be forthcoming, and as an earnest of this support, the French General, Maillebois, was sent to organise and lead their army.

The Emperor pocketed his pride and changed his purpose. At the end of February, 1785, he had whittled down his demand for

the navigation of the Scheldt to the very slender claim to enjoy a free passage on the river between Antwerp and Saftlingen, both places being in his possession. Even the French, who would not support his full demands, suggested to the Dutch to spare the Imperial dignity by making an exception for the passage of his ships on the river. They induced them to surrender Lillo and Liefkenskoeh. They pressed his right to compensation in respect of Maastricht so well that he received ten million florins. These terms were expressed in the Treaty signed at Fontainebleau on November 10th, 1785, which closed the incident.

But these things have no interest for us. Joseph's second effort to free the Scheldt had proved not less of a failure than the first; and it was even more ignominious, for at the first attempt he had obtained the cancelling of the Barrier Treaty. His panegyrists threw the blame on France for refusing to support him; but the true cause was his own tortuous policy. While he was being acclaimed in Belgium as the Liberator of the Scheldt, his thoughts were really set in another direction, and although it might be going too far to say that he was never sincere, his policy shifted like the wind. Even at the moment that he was threatening the Dutch with invasion he was scheming to acquire Bavaria from its Elector by exchanging the Belgian provinces for it. He might have succeeded in this plan if he had been more resolute about it; but, at all events, it showed that he was thinking of his own ends, and not of the interest of his Belgian subjects whom he regarded as mere chattels. They seem to have seen through his purpose, for there was a marked difference between their enthusiastic co-operation in the first attempt to free the Scheldt in 1781, and their cautious and incredulous attitude three years later. When it was realised that the Emperor had no real intention of seeking a solution by force of arms, the Belgians came to the conclusion that the freedom of their one great river could only be achieved by their own efforts in the course of time. That sentiment was not the least of the motives that inspired the Brabant Revolution against Austrian rule a few years later.

The Scheldt episode, covering in its two phases the five years between 1780 and 1785, had an epilogue. The Dutch believed that the Treaty of Fontainebleau gave a final and conclusive ratification and sanction to the old Treaty of Munster, which they took pride in describing as the very foundation of their security and prosperity. The "cheese merchants of Amsterdam," as Prince Kaunitz disdainfully called the Dutch, the "gentlemen of Amsterdam," as Sir Joseph Yorke more courteously styled them, were relieved by it from their apprehension lest Antwerp should become *het middelpunt des handels*. Truly, they had

consigned it to insignificance and decay, which, as far as they could foresee, would go on as they desired to all eternity. But events showed that their vision was at fault. Ten years after their selfish triumph at Fontainebleau they signed with France the Treaty of the Hague (1795) by which they not merely abandoned their pretension to shut the Scheldt, but also surrendered to France that district of Dutch Flanders which carried with it the possession of the left bank, and which is in dispute to-day. The precedent of 1795 remains in unabated force, and takes the bottom out of arguments based on the Treaties of Munster and Fontainebleau.

Y.

CAUSE AND EFFECT IN INDIA.

THE outstanding problem which the British Empire, successful over its Teutonic foes, will have to face in the days to come is the problem of India. Much has been said and written of late years about the awakening of the East. That phenomenon, displayed for the most part in Japan and China, the British people have been able to watch with interest, indeed, but without concern. The attitude of detachment is no longer possible. The thing has come home to us. A substantial proportion of the three hundred and fifteen million inhabitants of our Indian Empire are politically awake; and the rest, slowly but surely, are following in their steps.

It may be questioned whether Japan's national rebirth, and that which, in China, has produced instead of regeneration, a series of convulsions, has exerted any marked effect upon the people of India as a whole. Twenty-five years have passed since Japan took up arms against her Oriental neighbour; fifteen since she astonished the world by her successful duel with Russia. It is seven years since the most conservative of Empires turned itself, almost in a night, into a Republic. Throughout the catastrophic changes involved in these events, India remained to all intents and purposes unmoved. Agitations on one pretext or another, seditious conspiracies of varying but generally limited scope, assassinations of local officials, outbursts of religious and racial fanaticism—all these, the normal symptoms of India's malaise, have marked the past decade; but there has been no awakening like unto this present.

Many forces, doubtless, have combined to produce this result—the blessings of education, for instance, which an enlightened Government has freely given, and that boon of internal and external security which India has so long enjoyed and at such little cost. It is one of the penalties which, in such circumstances, the liberally-minded ruler has sooner or later to pay. For the principal and proximate cause, however, we must look to the recent war—or, rather, the use which Indian politicians have made of it. Those familiar with the history of Irish agitation will recall its guiding maxim, that England's difficulty is the opportunity of her enemies. Not without significance then, is the fact that the so-called Home Rule movement in India—a movement frankly modelled on its Irish namesake—was set on

foot in 1916. The war was then in its middle course—a titanic contest to which there seemed no end, absorbing the entire national energy of the combatants. The British Empire, deeply involved, was fighting for its life. It was the “selected moment” of Indian Extremism: an appropriate time for securing “the freedom of the nation.” Such concessions might even be extorted from the hard-pressed *Raj* as would lay the foundations of Indian independence. If one must talk of a *quid pro quo*, had not Indian regiments participated in several of the theatres of war? Had they not, as sundry Extremist journals asserted, “saved the British Empire” on the Western front? For the rest, had not the loyalty of India been phenomenal? How many things might not a people rightly struggling to be free have done, to the confusion of the embarrassed *Raj*, which the Indian people had not done?

In such a spirit and with such motives, the generally anti-British elements, constituting the bulk of the “politically-minded” classes, marshalled themselves into a Home Rule league under the leadership of Mrs. Annie Besant. Born with a passion for limelight posturings, that individual found herself at this time faced with the disagreeable prospect of being deprived of the means for the gratification of her native weakness. As a platform, theosophy, which, with the founding of quasi-religious institutions at Adzar, Benares, and elsewhere, had served her well, ceased to be effective. The scandals attached to certain of its votaries, whom Mrs. Besant unwisely defended, bore their inevitable fruit. In the hands of such exponents the mummeries of Adzar failed to attract even the neurotic Hindu; and Heracles, to give her her astral name, turned to politics. Acquiring a native-owned paper, she rechristened it *New India*, and addressed herself to the congenial task of evoking the spirit of unrest. Vakil, “failed B.A.’s,” disappointed journalists, and hysterical students just out of their teens rallied to form the nucleus of a “nationalist” party destined, like its prototype, to degenerate into Sinn Fein. The policy of the league, which is the policy of Indian Extremism as a whole, is to instil into young and immature minds, by daily suggestion, the idea that India’s millions languish in a state of slavery imposed upon them by a brutal British bureaucracy for its own selfish purposes; and that “the nation” will never know freedom till it has rid itself of this tyrannical alien rule. “We must not resort to violence against Europeans,” said one prominent Home Ruler, in alluding to the recent disturbances in the Punjab, “as they are strangers in our country.” Because it imposes some very necessary restrictions on the india-

criminate purchase of firearms, the Arms Act is continually held up to execration at political mass meetings (political meetings in India, irrespective of the numbers present, are always "mass meetings") as a badge of Young India's servitude. While the membership of the Home Rule League is small—under 40,000 in fact—there can be no doubt that the ideas of discontent and opposition disseminated by it and by kindred associations throughout India have been absorbed by many times that number who had never bestowed a thought upon such subjects. The medium of suggestion, of subtle incitement is almost invariably the Press, though Brahmin teachers in Government schools have been known to give disloyal and seditious articles to their pupils as composition exercises. As significant of the Extremist activities in one province alone, it may be mentioned that, during the period 1914-18, security was demanded, under the Press Act, from forty-six newspapers and forty-two "presses"; that more than half of them were unable to furnish it; that the security, carrying from Rs.2,000 to Rs.10,000, was forfeited in six cases; and that no less than sixty-four publications were proscribed. Thus is the leaven of disaffection spread, in the hope of leavening the whole lump.

In an ill-advised phrase, which only inexperience of the East could have inspired, the authors of the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme announced their intention of "deliberately disturbing the placid contentment" of the Indian masses in the interests of a democracy wholly foreign to their habits and ideas. If the results of such interference prove to be not exactly what the exalted experimenters intended, their motives at least may be presumed sincere. Indian Home Rulers and their kind have set themselves to the same task with very different purposes. The Brahmin, who still constitutes 90 per cent. of the *intelligentsia*, cares not a row of pins for the "voiceless millions" over whom he has been wont to lord it in the past. The very shadow of a sudra contaminates him; he can be polluted by a pariah at a range of 64 feet. Nevertheless your Brahmin "democrat"—a contradiction in terms, by the way—is shrewd enough to see that the voiceless millions, organised as mobs, may serve his purpose admirably. They can give point and volume to his windy orations; and, when violent courses are in contemplation, they can be led, with very little incitement, as sheep to the slaughter.

In the sequel of the Delhi War Conference, held under the presidency of the Viceroy in the critical early months of 1918, the Indian political leaders were urged, by one of their countrymen, to withdraw all the National Congress resolutions and not whisper

Home Rule "during the pendency of the war." The creators of unrest were not, however, prepared to wait. Asked to co-operate in the struggle against Germanism, they demanded Home Rule as the price. Anti-Government effusions in the papers became the order of the day; systematic efforts were made to discourage subscriptions to the War Loan and to stop recruiting; and deliberate steps were taken to poison the relations between workers and employers and to promote strikes in factories, mills, and other industrial concerns dependent on British capital. All this was designed to force from the Government a definite pledge of immediate self-government in the Provinces and "full self-government" within ten years.

On the twin questions of India's unrest and her fitness for self-government a flood of light is thrown by the Report of the Rowlett Commission, appointed by the Governor-General in Council, with the approval of the Secretary of State, "to investigate and report on the nature and extent of the criminal conspiracies connected with the revolutionary movement in India . . . and to advise as to the legislation, if any, necessary to enable Government to deal effectively with them." It is a document which all who wish to gain an insight into the true inwardness of the situation in India must read and digest. Here the damning record of Indian agitation, from incendiary speeches to dacoities, assassinations, and anarchism, is set forth in all its naked vileness. But the ugliest fact which emerges from this welter of seditious activities is that the Indian Extremist is not above enlisting the aid of the King's enemies. Early in the war a plot had been engineered by Indian conspirators and German consular agents at Shanghai and elsewhere in the East the essential features of which were the landing of a cargo of arms and the subsequent "sack of Calcutta." Towards its close at a meeting held in Madras demanding "self-determination," Mr. H. P. Wadia expressed the intention of Indian Extremists to appeal for assistance to "the great German democracy." But the material upon which the revolutionaries have to work in Bengal and Madras is much inferior to that of the Punjab. By contrast, the inhabitants of the north-west—at once the storm-centre and the strategic threshold of India—are virile and warlike. With this circumstance in view, the agitators have sought persistently to establish communication and co-operation with Teutonic, Turkish, and Bolshevik agencies in Afghanistan and Persia; and, under a weaker régime than that of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, they might have succeeded. The motive underlying these manoeuvres needs no elucidation; it is the overthrow of British rule in India.

In the southern Presidency, two years ago, the Indian public were treated to an object-lesson in how not to govern. A deplorable feature of India's recent political development is that reforms have come as the result of agitation and violence. The stormy period 1906-08, distinguished by the pernicious activities of Tilak and Pal, and culminating in the assassination in the Poona district, was followed by the Morley-Minto reforms. So, too, the partition of Bengal was rescinded out of deference to a concerted Babu shriek. But the worst example of the kind is furnished by the history of 1917. The contents of *New India* having for some months been of a type calculated to bring the Government into contempt, Lord Pentland, then Governor of Madras, ordered the internment of those responsible for its publication—namely, Mrs. Besant, and her henchman, G. S. Arundale, whose function was to promote "national" education by boycotting Government schools, and B. P. Wadia, a little Keir Hardie, the apostle of unrest in local labour circles. The order, served under the Defence of India Act, enjoined the removal of the offenders to the hill-station of Coimbatore and total abstinence from political work. An agitation for the release of the internees was immediately set on foot by the Yellow Press throughout India, and carried to great lengths. The Government of India gave way. Mr. Montagu, who had just taken over the Secretaryship, sought "a calm atmosphere" for the introduction of his reforms. The Madras Government were therefore advised by Whitehall, *old Simla*, to eat their own words. The man-on-the-spot was butchered to make a Montaguan holiday. It was an epic blunder, which only resignation of the Presidential Government *en bloc* could have adequately met. Agitation and disloyalty once more triumphed over law and order, and Extremism, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, received a new lease of life.

The Montagu-Chelmsford Report, the text of which became public in the first week of July, 1918, has had one salutary effect. It has compelled the various leaders of Indian political thought to declare themselves. The Extremists, on the ground that it fell far short of the "Memorandum of the Nineteen," the decalogue of Indian Nationalism, pronounced it unacceptable. In more than one Extremist paper it was dismissed as "an insult." Saner counsels prevailed among the older and more experienced leaders who, under the leadership of the veteran Surendranath Banerjee, broke away from the Congress to form a Moderate party, prepared to accept the Scheme as an instalment of self-government. The Extremist temper may be gauged from the fact that at the Delhi Conference, held last December, to decide the attitude of

the Congress, no speaker who counselled moderation or acceptance of the Montford proposals was permitted a hearing. On this occasion, the Extremists completed their capture of the machinery of the Congress. The rank and file of the party, consisting, as one of the shouted-down Moderates put it, of "boisterous youngsters," showed by their violence in controversy the lengths to which they were prepared to go, when opportunity occurred, in other directions.

Meanwhile, under the disturbing influence of the Report, a new portent had arisen, in the shape of a non-Brahmin party. Among the numerically superior lower castes and the millions included under the head of the "depressed classes," were men of sufficient political insight to perceive that the application of the Montford Scheme as it stood would mean in practice the perpetuation, under legal forms, of the age-long tyranny of the Brahmin class. The voiceless millions began to organise and to speak with tongues. As an indication of their political creed the manifesto issued last October by the South Indian Liberal Federation is worth recording. "The Reform Scheme," say the leaders of the Federation, "is not of our seeking. It has been thrust upon us. We view it with grave concern. . . . If the people of India were now asked to choose between British rule and what has been called self-rule, their choice would fall unhesitatingly upon the former." They went on to affirm that "if the Scheme results in the creation of a British-guaranteed and lawfully conducted Brahmin oligarchy, pledged to give practical effect to the Brahminical doctrines of Varnashrama Dharma, the non-Brahmin classes, when they awaken to a sense of their interests, will have no alternative but to rise in revolt."

The emergence of a Moderate and of a non-Brahmin party, destined to fulfil, in the Indian political world of to-morrow, the functions of a Centre and Right respectively, while the Extremists were relegated to the undistinguished Left, gave rise to not unnatural alarm in the Extremist breast. This was not diminished by the belief, deduced from an official statement in Parliament, that portfolios for transferred subjects under the scheme would not be allotted to Extremists. Faced by these disagreeable possibilities, the Congress leaders resolved to have recourse to their last card—mob-violence. The legislation introduced into the Viceroy's Council for the providing of wider powers for dealing with revolutionary and anarchical crime furnished a pretext. And yet it was more than a pretext. No very keen political vision was needed to show that the more sinister forms of Extremism would have no chance of surviving if the new laws

saw the light. For the agitators themselves, therefore, it was "Now or never." At the same time a systematic misrepresentation of the nature and incidence of the Bills, as directly aimed at the liberties of the people, seemed a likely way of arousing popular excitement and resentment against the Government. A campaign of lies was therefore deliberately set on foot. The bazaars were filled with such rumours as that, under the Rowlatt Acts, three or four persons found standing together would be liable to arrest by the police; that houses would be searched on the slightest pretext; that all civil liberty for Indians was at an end. "If you accept these laws," one Extremist journal told its readers, "the collar of slavery will remain round your necks for eternity. . . . The historian will mention your name with contempt and repugnance." In the Legislative Council, the Moderates failed to rise to the expectations that had been formed of them. They, the future Ministers of a self-governing India, made the incredible mistake of joining the Extremists (presumably as a last desperate bid for popular favour) in unmeasured condemnation of laws designed to secure the tranquillity of the country. Colour was thus given to the absurd pretension that these measures for the suppression of anarchical crime were passed into law against "the unanimous will of the people."

At this juncture Mahatma Gandhi, with his *satyagraha* vow, took the political stage. A fanatic is no less dangerous because he is sincere; nor an agitator, because he invests his actions with a veil of piety. People in high places made excuses for Mr. Gandhi on the score of saintliness. Learning that the doyen of *sadhus* was about to initiate a passive resistance movement as a protest against the Rowlatt Act, Lord Chelmsford summoned him to Simla for a *tête-à-tête*, of which incident the Indian papers' version was: Mr. Gandhi interviewed the Viceroy. This conference between the King-Emperor's representative and his rebellious subject, proved, as might have been expected, fruitless. Mr. Gandhi proceeded, "according to plan," and the results are written in blood at Delhi and Amritsar.

As to Mr. Gandhi's sincerity, it may be worth noting that a number of his writings, in pamphlet form, have been proscribed by the Government. One of his first acts, on the inauguration of the passive resistance movement, was to issue this forbidden literature as "*Satyagraha* Leaflets," typewritten on foolscap paper, and sell them openly in the streets of Bombay. The word *satyagraha*, it should be explained, means "desire for truth." *Satyagrahis*, or those who have taken the vow, are expected to refrain from violence, electing rather to suffer, and so accumulate

"soul force" before which even the tyranny of sun-dried tyrants must crumble. When the final text of the Rowlett Act appeared, it was found to contain nothing to which a good citizen could object, and certainly nothing that he could resist. The Act can only come into force, in disaffected districts, on the decision of the Provincial Government; and it has not, in fact, been applied to any district. In these circumstances, the leaders of this "passive" conspiracy called upon their followers to swear that they would "civilly disobey such laws as a Committee might direct." Sunday, April 6th, was decreed "*Satyagraha* Day," when *hartal* (mourning) was to be observed with fasting and idleness. Delhi was to lead the way, a week in advance. It did. The *satyagrahis* had no difficulty in raising a mob which surged through the *Chandni Chowk*, Delhi's principal non-European street, compelling tradesmen to close their shops, tram-cars to cease plying, and the occupants of carriages to dismount. The inevitable collision took place at the railway station, which the mob attempted to invade—ostensibly to force the native refreshment stalls to suspend business, in reality to paralyse the capital's communications with the outside world. After conspicuous patience in the face of a howling multitude, well supplied with brick-bats, the police resorted to buckshot.

On April 8th, Mr. Gandhi, proceeding to Delhi from Bombay "to pacify the People," was turned back at the Punjab frontier and escorted back to his starting-point. The news of his "arrest" was promptly used by the *satyagrahis* to inflame the populace. *Hartal* was proclaimed at Amritsar and Lahore on the 11th. At the former place, a mob of 4,000 people, armed with *lathis* (heavy staves), and shouting "*Mahatma Gandhi ki-jai!*" (advance!), endeavoured to rush the civil lines. Foiled in this attempt by a small body of military and police, they turned back into the city and proceeded to loot and destroy the banks and European offices. Messrs. Stewart and Scott, of the National Bank of India, and Mr. G. M. Thompson, of the Alliance Bank of Simla, were overpowered and beaten to death. A similar fate overtook Sergeant Rowlands, who was caught by the mob on his way to the Fort; an English missionary-nurse, Miss Shorwood, suffered severe injuries before she was rescued, and there were many narrow escapes. An Indian magistrate at an outstation, who had the reputation of dealing strictly with seditionists, was burned alive after petrol had been poured over his clothes. At Lahore, where the authorities were better prepared, the rioters had to content themselves with burning a portrait of the King and Queen. Exciting times were witnessed at Gujranwala, a

small place up the line towards the frontier, where an aeroplane, provided with bombs, arrived in the nick of time to save a small force of police from being overwhelmed. Needless to say, the barbarity of such methods, used against a body of well-disposed citizens making "a peaceful demonstration" furnished every Extremist paper with a text for animadversions on the "Prussianism" of the Government, though the deportation of Mr. B. G. Horniman, who edited the *Bombay Chronicle* in the interests of Indian unrest, had a sobering effect. On the 15th, martial law was declared in Amritsar and Lahore, with immediate and satisfactory results; and the authorities, at long last, resorted to a counter-propaganda campaign to neutralise the falsehoods with which the Extremists had flooded the country. The Moderates, in general, dissociated themselves from the passive resistance movement, while Mrs. Besant, alarmed at the gravity of the situation, to which her own propaganda had in large measure contributed, withdrew from the original Home Rule League to form a "National" Home Rule League, to which a modicum of her old following adhered.

Hard on the heels of the Punjab rebellion came the news of the violation of the north-west frontier by the Afghan troops, which has added yet another to the list of India's frontier wars. That a connection exists between this Afghan venture and the disturbances in the Punjab has been established. The Government is in possession of proofs that certain disloyal Indians have been working hand in glove with German, Turkish, and Bolshevik agents to bring about an upheaval in India as a preliminary to an Afghan invasion. Apparently these Indian Extremists have gulled the new Amir with just such lies as those their comrades across the border employed to deceive the Indian people. India, Amanulla was given to understand, had risen in revolt against the Raj; Germany had resumed the war; and only a triumphal progress to Delhi awaited him. All this is in keeping with the strong anti-British complexion of the disturbances in the Punjab, the methodical cutting of communications and the systematic attempts to corrupt and utilise demobilised soldiers. When disillusionment comes home to the Afghan people, the false prophets who have misled them will receive shorter shrift at their hands than ever fell to their kinsmen at the hands of a British Government.

Since the days of the Mutiny, India has been faced by no graver crisis. For it the British people have to thank, in the first place, the Indian Extremist politician, whose *métier* it is to work through unrest to revolution. In such a country as India

agitation feeds on weakness. That is the diet which the Government has supplied. In consequence, they have, in the Indian *intelligentsia*, a spoilt and very unhealthy child. Now that the challenge has been thrown down, there can be no dallying with the issue. The *Raj* must govern, or get out. The British Empire was not built up, and will not be retained, by shirking responsibility; and if the Government recalls to itself its primary function, and fulfils it, there is still hope for India. The sane and loyal elements, to which all possible encouragement should be given, will rally to its support and confidence will be restored. Failing such action, India will drift into Bolshevik horrors beside which those of Russia "will pale their ineffectual fires." Any measure of political reform that may be conceded, in the sequel of an unquestioned acceptance of authority, must be characterised by the utmost caution. The road of fitness for self-government is a long one, and India has but begun to tread it.

E. BRUCE MITFORD.

JACQUES OFFENBACH: HIS CENTENARY.

IN the case of Offenbach, as in that of many of the greatest artists—Berlioz in music, Delacroix in painting—contemporary opinion was falsified by cavilling criticism. Now, at a distance of forty years, posterity, which judges coolly and therefore more sanely, can establish as an undeniable fact that the composer of *La Belle Hélène* was a great artist, whose works did not, as his enemies have alleged, corrupt the taste of the French people.

In lavishing his talents, knowledge, intelligence and charm of melody on operetta, a form which he adapted in the main from the old Italian masters—above all, from Cimarosa—Offenbach was merely ministering to the appetite of a public which only asked to be easily amused. As to his cleverness there can be no doubt, but few people nowadays—if we except the metaphysical and geometrical school of musicians—would make themselves ridiculous by maintaining that his art, which was but the reflection of an age, was evil in its effects.

More French than many Frenchmen in his spontaneity, his critical turn of mind and his flow of ready wit, this transplanted German always possessed a sense of the appropriate. Circumstances having made him a Parisian, at an age when his precocious youth had not been weighed down by Teutonic dullness, he became what he wished to be: the dispenser of a frivolous gaiety which was necessary on the morrow of a series of upheavals. The gloom and fierce passions of romanticism, the revolution of 1848, and the *coup d'état* had created an atmosphere of unrest and constraint in which the *esprit gaulois* was stifling. With its traditional good sense, the people accepted the new musical entertainer as a welcome counter-irritant. It followed him, it adored him, it rewarded him for having divined its secret longing for laughter, that caustic which burns away terrors and regrets, that conqueror of ominous forebodings. In covering Offenbach with triumph the public admitted to recognising in him a superiority before which it bowed in token of satisfied egoism. The proof of this lies in the fact that it never showed an equal predilection for those imitators who followed humbly in the train of the great master of irony. Offenbach's art, then, although it may have been of the second rank, did not deserve the insults showered upon it by the adversaries of Napoleon III.'s Government.

It is only fair to draw a distinction between operetta—full of

grace, animation and wit, in spite of its short petticoats and its mockery, which sometimes verges on irreverence—and those bastard, patched-up productions of the present day with their banality and trivial grossness, which we still accept as feeble imitations, and which are the degenerate products of a powerful brain ever in thrall to that “secret influence” spoken of by Boileau

Offenbach was quite capable of interpreting the significance of his popularity. Like some character escaped from a fantastic tale—so distinctive was the figure which he cut in the fashionable Paris of the Second Empire, and so striking was the impression which his figure, as of a mocking wizard, made on the memory of those who met him for the first time—he went through life a force dreaded by some, adored by others for the infectious gaiety which emanated from his tiny person, ever in movement, and expressing in little rapid gestures the irony which possessed him like a fever. Though entirely lacking in external graces, his exuberant fancy made him a commanding figure in every society, till people came to cherish him as an incarnation of his age—a compound of *bizarrette* and turbulent irrepressibility.

Never did an artist produce work so transitory as his, coming as it did between the Shakespearean grandiloquence of a Berlioz, the glaring frescoes of a Meyerbeer, and the free movement of a Bizet, between the neo-classical and the progressive schools. But to call it transitory is not to condemn it to an early death: for the causes which produced its success meet us afresh at every turning-point of history. Let a new Offenbach appear to-morrow after the upheavals of the horrible war which has convulsed the whole world, and the public will hail him with joy, because it longs for relief for its over-wrought nerves, for oblivion after horror, because it feels it a necessity to laugh loud and long after waking from an oppressive nightmare which bid fair to kill in it all *joie de vivre*. And Offenbach, thanks to the predominant traits of his character, was indeed the leader without a rival in a special form of art, “of imagination all compact,” which was capable of giving a vent to the popular spirit, enamoured of carnival joys and the mischievous fun of parody.

There are those who still maintain that his fame was excessive, because their own favourites did not meet with the like; but when we consider it in its due perspective, the favour with which he met was fully justified. To amuse one's contemporaries is not such an easy task as might be supposed. A high degree of imagination is required to avoid boring even those who are most accessible to the comic in music. And in order to attract all classes of society a man must be able, as Offenbach was, always

to laugh good-humouredly. He was consistent—hence his power—and therefore, apart from a few experiments in regular comic opera and opera ballet, which prove that he was capable of rising above his usual *gears*, he confined himself to satire tempered by a gentle mode of expression. When he followed up a rush of wild galops by a series of pretty sentimental phrases, the Parisian public, excitable and aggressive, but desperately fond of a love-song, was grateful to Offenbach for planting among his clashing arrows, his masks with the enormous laugh, his sounding bells and rattles, these roses with the sweet sentimental fragrance. When in the midst of the jerky evolutions of his puppets he suddenly called up a dream-like vision, all but the envious and the peevish were ready to forgive him his most paradoxical eccentricities.

Offenbach's composition—with all due deference to his superficial detractors—is classical; he treats the orchestra with great ingenuity, and the effect is always admirable, whether his humour is jeering or frolicsome, whether the music, rising with wild vibration, suddenly breaks forth as with a burst of mad revelry, ending in a frenzied *stretto*, or whether, with an abrupt change of tone, it becomes pathetic, sentimental and caressing. And what power is his rhythm—a rhythm which takes on a persistent and compelling character which commands the submission of the hearer's ear. This insistent rhythm, intensified into a movement which becomes positively intoxicating, is the secret, I might almost say the virtue, of this musician, who perhaps discovered its irresistible effect in Beethoven. In addition to this chief motive force of his marvellous vein of melody, Offenbach has also a very studied elegance of composition and a mannerism which is quite simple in itself, but by which he knew how to produce an unflinching, unexpected and amusing effect. I refer to that form in two four time with a decided pause on the second beat, the accent falling on an unresolved chord of the ninth. The "Offenbach trick," easy as it may be to grasp, has never from any other pen but his produced an untrammelled elegance like that of *La Belle Hélène*, an unbridled buffoonery like that of the *Grande-Duchesse de Gerolstein*, or a mad dancing rhythm like that of *La Vie Parisienne*. Offenbach's detractors seem wilfully ignorant of the fact that he had a thorough knowledge of the old masters: Bach, Händel, Gluck, and especially Mozart: that being a practical musician he was familiar with the French repertory, and that he possessed a very sound judgment. They also seem to be unaware that he had paid for his popularity by twenty years of struggle. For Offenbach's artistic success, starting from *Les Deux Arceuths* and culminating in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, was

not the result of a happy chance, but of a temperament which never had doubts of itself even at the height of a long struggle the issue of which was problematic. The kaleidoscope of his extraordinarily full life is characterised by certain peculiarities which it is necessary to bring together if we are to know him well both as man and artist.

Offenbach was born on June 20th, 1818, at Cologne, and brought up in very modest family circumstances. When quite young he learnt to play the violin and afterwards the violoncello, which became his favourite instrument. A little group of his friends used to play classical music, and Jacques distinguished himself, not by a precocious virtuosity, but as an attentive and careful pupil, who was proud to play on the instrument which most resembles the human voice. But in this twelve-year-old boy, pale, fair and delicate, a sense of irony suddenly developed. The originality of his first attempts at composition consisted in daring touches and burlesque imitations. His friends were amused by his turn of mind. He both astonished and pleased them, but his one dream was to gain Paris.

By what curious atavism did this German feel within him a French soul? What presentiment was it which led him to leave his native land? What mysterious influence impelled him towards his destiny? He was fourteen years old when, with his violoncello and a letter of introduction to the poet Méry as his only luggage, he arrived at Paris in 1833, at the height of the romantic movement, in the full flood of Saint-Simonism. He forced an entrance into the Conservatoire, where Cherubini placed him in M. Vasilin's class, while at the same time he received a place in the orchestra at the Opéra-Comique. For several years he continued to upset the orchestra by his jokes, and was punished by so many fines that his monthly salary of eighty-three francs, reduced to the extreme limit, was insufficient to keep him, even when supplemented by the small amount which his parents were able to send him. But he made the acquaintance of Fromental Halévy, who gave him advice. He suddenly left the Opéra-Comique. In spite of hunger, cold, and endless privations, he worked with unflagging courage, composing dances for the Concert Julien, concertos, fantasias, and songs for Achard the singer. And since it is necessary to eat at least every other day, he gave drawing-room performances, which were popular more on account of his *tour de force* and fantastic parodies than on account of his own compositions. For he excelled in imitating on his instrument the violin, the viola, the hurdy-gurdy, or the Jew's harp. His audience was enraptured when he produced on his 'cello the effect of the bag-pipes and their drone. He appeared

between Nadaud and Augustine Brohan at the house of the Comte de Castellane; at M. de la Corbière's he performed a sonata of Beethoven with Rubinstein, then twelve years of age, and played a few of his compositions, among others the *Alpine Horn*, and a great fantasia on Russian themes.

On these great occasions he treated himself to a *déjeuner* for twenty-two sous at Viot's, then returned to his work-table, already haunted by the idea of starting on a theatrical career. But he found this career so full of obstacles that he gave way to discouragement and vain hopes. He next undertook a concert-tour in his native country and in England, thus exiling himself for several years from the Paris which he loved so much, and where the successes of Halévy, Donizetti, Auber, and Adam had so often aroused his enthusiasm.

His return was to mark a turning-point in his life, for he soon married (1844) Mlle. Hermine de Alcain, a pretty Spaniard, who was a step-daughter of the Carlist General Mitchell. He now had responsibilities, and began once more to compose for concerts. Neither the fables of La Fontaine which he set to music, nor the pieces for violoncello and piano which he wrote with Flotow, nor short pieces, such as *L'Hebréu*, succeeded in attracting the attention of managers. Then, like a thunder-clap, broke out the Revolution of 1848. The young couple went to Germany and spent a year there, then returned to Paris. Jacques still lived in the fixed hope of having a piece accepted at the Opéra-Comique, but the cruel necessities of daily life forced him to accept the post of conductor of the orchestra offered him by Arsène Houssaye, who had become manager of the Théâtre Français. For the space of five years, in return for a salary of six thousand francs, which was sometimes reduced to half this amount by his charity to his subordinates, he spent his time in waiting and amassing material for his work.

It is during this period that we may place the decisive cause which determined the career followed by Offenbach. I am astonished that his biographers have not seriously considered this point, which is of capital importance. In 1847 a certain Florimond Ronger, known as Hervé, a light opera actor from the Théâtre de Montmartre, and organist at Saint-Eustache and at the asylum chapel of Bicêtre, had produced a humorous sketch entitled *Don Quichotte et Sancho Pança*, which brought him an engagement on trial by Adam at the Opéra National in the Boulevard du Temple. In 1858 this Hervé, an eccentric creature with a gift for satire which was highly characteristic but often trivial, had transformed the Folies-Concertantes into the Folies-Nouvelles (later the Théâtre Déjazet), for the purpose of producing there

his own pet type of composition, that is to say, that form of French operetta for two characters of which he was the creator.

Offenbach, who often got away to go and hear Hervé's "comicalities"—for example, *Agamemnon*, a parody of the antique, or the mythological farces, *Le Jugement de Paris* or *Achille à Cyrus*—was stung to the quick by the success of this capricious and ill-regulated innovator, whom he could easily excel in talent and in fancy, as well as in delicacy. Since he was despised by the Opéra Comique—in spite of the "Offenbach festival" given at the Salle Hers, at which applause had been won by *Le Trésor à Mathurin*, a charming operetta which was later to be renamed *Le Mariage aux Lanternes*—very well, he would go and continue his first campaign under the auspices of Hervé! Early in 1855, then, he confronted his rival, and to his joy met with a brotherly reception. Hervé put on and performed *Oy, aye, aye*!, a regular *pastiche* in his own manner.

A few months later Offenbach received from the authorities a licence to open a theatre for pantomimes and Spanish farces (*saynètes*) for three characters. Lacaze the conjuror's little theatre on the Champ Elysées became the Bouffes-Parisiens, and on July 5th took place the opening performance. Its success was immediate, and when the winter came Jacques took possession of the old Théâtre Comte in the Passage Choiseul. The new *musique d'agrément*, by its exuberant gaiety and graceful charm, soon raised its creator to a dominating position and made him the most formidable rival of the Opéra Comique. Moreover, by throwing open his theatre to young and unknown musicians and starting a competition with the object of rewarding the best revival of the works of the school of Monsigny, Duni, and Grétry, the able director formed a group of firm friends who were capable of defending him against his sworn enemies; while at the same time he won friends by his eclectic taste, ranging from Mozart to Duprato, from Rossini to Delibes.

From the summer of 1857 onwards we see a growth of Offenbach's power. He took his troupe to London, where the public of St. James's gave an enthusiastic welcome to *Les Deux Aveugles*, *Ba-Ta-Glan*, etc. Lyons, Marseilles, Berlin, Vienna, Ems, Baden, were so many stages in the triumphal progress of his light and dainty muse.

The Imperial Ministry, at first tolerant, became encouraging, and its encouragement soon became full sanction, till everything was permitted to this conqueror whom the public adored. Three years saw the end of all restrictions, and *Orphée aux Enfers* inaugurated a new type of opéra-bouffe which was to become the rage.

Those who protested against this burlesque *Odyssey* were unaware that in ridiculing the heroes of the *Iliad* the maestro was only keeping a promise made to himself, for while he was conductor at the Théâtre Français he had made a vow to avenge himself one day for the horrible boredom which he was suffering from the endless procession of heroes of antiquity, which his effervescent temperament, modern in all its sympathies, found insufferably soporific. And he was all the more inclined to this form by the fact that Hervé's "comicalities" had often troubled his nights.

Though his vengeance brought him a certain triumph, it also provoked a storm of disapproval. But he was not the man to be afraid of pedantic sermons or angry threats, still less so when his friends and admirers and those whom he had helped got up a counter-demonstration in the form of a magnificent banquet, and when finally he obtained his naturalisation papers and thus saw his most cherished desire realised.

From 1860 onwards, then, Offenbach was actually a Frenchman. Musically he had been accepted as such abroad for a long time past especially at Vienna. He found a further recognition of his toil, his perseverance, and his growing popularity in the significant fact that the Opera and the Opéra Comique now threw open their doors to him. In spite of the inexpressible rage of Berlioz, the contempt of Janin, the paradoxes of Roqueplan, the insults of Scudo, in spite of the negro Cuchinat, "whose conscience was as black as his face," the ballet *La Papillon*, the pretty *Valse des rayons* from which has been nicknamed in recent days by wretched plagiarists "*Valse Chalonpée*," was applauded by all unprejudiced hearers.

Barkoul met with a failure which was promptly redeemed by the delightful *Chanson de Fortunio*, after which, at a white heat of production Offenbach wrote ten or so successful pieces before producing *La Belle Héloïse*, with Hortense Schneider and Dupuis as its two immortal exponents, *Barbe-Bleue* and *La Veuve Parvenue*, which transformed the maestro's popularity into a positive infatuation, and finally *La Grande-Duchesse de Gerolstein*, a work of the highest importance, produced in the year 1867, which was made memorable by the *Exposition Universelle*, with its procession of sovereigns, princes, and diplomatists from every country.

Men of inferior talent have reproached Offenbach with an excessive self-satisfaction. But had he not the right to be proud, this charmer of the masses, this amuser of the nation, this dispenser of unrestrained gaiety? Not only did his faithful public refuse to desert him in order to run after the new pleasures offered

by the great international Fair, but the great ones of the earth who had come to Paris for the official ceremonies found distraction from these by going to the Variétés to hear the *chef-d'œuvre* of drollery, which Bismarck later on tried to make out to be a satire on the lesser German States.

Schneider as the Grand Duchess, Dupuis as Fritz, and Gog as the Baron were applauded successively by the Prince of Wales and Duke of Edinburgh, by the Tsar and the Grand Duke Constantine, by the Kings of Bavaria, Sweden and Portugal, by the French sovereigns, and by all those great ladies who vied with one another in aping the ostentatious luxury of Cora Pearl and the favourite Marguerite Bellanger.

The "great Jacques," as his friends called him, was the king of the Opéra-Bouffe; Meilhac and Halévy were his chief ministers. He was the god of music who could give forgetfulness of the past and hide the future; he was the Empress's favourite and the idol of the *Grand' Ville*. London and Vienna in turn fêted the formidable caricature which had so troubled the censors. With *La Perichole*, *L'Île de Tulipatan*, *Vert-Vert*, *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, *Les Brigands*, the artist's fortune had reached its apogee; but it was now the eve of the disastrous campaign of 1870. Offenbach, exhausted by overwork and condemned to a few months of complete rest, had retired to his Villa Orphée at Etretat, where his son lay ill. War was declared. Pursued by the threats and jeers of his enemies, he left Paris with his family, settled them at San Sebastian, and went to Italy, where he fell ill as a result of grief and anxiety. For five months a prey to acute rheumatism, he dragged himself from Marseilles to Bordeaux, San Sebastian, Mentone, and Milan. From here he wrote on March 6th, 1871, to two of his oldest and dearest collaborators, MM. Nutter and Tréfeu, a beautiful letter, which one feels to be sincere, and in which he says, among other things: "How I have suffered from your sufferings; I do not speak of my physical pain, but of my moral sufferings when I thought of you all, my good old comrades. . . I hope that William Krupp and his horrible Bismarck will have to pay for all this; ah, what horrible people these Prussians are, and how wretched it is for me to think that I was born on the banks of the Rhine, and that I am connected even by a thread with these horrible savages! Oh, my poor France, how I thank her for having adopted me as one of her children!"

His wife, for her part, wrote on March 10th: "God grant that our poor country may one day rise up again, but I fear that we shall not see that resurrection, we have been too terribly ill-treated for that! Long years and long sacrifice will be needed

if our children are to witness a new uprising of this poor country. Jacques has been very deeply affected by this terrible war, his health has been seriously shaken, and during three months he has not had a single good week. I hope that his return to the surroundings which he loves and which he greatly needs will entirely cure him." And, in fact, on his return Offenbach set to work on *Le Roi Carotte*, which he had planned before the war, the libretto of which had now to be modified by its author, Sardou. Its success was considerable, for operetta did not die with the Empire. But Offenbach felt that it must be made more spectacular, more richly mounted, and more fairy-like. With this object in view he undertook the managership of the Théâtre de la Gaîté, and first produced successfully Barbier and Gounod's *Jeanne d'Arc*; then, while he brought out *Théo* in *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, he prepared a brilliant revival of his *Orphée aux Enfers* and created *Whittington et son Chat* at the Alhambra in London.

The first night of *Orphée* was a triumph (February 7th, 1874). The applause was a tribute not only to the composer of a score which had kept its youth and freshness and was more charming than ever, but to the extraordinary talents for stage-management which Offenbach had developed.

It was now that, launching out into mad expenditure and reckoning on receipts which remained at a fantastic figure, the maestro dreamt of mounting a *Don Quichotte* by Sardou and Nutter which should surpass in sumptuousness all that he had achieved hitherto. But the over-magnificent manager was on the way to ruin. He found himself obliged to ask the aid of Vizentini. The clash of his violent character with that of Sardou reached an acute pitch; the project came to nothing, for the principal librettist took back his manuscript, and Offenbach's chief thought--honest man as he was--was to save his honour and pay back his creditors. As he required a great deal of money he departed resolutely for America to give some concerts and performances. At the end of a few months, thanks to exhausting efforts, he brought back from the New World the wherewithal to retrieve the seriously embarrassed condition of affairs caused by his enterprise. Then, fortified by his unflagging self-confidence, he again set to work, and produced ten works or so one after the other, among them *La Botte au Lait*, *Madame Farart*, and *La Fille du Tambour-Major*.

During the Exhibition of 1878 *Orphée aux Enfers* was revived by M. Weinschenck at the Gaîté, and the public witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of Offenbach's rival, Hervé, who had brought out contemporaneously with the chief works of his elder competitor *L'Œil crevé*, *Chilpéric*, *Le Petit Faust*, *Les Turcs*—

Hervé who had been the first innovator in opéra-bouffe—performing the rôle of Jupiter, like a mere super.

Jacques having returned to favour, the chronicle of Parisian happenings again began to concern itself with him as it had done at the time of his greatest vogue. His goings and comings were observed, hundreds of projects were ascribed to him, a *Belle Lurette* was announced, a new piece—*Le Cabaret des Lilas*—for Théo was spoken of. The highest hopes were being built on *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* when, on the night of October 4th–5th, 1880, the master was carried off by a terrible attack of gout, which affected the heart.

The musician, who had been the idol of the crowd and the darling of his friends, disappeared suddenly on the eve of the realisation of his dearest ambition as an artist, namely, that of scoring a definitive success at the Opéra Comique. For long past his illness had left him no interval in which to regain strength. His frail body, tormented by intolerable pain, was only kept up by a prodigious effort of will. He had worked up to the last hour, composing, orchestrating in bed or in the great armchair in which he was accustomed to herry his tiny person, which even in summer was well wrapped up against chills. His gout was aggravated by a perpetual cough. He took nothing but hot drinks, and when Death came and seized him by the throat he was finishing correcting the last act of the *Contes d'Hoffmann*, the work which he had imagined would be the crowning point of his brilliant career.

On hearing the news of Offenbach's death, all the Parisian world of theatrical managers, musicians, men of letters and artists of every kind streamed towards his house (now number 8 Boulevard des Capucines). On the day of the funeral all the notabilities of the intellectual world and his living interpreters to a man crowded the approaches to the Madeleine. Among the most beautiful wreaths was noticed that sent by the London Alhambra, where the artists played *La Fille du Tambour-Major* that day with crépe hands on their arms.

A striking public celebration was reserved for the memory of Offenbach. On November 18th took place at the Variétés, under the auspices of the *Figaro*, a memorable concert, passing in review the whole work of the vanished master, and followed by the dedication of a marble bust signed by Franceschi. And, finally, on February 10th, 1881, the success of the *Contes d'Hoffmann* added still greater fame to the name of Offenbach and surrounded it with an eternal glory.

Before concluding, I feel bound to recall the fact that, whatever "scientific" composers may say, who out of prejudice exclude

Offenbach from their musical Olympus, this composer, whose works were so numerous, spontaneous, and original was not disowned by the greatest men. Anber, Adam, and Halévy supported and defended him, Rossini called him the Mozart of the Champs-Élysées, Meyerbeer never failed to go and applaud his inexhaustible fancy, Reyer did justice to his personality, Saint-Saëns recognised his melodic gift and his inventiveness, Wagner professed the sincerest admiration for him, and Charles Lecocq declared to me one day, in tones of the deepest respect : "He was the master of all of us."

It is only fitting that on the occasion of his centenary we should pay a tribute of sorrowful regret to the memory of a great-exposer of stupid prejudices, absurdities, inept power, and usurped greatness, a great caricaturist of pompous and exaggerated grand opera, a parodist of out-of-date forms of expression—in a word, to Offenbach.

MARTIAL TENEO,
Librarian to the Paris Opera.

(Translated by Katherine Phillips.)

MY EXIT^f FROM RUSSIA.

I.

ALL through 1918 Moscow became more and more the trying place for foreigners fleeing Russia. Living distributed all over the vast empire, they were not only entirely cut off from outside events, but from what was going on in the country, for what with civil war on the frontiers, and the postal and railway communications being cut off unreliable, Bolshevik Russia was as isolated from South Russia as any two separate enemy kingdoms, and people struggled through to the old capital hoping that once in touch with the Consulate there they might yet hear of means for getting away.

I got through to Moscow on July 11th, five days after the assassination of Count Murbach. No one knew precisely what had happened, and as we neared Moscow reports grew from bad to worse. "Moscow is in flames" "A battle is raging at Moscow," was the continual refrain. There was no turning back; I was obliged to continue my journey, though assured all foreigners were immediately arrested on arrival. I had been quite without news from England the last ten months; from Moscow news had only dribbled through by word of mouth or a chance courier, and it was difficult to judge what was true and what exaggeration. Our arrival at the station passed unheeded, and I sent the trusted man-servant who accompanied me to get a cab. He persuaded one to take us into town for thirty roubles (three pounds sterling). I had the address of rooms to go to. The hotels were, I believe without exception, requisitioned. The restaurants still open were either those run by the Polish Relief Committee for refugees, or a few keeping up the appearance of being so. If one asked for a cup of coffee, the following preamble ensued "Yes, we serve coffee; it's five roubles a cup; there's no milk or sugar. Please give the amount exact, we have no change." And you paid your ten shillings, and swallowed the turbid decoction. Cakes were not mentioned on either side. Change was nowhere to be had, for paper had become too expensive for printing the stamps which were current as money. Those who had bread brought it with them, and such as desired sugar bought it from hawkers in the street at one rouble fifty kopeks the cube. At the "Bear," one of the fashionable restaurants, visitors, up to the time it was closed, were treated to the following notice: "Customers are requested not to insult the officiators by giving them tips. N.B.—

Hall porters and messengers are not included; they work independently.' I next sought out the British Club for dinner. I found it temporarily established in a private house, leading a precarious existence—former quarters had been requisitioned. There were few members, as Englishmen, like most foreigners at this time, were either in prison or just coming out. Here I came upon my husband, of whose whereabouts I had been ignorant since his departure from the Ukraine on the German advance. I learnt, to my relief, that an agreement had been come to by our Government with the Soviet authorities, and Allied subjects were to be allowed to leave. A train was made up for this purpose, the route to be via Finland and Sweden. This train was no myth, but actually in the station, and we were told to hold ourselves in readiness, as it was probable we might leave that night.

II.

The rooms I had repaired to were in close vicinity to the Kremlin, and during the first nights I could not sleep for the continual shooting. I knew by experience that this regular firing was not a street fight going on, but the execution of helpless victims. The first night I counted, roughly, two hundred reports, then covering my head "courted sleep, but sleep courted not me." The men condemned to the death penalty at this time were officers of the first Army, men guilty of no other crime than having, during the last three years of the war, led their men against the German onrush. I was told many of the Bolshevik soldiers disliked shooting former officers, and Chinese mercenaries had been hired for this work. One saw them about in the streets.

There was no news of our departure next day. We appeared to be hostages kept in exchange for the Bolshevik members in England. The murder of Uritsky at Petrograd, by a young Russian who had sought refuge in the English Club, together with the attempted assassination of Lenin at a factory under British management in the outskirts of Moscow, to say the least, made things uncomfortable. Our days passed in foraging for food, calling at the Consulate for news, and registering at the American Medical Commission to obtain a health certificate. There were rumours of cholera and typhus epidemics and a quarantine might be expected on the Finnish frontier. Food was prohibitive in price. Bread cost anything from twelve roubles the pound, upwards. Eggs, three roubles each, when obtainable. Tomatoes, five roubles the pound, and almost impossible to procure at that.

To vary a somewhat wearisome routine, I tried to explore the historical old city, and judge for myself of the damage done by the Bolshevik revolution. This is a subject on which there is much diversity of opinion. Those who regard the damage done from a mere commercial point of view maintain that, considering the whole, it is insignificant, and go on to prove this by the majority of buildings fired on being at present in use. Others, who see more than brick and mortar in the picturesque witnesses of an age barbarous but great, regard the very firing into them as sacrilege. The Kremlin excepted, shells seem to have been sent indiscriminately, and there are few streets in which one does not see either façades riddled with bullets, shells lodged in buttresses, or the cavities they have passed through, and in isolated cases, houses burned and gutted.

The Kremlin covers an area of many acres, and consists of two citadels, the outer and the inner, in each case surrounded by massive turreted walls. In the inner of these is the wonderful cluster of cathedrals, belfries and palaces, in which Italian, Byzantine, and Norse architecture has been blended to form a picture, I believe, unique in the world. In the outer citadel is the arsenal which the Junkers made a heroic but ineffectual stand to defend, and which was the direct cause of destruction, for the cannons on the "Sparrow Hills" were placed so as to send their shells straight into the Kremlin, and the copulas and belfries suffered accordingly. Strangers were at this time not permitted entrance to the inner citadel, as the buildings were being used in part as headquarters of the Bolshevik authorities, and the old prisons and dungeons overcrowded with prisoners.

From the outer citadel I could see that several of the gold and blue copulas had shells lodged in their walls and were bulging heavily; others showed cavities where they had passed through. The Red Monastery appeared partly blown to pieces, and the walls injured. There were heaps of masonry being cleared away, and some scaffolding in erection. The Tverskai entrance gate, over which is the ancient picture of the wonder-working Ikon, passing under which men had hitherto been wont to raise their hats, was riddled with bullets. I could see no more to state with certainty from the outer citadel. It is to be hoped the damage done may be repaired, and this wonderful group of buildings preserved to future generations.

It seems a strange coincidence that on these same "Sparrow Hills" from where the city was bombarded, two ardent Russian progressists of the eighteen-forties should have vowed to sacrifice life and fortune to their country. Touched by the beauty of Moscow at their feet in the last resplendent rays of the setting

and, Heren and Ogarev stood hand in hand longing for the blot of scordom to be wiped out in Russia, for her to rank side by side with the great Western Nations. Alas! could these men have foreseen the form freedom would take in their beloved land, it would have been harder for them to bear than any of the many limitations of unreformed Russia.

Among those retained in the Kremlin were two former Ministers of the Tsar's Government, Tshaglevitoff and Belaer, awaiting trial. The room adjoining mine was occupied by a lawyer who had come from Petrograd to plead their case. One afternoon I heard violent sobbing in that room. It was Mme. Tshaglevitoff. She had received permission to take food to the prison for her husband, but the last few days had been met with objections and difficulties about the acceptance. To-day, on going, she was told no more provisions were necessary: her husband and Belaer had been taken from the Kremlin to a place outside town a week ago and shot. She had come from the Kremlin to give the lawyer this information.

To anyone not familiar with Moscow previously, it might appear that there was still considerable life in the city. The shops were showing goods, and in Kitai-gorod bargains were being struck as in former days, but those knowing the "Little Mother Moscow" formerly were not deceived by this attempted outward show, a ghost clinging to old walls, and knew well that Moscow was following in the wake of Petrograd, and, like the country, moving towards slow extinction. The shops grouped round the "Smith's Bridge," which, until a short time ago, could vie in luxury with any in Europe, would not part from those goods in the windows, and asked not merely exorbitant, but fabulous prices, in order to keep them. I speak from bitter experience, having arrived in Moscow with literally only what I was wearing. Owing to the rise in cab fares, practically everyone, unlike in former days, was on foot, and amongst these pedestrians there was ample material for the psychologist. Even the most casual observer could note that the women selling newspapers were, despite their simple garb, of gentle birth, and new to the work. The papers on sale showed the date of the Julian Calendar, and were printed in the phonetic type recently enforced for schools and Press by the Soviet Commissars. The introduction of this foreign calendar has been a controversy of many years, for it was maintained that bearing the name of a Roman Catholic pope its introduction into orthodox Russia would in itself suffice to raise a revolution; but the Bolsheviki have introduced it, together with the phonetic type, and committed no one. I doubt if at this time anyone cared what date or type was used! I heard one man

abandoned for alms, and he replied: "I am an officer of the First Army," and he was let pass, for it was common knowledge that these men were financially in a desperate plight. No salaries have been paid out to them since the Bolsheviks seized power. At Kharkof, in the Ukraine, a number of them were reduced to opening a garden restaurant, where they cooked and served the meals. When the Germans arrived and frequented this restaurant this sometimes led to embarrassing, not to say comical, situations. Another feature of the Moscow streets was the amount of furniture of every description left to the mercy of the elements. The majority of flats in the fourth and fifth stories had been requisitioned for the placing of machine guns with which to receive the Czecho-Slovaks on their expected arrival. The hapless owners, when turned out, had been unable to find either horses, men, or carts to take away their belongings, and they had remained on the sidewalks. Very little, I was told, was stolen, for men had come to be more interested in a pound of bread than in the best chairs or tables.

It was not safe to visit any of the many places of interest outside the town, and only once, weary of streets, one fine Sunday morning, did we venture as far as the Virgin Convent. After leaving the tram at the road turns to the right, and though scarcely beyond the precincts of Moscow becomes at once unpaved and unkept, just as probably it was in the days of Peter, who, anxious to rid himself of domineering Sophia, relegated her to these walls. There is little to be seen of the buildings from outside, they being mostly hidden by the high-turreted walls surrounding them, and the visitor is all the more unprepared for the picture which, as he passes under the vaulted gateway, holds him in thrall. Framed by the arch, on a background of deep blue sky, stands the cathedral, its massive white walls and gilded cupolas shining in the vivid light, dark cypresses like sentinels on guard at either side. We passed through the cloisters into the edifice where service was being conducted. Clouds of incense gave to the already subdued light an air of mysticism. From a canopy of gold hangs suspended the dove of peace, and before one is the iconostasis, gorgeous with colour, but, though wrought in metal, as delicate in tracing as a pattern of rich old lace. The officiating priests move to and fro in rich vestments, and the black forms of nuns, on the stone pavement, rise, away, and fall back again in quick rhythmic motion. The sonorous voice of the deacon vibrates through the building, and peasants with their bundles wander from ikon to ikon, placing candles before them, endlessly kissing the pictures and crossing themselves; for the moment at least the sordid life without is forgotten.

III.

We were now well into the second half of August without any visible hope of getting away. News came of the raid on the Petrograd Embassy, of the discovery of Mr. Lockhart's so-called plot against the Soviet Government, his arrest and imprisonment. The season, though midsummer, was exceptionally inclement, and the emaciated horses slipped and fell on the wet pavements, in most cases not to rise again. Scarcely a street corner but one of these poor creatures was to be seen breathing out its last.

The British Club was requisitioned for a crèche, and we did not know where next to go for dinner. On this night the house-porter, on taking us up in the lift, held a bag. "See lady," he said, opening it and displaying four small pieces of ryebread, "how the Bolsheviks feed us: half-pound for the four of us after having had none for eleven days."

We found our landlady much perturbed, for the house commission had been in and claimed more rooms. We had already been reduced from two to one, and the family had suffered equally. Next day, on calling at the Consulate, a surprise awaited us. Civilians, we were told, were to leave that night! News had been received that the Bolshevik representatives had arrived at Stockholm; a sharp note requesting our release had been received by Tshitsherin from the British Government, and the Soviet authorities were undoubtedly impressed by the continued news of Allied success on the Western front. To the majority of us it was "*omnia mea mecum porto*," so packing did not occupy serious thought, but provisioning for the time we should probably be on the way required much experience of what can be done in Moscow by peasants, cabbies, and Jew agents if it is made worth their while.

In the flat all was again confusion, and the supper table was set for us in our landlady's apartment. If we had not been leaving that night I know of no place where we could have put up except the aforesaid lift. All who left that night will remember the drive to the station in the heavy downpour of rain, the repeated sickening sight of horses dying on the pavements, their various narrow escapes of getting off. "Where are you driving to with that big box?" called two bold scions of the Red Guard to one young lady. She explained she was English, that the box contained all she possessed, and that she, being a teacher, was a member of the proletariat. The usual squabbling ensued, passers-by stopped, interfered, and rated the soldiers. Miss C., profiting by this, got into her cab and drove off unobserved.

The train was made up of second-class, mostly large open com-

partments, with accommodation quite inadequate to the number of passengers, but the drenched figures toiled in with their luggage, and in the semi-darkness took whatever seats were available, and when at midnight we steamed out of the station, we went to sleep, despite discomforts, content to be off at all. We were to go straight through to Bielo-Ostrov, the Finnish frontier station, without stopping at Petrograd, the conditions there, from all accounts, being deplorable.

There is a legend that as long as Falconnet's statue of Peter on his charger stands looking forth over the Neva no harm shall come to the city; its origin is as follows: After the sack of Moscow it was feared that the French might turn northwards, and Alexander had many art treasures moved from St. Petersburg, and how best to act in regard to the great statue of Peter was the subject of many a discussion. After one of these, Alexander heard the clatter of heavy hoofs in the courtyard and a loud voice calling him. It was Peter on his horse, and he said: "Do not have me removed from the square, for as long as I guard my city no harm shall come to St. Petersburg, and, if danger threatens, I will warn my people."

Alexander awoke to find he had been in dreamland for his message, but ever-inclined to the mystic he accepted the message as final and the rider on his horse was not removed. Peter still looks forth over the dark waters of the Neva, but neither rider nor horse have come down from their pedestal to help the town in its present tribulation.

We awoke to find ourselves at Bielo-Ostrov, where we were to remain in the train until the date of our departure should be fixed. We had roughly counted four hundred Italian soldiers with us for repatriation, and their presence, we were told, might necessitate a quarantine. It was a fine morning, and a few energetic spirits strolled through the village street out on to the open moor. Summer comes late in these regions and is of short duration, but just at present the otherwise sombre moor had donned a purple garb and was beautiful with heather-bloom. Swarms of flies buzzed over the peat pools, and bog myrtle and wild rosemary gave to the air a pleasant, pungent scent. Here a solitary birch or stunted fir tree still form landmarks on the horizon, but little by little, towards Sweden and Lapland, even these disappear, and the peat bog stretches an endless waste of treacherous ground on which only ground berries and mosses subsist. A vast no-man's-land, but, if opened up, an inexhaustible store of fuel for future coming generations.

It was pleasant scrambling over the treacherous ground gathering grasses and mosses, but our absence had caused suspicion, and

on our return we were forbidden again to leave the station-yard on pain of arrest. The reason for this was the near bridge and little stream cutting the frontier line. Though guarded on either side, the Soviet Commissars had come to hear of more than one Englishman who, guided across the marshes at night, had braved the murky waters of that stream and got safely away into Sweden or Norway.

The stay at this station was not luxurious. Bielo-Ostrov has not any toilette or dressing-rooms—in fact, no accommodation at all, and the restaurant had, black coffee excepted, no refreshments to offer, nor did it provide any means for cooking them. We were a very quiet party, and during the evenings drew together, and men and women alike talked of the many good things they should have to eat when they got to "Blighty." On the third day, the Commissar softened towards us, and said a hot mid-day meal would be served at a little cost to anyone willing to pay for it. The Italians were provided alternately with a calf, a goat, and a pig, and when we filed into the inn we saw their cooks happily busy preparing the meat at an open fire.

On the fifth day it was decided we might proceed on our journey. Before leaving we rewarded our Commissar handsomely for the safety we had enjoyed in his charge. We were handed our passports, and were told a train would be in waiting at the Finnish station about two versts over the frontier. My husband was not passed as civilian, and had to remain behind. Our long-suffering Committee undertook to get the luggage across on little trolleys by line; on the fateful bridge our passports once more underwent muster; then one by one we passed out of Russia on to Finnish soil. I turned as I got over, and from a little eminence watched our party coming up. Could they be English, these weary looking people, struggling in groups through the sand, moving slowly, each carrying as much as their arms could hold?

We arrived at the Finnish station at three o'clock, and were at once told off to have the Finnish notes we had by us inspected. The bulk of them proved to be false and were confiscated. No train was visible, but in the clean refreshment room a limited amount of coffee with milk was being served! It commenced to rain diamally, and as our bundles arrived on the little trolleys, we sorted them out as best we could in the growing darkness, and for the next seven hours sat waiting and watching for the train which was to take us away. The wildest rumours circulated. The Bolsheviks had destroyed the carriages; we were all to travel in horse-trucks, or, worst of all, we were to be returned and not go on. However, about 10 p.m. a small local train with wooden

seats and light coupling ran in. More boxes were added for the Italian soldiers. No one cared any more how they went, if but they could get in, and a wretched scramble ensued. At midnight we moved off, and for the next forty-eight hours travelled cramped like herrings in a box.

I do not care to remember those two days; yet there was much to be thankful for, and we sent the Finnish authorities a telegram of thanks for having passed us safely through. The telegram announcing our arrival did not arrive, so we took the little place by surprise. After passing the many ordeals at Torneo, we got through to Harparanda, where everyone did their best to feed and house us, and pretty Swedish girls ministered to our wants. Next day our party split up, some hurrying to Kristiana, others to Stockholm, from which town it was hoped news could be sent and received from friends in England.

From these beautiful, lean cities we went down to Voss on the Bergen Railway, and waited our turn to be conveniently taken across.

K. MANISTRE BLAKE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA AS A MELTING-POT.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In his otherwise profound essay on "American Character" in your May issue, Professor John Erskine challenges the now stock metaphor for America which, so far as I know, was first launched in a play of mine with that title. "It was not an American," he writes, "who first spoke of the United States as a melting-pot, and to one who knows the country the phrase is not a true description." It is odd in that case that the phrase should have been endorsed by Presidents Roosevelt and Wilson and American opinion in general. Professor Erskine urges that "if it were a true description, the race would begin after the melting is done." But who says the melting is done? When your crucible is a continent and you are pouring in—as was the case before the war—over a million immigrants a year of every race, creed and colour, the fusion cannot operate with the rapidity which marks the process of making, say, the New Zealander. But surely even this impeded process has already produced a sufficiently recognisable type. The Professor speaks wastefully of "the English race" as though it came into being by an act of special creation, instead of forming in a melting-pot from a dozen ingredients, and being still subject to modification as Belgians are injected or Germans ejected.

"If the United States were really a melting-pot," he further urges, "we should expect our people, coming as they do from all races, to represent, as it were, the sum total of what all races might contribute to the common wealth of humanity. We might expect, therefore, to find in the United States much art, fine science, and a noble poetry." On the contrary. It is exactly what we should not expect. It is precisely because things are in the melting-pot that they get fused into something else, and that something not a mechanical, but a chemical combination, novel and unpredictable.

Psychologically, too, the Professor seems astray when he deplores the lack among Americans of a common past. The immigrant, especially when young, is not cut off from his new country's past: he appropriates it imaginatively. Professor Erskine seems to forget that even natives were not actually present at their country's pasts. And his conclusion that "our task is to make a common past of our own" would be impracticable were not America a melting-pot that could be trusted to scrap all the other pasts. The real trouble is not that America has no past, but that the getting of a past may be America's only future. She may, in fact, harden into the same narrow race-nationalism as all the European products of the melting-pot. But meantime I rejoice to learn from Professor Erskine's lamentations that her service is given to the God proclaimed by my drama's hero—"The God of our Children."

Yours truly,

ISAAC ZANGWILL.

CONSTANTINE HENRY VIII.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum* Review.

Sir,—In a very interesting article contributed to your present number by my friend Mr. Frederic Harrison I find the following sentence, which appears to require some explanation:—

"Like our Henry VIII., Constantine made himself the official head of the new Church."

What Henry VIII. did was to seize the whole of the Pope's jurisdiction in England, which was comprised under the following heads:—

1. Authority to reform and redress heresies, errors and abuses within the same.
2. The institution or confirmation of bishops elect.
3. The granting to clergymen licences of non-residence, and permission to hold more than one benefice with cure of souls.
4. The dispensing with canonical impediments of matrimony.
5. The reception of appeals from the spiritual courts.

If Mr. Frederic Harrison is in possession of evidence that Constantine, "like Henry VIII.," claimed to exercise these prerogatives, or any of them, he would do well to reveal it to an expectant world.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. R. LILLY.

ATHENÆUM CLUB.

June 17th.

The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.

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FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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THE TREATY AND THE FUTURE.

GERMANY has signed the Treaty of Versailles, as she was bound to do even in her own interest, since the alternatives before her were unconditional acceptance and the renewal of the blockade, which already had inflicted so much misery upon an enfeebled population. There had been much talk of the "heroic gesture" which was to have accompanied the act of signature in the shape of a formal declaration that an assent wrested by force could claim neither moral nor legal sanction. While their actual sentiments can be known only to themselves, the German President and National Assembly were wise in abstaining from demonstrations of that kind; they would have served no practical purpose, and their effect would have been to harden the temper of their enemies, for whom peace was likewise, if for other reasons, an urgent need.

It is worthy of note that while the National Assembly at Weimar voted acceptance and signature of the treaty by 237 votes against 138, the French National Assembly at Bordeaux in 1871 accepted the peace preliminaries laid down by Bismarck and the Generals, after long verbal negotiations with Thiers and Favre, by 548 votes against 106. If, on the one hand, the terms imposed on France were not nearly so drastic as those which Germany had to face, France, on the other hand, had not been exhausted by hunger, and the spirit of her people was not broken. Considering what they have gone through, both during the war and since the Armistice, we may be magnanimous enough to admit that the Germans have been game to the end. Had they fought with better weapons and for a better cause their military prowess and civilian endurance would have been the admiration of ages.

Another memory of 1871 deserves to be recalled. Amongst the minority in Bordeaux was Victor Hugo, who indulged in a prediction which must have sounded theatrical at the time. "The day will come," he said, "when France will rise again invincible, and take back not only Alsace and Lorraine, but the Rhineland, with Mayence and Cologne, and in return will give to Germany a republic, so freeing her from her emperors, as an equivalent

for the detumescence of Napoleon III. The greater part of the prophecy has been literally fulfilled, and it is not the fault of Marshal Foch and M. Clemenceau that the whole has not come true.

While we do well to rejoice that peace has been concluded with our principal adversary, it must not be forgotten that half a dozen peace treaties remain yet to be signed, and that, according to a British General, at least a score of minor wars are still in progress in various parts of the Continent and the Middle East. Most disquieting is the condition of Europe, where the rumbling of insurrection swells in menacing *crescendo* from nearest west to farthest east. Ignoring our own industrial troubles, of which we have not yet seen the worst, France, owing to a variety of causes—the high cost of living, food scarcity, unemployment, and political distemper—is in that mood of deep unrest which has so often in her history presaged social convulsion. Italy is said to be honeycombed with Bolshevism; Germany is seething with passionate discontent. Hungary is under a violent form of Soviet rule, not only the Balkan States, but all the little States newly created or in course of creation are fighting. Russia is still engulfed in anarchy and chaos, and, to crown the dismal tale, famine and disease are stalking through populations already demoralised by protracted warfare. Complicated as the problems of Europe were five years ago, they have become immeasurably more so owing to the intervening events. It never before, mankind has learned the lesson that "war is a game in which both sides lose."

In face of an unexampled concatenation of difficulties and distresses, what contribution does the Treaty of Versailles make to the work of general pacification? In returning to this subject I wish to do so as a constructive, and not a destructive, critic. In the present desperate state of Europe it would be not only unpatriotic but criminal in any man to do or say anything designed to impede or prejudice the settlement which is so imperiously needed. The issues at stake are too large, too serious, too heavily weighted with possibilities of evil or good to be discussed in a petty and captious spirit. Moreover, knowing something of the difficulties by which the British and American delegates were beset in their endeavour to reach a tolerable readjustment, I hold that the utmost allowance must be made by those who are disappointed that the whole of the Fourteen Points have not been maintained in their entirety. All I would do, therefore, is to point to certain directions in which the treaty seems capable of improvement in such a manner as to make more certain the security and permanence of peace.

Sincerely as I would like to know my conclusions to be wrong and my apprehensions groundless, I believe that we are not going the right way to enlist the cordial co-operation of Germany, which is so much to be desired, in the grave and urgent task of straightening out a crooked and disordered world. We have imposed upon her a treaty involving the most drastic, far-going, and complicated measures of punishment, reparation, restraint, and control that ever figured in an international document. The pre-supposition of this treaty and of the treaties still to be signed is that their provisions rest on force, and that, if necessary, force will be used to compel the observance of them. The pre-supposition is fallacious; and the reason is not simply that, in the chaotic state of Europe, there is not force enough to go round, and that the nations by which this force would need to be administered will never again go to war to make good the failures of statesmanship, but that force alone, even if available, would prove utterly inadequate to the task expected of it. If the peace is to be secure and real it must, in the last resort, be stayed on the mutual good-will and confidence of all the Governments and nations which are parties to it, whether they be friends or enemies. That may not be the doctrine of the "old diplomacy," but it is the only doctrine to which the world will listen to-day.

There is no ignoring the strong and growing feeling, which is confined to no party, class, or condition of society, that the treaty to which Germany's signature has been required pays too much regard to the past, too little to the future. Germany had to be punished, and punished in exemplary fashion: of that there was never any question. There was room for difference of opinion only touching the spirit of her punishment: whether it was to be that of Portland or Borsal - punishment administered on merely repressive or on reformative principles. Unquestionably the Portland regimen has been chosen, and if that regimen is to be carried out to the last extreme there will be certain mischief as soon as the prisoner is loose and "on his own" again.

One would have welcomed in the treaty more of those "British ideas" of which Mr. Gladstone once spoke as connoting a large and generous view of human relationships—the view which Mr. Balfour no doubt had in mind when he referred recently to the "English-speaking method of looking at the great affairs of mankind," and which he rightly described as "of infinite value to the freedom and progress of the world." Principles which ever since 1871 the whole non-German world has condemned and execrated as evil and repulsive, have unhappily been given a new lease of life.

The world has been in a state of war for five—nay, for fifteen,

if not for fifty years, living under the constant menace of catastrophe, like an Alpine village under the avalanche. To-day it craves for a durable state of peace. Yet the suspicion is widespread that its forces, military, political, and economic, are once more being mobilised for new jealousies, new hatreds, new feuds, new struggles. It is not the fault of the British delegates, of course, that the treaty has received its present form—the remarkable *apologia* of General Smuts—for his action in signing, though he does not agree with it, is a further proof of this—yet the fact remains that it gives to Germany no hope and no fair outlook. For that reason, however, it gives no hope to the world, and as it stands the world will never settle down under it.

In a previous article I drew attention to some of the more serious international dangers which are likely to arise out of the territorial stipulations of the treaty. But momentous repercussions of a different kind are equally certain, some of them intimately affecting our own national life. Civilisation, we hope, has been saved for the present, but already we can see that in many respects it will henceforth be different from what it has been in the past. Our social system lies in the crucible before our very eyes, and the economic and political transformations which will result may in the end be epochal. Already the effect upon the attitude of labour to the rest of society is upsetting all existing political postulates and calculations. It cannot be denied that the treaty has proved a rude rebuff to the awakened and liberated masses of Germany, and that labour throughout the world so interprets it. It is a fact of tremendous significance that whereas five years ago the working classes everywhere joined hand in a struggle for the overthrow of Old Germany, as personified by her autocracy and militarism, they are to-day organising resistance to a peace which they regard as menacing to New Germany as personified by her triumphant democracy. Labour sees in the treaty merely a dreary repetition of the diplomatic settlements of the past; it hears much about transfers of territory and population and the shifting of political and economic power, but it misses those "terms of broad-visioned justice and mercy and peace" of which President Wilson spoke in one of his later speeches; it fears also that, in the absence of safeguards of which there is as yet no sure promise, this peace is not going to make the world "safe for democracy," but rather to hand it over to the power of a new and worse system of militarism, into whose toils may be dragged peoples whose happiness and pride it has hitherto been that they have escaped the galling yoke of the Continental military system.

Let us not deceive ourselves. Organised labour is coming out of the war an incalculable power, more self-conscious, more aggressive power than ever before, and it is making a bold bid for the control of international policy. What we shall inevitably see in the near future is a vast, world-wide consolidation of the labour party, together with the gravitation to its ranks in an ever-increasing degree of recruits from that section of advanced middle-class Liberalism which has kept its faith in ideals during the last few years of trial, when moral courage has so diligently cultivated the retirement of Wordsworth's modest violet.

Already we have a foretaste of what is in store for us. Germany has often been reproached in the past for having 'inflicted Socialism upon Europe'. The war has brought Social Democracy into power in that country for the first time in its history, and the peace terms will unquestionably bring into operation applications of the Socialistic principle far transcending anything that could have been anticipated five years ago. Merits and demerits are alike relative, and in the presence of what is vaguely called Bolshevism Socialism has become a doctrine almost of ultra-respectability. In Germany far-going measures of "socialisation" have been foreshadowed in relation to mines and electricity; and other spheres of enterprise now controlled by private capitalism will no doubt be appropriated as circumstances may require. What is being done in Germany is being imitated in other parts of the world. We see the effect in our own country in the demand of the colliery workers that coal and its exploitation shall be nationalised, and had not the Government of its own motion decided to exercise a wide control over the transport system there would not have been wanting strong labour pressure with a view to State action there likewise. These new departures may be good or bad, but that they are part of a great transition, of which only the beginnings have yet been seen, cannot well be doubted.

Nor will repercussion be wanting in the domain of constitutional life. Those of us who are old-fashioned monarchists have looked on with as much amazement as apprehension while experienced statesmen have applauded and connived at the doctrine that ancient empires may be overturned with as little ceremony as though they were apple-barrows, and immemorial sovereignties be dragged in the dust, for mere considerations of military tactics. The doctrine is a dangerous one. Republican statesmanship may do that sort of thing with impunity; it is different in monarchical States. Of the few monarchies which still remain in the world—do we ever reflect how few they are?—none, happily, is more securely rooted in popular affection than

that of our land. Nevertheless, it is doubtful wisdom to teach modern democracy that the foundation principles of political order—tradition, historical continuity, legitimism—can be ignored and cast aside like exploded axiom of Pythagoras or Cardan. Let republics talk republicanism, for it is their right and duty; but in the British Empire it is short-sighted policy to propagate the idea that while monarchy is good for us we are perfectly justified in conspiring for its overthrow in other countries; and it is unpardonable blindness to suppose that the transference of masses of people from one system of government to another without their assent being asked—as the monarchists of Prussia, Austria, and Russia to the Republic of Poland—cannot endanger, or at least prejudice, the dynastic tradition in our own country. The monarchical principle is one and indivisible; weaken it in one place and it is weakened everywhere, for its greatest strength lies not in sanctity but in sentiment. To teach the democracy that monarchy can claim no higher sanction than diplomatic or military expediency is trifling of a dangerous kind, which may one day cost us dearly.

In the prevailing temper of Europe the most hopeful fact is the existence of the League of Nations. It is true that without a peace that has a tolerable chance of endurance the League will never differ in character and purpose from the armed alliance of which it is the off-spring, but for that reason the associated Powers will almost certainly be compelled to reconsider seriously the first finished product of the Paris Conference, with a view to the early revision of such provisions as can be shown to contain elements of danger or to afford occasion for needless friction. Happily the question of revision is not one of merely academic interest, and the Allied Governments themselves have said so. I refer to the Note of June 19th in which they reminded the German delegates that "the treaty (of Versailles) creates the machinery for the peaceful adjustment of all international problems by discussion and consent, and whereby the settlement of 1919 itself can be modified from time to time to suit new facts and new conditions as they arise."

Perhaps the most urgent question that calls for reconsideration is that of the admission of Germany to the League, since the revision of the treaty without free negotiation with the principal party to it would lead to no satisfactory result. It is obvious that Germany cannot be admitted at a moment's notice, but the sooner the door is opened to her the better for her and for all countries. Those who object to her admission argue that she could not be trusted to keep her word. While understanding this doubt I do not share it. I believe that the exchange value of German

treaty pledges and promises will rise appreciably in the near future, though it may not again reach par in our generation. Not only may it be assumed that Germany's affairs henceforth will be in more honest hands but interest, if not scruple, would convince her of the danger of any future breach of faith. Germany would certainly be a far greater danger outside the League than within it; outside she would be able, if so disposed, to intrigue at convenience, while inside she would intrigue at her peril; for then "The common sense of most would hold a fretful realm in awe." That an undemocratised German empire could not form part of a League of free nations goes without saying, and at the present moment the constitutional organisation of New Germany is still undetermined. Let us make it plain, however, that directly Germany puts on the wedding garment she will be welcomed to the feast, and we shall do much to confirm the German nation in democratic ways.

If in suggesting other directions in which the treaty might be reconsidered with advantage, I return to the territorial questions dealt with in the last number of this REVIEW, the reason is that it is these questions which constitute the greatest menace to future peace. There are two things which a proud nation will always be prepared to maintain and if necessary, as human nature is to fight for—its honour and its territory. However large the indemnity which may be obtained from Germany, she would never contemplate a war of revenge for the mere purpose of recovering her lost milliards. On the other hand, however small the loss of territory which is hers by right, there can never be a certainty that she would regard its cession as final, and would not seek to wrest it from alien hands when circumstances changed to her advantage. For that reason I am convinced that the League of Nations owes it to the world and the future that the Polish question should be reopened, with a view to an adjustment which both Germany and Russia would be willing to accept. The stipulation that a *plébiscite* shall be taken in Upper Silesia and the treaty imposing upon the Polish State obligations intended to safeguard civil and religious rights and to protect alien nationalities and the Jews are excellent as a beginning, but they do not touch the main issue. It is well known that there was a moderate Polish party which would have been satisfied with a State of far less ambitious proportions than the one proposed, and that this party has no faith whatever in the permanence or even long duration of the arrangements made. That a different course was followed is due primarily to the attitude of France, obsessed by the fatuous idea of an Eastern buffer State; yet it is a misfortune that our own Foreign Office

should have allowed itself to fall into the hands of Polish extremists, instead of listening to the counsels of temperate men, who would have preferred less territory with a fair prospect of security to wholesale expropriation with the certain hostility of the neighbouring States.

All that we know of the events which have occurred in Poland since the Armistice points to the wisdom of delay in making effective the new frontier arrangements. Inordinate territorial ambitions have been whetted; here; contiguous States have been invaded; militarism is rampant; intolerance and persecution are the portion of the Jewish minorities. The Warsaw correspondent of the *Times* telegraphed a few days ago: "One cannot help feeling that it is a pity that so many young men who should be working on their farms or finishing their education are doing drill instead." This militarising of the new Polish Republic is more than a pity, it is a disaster, and unless it is checked Eastern Europe may become a shambles.

One of the best things that could happen for Europe and for Poland is that Russia should speedily recover strength and impose a resolute warning. "Another Poland, perhaps, but not this!" If this cannot be hoped for, the next best thing is that the Allied Governments should defer the execution of their Polish scheme, so far at least as Russia and Germany are concerned, until the question of frontiers can be reconsidered. The Poles have waited a hundred and fifty years for national rebirth; it would not be an unmitigated misfortune if the final delimitation of the new State were deferred until it could be consummated in a calmer atmosphere a year or two hence. In the meantime Polish statesmanship would be able to prove its capacity within a narrow range of responsibility.

On the Saar Valley question I would make this practical suggestion. The stipulations for administration by an International Commission and for a *plébiscite* were admittedly adopted as a compromise to the French proposal of pure annexation. As M. Clemenceau probably knows by now that annexation is impossible at any time, and as the substitutionary arrangement is everywhere viewed with deep disfavour, there would seem to be no valid reason for retaining these provisions. If the creation of an extra-territorial authority is really necessary in order to guarantee to France the stipulated supply of coal, much more necessary is it that all German Government buildings and banks should be put under similar control in order to guarantee the fulfilment of the financial provisions of the Treaty. If, however, such a safeguard can be dispensed with in the larger matter, it cannot be needful in the smaller. It is obvious that if Germany

violated the Treaty of Versailles in regard to a comparatively insignificant question like the Saar coal supply; she would tear the whole document to pieces. I would urge, therefore, that the creation of the international body which is to teach Prussia how to administer her already efficiently administered towns and villages still more perfectly should be postponed. If the exploitation of the coal mines proceeds smoothly and harmoniously, why set up at all a totally unnecessary super-authority, which could only create confusion and based friction where it need not exist? If these provisions were to disappear nobody would be the loser, and not only Germany but the whole world would say "A good riddance!"

Such a solution would have a material advantage of great value for France. Everyone with knowledge of the subject is aware that the Saar coal is not the great need of France; this coal is inferior in quality, it is bad coking coal, and it is, therefore, useless for her iron and steel industry. The revision of the Saar Valley provisions in the way suggested would make it possible for France to obtain, if so disposed, part of the coal she requires from the Saar and the rest from the Ruhr basin, an arrangement which the German delegates have already proposed.

It is not necessary to repeat the arguments already advanced from the international standpoint against refusing Germany a share of colonial empire. It is, nevertheless, my profound conviction that if we try to keep Germany permanently out of Africa we must expect to see her one day fighting her way back there. It is inconceivable that Belgium, with a population of seven and a half millions, should have an empire of nearly a million square miles, that a decadent country like Portugal, with a population of six millions, should have an empire of 800,000 square miles; that France, whose population is decreasing, and which has never colonised at all in the true sense of the word, should have an empire of nearly five million square miles; while Germany, the third greatest industrial country in the world, with a prolific population of between sixty and seventy millions, should be doomed to perpetual exclusion from the ranks of colonial Powers. Those who hold that such an inequitable status can last are welcome to their belief, but it is perilous to stake the peace of the world upon a hypothesis so slight.

The answer to the common objection that German colonial administration has been guilty of much cruelty is that Germany does not stand alone in this respect—our Allies, Belgium and Portugal, were recent runners, and our own hands have not always been as clean as now—and that while not one of the Powers ever raised a protest against this cruelty until the war broke out,

the German Diet, nation, and Press protested against it without cessation, though unhappily under the old Parliamentary régime, not always with effect. As for the efficiency of German colonial government, I would only call in evidence the reports published from time to time by our own Foreign Office, though I have a suspicion that some of these reports will henceforth be permanently "out of print."

One word more on this subject. Almost without a single exception, Germany's colonies were no man's land before she occupied them: not one was the result of conquest in the way that our own colonial empire was founded. Nay, more, far from invading the rights of other white nations, she acquired these colonies by international treaties, mostly with Great Britain, who received valuable equivalents, but also with France, and in one instance with America. At the close of a war, one of whose most solemnly avowed purposes was to re-establish the sanctity of international law and agreements, it is not comforting to be told that these treaties now mean nothing at all.

When in 1807 Dundas told the House of Commons that "next to the destruction of the enemy's sea power the best policy that we could follow would be to capture their colonies," Fox asked: "Was, then, annexation the purpose of the war?" The question comes back to us after a hundred years, and the answer is that when this country entered upon the war it declared before God and all the world that it sought no selfish object. My suggestion here is that upon her admission to the League of Nations Germany, too, should have a share in the colonial mandates. Looking to the future, I am confident that it would be to our interest to make way for her. In the partition of Germany's colonies England, to use an inelegant phrase, has "done herself well"—perhaps too well for her permanent comfort and health. Those who believe, however, that our Allies are as satisfied as ourselves with arrangements so greatly to our advantage would do well to read the comments upon the subject which have appeared in the French, Italian, and even the American Press. If our present friends criticise us so freely now, before the signatures to the first treaty of concord and peace are dry, what may be expected when the bloom of the alliance has worn off and new men come upon the political scene to whom the ties and obligations of the present hour make no overpowering appeal? It is hard for individuals, and still harder for nations, to renounce advantage, but there are times when renunciation is a gain as well as a merit, and this is such an occasion. To forgo for the sake of the world's future tranquillity, if not for the sake of equity, part at least of the great accession of empire which has fallen to us,

would be to live up to the great dictum of Pitt, uttered after Trafalgar: "England has tried herself by her exertions; I hope she will save Europe by her example."

As to the economic stipulations of the Treaty, I would only say that they should be brought into complete harmony with, and be strictly limited to, the only purposes which can justify any interference in the internal affairs of Germany—the exaction from her of a due indemnity and the needful adjustments which will be required by the territorial changes when these have received their final form. It is clear that some of the stipulations have no bearing whatever upon these purposes, but are deliberately intended to cripple and impoverish further an already broken and demoralised nation, to press Germany back into the position of a third-class Power, to side-track her, to compel her to fight again for a place, no longer in the sun, but at best in the shade, in face of the most fearful odds which ever confronted a people. Most certainly that is not the way in which the British and American delegates regard the Treaty, but it is the view and expectation of France. The *Figaro* is one of the most responsible of French journals, and it writes: "When specialists come to examine closely the strongly-woven tissue of financial obligations imposed on the enemy, and the fine-spun meshes of these clauses, they will realise that they constitute a terrible net from which Germany can never escape, however much she may try, because she will be kept within it by the alliance between the United States, Great Britain and France." That view may do for France, but it will never satisfy England nor, I am confident, America, who, with her large and influential Teutonic population, simply dare not leave open a festering wound in the German body politic. What is it but the spirit of blood-thirsty General Blumenthal *redoublé*? Recall how that hard old soldier wrote of France in his diary under date February 24th, 1871, when the war was over: "The beaten enemy must be so bled that he will not be able to rise again for a hundred years, chains must be laid about him to prevent him from soon thinking of revenge."

It should and will be the object of Anglo-Saxon statesmanship to see that the economic stipulations are restricted to their legitimate purpose, and are not invoked on behalf of a policy of strangulation against Germany: and the best way of assuring this would be to lighten whatever measures can be shown to be unnecessarily severe or to harass and impede Germany's efforts to recover her credit, her lost commercial standing, and her shattered prosperity. To do this is our interest no less than our duty. Two policies are open to the Allies: either they may try deliberately to keep Germany poor and as a consequence obtain

correspondingly little in the way of indemnities, or they may place no obstacles in the way of ~~any~~ economic revival and obtain correspondingly large indemnities. What they cannot do is to follow the first of these policies and yet secure the advantages of the second. The first people who rebel against conditions of excessive harshness would be the millions of the toilers, and in their resistance they would have the active sympathy of their comrades in other lands. We have learned to take seriously the menace of "general strikes." Let us be careful lest in its passion for solidarity Labour should become indoctrinated with the alluring idea of world-strikes, and convince itself that its collective interests can best be served by mobilising its forces for systematic warfare against society.

A critic of my earlier contribution to these pages on the Treaty of Versailles objected—if it was an objection—that I "look mainly to the future." Rather I look altogether to the future, whose interests are for me absolutely paramount. In one of Cromwell's speeches, than which there exists no better reading to-day for those who hold with Burke that politics should be "morality enlarged," there occurs a passage which applies with singular appropriateness to the present situation. It is the speech with which the Protector opened the Barebones Parliament of 1653, after the Revolution had been fought to a finish. The conditions which he had to meet were substantially those which face us to-day, except that his problems were mainly national, ours both national and international. While determined that the nation should "reap the fruit of all the blood and treasure that had been spent in this cause," he yet added: "I think I may say for myself and my fellow-officers that we have rather desired and studied healing and looking forward than to rake into sores and to look backward." And later he spoke again of the urgent task of the day as "healing and settlement." "It's no fault," he said, "to aim at perfection in settlement."

Healing, settlement, looking forward! Therein lie the secret and the essence of supreme statesmanship in these distracted days; everything else is fallacy, counterfeit, deception, futility. Passion, hatred, prejudice—these have swayed the world and will sway it in all ages; but they have never healed a wound or dried a tear; they have never inspired men to the highest and best that is in them; they have never *helped mankind forward*. The world has had an experience of the horrors of war which will never cease to haunt the memories of the generations now living like an ugly nightmare. Still it is in the throes of an agonising travail, and we know not whether the result will be a living birth, fair of promise, or a monstrous abortion. Peace Treaties.

Leagues of Nations, and Covenants alone will not save and assure the future. At bottom the world's great need is the need of new ideals. "Reformation will be your best security," Cromwell told the Parliament in one of the speeches already cited: he placed it before "forces, arms, watchings, posts, strength." What is necessary in this nation is that all its civic relations shall be reorganised in what may be called a "peace footing"—its party life, its conceptions of patriotism, its educational and ecclesiastical agencies, and the like; what the individual needs is an outpouring of faith in mankind and his own better nature, distrust of which is the secret of half the bitterness and suspicion which would perpetuate, in a state of peace, the corroding spirit of war. In our dealings with the enemy nations and pre-eminently with Germany, we cannot and should not forget the past; but neither should we allow the past to obsess us to the exclusion of concern for the future. If we want a durable peace, we must be prepared to pay the price, and part of the price will be conciliation, now or later. Let us, then, stretch conciliation to every safe and lawful limit, not for the enemy's sake, but for our own and the world's sake, leaving the rest to the "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." It is the most that we can do for the days that lie before and beyond us, but it is also the least that we should do.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

THE PEACE TREATY AND GERMANY.

THE Peace Treaty with Germany has received a considerable amount of unfavourable criticism. Some have complained that the terms imposed upon Germany were unduly lenient, and others that they were unduly severe, that the Peace of Versailles was not a peace by mutual consent, but was an ungenerous peace, a peace of vengeance, and a peace of violence which humiliated Germany, and which inevitably would lead to another war. For instance, General Smuts said, in a statement which was published immediately after the signature of the Peace, and which created a good deal of sensation -

"I have signed the Peace Treaty, not because I consider it a satisfactory document, but because it is imperatively necessary to close the war. . .

"The promise of the new life, the victory of the great human ideals for which the peoples have shed the blood and their treasure without stint, the fulfilment of their aspirations towards a new international order and a fairer, better world are not written in this Treaty and will not be written in treaties. . . There are essential settlements which will need revision. There are guarantees laid down which we all hope will soon be found out of harmony with the new peaceful international relations between our former enemies. There are punishments inflicted which in the midst of which a calm mood may yet prefer to pass the sponge of oblivion. There are solemnities stipulated which cannot be victed without grave injury to the industrial revival of Europe and which it will be in the interests of all to render more tolerable and moderate."

Of course the Peace Treaty has weak spots, but that is only natural. It was drawn up by fallible human beings who honestly endeavoured to reconcile and harmonise as far as was possible, the almost irreconcilable and very insistent demands and aspirations of a number of States. However, the fact that the extremists in the two opposite camps are equally dissatisfied with the Treaty stipulations seems to indicate that the statesmen at Versailles have succeeded in steering a judicious and sane middle course of moderation between the extravagant and the practical, and that they have in a large measure succeeded in combining sentiment and realism, the desirable with the possible.

After all, only a war which, owing to mutual exhaustion, has ended in a draw can be closed by a peace of understanding and of mutual consent. Such a peace is impossible in a war which has led to the complete defeat of one of the antagonists. Historical experience and common sense tell us that no military and warlike nation which has grown great by successful war, and

which possesses firmly established military traditions, such as Germany, ever forgets or forgives a defeat, however deserved, but strives to reverse the verdict by a successful war of revenge. Its established character makes it impossible for such a nation to conclude with its victors a peace of agreement, be it ever so generous. No nation, not even the most peaceful one, ever consents to lose its great position in the world by military defeat. Consequently, it was absolutely necessary to conclude with Germany a peace of security. To do differently would have been either criminal or suicidal folly.

It is easy to be generous at other people's cost. It would, perhaps, have been possible for Great Britain and the United States combined to abuse their predominance by inducing the nations allied and associated with them to sign a peace more favourable to Germany. Such a peace would certainly not have satisfied Germany, but it would have gravely dissatisfied England's Allies, the nations which Germany had attacked. The non-Anglo-Saxon nations have suffered far more severely by the war than have the United States and Great Britain, and they would have come away from the Peace Congress with the bitter feeling of having been cheated and robbed or betrayed, by their partners in war. Hence a generous peace, while not satisfying Germany, might have prepared the way for an anti-Anglo-Saxon alliance headed by Germany. At the Congress of Vienna England and Russia treated defeated France with the utmost generosity. The claims of Prussia for territorial and financial compensation at the cost of the French met with determined English opposition, and the consequence was that the Prussians considered themselves defrauded by England. That may be seen from the writings of Hardenberg, Humboldt, Stein, Blücher, Gneisenau. Henceforth Prussia's historians, writers, and statesmen held up England to obloquy and contempt. They never forgive or forget. They created the legend that England envied Prussia and strove to keep her down. Thus a feeling of hatred of England arose which grew from decade to decade, and which culminated in the attack of 1914 and in the frenzied loathing of the English people by which it was accompanied.

In the opening sentences of his great speech of July 3rd, 1919, Mr. Lloyd George described the character of the Peace Treaty in the following words:—

'The last time I had the opportunity of addressing the House upon this Treaty, its main outlines had been settled. I ventured then to call it a stern, but a just, Treaty. I adhere to that description. The terms are, in many respects, terrible terms to impose upon a country. Terrible were the deeds which it requites. Still more terrible would have been the consequences if they had succeeded. . . .'

Though the terms of the Treaty may appear terrible to Germany and to the Germans—it is terrible for a great country which thought itself invincible and almost omnipotent to be utterly defeated—they are undoubtedly just, although they are stern. Moreover, candour compels one to say that the justice of the Treaty is tempered with mercy and consideration. Its stipulations demand three things: Compensation, punishment, and security. Let us separately consider each of them.

The nations attacked by Germany were justly entitled to compensation in full. The damage inflicted by the war is absolutely unmeasurable. The value of the human lives destroyed and the loss arising through men having been crippled or invalided for life cannot be computed in terms of money, and equally unmeasurable is the damage which the entire social fabric of the world has received owing to the shock of the war. Civilisation has been shaken to its foundations. Anarchy and disorder threaten everywhere the social edifice. The world may suffer for decades, and perhaps for centuries, for the mad ambition of the German people and of its rulers. In these circumstances Germany would have been treated leniently, though justly, had the Allied and Associated Powers demanded merely payment in full for the actual expenses due to, and arising from, the war. These amount, including Russia, to probably about £50,000,000,000—a sum which Germany might conceivably have paid in course of time in the form of services and of those raw materials of which she has an abundance, such as coal, potash, timber, etc. The Ruhr coalfield alone contains more than 200,000,000,000 tons of coal, which, at the low price of 10s. per ton at the pit's mouth, would represent a value of £100,000,000,000. Apart from certain payments in kind which are comparatively trifling, Germany will, according to Part 8 of the Treaty, apparently have to pay only 100,000,000,000 marks in gold—a sum which is considerably smaller than the actual war expenditure of France alone. It is therefore obvious that, as regards monetary compensation, Germany has been treated with the utmost leniency, with a leniency which is particularly remarkable if we remember that she extorted from France in 1870-71, in the form of an indemnity, contributions, requisitions, fines, confiscations, etc., about £250,000,000, although her actual war expenditure had amounted only to £51,200,000, according to the best German authorities. Mr. Lloyd George said with excellent good sense on July 3rd, 1919:—

"If the whole cost of the war, all the costs incurred by every country that has been brought in the war by the action of Germany, had been thrown upon Germany, it would have been in accord with every principle of civilised jurisprudence in the world."

The financial provisions of the Treaty, though they may be hard to Germany, can make good only a tiny fraction of the damage she has done. The payments exacted will not compensate the nations she has wronged, but will leave them impoverished. As regards compensation, Germany has been let off remarkably lightly. The Allies have better reason to complain of the generosity of their statesmen than Germany of their pitiless exactions.

The Allied and Associated Powers have demanded in the Treaty not only compensation, but also punishment, and they have given briefly, but in full, their reason for demanding punishment in a letter signed on their behalf by M. Clemenceau and addressed to Count Brockdorff-Rantzau a few days before the actual signature of the Peace. This letter is one of the most remarkable and one of the most valuable documents ever published, and it is a matter of great regret that it has not been appended to, and included in, the actual Treaty, to which it would have formed a most valuable explanatory introduction. It is a pity that future generations may read the apparently severe penal stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles without knowing the reasons which induced the Allies to insist upon stern and punitive terms. I would urge that the letter explanatory to the Treaty should be printed in conjunction with that document wherever possible. It stated in burning phrases which should be known and remembered by future generations of Germans and of their opponents to the end of time :—

"In view of the Allied and Associated Powers, the war which began on August 1st, 1914, was the greatest crime against humanity and the freedom of peoples that any nation calling itself civilised has ever consciously committed. . .

"Germany's responsibility, however, is not confined to having planned and started the war. She is no less responsible for the savage and inhuman manner in which it was conducted. Though Germany was itself the guarantor of Belgium, the rulers of Germany violated, after a promise to respect it, the neutrality of this unoffending people. Not content with this, they deliberately carried out a series of promiscuous shootings and burnings with the sole object of terrifying the inhabitants into submission by the very frightfulness of their action. They were the first to use poisonous gas, notwithstanding the appalling suffering it entailed. They began the bombing and long-distance shelling of towns for no military object, but solely for the purpose of reducing the moral of their opponents by striking at their women and children. They commenced the submarine campaign with its piratical challenge to international law and its destruction of great numbers of innocent passengers and sailors in mid-ocean, far from succour, at the mercy of the wind and waves and the yet more ruthless submarine crews. They drove thousands of men and women and children with brutal savagery into slavery in foreign lands. They allowed barbarities to be practised against their prisoners of war from which the most uncivilised peoples would have recoiled.

The conduct of Germany is almost unexampled in human history. The terrible responsibility which lies at her doors can be seen in the fact that not less than 7,000,000 dead lie buried in Europe, while more than 20,000,000 others carry upon them the evidence of wounds and suffering, because Germany saw fit to gratify her lust for tyranny by resort to war. . . .

"Justice, therefore, is the only possible basis for the settlement of the accounts of this terrible war. Justice is what the German Delegation asks for and says that Germany has been promised. But it must be justice for all. There must be justice for the dead and wounded and for those who have been orphaned and bereaved that Europe might be freed from Prussian despotism. There must be justice for the peoples who now stagger under war debts which exceed £30,000,000,000 that liberty might be saved. There must be justice for those millions whose homes and land, ships and property German savagery has spoliated and destroyed.

This is why the Allied and Associated Powers have insisted as a cardinal feature of the Treaty that Germany must undertake to make reparation to the very uttermost of her power, for reparation for wrongs inflicted is of the essence of justice. That is why they insist that those individuals who are most clearly responsible for German aggression and for those acts of barbarism and inhumanity which have disgraced German conduct of the war must be handed over to a justice which has not been meted out to them at home. That too, is why Germany must submit for a few years to certain special disabilities and arrangements. Germany has ruined the industries, the mines and the machinery of neighbouring countries, not during battle, but with the deliberate and calculated purpose of enabling her own industries to seize their markets before their industries could recover from the devastation thus wantonly inflicted upon them.

Germany has despoiled her neighbours of everything she could make use of or carry away. Germany has destroyed the shipping of all nations in the high seas, where there was no chance of rescue for their passengers and crews. It is only justice that restitution should be made and that these wronged peoples should be safeguarded for a time from the competition of a nation whose industries are intact and have been fortified by machinery stolen from occupied territories. If these things are hardships for Germany, they are hardships which Germany has brought upon herself. Somebody must suffer for the consequences of the war. Is it to be Germany or the people she has wronged?

Not to do justice to all concerned would only leave the world open to fresh calamities. If the German people themselves, or any other nation, are to be deterred from following the footsteps of Prussia; if mankind is to be lifted out of the belief that war for selfish ends is legitimate to any State; if the old era is to be left behind and nations as well as individuals are to be brought beneath the reign of law, even if there is to be early reconciliation and appeasement, it will be because those responsible for concluding the war have had the courage to see that justice is not deflected for the sake of convenient peace. . . .

"The Allied and Associated Powers therefore believe that the Peace they have proposed is fundamentally a 'Peace of Justice'."

"The Allies consider that the punishment of those who have been principally responsible for bringing so much misery and suffering upon the world is essential to justice. They regard it as no less essential as a deterrent to those rulers who may seek to follow Prussia's example. If the world is to be established on a new basis, nations, as well as individuals, must be brought under the penalties required by the reign of law."

Mr. Lloyd George stated in his great speech on the Treaty :—

"I think it is essential, if wars of this kind are to be prevented in future, that those who are personally responsible for them and have taken part in plotting and planning them should be held personally responsible. . . . They ought to be held responsible. Therefore, we have decided upon an exceptional course. A pity it is that it is exceptional. If it had been done before there would have been fewer wars. We have decided that the man who undoubtedly had the prime responsibility for the war, in the judgment, at any rate, of the Allied countries, should be tried for the offences he committed in breaking treaties which he was bound in honour to respect, which he was a party to, and by that means bringing such horrors upon the world. The Allied countries have decided, quite unanimously, that the tribunal shall be an inter-Allied one, and shall sit in London for the trial of the person supremely responsible for this war. . . .

"Officers who are guilty of these things in a moment of arrogance, feeling that their power is irresistible and that they may do as they please, ought to be made to know in future that they will be held personally responsible.

"Justice ought not to be merely tempered by mercy, but it ought also to be guided by wisdom. . . .

"It is said, 'Are you not punishing Germany for the crime of her rulers?' Will, I am sorry to have to answer this, but I must. If Germany had been committed to this war against the will of her people. I say at once we ought to have taken that into account in the terms of peace. But was that so? The nation approved, the nation applauded. The nation had been taught to approve and applaud. From the Baltic to the Bodensee the nation was united and enthusiastic behind this enterprise. It was not like the unity and enthusiasm of France to repel an invader on French soil. It was an enthusiasm which was at its highest when German troops were marching through Belgium. . . .

"I should have been glad if it had been possible to say that this was a war that had been entered into against the will of the German people, but it was not. And, therefore, in the terms it is essential that nations should know, if they enter into unprovoked wars of aggression against their neighbours, what may lie in store for them when defeat falls upon their arms."

If justice is to rule the world, if war is to cease to be the sport of kings and of ambitious leaders, there must be adequate punishment for those who bring about war with criminal levity and for those who in war act with utter disregard of the laws of war and of the laws of humanity, which are respected even by savages. Bismarck himself toyed with the idea that an International Court might be created to try and punish those responsible for war.

In order to bring about a lasting peace and to prevent Germany falling upon one of her weaker neighbours, arrangements had to be made to safeguard them against a German attack. With the object of establishing a lasting peace, the military and naval forces of Germany were reduced to a minimum, to a national police force. Mr. Lloyd George stated in his great speech :—

"What are the guarantees? The first is the disarmament of Germany. The German army was the foundation and corner-stone of Prussian policy. You had to scatter it, disperse it, disarm it, to make it impossible for it to

come together again, to make it impossible to equip such an army. The first step we took was to reduce the German army from 4,000,000—I think it was, formerly, to 100,000—quite adequate for the maintenance of the peace in Germany. Then came the question whether that army should be a voluntary army or a conscript army. The British Delegation had no hesitation in proposing that it should be a voluntary army, with long-term service, and I will tell the House why we came to that conclusion.

"The first proposal was that there should be a conscript army of 200,000 men. That would have meant that in 10 years you might have had a million and a-half of trained men in Germany, and in 20 years you might have had 8,000,000 armed trained men. As everyone knows, that was, more or less, the method by which the army was created in Germany which overthrew Napoleon—by a short term of service and passing the youth of the nation as rapidly as they could through the machine. That, we did not think, was disarming Germany. Therefore, we strongly advocated a long-service army, which would leave the mass of the population untrained and make it impossible for Germany to raise huge armies, even if they got someone else to equip them. There was always that possible danger, that, although they might not be able to do it themselves, they might have been in alliance with a country that could equip them. On the other hand, if they had not got the trained men, it would have taken time, at any rate, to accustom them to the use of arms."

Another, and a most potent, guarantee of peace lies in Article 180 of the Treaty, according to which Germany must disarm and dismantle all fortifications situated within a zone of fifty kilometres east of the Rhine. This unfortified zone is of the utmost importance to Germany. It contains in the north the greatest German coalfield with Essen; around the pits lie the great iron and steel works which have been the main source of Germany's military, industrial, and financial power. The disarmed zone contains in the south a most important chain of well-wooded mountains, the Black Forest, which, if fortified, would be almost impassable to an army owing to the narrowness of the valleys and passes which lead through it. Thus Germany will have an open frontier towards the west. In future her coal and iron districts will as much stand open to the French as the French coal and iron districts stood open to the Germans in 1914. That seems a fit retribution. However, it seems unlikely that the French will abuse their power over Germany. They have suffered too much in the war.

According to the *Journal Officiel*, quoted by *Le Temps* on February 11th, 1919, the effect of the war upon the population of France has been as follows in the 77 Departments of the country which were unaffected by enemy occupation:—

				Births.	Deaths.
1913	604,811	587,445
1914	504,222	647,549
1915	387,806	655,146
1916	315,087	607,742
1917	343,310	613,148

"In these departments, therefore, the excess of deaths amounted to 888,180 for 1914-17. And it is to be noted that this is chiefly due to the diminished number of births. These statistics take no account of the German departments wholly or partly occupied by the enemy, nor of the losses caused by enemy action, which have been fixed at 1,400,000.

"M. March, Director of Statistics, regards the demographic situation in France as one of extreme gravity on account of its influence on the economic future of the country. Men of 16-35 years, he says, are chiefly responsible for production; it is possible to estimate approximately their number in 1935 as follows:—

Number according to Census of March, 1911		12,300,000
Military losses during the war... ..	1,400,000	
Deficit of male births, 1914-17, less normal mortality of new-born children... ..	600,000	2,900,000
	2,000,000	10,900,000

"In other words, the number of men available for work in 1935 will be one-sixth less than it would have been had the population remained practically constant as it was before the war."

France with her stagnant population has been deprived of one-sixth of her manhood, and has lost more than 2,000,000 people. This loss will be met to some extent by the acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine, which contains approximately 2,000,000 inhabitants. France's population will therefore be 38,000,000, and the French will be in a considerable minority if compared with the Germans. Of course, the German population also has been very severely reduced by the war and the blockade. The Copenhagen Society for the Investigation of the Social Effects of the War stated in its first report in March, 1919:—

"The German suffered by diminution in births and increase of mortality a total loss of approximately 5,800,000 souls. Consequently there is a downward movement of the population figures. The number of inhabitants has sunk from 67,800,000 to about 65,100,000. Of these, 33,900,000 are females and only 31,200,000 are males. Of the total losses, approximately 3,500,000 were caused by the diminutions in births and about 2,100,000 by the increase of deaths.

"The increase of mortality has, in consequence of the great numbers, about 1,800,000 killed in the war, chiefly affected the strongest and most effective members of the male class. The number of men of military age has declined by 18 per cent. In this way the best labour of the German nation has to a large extent been ruined."

If we deduct from the German population of 65,100,000 the number of those occupying the territories ceded or likely to be ceded, Germany will have a population of about 57,000,000 as compared with the 38,000,000 of France. For the time being the Germans possess in man-power a very considerable advantage over France. Whether that advantage will remain with them is, however, doubtful, as will presently be shown.

By the stipulations of the Treaty, and in accordance with the dictates of justice, Germany loses absolutely certain territories which are inhabited by men who wish to be free from the German yoke, such as Alsace-Lorraine, the preponderantly Polish districts which belonged to the old Polish State, and some comparatively unimportant districts such as Malmedy, Moresnet, Memel, while the inhabitants of the Saar Valley, of parts of Slesvig, which are inhabited by large numbers of Danes, of Upper Silesia, which is chiefly populated by immigrant Poles, and of certain parts of the provinces of West Prussia and of East Prussia, which are claimed by Poland, but where the position is a little doubtful will determine their allegiance by a free vote taken under the supervision of the Powers. In addition, the district of Dantzic becomes independent. The Saar Valley and Upper Silesia are districts of very great value and importance. Upper Silesia contains the second largest coalfield, and the Saar Valley the third largest coalfield, in Germany. Both are exceedingly important centres of the manufacturing industries which habitually settle around the coal pits.

The question now arises. How will the people in the *plebiscite* districts vote? It cannot be doubted that the people of Northern Slesvig will demand reunion with Denmark. Even the German inhabitants of that district may vote in favour of the Danish nationality for prudential reasons. After all self-interest is at least as potent a factor as patriotism. The well-to-do will wish to escape the crushing taxation which Germany will have to impose upon her inhabitants, and the working men have suffered so much from Prussia's absolutism during the war and previous to its outbreak that they will probably welcome a change. For similar reasons the inhabitants of the Saar Valley may, when the temporary occupation by the French comes to an end, vote in favour of being placed under French rule. The French, whose country is poor in coal and who require vast quantities of coal with which to smelt the gigantic stores of iron-ore of Alsace-Lorraine, will not unnaturally do their best to gain the goodwill and affection of the Saar people by respecting their peculiarities, giving them as much liberty as possible, and making them prosperous. The Polish districts in Upper Silesia will almost certainly vote in favour of attachment to Poland, and so may the plebiscitary districts of East Prussia and West Prussia. Thus Germany should lose approximately 8,000,000 inhabitants, but her loss in man-power will not be as serious as her loss in industrial resources contained in the districts ceded and in the districts likely to be lost.

Coal and iron are the twin foundations of modern industry. The bulk of Germany's iron-ore was situated in Lorraine, which

has become French. In Germany proper there are a number of small ironfields, but the ore contained in them is of poor quality. The vast bulk of Germany's iron has been transferred to France. Germany's coal position has been affected by the war as follows :—

Coal Resources of the Saar Valley	16,548,000,000 tons
„ „ of Upper Silesia...	165,967,000,000 „
			<hr/>
			182,515,000,000 „
Coal Resources of Ruhr and all other fields	227,440,000,000 „
			<hr/>
Total	409,975,000,000 „

Upper Silesia contains not only about as large a quantity of coal as the whole of the United Kingdom, but is also exceedingly rich in zinc and lead. The bulk of the German zinc and lead production came from Silesia. In 1912 Upper Silesia produced 198,264 tons of zinc and 48,964 tons of lead.

Alsace-Lorraine contains not only by far the largest and most valuable iron-ore fields in Europe, but is also exceedingly rich in potash. The recently discovered potash deposits of Alsace-Lorraine have rapidly come to the front because they contain a larger percentage of that valuable salt than the potash deposits in other parts of Germany. In 1913 one-fifth of Germany's potash production came from the districts which have become French.

While Upper Silesia, the Saar Valley, and Alsace-Lorraine are exceedingly valuable owing to their vast mineral wealth and owing to the possession of numerous and exceedingly prosperous manufacturing industries, Germany's Polish districts are exceedingly important because of the vast quantities of agricultural produce raised in them. At a meeting of the Peace Committee of the German National Assembly in the middle of May, Herr Wissell stated that, according to the terms of the peace, Germany would lose 25 per cent. of her agricultural soil, 45 per cent. of her wheat, 20½ per cent. of her oats, 23 per cent. of her barley, 25 per cent. of her potatoes, 25 per cent. of her sugar-beet, 18 per cent. of her hay, 20 per cent. of her cattle, 19 per cent. of her pigs, and 29 per cent. of her horses. Possibly these figures, which cannot easily be checked, overstate the case in the hope of influencing the Allies. Still, it is clear that by the Peace Treaty Germany loses some of the most valuable mineral, industrial, and agricultural districts. That is a very serious matter. The prosperity of peoples and the increase of population depend on their natural resources and on the manufacturing industries whereby people live. The formerly well-balanced national economy of Germany has been thrown completely out of gear in consequence of the

socialisation of all the industries. It is not reasonable to suppose that an engineer or a chemist, aware of his own capabilities, will place his best services at the disposal of a bureaucratic system, where he would work mechanically for indifferent pay. He knows that he will be welcomed in foreign countries where he can live a freer life.

"Finally, socialisation will check the export trade, which finds occupation for 600,000 workers. The result will be unemployment and a drop in wages. A large number of workers will be compelled to emigrate and help foreign industries by their valuable labour. These will be lost to Germany, since she has no colonies, and it is certain that those who emigrate will not be the worst members of the community. For foreign countries refuse nowadays to admit any but suitable emigrants."

While the loss of important economic resources, the pressure of high taxation, political disorder, and all the other consequences of defeat, may cause the German population to become stagnant or retrogressive, the transference of exceedingly important German resources may cause the population of her neighbour countries to expand. The stationary population of France may once more increase, and Poland may become one of the principal industrial States in Europe, for she possesses not only an abundance of coal, but of other important raw materials as well. Whether the countries surrounding Germany will flourish and expand at Germany's cost depends, of course, very largely upon the conditions obtaining in them and upon the policy of their Governments. All the advantages flowing from victory may be lost to France, Italy, and Poland through civil commotions. Internal peace and good government, on the other hand, may lead to the rapid advance of these severely tried States in wealth, power, and population. It is quite conceivable that France may once more become the leading country of the continent of Europe, not only in science, art, and military power, but in wealth, industry, commerce, and trade as well. By her attack upon civilisation in 1914 Germany may have committed suicide

POLITICS.

LABOUR AND THE STATE.

THE world's greatest war will necessarily be followed by the world's greatest upheaval. Nothing else was to be expected, and the upheaval is with us now. For the first time there has been a war of peoples, with combatant armies of millions and non-combatant armies of scores of millions. Social, industrial, political life has been torn up violently by the roots. A rapid or a quiet subsidence was impossible, and there is no prospect of either. The Treaty of Peace is signed and the League of Nations has been established, but the world remains as distracted as ever, and the benign new spirit which was to animate it has signally failed to appear. The barometer is set at storm.

The causes are many, and among them not the least is Labour. At best, Labour is dissatisfied and restless. At worst it is sullen or defiant. Its mood is self-assertive and intolerant. It talks glibly of Revolution. It is grasping at political power which—to be frank—it is quite unfit to use. It is doing its best to make government of any kind—including its own—impossible through its indiscipline and selfishness. The ill-humour and factiousness of Labour in the Allied countries are the main hope which now remains to Germany of being able to rid herself of the crushing obligations justly laid upon her by the Treaty of Peace. Even responsible Labour leaders talk lightly of revising the peace terms as soon as a Labour and Socialist Government is in power. The Paris Conference, according to them, is to be overhauled by some new Berne Conference of International Socialists.

Yet there never was such a sincere and general regard for Labour's real welfare. Public opinion was never so benevolent towards its reasonable demands for improved social and industrial conditions and a fairer share of the products of industry. The change had begun even before the war. The public conscience refused to be satisfied any longer by the old explanations, when intolerable conditions of squalor and wretchedness were said to be part of some mysterious scheme of Providence, and at the first sign of trade slackening Capital always selfishly gave notice that wages must be reduced. A century ago, in the year after Waterloo, industrial distress was general throughout England. Scores of collieries were idle. Bands of starving miners roamed about the country, drawing with ropes a few waggons laden with coal to advertise their distresses. They carried with them certificates signed by the clergy of their own parishes setting forth their necessitous condition. As they were

hot. They are not putting their backs into it. They are not in the humour for hard and sustained labour. Most unfortunately for the nation, the miners are at this moment leading the forces of Labour. Mr. Smillie is regarded as the Napoleon of the Labour movement. He is admired in Labour circles because of his truculence towards Capitalism, because of his undisguised ambition for power, because he makes no pretence of seeing any side of the argument but his own. He is popular with the extremists because he is an extremist himself, and he is followed by the moderates in the Labour ranks because, though they may disapprove his ultimate revolutionary aims, they are always ready to accept the present instalment of pecuniary gain. And he has undeniably gained them many such instalments.

The rank and file of Labour are chiefly interested in shortening hour of work and raising wages. Increased Production has no attraction for them. They turn away from it suspiciously as a device of the capitalist for their exploitation. That is their excuse for an attitude which the more reasonable among them know to be wrong, and it is repeatedly heard in connection with the demand for nationalisation which has been so assiduously forced to the front. We are assured with due solemnity that the reason why the miners will not increase production is that they will not exert themselves in order to swell the profits of the mine-owner or the mining shareholder. But if the mines belonged to the nation, it would be a great satisfaction to the honest collier to reflect that every ounce of energy which he threw into his work was helping to provide cheap coal for the community. That, we are told, is the true psychology of the miner. Give him the nationalisation which he asks for and he will put his whole soul into his job with fervent altruistic devotion. It is a pretty fable. But it has not been found that the average public servant in a Government Department—say the Post Office—is more zealous to spend and be spent in the service of the State than the average wage-earner in private employ. On the contrary, the very contrary tendencies are noted, and Government employment enjoys a bad reputation for deadening energy, chilling enthusiasm, and blighting civility. No doubt the miners hate making large profits for any coal owner and grudge to see the swollen dividends of certain exceptionally prosperous companies. But the average profit of all the companies is only 5 per cent, and 3 per cent should stir no envy. The attraction of nationalisation to the miners is the alluring prospect it holds out of a still higher wage for a still shorter week's work, with the Miners' Federation in absolute control of the new Ministry of Mines and able to

dictate the conditions on which the industry shall be carried on. Their leaders recognise that unless a certain output of coal is maintained the trade of Great Britain must be paralysed and the export trade destroyed. But it is not what Mr. Brace and Mr. Hartsorn say at Westminster which prevails at meetings of the Federation. There the extremists regularly carry the day, and it is not their duty to the community which determines their course of action, it is the country's unfortunate dependence upon them and thus they are now ruthlessly exploiting in peace as they did in war.

Nor do they stand alone in this respect, and the rapid growth of this new defiance of the State on the part of some of the most powerful unions is one of the ugliest signs of the times. The triple alliance of miners, railwaymen and transport-workers is a fighting alliance, planned and directed with the purpose of bringing the State to its knees, if the State resists its will. It was established in the months immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War. No sooner was the compact struck than the potent instrument of offence thus created had to be put away out of sight. Many people forgot its existence, and so long as the war continued the patriotic sentiment of the great majority of both leaders and men of the triple alliance kept this weapon from being used to the detriment, if not indeed, to the ruin of the State. Mr. Smilie chafed at the delay, and made trouble whenever occasion offered, but not till the Armistice was he able to set his plans in motion. He and his friends played their cards well, but as they held practically all the trumps, this was not very difficult. The trumps were these—a widespread consciousness of the power of triumphant democracy, a genuine desire on the part of all classes to give Labour a fairer share of the products of industry; impatience at what seemed—to people who would not or could not understand the problem—the slowness of demobilisation, aggravated by the customary official blundering; the inevitable timidity of a Government which had not dared to resist Labour aggressiveness during the war for fear of interference with the supply of munitions and which found it almost as impossible to resist during the Armistice for fear of adding to the complications of a very difficult situation both at home and abroad. These were all high trump cards, and those who held them, though routed hip and thigh at the December election and therefore foiled in their hopes of political power, were again rallying the unions to their side. The miners, the railwaymen, the engineers, the transport workers, in fact, almost the whole trade union organisation, began with one accord to demand a shorter working week with no decrease of pay. Public attention

was naturally focussed upon the concerted manœuvres of the Triple Alliance. Each Federation had its own sweeping programme; each took its agreed step forward, and then halted for the others to come into line; each threatened that unless the demands of all were satisfied a strike of the entire transport system of the country was inevitable. Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Walsh stood almost alone in the winter and early spring in enunciating the salutary doctrine that the demands of any particular Trade Union must in no case injure or prejudice the interests of the community as a whole. Others were troubled by no such abstract scruples. And what is the result? We have recently seen the Miners' Federation at Keswick reject the advice earnestly pressed upon them by the moderate men to accept the Government's offer to postpone for three months the ruinous increase of the price of coal by six shillings a ton, while a concerted effort was made to raise the output. Led by Mr. Smillie and the extremists, the Conference refused point-blank to give any pledge to cease from strikes during this short period and refused also to look at the Government's proposal unless it were coupled with a pledge to nationalise the industry. First and last the miners think only of themselves. The sufferings of the rest of the community, the paralysis and ruin of British industry do not weigh with them, compared with their instant demand for nationalisation.

Those who desire to be deceived as to the true meaning of the Labour agitation of the last six months will, of course, easily find new reasons for continued self-deception. The revolutionaries are in command. "We are out for the lot," one of them said quite frankly to an interviewer, and the phrase admirably sums up the situation. Labour is "out for the lot." There are different ways of getting it, but the object is one and the same. The Pretorians have their way and they call it "direct action." The Labour Constitutionalists have another way, which is the way of Parliamentary action. At the Labour Party Conference at Southport at the end of June, the Pretorians proved to be in a majority of two to one. The vote, in which 1,898,000 declared for "direct action" and 935,000 against, was a portent. For the Conference voted on a resolution calling for the immediate cessation of Allied operations in Russia, and instructing the Executive of the Labour Party to consult with the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress "with a view to effective action being taken to force these demands by the unreserved use of their political and industrial power."

The words quoted express the fighting policy of advanced

Labour. "Direct action" is there defined as "the unreserved use of Labour's political and industrial power," in order to force the Government to submission. It is the Tirpitz plan over again. The challenge is flung down to the State. Labour, of course, may say that Labour alone is the State, that Labour means to govern, like Louis XIV., *par lui-même*, and that the old Estates of the Realm no longer count for anything in the body politic. That is what we understand as Bolshevism in its essence—the unfettered rule of the proletariat and the destruction of all other authority but its own—and there is no real difference in theory between the "direct action" of the Labour Party at Southport and Russian Bolshevism. It is not suggested that the practice of Bolshevism would necessarily be the same here as in Russia, or that Mr. Smillie and his brother-in-arms, Mr. Bob Williams, would develop into another Lenin or Trotsky, if the chance were given them. They might, indeed, be swept aside as too moderate in the first hours of their triumph. But no sane person wants the experiment made, if only because "direct action" must lead straight to a trial of strength with the armed forces of the Government, failing the almost immediate collapse of one of the two combatants. It is quite possible that the hot-heads believe that the Government would give way at once. They see one bloodless victory after another standing to their credit, and the pro-Nationalisation Report of Mr. Justice Sankey was a political triumph of the utmost magnitude and strategical value. His open mind has been a priceless and unexpected asset to the Triple Alliance. The decisions of Judges have usually been held up to execration by the Labour Party, but they see a very Solomon in Mr. Justice Sankey.

It is to be observed that the pretext on which "direct action" was demanded at Southport is purely political. British intervention in Russia is not a Labour question, but a political question. The place for its discussion is the House of Commons. There it has been fully debated and an overwhelming majority supports the Government. The constitutional course, therefore, for the Labour Party is to agitate politically and wait for the next election. But to mobilise the Trade Unions and declare a general strike, to hold up the industry of the country and produce a good imitation of the first moves of civil war, because the British Government, in conjunction with its Allies, and as part of its war and post-war policy, has adopted a certain line of action with regard to Russia—this is the proposal of firebrands who are bent on destroying the Constitution. British intervention in Russia is nothing to them, save that it threatens the destruction of their

Bolshevist friends, whose downfall, passionately desired by all lovers of liberty and order throughout the world, is dreaded by them. General Denikin and Admiral Koltchak, who have been officially recognised by the Allied Governments, are denounced by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as "reactionary scoundrels." The truth is that British intervention in Russia, strictly limited though it is in its scope, and dictated as it is by honour and policy alike, has been seized upon by our British Lenins simply to create a ferment, as the result of which the State may be further held to ransom.

"Direct action" involves a general paralysis of the national activities. Winnipeg and Toronto have just passed through a highly unpleasant experience of street rioting and bloodshed. Partially cut off from the necessities of life, these great civic communities have felt the shame of being placed at the mercy of strike committees, presided over by the alien Jews who seem to be the head-centres of Bolshevist propaganda all over the world. It is hard to imagine any conceivable justification for "direct action" in this country. Yet a member of the Labour Party in the House of Commons was childish enough to threaten a general strike unless the tea duty was reduced by twopence! If the liberties of the people were in jeopardy, or if the Government were meditating some intolerable injustice upon a section of the community, there might be some show of adequate pretext for a general strike of the Trade Unions. But there never was a Government more sensitive to public opinion, or more prone to yield to pressure. "Direct action," successfully practised once or twice, must mean the destruction of Parliament as an instrument of Government. "Direct action" is thus a short cut to the social revolution. But experience and history show no substitute for Parliament except a military autocracy or a revolutionary despotism based on committees of an ever-increasing violence of temper.

Happily, there are strong opponents inside the Labour Party itself to this wild-cat policy of "direct action." It was stoutly opposed at Southport, for example, by Mr. Clynes and Mr. Arthur Henderson, and if Mr. J. H. Thomas had been present he, too, would certainly have joined his earnest protest to theirs. What these fear is that the Labour Party and not the State may come to ruin if the threatened clash takes place. They look forward to a Labour Government in the near future, in which they will hold the leading positions with a clear Labour majority behind them in the House of Commons. They will then introduce and carry through Parliament—by means of the Parliament

Act, if the House of Lords shows fight—a series of measures designed to convert Great Britain into a State on a purely socialistic basis. The Labour Party has only had a Parliamentary existence since 1906; if it secures a working majority in a few years' time, it will have accomplished—thanks largely to the war—a political miracle, which few would have deemed possible five years ago. This, however, is a strictly constitutional policy. Even those who would feel it their duty to oppose it, most strongly cannot deny that the Labour Party has just the same right as any other to form a Government, if it can obtain a Parliamentary majority. Mr. Clynes, therefore, and those who take the constitutional view have been quick to see that any encouragement given by Labour to "direct action"—which is the claim to override the will of the Parliamentary majority of the day by industrial action on the part of the Trade Unions—will put a rod in pickle for Labour Governments of the future and provide minorities with dangerous precedents for unconstitutional resistance to the drastic measures of socialisation which they have in mind. There is no way of blending Parliamentary Government with "direct action" by recalcitrant majorities or minorities. The two cannot be mixed, and inasmuch as "direct action" means the turbulence of committee rule and the terrorism of mob rule, the State must fight to the utmost for the protection of Parliamentary Government. In such a quarrel the Constitutional section of the Labour Party ought to range itself unreservedly on the side of the State and join in defeating those who seek to make Parliamentary Government impossible.

It remains to be seen what course they will take. A few of the more moderate Labour leaders, despairing of being able to make head against the revolutionary faction, have severed their connection with the Party. Prominent among these are Mr. Barnes and Mr. G. H. Roberts. Others, notably Mr. Clynes, quitted the Coalition with avowed reluctance, because they believed it was in the highest interests of Labour to be well represented in the National Government. Mr. Arthur Henderson, who has old scores of his own to pay off with the Prime Minister, is a strong advocate of sticking to constitutional lines, if only because he has visions of being the first Labour Premier. Mr. J. H. Thomas, who refused more than one pressing invitation to take office during the war, always maintains the pose of acting as a brake upon the wild men of the Railwaymen's Union, though he is never slow to exploit any advantage which their action may secure. These three Parliamentarians have a very large following in the Trade Unions, but the fact remains that

the Labour movement, in so far as it is an industrial and not a political movement, has been captured by the extremists. Mr. Smillie, who was a Pacifist in war, is a militarist in peace. He set himself at the Coal Commission to blacken the characters of the coalowners as a race of bloodsuckers, careless of the lives of their down-trodden, long-suffering workers, who rarely see the light of day, and spend laborious lives without amusement, happiness, or hope! To some extent he succeeded. The case for the other side was not put with anything like the same ability or determination, and no one was found equal to the defence of private ownership as the late Lord Rhondda, for example, could have defended it, or perhaps even better still the late Sir Arthur Markham, who was not only a most successful coal-owning capitalist, but in his own way a great-hearted philanthropist.

The present mood of British Labour is extremist. But it is extreme only as against Capitalism. There is very little evidence that it is extreme in the political sense. Indeed, the December election proved that the working classes were overwhelmingly patriotic in sentiment and that they loathed the Social view of the war and of what the terms of peace should be. There is no considerable body of revolutionary feeling among the British working-classes, who have a profound respect and admiration for the King. It may seem, therefore, at first sight, a paradox that those who care nothing for the flag of the Red International should rally to a leadership which they know to be revolutionary and Republican, just as it was Pacifist and anti-patriotic during the war. But the explanation is that they are anti-capitalistic to a degree never reached before. The more they have the more they want. They gained their various war bonuses almost without a struggle. They are resolved that they will submit to no reductions, whatever the state of trade and whatever the fall in prices. The extortion of the profiteering manufacturer and retailer--and it is difficult to say which is the worse--has done much more than excite their just resentment; it has stimulated them to profiteer in their turn and better the examples set to them. Nor can we blame the Trade Unions overmuch for displaying a certain rapacity in view of the innumerable jobs perpetrated among the staffs of the Government Departments and the reckless pouring out of public money. Great Britain's magnificent war record is not without grievous blemishes. The last thing a business community can be trusted to do is not to abuse an opportunity to make profit. People who resist all other temptations succumb to that--the last infirmity of business minds.

No word is more commonly found in the mouth of Labour

than freedom; yet the Trade Unions contrive to practise a very complete system of tyranny. Industrial freedom does not exist in England to-day. Nothing is harder than to change from one trade to another. Theoretically, of course, a man is free to change as often as he chooses; practically he is as firmly ascript to his trade as the mediæval serf was to the soil. It is far easier for a doctor to quit his profession and become a practising solicitor than it is for an engineer to become a compositor.* The doctor has only to study law and pass his qualifying examination, and his new profession is open to him. The engineer would first have to get a footing in the printing office where he was to learn his trade. Even if he privately trained himself to be the most expert linotype operator in the world, he would still find the doors of the society he sought to join closed against him. He would be told that he could not enter because he had not served his apprenticeship, and he would not be able to find a place in which to serve his apprenticeship because no employer would be allowed to take him in. More and more each skilled trade is becoming a close corporation, and the more important the machine becomes compared with the man who minds it, the closer the members of the Union strive to make the corporation to which they belong, and the more jealously they guard the doors of entrance. The number of apprentices admitted grows more restricted; and in some Unions the claim is now being successfully made that the men in any given establishment shall regulate the number of persons employed. It does not matter that the workman whom it may be desired to introduce is a member of the Union. Nor does it matter that the employer is ready to pay the newcomer the full standard rate of wages. The only thing that counts is the consent of the workmen in the establishment. If they object, they back their objection by the threat of an immediate strike, and the employer is helpless. Numerous instances in illustration of this procedure of the Unions might be given. It is not yet fully developed in all, but it is spreading fast, and it is idle to talk of industrial freedom, when the avenues to employment are being steadily narrowed by Labour itself.

Let it be observed how this spirit is manifesting itself at the present time. As everyone knows, there is a great mass of unemployment, for which the leaders of Labour are perpetually challenging the Government to find a remedy. Yet they themselves help to make a remedy impossible. The Government are spending large sums of money in the training of disabled soldiers. But what happens when the soldiers are trained and they apply for work? The Unions slam the door in their faces. They say

that they do not want any more "half-baked" members who will lower the standard of production. And so the poor discharged and disabled soldier, who has learned the new trade in which his disablement will least prejudice his chances, discovers that the Trade Unions will have none of him, because they say that he is only a "half-baked" journeyman. For all they care he may starve, or the State can go on paying him his unemployment dole!

Even in the unskilled occupations the same selfishness is being manifested. One frequently hears cases of employers who wish to take on ex-soldiers for more or less unskilled work. But their brother workmen will not have them in the place. There is no question of cutting the rate of wages, which was the old pretext on which Union labour objected to the introduction of non-Union. The discharged soldier is suffering because of the selfishness of the Unions whose members wish to be assured of plenty of work and plenty of overtime for as far as they can see ahead. Moreover, every class of labour has its Union now and fiercely resents the imputation of being unskilled, even though the job be as elementary as that of a cleaner. When Sir Douglas Haig spoke bitterly the other day of the "hostility" which is being shown by the Unions to the discharged soldier, the word was challenged by some member of the Commission who was anxious that the Unions should not be offended. But it is perfectly true. The attitude of organised labour is cruelly hostile, especially to the disabled. The building trades are all crying out for labour. Building costs are prohibitive largely because of this labour shortage. The simple remedy would be to open the doors of the Unions and admit all who would gladly enter. But the Unions say that they have admitted enough and cannot do with more. They have, indeed, admitted large numbers, but thousands more could readily be absorbed upon the new houses which are waiting to come into being. But that does not suit the high politics of those who control the Carpenters' Union, the Plasterers' Union, and all the various Unions which make up the Federation of the Building Trades. Labour is the true *Sinn Fein*; it stands for itself alone and it manifests many of the worst vices of a greedy oligarchy.

Reviewing these facts, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the conscious aim of those who are directing the policy of Labour is the prosecution to the uttermost of the class-war. Labour takes no large or statesmanlike view of anything beyond the range of its own immediate interests. Its conception of the State disregards all classes outside its own, except to consider how they can be most effectively despoiled. This idea of the class-war

permeates all the public utterances of Mr. Smillie. His conception of a nationalised mining industry includes the confiscation of all royalties and all ownership in coal. As a land nationaliser he doubtless holds that the State should confiscate all land on the same principle, though he would make "compassionate grants," in case of proved necessity, to the expropriated owners. Even before the war Mr. Snowden used to advocate in Parliament an income-tax up to fifteen shillings in the pound, and now, in view of the National Debt, he would probably require little persuasion to raise it to seventeen shillings and sixpence. That, coupled with the death-duties at their latest rates, would soon reduce the fortunes even of the very richest men to a point at which there remained little to excite the cupidity of Labour. To do the working classes justice, they are, for the most part, profoundly ignorant of everything relating to national finance. They believe that the total income of the country is enough to raise every family far beyond the reach of want. They still nurse the suspicion that they are being ruthlessly exploited by the capitalists, and that it only needs cleverly devised penal legislation to secure the desired transference of wealth from the few to the many. Labour politicians are not necessarily arithmeticians, and many are convinced that by getting rid of one millionaire a thousand families ought to be placed in easy circumstances for life. Labour's enjoyment of its unlooked-for gains during the war has been largely spoilt by the concurrent rise in prices, and it feels, therefore, that somehow it has been cheated of the spoils.

Both before and since the Armistice the crisis has only been averted by some timely concession on the part of the Government, involving an additional expenditure of a few more millions of public money. Now that the Peace has been signed, Labour ought not be able to apply the screw so mercilessly. A greater resistance must be offered to demands which are not compatible with the public interest. The public opinion of that part of the community which works just as hard, and finds the struggle for existence no less arduous than Mr. Smillie's miners, is beginning to resent this continual exploitation of the nation's difficulties, which those at the head of the movement desire to transform into the "social revolution," with such accompaniments as the occasion may afford. Labour is not the State; it is only a section of the State, the most numerous section, undoubtedly, and an indispensable section, which has suffered manifold injustice in the past, and now, alas! is being tempted by evil counsellors to inflict the same injustice upon others.

Labour is being steered into the path of violence by men who are appealing to its worst passions and who are doing their utmost to prevent a peaceful subsidence of the great upheaval caused by the war. It is for the people—among whom we include all the moderate elements in the Labour Party—to rally to the support of Parliamentary Government and put down with an unsparing hand the first attempts to give a practical exposition in this country of “direct action.” *Principiis obsta.* The country, be it said again, was never more sympathetic to every just demand of Labour than it is to-day, but it is sick of this perpetual pushing of the selfish interests of the most highly paid classes of Labour, and of leaders who keep plunging the country into one industrial crisis after another, to the retardation of the trade recovery without which our national finances must move steadily from bad to worse.

J. B. FIRTH.

HOW WE NEARLY LOST THE EMPIRE.

THE Armistice has ended, the Grand Fleet has been dispersed, the Grand Army has become a mere shadow of what it once was, and peace has been signed; and now we can afford to glance back and realise how nearly we lost the Empire.

Admiral Sims, an American of Americans, has admitted that the British Fleet was the main instrument in overthrowing the Central Empires, and German writers and speakers have admitted as much. All the evidence which has come out of Germany during the past eight or nine months has confirmed that conclusion; but if it had not been for the firmness and wisdom of King Edward VII., of Mr. Balfour as Prime Minister, of Earl Selborne as First Lord of the Admiralty, and of a little group of then unknown naval officers, with Lord Fisher at their head, the Fleet would have been neither in position nor in condition to fulfil its functions in the war. In the opening years of this century a comparatively small body of open-eyed naval officers, who realised Germany's purpose at a time when the nation remained unconscious of her design, were engaged in a race against time, and in winning they not only saved the Empire, but rescued the cause of civilisation from a terrible doom. The struggle has now closed, our men-of-war, widely distributed over the world's seas, are taking up once more their peace task of showing the flag and supporting British prestige, and we can afford to review, in humility and gratitude, the miracle which was worked during the short ten years which preceded Germany's long-prepared, but, as events have shown, ruinous assault on the peace of the world.

The naval preparations for the war on this side of the North Sea began at the close of 1904, six years after Germany had passed her first Naval Act. The friendly sentiments which were expressed by the Kaiser and his Ministers at that time had been accepted in this country at their face value, and only a few statesmen, including King Edward VII., understood that the fair words concealed a design that rendered it necessary for us, and that without delay, to prepare the Fleet, the first and last defence of the British Empire, for an ordeal more exacting than any to which it had been submitted in former centuries.

For the British Navy at that time was in no condition to engage an enemy determined to apply to naval warfare, with methodical persistency, all the triumphs of physical science and possessing

seamen not all of whom were without the sea instinct. The British Navy was on a peace footing; it included many ships, large and small, that could not fight; it was inappropriately distributed; and more respect was paid to "spit and polish" than to gunnery.

A British ship of war was seldom seen in the North Sea, where we possessed no naval bases, no docks of any description, and no repairing facilities; the only organised force in Home waters consisted of a small Channel Fleet, "ringing the changes on Vigo and other Spanish ports, Lisbon, Lagos, Gibraltar and Madeira, with one trip to Port Mahon." We had a considerable fleet in the Mediterranean; but a large proportion of the officers and men of the Navy were cruising in distant waters in ineffective ships—ships which, if not obsolete, had apparently been designed for every other purpose than fighting. Nominally we possessed sixty-one battleships, of which twenty-two were supposed to be in commission; but there was not a single one of the battleships in the Channel Fleet, nor was there a cruiser, which could be ready for action until an indefinite period had been devoted to the readjustment of the crews to a war standard. The whole manning scheme was based upon the conveniences of peace and not the urgencies of war. That applied to the Channel and Atlantic, and it applied to an even greater extent to the large number of ineffective cruisers and small craft which were in commission on distant stations. The bulk of the Fleet which figured in popular comparative statements had no crews at all. There were no plans for war, and joint manoeuvres to enable the senior officers to gain tactical experience were unheard of. Lord Beresford declared at this time that, since he had been in the Royal Navy, there had been tactical manoeuvres—one fleet handled against another fleet with the object of each trying to get the position of advantage—on only two occasions, and he added that he himself had only tactically handled a fleet for five hours in his life. Nor was that all, for he also declared that "No captain in the Navy had ever handled tactically one squadron against another, and only three of our admirals." The captains of that period were destined to be the admirals of the Great War. As to the ships on foreign stations, many of them were so old and inefficient that they detracted from, rather than added to, the prestige of the British Empire. They absorbed large numbers of officers and men who, serving in cruisers without speed or gunboats and sloops of no fighting power, were divorced from everything in the nature of preparation for war service.

In his reminiscences of a long and distinguished naval career, Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, writing of the Channel

Squadron in 1898, remarked that "we had large crews, and as all the ships were masted there was a fair amount of sail drill, while gunnery was, I fear, little attended to." During succeeding years the conditions did not improve, as readers may judge who refer to an article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of June, 1908, on "Gunnery Records of the Fleet." It was then recalled that the movement for better gunnery dated from a protest which a junior officer, signing himself "Guns," made in the *Naval and Military Record* in 1898. Sir Percy Scott had been active against stubborn opposition, but this junior officer, throwing aside all caution, described the routine at sea, making, with full publicity, "an appeal to Cæsar":—

"It is a usual thing for the signal to be made 'Spread for practice; rejoin my flag' at such a time,' the consequence being the practice is carried out in a hurried, panicky way, without sufficient supervision or correcting of errors made, in order to get it over.

"Who has not heard something like the following 'Why didn't you fire that gun?' 'Didn't see the target, sir.' 'Never mind that, fire at the splash.' Bang! and away goes pounds and pounds of the unfortunate ratepayers' money into the sea.

"The allowance of ammunition is sufficiently small, only eight rounds being allowed for such guns as a 4.7 or 6 in. quick-firer, ten rounds for a lighter quick-firer, and four rounds for the 12 in. gun and upwards."

After referring to the action of the Admiralty in shortening the course for sub-lieutenants qualifying for gunnery, "Guns" added that he "supposed our officers were theoretically the worst trained of any first-class Power." The statements by this gunnery officer were the subject of a good deal of attention. His conclusions were criticised, but in striking the first blow for improved gunnery he did not lack support. A brother officer subsequently wrote pointing out that smartness of paint was considered of more importance than gunnery. With reference to big-gun firing, he said:—

"It may be that we shall never get good firing and good gun crews for defending our country until we have got rid of our out-of-date officers and ideas, who think more of the paint-work on the ships and guns, and oil on the decks, than drill or preparation for war. . . .

"Cases have come under my observation where the carpenters have had to take handspikes and monkeys to open a gun and torpedo port, and all because they are not allowed to be oiled or worked, but are kept beautifully painted, and when 'General quarters' are sounded the order 'Never mind the gun port' is passed round. . . . The cry at target practice is 'Get it over—hurry up!'"

Later on, Admiral Sir Sydney Eardley Wilmot, writing with the experience of forty-one years of the Navy, stated that: "Strange though it may seem, there has been from time immemorial a prejudice against gunnery in the minds of a majority

of our officers, who for some obscure reason long considered it incompatible with the other attributes of a seaman." And this admiral added this significant and remarkable statement:—

"I can recall to mind, not so many years ago, how the promotion of one of the ablest officers in the service was impeded because he neglected the paint-work in his labour to increase fighting efficiency. How many admirals when inspecting ships have reported favourably on their capability for engaging the enemy successfully owing to good shooting—a matter quite apart from smart handling of the guns with dummy charges? Has it not been the custom rather to commend far less essential things in which spotless paint-work and stanchious burnished to the brightness of mirrors assume no unimportant part? Training of some sort goes on every day afloat, but how much of it is directed towards straight shooting with the gun? Yet that is a matter upon which too much time and care cannot be bestowed.

It would be an easy matter to collate a mass of additional evidence to prove that *ten years before the opening of the war the British Fleet was doomed to defeat*. It suffered from the enervating influences of a hundred years of peace and had ceased to be, in the real sense of the term, a fighting instrument, while it turned a blind eye to the naval preparations which the Germans were hurrying on ignoring their determined movement to create a great Navy trained to a high pitch of efficiency in the North Sea. The British Navy generally was without an adequate conception of what war meant. Though the best part of a century had passed since the Battle of Trafalgar and ships and weapons had undergone radical changes it still held to a routine which even the reverses during the American war had failed to convince it was radically wrong. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who was later on as President to become the supporter of Admiral Sims in the reform of American gunnery methods, wrote words which tell on deaf ears when he declared:—

'There is unquestionably a great difference in fighting capacity, as there is a great difference in intelligence, between certain races. But there are a number of races each of which is intelligent each of which has the fighting edge. Among these races, the victory in an contest will go to the man or nation that has trained it by thorough preparation. This preparation was absolutely necessary in the days of sailing-ships, but the need of it is even greater now if it be intended to get full benefit from the delicate and complicated mechanism of the formidable war engines of the present day. There is must spend many years, and the men not a few, in unwearied and intelligent training before they are fit to do all that is possible with themselves and their weapons. Those who do thus, whether they be Americans or British, Frenchmen, Germans, or Russians, will win the victory over those who do not. When the day of battle comes the difference of race will be found as nothing when compared with differences in thorough and practical training in advance.'

(1) *The Naval Operations of the War between Great Britain and the United States* by Theodore Roosevelt (Sampson Low)

The British Fleet, in all its inefficiency so far as war readiness was concerned, was still widely distributed over the world's seas to the complete neglect both of the growing power of Germany in the North Sea and the Nelsonian principle that a fleet should be practised in the area in which it will have to fight, when Lord Fisher arrived at the Admiralty as First Sea Lord with a complete scheme of co-ordinated naval reforms, bringing with him a group of like-minded naval officers.

On Christmas Day, 1904, the revolution began with the issue of a long memorandum signed by Lord Selborne, the First Lord, on the distribution of the Fleet. It was impossible to state in bald terms that Germany was becoming a danger to every British interest, but the First Lord, interpreting the views of his colleagues, and particularly of the resolute First Sea Lord, explained how it was intended to lay the foundations of what, in due course, was to be known as the Grand Fleet. The time was short and hardly sufficient for all the work which had to be done. The necessary officers and men for duty in the new strategic centre could be obtained only by "the withdrawal from commission of vessels of comparatively small fighting efficiency" and the reduction of the strength of some of the more distant squadrons. A second memorandum appeared in the following March giving more complete particulars of the application of the new principles. One hundred and fifty-five ineffective ships, a danger and a useless expense in upkeep, were forthwith removed from the list of the fighting fleet, and it will always stand to the credit of Mr. Balfour as Prime Minister that he supported this courageous action, for otherwise the *Pequod* might have been only one of a score of tragedies of the late war. He was quite right when he remarked at Glasgow early in the following year that he did not think public opinion had entirely realised the magnitude and the importance of the changes which the Board of Admiralty, infected by Lord Fisher, had effected in the constitution and arrangement of the British Fleet. He boldly claimed that the result of the changes which he had enumerated to his audience, taken together, "is that . . . the fighting power of the British Fleet during the first twenty-four hours, let us say, of hostilities with a foreign Power has been augmented not once or twice, but threefold." Almost simultaneously with the redistribution of the Fleet a comprehensive scheme of naval reforms was initiated in order to fit officers and men for the responsibilities which would devolve upon them in time of war and to build up an adequate and well-trained reserve, and ships in reserve were given nucleus crews.

In line with these reforms the Admiralty, inspired by Lord Fisher, began to prepare for the Battle of Jutland, deciding that

the Fleet's gunnery must forthwith be improved and that the Fleet must be provided with suitably armed ships to enable a high standard of gunnery to be attained. Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who had shown during his command, successively, of the cruisers *Seylla* and *Terrible*, what could be done with modern naval guns if the crews were properly trained, was called to the Admiralty in March, 1903, a new appointment being created for him. He became Inspector of Target Practice in order that he might introduce his methods into the Navy. He held that office until July, 1907, and the influence which he exercised on the fighting efficiency of the Fleet is reflected in the following statement :—

In 1898, 60 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1899, 60 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1900, 68 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1901, 64 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1902, 59 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1903, 54 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1904, 58 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1905, 44 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1906, 29 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.
In 1907, 21 shots out of every 100 fired missed the target.

It was, however, to waste, to a great extent, the energies of officers and men to continue to provide them with ships which, whatever their other characteristics, were ill-designed for quick and accurate shooting. At that time the latest battleships were the vessels of the King Edward VII. class, which were known during the war as the "Wobbly Eight." It has always been a mystery how these battleships came to be designed in view of the knowledge which had then been obtained of the essential characteristics of a fighting ship. They were of large displacement—16,350 tons—and possessed a nominal speed of 18½ knots, but they were only thinly armoured and mounted no fewer than three types of guns—12 in., 9·2 in., and 6 in. It was already realised by the most experienced gunnery officers of the Fleet that in such a vessel, firing three types of guns in action, it would be impossible to watch the fall of the shot of each calibre in order to correct the aim and thus hit the target. It was also realised that a ship might have to engage an enemy in a considerable seaway, but, nevertheless, the forward 6-in. guns of the King Edward VII. class were placed so near the water that they could not be fired except when the sea was almost as smooth as a sheet of glass. Eight of these ships, which could do everything except "hit first, hit hard, and keep on hitting," had been either built or ordered, in spite of all the light which the designs of the new German battleships was already shedding. The

country was also building a variety of cruisers with inadequate gun power and poor speed; conspicuous among them were the ships of the County class, the worst investment, unless it be a group of sloops of the same period, which this country has ever made. It may be said, indeed, that although the Navy had many cruisers, it had no efficient scouts. Lastly, in effective naval power, Germany was overtaking us, having laid down between 1899 and 1904 eleven battleships to our sixteen; eight of the British battleships were of the King Edward VII. type already mentioned, and two others were the small battleships *Swiftsure* and *Triumph*, purchased from Chile in 1903.

A revolution in naval design was overdue if the Battle of Jutland was not to end in our defeat. It was apparent from the large number of 5·9-in. guns mounted in German battleships and the many torpedo-tubes carried in them, as well as from the career of Admiral Tirpitz as a torpedo specialist, that the Germans were preparing to fight at close range. They hoped to snatch victory under a hail of 9·2-in.¹ and 6-in shells and to gain the fullest advantage from improvements then being made in the range and accuracy of the torpedo. The time was overdue for a reconsideration of the designs of British men-of-war, and Lord Fisher, bringing Sir Philip Watts to the Admiralty as Director of Naval Construction in place of Sir William White, determined on rebuilding the British Fleet. It was an ambitious decision, but he calculated that it could be done in time for the day of battle. A committee was set up at the Admiralty to examine the proposals which he had already elaborated. Its members included Admiral the Marquess of Milford Haven, Engineer Rear-Admiral Sir John Durston (Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy), Sir Henry Jackson, Lord Jellicoe, Sir Reginald Bacon, Sir Charles Madden, Sir John Thorneycroft, and Sir Alexander Gracie, among others, and Lord Fisher was its President. In that way the original *Dreadnought*, the first all-big-gun ship, came into existence; the *Invincible* and her sisters were laid down; and new types of other ships evolved. Lord Selborne was content to announce in his annual statement that "it is proposed to begin one battleship, four armoured cruisers, five ocean-going destroyers, one ocean-going destroyer of an experimental type, twelve coastal destroyers, eleven submarines," adding that his Majesty had approved that the battleship should be called the *Dreadnought* and the first of the "armoured cruisers" the *Invincible*.

It is now known that the Germans were completely deceived by that announcement, which really heralded the rebuilding of

(1) The 9·2 in. was the heaviest gun mounted in German battleships when our heavy guns were of 12 in. calibre

the Fleet on entirely new standards of power. What those standards were the Admiralty kept to itself, and in all secrecy a beginning was made with the construction of the ships which, in association with others of later programmes, with the 18.5-in. and 15-in. gun, formed the Grand Fleet on the morning of August 4th, 1914, when Lord Jellicoe, having that morning received his appointment as Commander-in-Chief, took it to sea for its first war cruise. The *Dreadnought* was not the largest ship in hand in 1905, for Russia and Japan had on the stocks ships of greater displacement. But it embodied a new principle: in place of three types of guns, as in the King Edward VII. class, it mounted only one type of gun, and that the 12-in. gun, of which it carried ten in five turrets, protected by 11 inches of armour. The 9.2-in. gun and the 6-in. gun were eliminated, because this ship, like sister vessels which were afterwards laid down, was intended to fight outside the range of the German torpedo and the many light guns provided in German battleships. The "armoured cruisers" were not vessels of a type then familiar, but battle-cruisers. They were provided with the same type of gun as the *Dreadnought*, but two less in number, in association with the then unheard-of speed in a large vessel of 26 knots. In order to get speed Lord Fisher, supported by his colleagues and by Sir John Dureston, had determined upon a revolution of the most daring character, in place of the familiar reciprocating engine, it was decided to employ turbines in association with water-tube boilers. If the Grand Fleet had not had turbines and water-tube boilers, it is doubtful whether we could have won the war.

In this way the revolution in the Navy began. There had never been anything like it before. It involved new methods of training and manning, as well as joint manœuvres, and the building of new ships representing fresh principles—particularly gunnery principles. In combination, these reforms constituted the boldest stroke of policy which this country had ever entertained, and it will stand to the enduring credit of King Edward VII. and Mr. Balfour, as well as to that of Lord Selborne and Lord Cawdor, his successor, that in the early days, when no mean proportion of the senior officers of the Fleet were suspicious of the changes, if they did not actually oppose them, the Board of Admiralty was not without support.

It is little less than a miracle that the scheme of reform was not overwhelmed by the mass of criticism to which it was exposed on the part of those who were unconscious that the British Navy's day of trial was approaching. In and out of Parliament the critics marshalled their forces, objecting to the secrecy which the

Admiralty observed, in order to mislead the undeclared enemy, as well as condemning the new types of ships which were being built for the Battle of Jutland; and an effort was made to rouse the commercial classes against the scheme of distribution which involved fewer ships being maintained on foreign stations to show the flag. One of the most energetic opponents issued an elaborate "plea for inquiry."¹ In a general condemnation of everything that the Admiralty had done or contemplated, this writer, who was said to be of authoritative standing, innocently protested that whereas the British public had hitherto been told all about ships under construction, "British readers interested in naval affairs—and their number is legion—now find themselves furnished with fuller and better official information respecting the French, American, German, Russian, Japanese and other navies than they are in regard to the Royal Navy." This innocent critic, who would have let Germany know all about our new types of ships, declared that "this condition of things is utterly wrong and indefensible" and "it must not be allowed to continue." It was fortunately allowed to continue, and, as Count von Reventlow and other German writers have since confessed, the Germans were completely misled. But in those days the public, unconscious of the German menace, might well have been led by such blind leaders to demand a full disclosure of our naval policy. And in that event, who can say what uses the Germans might have made of the information?

It has been remarked that the new types of ships were condemned. How roundly and wholesaley they were criticised can only be appreciated by those who are familiar with the opinions then held by Sir William White, Admiral Sir Reginald Custance, and others. This officer wrote a considerable book in denunciation of the Admiralty. The *Dreadnought* was anathema, and as to the battle-cruisers, he declared that "by argument the class have been killed, and it only remains to inter them decently away from the public gaze." It would be interesting to have Admiral of the Fleet Sir David Beatty's comment, in the light of war, on those words of folly. It would also be interesting to learn what he, or Lord Jellicoe, thinks of the statement of the same writer in another book of his when he remarked that "the main object in battle is to make the enemy believe that he is beaten," and addressing his brother officers, asked: "Is it not more important to disarm the enemy than to sink him?" History will give no uncertain judgment on the action of the Admiralty when, in preparation for the Battle of Jutland, it built the all-big-gun battle-ships and battle-cruisers.

(1) *The State of the Navy in 1907* (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Is there not, on the other hand, a lingering impression that, owing to the withdrawal of cruisers from foreign waters, we sustained heavy losses of shipping during the war? As to that, it can be stated now, as it could not be stated at the time, that this measure was essential in order to obtain trained officers and men for the Grand Fleet, then in process of creation. By this vigorous stroke of the pen, the Admiralty secured 11,000 officers and men for duty in the North Sea, and at the same time effected financial economies which proved of inestimable advantage during the period when the Fleet was being rebuilt and reorganised.¹ If this war has proved one thing more conclusively than another, it is that slow and poorly-gunned ships of the cruiser classes, such as the *Pegasus*, constitute a peril to the officers and men on board and are calculated to lower the prestige of the British flag. Events have proved that the scrapping of the old ships was a policy of wisdom. It is a misrepresentation to suggest that the trade routes were left unprotected. On the contrary, when hostilities opened we had in foreign waters 4 battle-cruisers, 9 armoured cruisers, 21 light cruisers, and 34 small craft, besides 8 destroyers. Von Spee's ships did a certain amount of injury to the mercantile marine, but from the opening of the war till its close German surface craft—cruisers and raiders—captured or sank less than half a million tons of British shipping,² and von Spee's ships, including the *Emden*, captured only fifty-one vessels.

The subsequent Battle of Coronel was not due to any defect in the scheme of distribution outlined in 1901, nor to the scrapping of old and ineffectual ships. It suggests rather that the policy of scrapping was not carried far enough. But how could Admiral Cradock be avenged? Two days only before the Battle of Coronel, Lord Fisher, the naval reformer of earlier days, had returned to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord. He thus had an opportunity of exhibiting the strategic principles which had guided him ten years before, and showing what the battle-cruiser was meant for. News of the Battle of Coronel reached the Admiralty on November 5th; two days later Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee was appointed to command a special squadron; on November 11th he left this country in secrecy with the battle-cruisers *Invincible* and *Inflexible*, temporarily withdrawn from the Grand Fleet. Secrecy and speed were Lord Fisher's watchwords. With sure instinct, these two battle-cruisers were directed to steam to the Falkland Islands, and there on December 8th, the morning after their arrival, von Spee was

(1) The Navy Estimates rose from £34,000,000 in 1905-6 to £50,500,000 in 1914-15.

(2) Owing to the submarine campaign we lost over 7,000,000 tons.

trapped, and of his squadron only one ship escaped—and that ship only for a time. The whole of our naval history may be searched in vain for a more consummate demonstration of the correct application of the right form of power to a particular strategical situation. *It may seem almost incredible, but it is a fact, that ten years before the opening of the war Lord Fisher foresaw just such a situation as developed in the Pacific towards the close of 1914.* He did not, of course, anticipate the disaster of Coronel, which has yet to be explained, but in designing the battle-cruiser type he deliberately provided the Fleet with a vessel carrying the guns of a battleship in association with the high speed of the cruiser. He foresaw that in the course of a war battle-cruisers might be thrown in to clear the trade routes when British shipping was being molested by such inferior vessels as the enemy might detach from his main fleet. It is well, perhaps, that the battle-cruisers were not "interred decently away from the public gaze," for otherwise von Spee might have continued his career for many months, and history would not have recorded the one battle of annihilation which has been fought in modern times. Nelson talked of annihilating the enemy, but it was never his good fortune to do so (unless it was at the Nile), and the credit rests with Lord Fisher of having introduced a type of ship which set up a new standard of naval victory.

And now that the war has ended, is it not apparent that if it had not been for the scheme of naval reforms, including a higher standard of gunnery, introduced in 1904 and later years, the British Empire would have gone down in ruins? For this war was won in the main by the British Fleet. Let us be on our guard against drawing from this struggle the wrong moral. Some years ago Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge¹ wrote an article which well bears re-reading in the light of our recent experience. He recalled that "for more than half a century after Nelson's death all the most brilliant achievements of British arms were performed on shore, in India or in the Crimea": in the latter case "the command of the sea held by the Allied Powers was so complete and all-pervading that no one stopped to think what the course of hostilities would have been without it, any more than men stop to think what the course of any particular business would be if there was no atmosphere to breathe in." The Crimean War was followed by the Indian Mutiny, also waged entirely on land, and "here again the command of the sea was so complete that no interruption of it, even temporarily, called attention to its existence." The Indian Mutiny was succeeded by the third China War; then came the second New Zealand

(1) *Naval Annual*, 1908

War; after that came the campaign in Abyssinia, the Red River Expedition in Canada, the Ashantee War of 1873-4; fighting in Afghanistan; the war with the Zulus; the Transvaal War and the campaigns in Egypt. In all those wars the Navy took an inconspicuous part, and the nation came to the conclusion that, after all, the Fleet was not of very much value. A Royal Commission decided that it was not worth our while, in view of the expense, to attempt to defend the English Channel, but that we should fortify our ports and build up a great army. The danger that the moral of the war which has now closed may be misinterpreted is all the greater because the success of the British Fleet was so complete. Lord Fisher's dramatic stroke in November, 1914, and other incidents may encourage the belief that we have little to fear from the surface ships of an enemy, but if the war has taught one lesson more conclusively than another it is that, as the British Empire is maritime, living on and by the sea, so it must be defended by a supreme fleet.

How that fleet shall be distributed must depend upon the international situation generally and our relations with other Powers. As it was the correct policy to concentrate our strength in the North Sea, creating the Grand Fleet of imperishable memory, so it is now the correct policy to disperse our strength, sending ships into the outer seas to show the flag and support British prestige. That is what is now being done by the Admiralty. A small battle force is being maintained in Home waters, consisting of six battleships, and another force of similar strength is being stationed in the Mediterranean, the large Atlantic Fleet being the strategical pivotal force. Admiral Sir Charles Madden has his flag in the *Queen Elizabeth* and under his immediate orders—for he is also Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet—he has the First and Second Battle Squadrons, consisting of five vessels of the *Royal Sovereign* type and five sister ships of the *Queen Elizabeth* class, in addition to a battle-cruiser squadron of five units, a flying squadron of four ships, half-a-dozen of the latest light cruisers, and large flotillas of destroyers and submarines. In the Atlantic Fleet, the strategic conception adopted by the Admiralty in the early years of this century is preserved, a strong and mobile force being provided for action either in Home waters or in the Mediterranean as circumstances may dictate.

In the outer seas, the representation of the Empire is being committed to some of the finest light cruisers under the British flag. The China Squadron will in future consist of five light cruisers with a flotilla of destroyers; four light cruisers will be on duty in East Indian waters; and a similar number will carry the flag on the Cape, South American and North American

stations; while in Australian waters the battle-cruiser *Australia* and three light cruisers will be associated with considerable forces of destroyers and submarines. It is in accordance with the invaluable tradition of the British Navy that the battleships shall be on duty in European waters, the centre of strategic moment in normal political conditions. Except in the years preceding the Russo-Japanese War, we have never had in modern times battleships stationed in distant waters, and no argument can be advanced in favour of a departure from a well-established practice.

And so it happens that, with the dispersal of the Grand Fleet, our naval forces, concentrated for war, have now been dispersed for peace. But the new distribution does not conflict with war principles, as that of 1904 and preceding years did. The organisation of the squadrons in Home waters is strategically correct, and the cruisers in the outer seas are not old and decrepit vessels, capable neither of fighting nor running away, but are, on the contrary, ships of high military value, with good offensive and defensive qualities. Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Duff hoists his flag this summer, as Commander-in-Chief of the China Squadron, in the finest light cruiser possessed by any navy: the *Hawkins* is a ship of 9,750 tons' displacement with a speed of 30 knots, and she carries seven 7.5-in. guns. Associated with this flagship will be four smaller cruisers of almost as high speed, each mounting two 6-in. and eight 4-in. guns each. And the other squadrons will also be composed of ships which in an emergency will be able to fight without reflecting discredit on the high traditions of the British Navy which have been created during the past five years.

The constitution of these new squadrons in the outer seas represents an accession of strength to this country both commercially and politically. Trade follows the flag: it is an old saying, and it is still true. It must be a cause of no slight satisfaction to the commercial classes to know that, apart from the battle forces in European waters with sixteen, and temporarily nineteen, light cruisers attached, the power of the British people is represented far overseas by no fewer than twenty-four light cruisers. This reassertion of our naval power will also give strength to our foreign policy. Lord Palmerston once observed: "If I want a thing well done in a distant part of the world, if I require a man with a good head, a good heart, lots of pluck and plenty of common sense, I always send for a captain in the Royal Navy." Under the new scheme of fleet distribution, which the Admiralty has drawn up, the country will have at its service a large number of naval captains and in Home waters strong battle fleets; Nelson declared that: "A fleet of British ships of

war are the best negotiators in Europe; they always speak to be understood and generally gain their point. Their arguments carry conviction to the breast of our enemies." We do not know who may be our enemies, in spite of the League of Nations. The Navy will continue to be "our sure shield," and fortunately the Navy is strong. Earl Brassey in the latest issue of the *Naval Annual* proves that we have more completed ships of the Dreadnought type—battleships and battle-cruisers—than all the other navies of the world combined, and in light cruisers and destroyers our margin of strength is more than ample for our needs. We have inherited from the war a fleet of unsurpassed strength, and the Admiralty, supported by the Government, have introduced new scales of pay which carry the assurance that as the fleet is strong so also will it be contented and happy. Nelson once complained of the ingratitude with which the country requited the services of its seamen when once the sense of jeopardy was lifted, but this war has had as its sequel a long-delayed settlement of the injustice under which the Navy, ill-paid and inadequately pensioned, has supported the British cause in war and in peace.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

ON CUTTING SHAKESPEAR.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has quoted me in support of the practice of performing selections from Shakespear's plays instead of the plays in their entirety as he left them.

Everything that Mr. Archer says is very true and very sensible. Unfortunately, the results in practice are the productions of Cibber, Garrick, Irving, Tree, Augustin Daly, Sir Frank Benson, and the commercial managers generally, which may be highly entertaining productions, but are somehow not Shakespear, whereas Mr. Granville Barker's resolutely unreasonable showing-up of Shakespear's faults and follies to the uttermost comma was at once felt to be a restoration of Shakespear to the stage.

The moment you admit that the producer's business is to improve Shakespear by cutting out everything that he himself would not have written, and thinks Shakespear ought not to have written, and everything that he thinks the audience will either not like or not understand, and everything that does not make prosaic sense, you are launched on a slope on which there is no stopping until you reach the abyss where Irving's Lear lies forgotten. The reason stares us in the face. The producer's disapprovals, and consequently his cuts, are the symptoms of the differences between Shakespear and himself; and his assumption that all these differences are differences of superiority on his part and inferiority on Shakespear's, must end in the cutting down or raising up of Shakespear to his level. Tree thought a third-rate ballet more interesting than the colloquy of Cassio with Iago on the subject of temperance. No doubt many people agreed with him. It was certainly much more expensive. Irving, when he was producing *Cymbeline*, cut out of his own part the lines:—

" 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
Bows towards her, and would underpeep her lids
To see the unclosed lights, now canopyed
Under those windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tintet."

He was genuinely astonished when he was told that he must not do it, as the lines were the most famous for their beauty of all the purple patches in Shakespear. A glance at the passage will shew how very "sensible" his cut was. Mr. Archer wants to cut "O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness," because it is "absolutely meaningless." But think of all the other lines that must go with it on the same ground! The gayer

side of Shakespear's poetic ecstasy expressed itself in word-dances of jingling nonsense which are, from the point of view of the grave Scots commentator who demands a meaning and a moral from every text, mere delirium and echolalia. But what would Shakespear be without them? "The spring time, the only merry ring time, when birds do sing hey ding a ding ding" is certainly not good sense nor even accurate ornithological observation! Who ever heard a bird sing "hey ding a ding ding" or anything even remotely resembling it? Out with it, then; and away, too, with such absurdities as Beatrice's obviously untrue statement that a star danced at her birth, which must revolt all the obstetricians and astronomers in the audience. As to Othello's lustration about the Propontick and the Hellespont, is this senseless hullahaloo of sonorous vowels and precipitate consonants to be retained when people have trains to catch? Mr. Archer is credulous in imagining that in these orchestral passages the wit has evaporated and the meaning become inscrutable. There never was any meaning or wit in them in his sense any more than there is wit or meaning in the crash of Wagner's cymbals or the gallop of his trombones in the Valkyries' ride. The producer who has a head for syllogisms cuts such passages out. The producer who has an ear for music, like Mr. Granville Barker, breaks his heart in trying to get them adequately executed.

Then take my own celebrated criticisms of Shakespear, written when the Bard, like all the other dramatists, was staggering under the terrible impact of Ibsen. Can men whose intellectual standards have been screwed up to Goethe's *Faust*, Wagner's *Ring*, and "deep revolving" Ibsen's soul histories, be expected to sit and listen to such penny-reading twaddle as *The Seven Ages of Man*, or even Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide? Out with the lot of them, then - let us cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.

I might pile Pelion on Ossa with illustrations of the passages that might very well be cut out of Shakespear's plays on Mr. Archer's grounds and on mine and on Garrick's, Irving's, etc., etc., etc. It is clear that you need only a sufficiently large and critical committee of producers instead of a single producer to cut out the entire play, a conclusion which most managers reach without the assistance of a committee. It is equally clear that to avoid this reduction to common sense the only workable plan is Mr. Barker's plan, which makes Shakespear, and not the producer, the ultimate authority. That Shakespear is a bore and even an absurdity to people who cannot listen to blank verse and enjoy it as musicians listen to an opera (Shakespear's methods are extremely like Verdi's); that Mr. George Robey,

heroically trying to find jokes crude enough for an audience of rustic Tommies, would shrink from Touchstone's story about the beef and the mustard; that we who think it funny to call a man's head his nut remain joyless when Shakespeare calls it his costard (not knowing that a costard is an apple); that Benedick cannot amuse or fascinate the young ladies who have adored Robert Lorraine and Granville Barker as Jack Tanner; that William's puns are as dead as Tom Hood's or Farnie's; that Elizabethan English is a half-dead language and Euphuist English unintelligible and intolerable - all these undeniable facts are reasons for not performing Shakespeare's plays at all, but not reasons for breaking them up and trying to jerry-build modern plays with them, as the Romans broke up the Coliseum to build hovels. Businesslike and economical as that procedure seems (for why waste good material?), experience remorselessly proves that Shakespeare making a fool of himself is more interesting than the judicious producer correcting him. The people who really want Shakespeare want all of him, and not merely Mr Archer's or anyone else's favorite bits, and this not in the least because they enjoy every word of it, but because they want to be sure of hearing the words they do enjoy, and because the effect of the judiciously selected passages, not to mention the injudiciously selected passages, is not the same as that of the whole play, just as the effect of the currants picked out of a bun is not the same as that of the whole bun, indigestible as it may be to people who do not like buns.

There are plenty of modern instances to go upon. I have seen *Peter Gynt* most judiciously and practically cut by Lugné-Poe, and *The Wild Duck* cut to the bone by Mr. Archer. I have seen Wagner at full length at Bayreuth and Munich, and cut most sensibly at Covent Garden. I have actually seen *Il Trovatore*, most swift and concise of operas, cut by Sir Thomas Beecham. My own plays, notoriously too long, have been cut with masterly skill by American managers. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones made a capital acting version of *A Doll's House*, entitled *Breaking a Butterfly*. I do not allege that the result has always been disastrous failure, though it has sometimes gone that far. A hash makes a better meal than an empty plate. But I do aver without qualification that the mutilation has always been an offence, and the effect different and worse both in degree and in kind from the effect of a remorselessly faithful performance. Wagner's remark when he heard Rossini's *Barber of Seville* performed for once in its integrity in Turin applies to all the works of the great masters. You get something from such a performance that the selections never give you. And I suggest that this

is not wholly a mystery. It occurs only when the work is produced under the direction of a manager who understands its value and can find in every passage the charm or the function which induced the author to write it, and who can dictate or suggest the method of execution that brings out that charm or discharges that function. Without this sense and this skill the manager will cut, cut, cut, every time he comes to a difficulty; and he will put the interest of the refreshment bars and the saving of electric light and the observance of the conventional hours of beginning the performance before his duty to the author, maintaining all the time that the manager who cuts most is the author's best friend.

In short, there are a thousand most sensible reasons for cutting not only Shakespeare's plays, but all plays, all symphonies, all operas, all epics, and all pictures which are too large for the dining room. And there is absolutely no reason on earth for not cutting them except the design of the author, who was probably too conceited to be a good judge of his own work.

The same conclusion is therefore that cutting must be dogmatically ruled out because, as Tao Tse said, "of the making of reforms there is no end." The simple thing to do with a Shakespeare play is to perform it. The alternative is to let it alone. If Shakespeare made a mess of it, it is not likely that Smith or Robinson will succeed where he failed.

(C) BERNARD SHAW

"HAMLET" AT THE UNIVERSITIES: A BELATED REPLY.

IN these days of an abounding Elizabethan research, when a host of investigators the world over are exercising an unceasing vigilance and speculation on a thousand and one points in life, it may safely be predicated that, in the generality of cases, the new idea of wide dissemination which manages to run the gauntlet of criticism unscathed for something like a lustrum is an idea with reason and cogency on its side, and bids fair to establish itself. All the more surprising is it, therefore, that the untenability of Professor Boas's main thesis and underlying speculation in his article on "*Hamlet at the Universities*" in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for August, 1913, should not have been exposed ere this, and that, *per contra*, his primary deduction should have met with unanimous, if for the most part tacit, acceptance. For once judgment has gone by default. Even so prudent and sagacious an investigator as Sir Sidney Lee has allowed himself to be led astray by Professor Boas's lop-sided reasoning. It is painful to find so dependable an authority recanting his old sound opinion in the latest edition of his standard *Life of Shakespeare*, and averring, on the strength of Professor Boas's article and the iteration of its main points in his book on *The University Drama in the Tudor Age*, that the statement on the imprint of the first *Hamlet* quarto to the effect that the tragedy had been acted at both universities is a misrepresentation, thoroughly in keeping with the act of piracy which gave the play in its crudity to the world. The truth of the matter is there is no valid reason why we should doubt the accuracy of this clear-cut statement, and there are valid reasons why we should stamp it with the seal of our approval. I have spoken of Professor Boas's argumentative methods in this connection as lop-sided because, while obviously and honestly intent on arriving at the true facts according to the evidence, he has deceived himself and misled others by viewing the crux from one particular angle. Both in his article and his book he proceeds complacently to marshal the scanty, inconclusive data yielded by the civic archives of Oxford and Cambridge and the archives of the two universities, never dreaming that vital evidence lies ready to his hand elsewhere, evidence that would lead to wholly different conclusions. It is the purpose of this reply to unfold these modifying particulars, a course which can best be entered upon by recapitu-

lating Professor Boas's main points and indulging in a running commentary.

Professor Boas sets out to traverse the statement made on the title-page of the first *Hamlet* quarto to the effect that the tragedy had been acted at both universities, and to show that while the play might have been acted before the Mayor and citizens of Oxford and Cambridge, under the reigning conditions, it could not have been acted within university precincts. He begins by pointing out that in July, 1593, the Privy Council, in response to a petition from Cambridge University, forbade performances by common players either in Oxford or Cambridge or within five miles of the two university towns. But, although quite aware that Lord Strange's men acted at Oxford in October, 1593, and the Lord Chamberlain's men at Cambridge in 1594, he lays no stress on the fact that the order proved no deterrent. What he does emphasize, however, is that before 1593, and for at least a decade after the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford followed an expedient put in practice by the mayors of sundry provincial towns when they deemed it advisable that duly licensed players should not act within their jurisdiction and under their auspices. (I am slightly embroidering here. Professor Boas discusses the principle, not the precedent.) He gave them a gratuity, sometimes small, sometimes large, to go away. Unless he was doubtful about his authority to send them packing, this reads like a sign of weakness. It would appear, indeed, that in the country towns licensed players could not be silenced if they insisted upon acting. When Swynnerton brought a company of spurious Queen's Men to Norwich in 1616, "he was desired," as the Council Books testify, "to desist from playing, and offered a benevolence in money, wch he refused to accept"—so he was allowed to act. It is obvious, therefore, that the evidence of the Vice-Chancellor's accounts regarding the visits of players is not the whole of the evidence. On the few occasions in the early seventeenth century when the regular London players appeared before the universities—this sounds like begging the question, but I shall prove at least one such visit—no record of their performances would be kept unless the Vice-Chancellor happened to reward them with a fee, which, judging from the silence of his accounts, was never the practice. But Professor Boas, basing on the one-sided data he has so sedulously garnered, maintains, from the monotonous iteration of the entries testifying to the bestowal of money without a consideration, that "neither *Hamlet* nor any other Shakespearean play can have been acted at Oxford during Elizabeth's reign with the consent of the academic authorities, much less
 2-- their auspices." If this implies that *Hamlet* could not

possibly have been performed within university precincts before the publication of the First Quarto, it is, as I shall show, clearly wrong. The mistake made by Professor Boas—a mistake in which he is merely following the lead of Fleay and divers other hidebound investigators—is in assuming that the statement made on the imprint of the First Quarto dates the university performances of *Hamlet* at the close of Elizabeth's reign. How utterly fallacious this is I hope shortly to demonstrate.

On no very firm ground when he arrives at this conclusion, Professor Boas takes a few steps further and lands in a quagmire. Dealing with the visits of Shakespeare's company to Oxford he points out that "neither in the city nor in the university accounts is it mentioned after October 6th, 1593. Since *Hamlet* is supposed to have been written and acted in 1601, it has been assumed that the visit to the universities took place in that year, but nobody has been able to trace the Chamberlain's Men anywhere in the country in that year." Ignoring the possibility that Shakespeare's company played *Hamlet* before the universities in the first year of James's reign, Professor Boas fails to see any way out of the difficulty beyond suggesting that the First Quarto represents "Shakespeare's earlier version of the semi-Senecan play on *Hamlet*, probably by Thomas Kyd," made between 1593 and 1594. In support of this view he points out that when Lord Strange's men were at Oxford in October, 1593, they were accompanied by Edward Alleyn, of the Lord Admiral's company, and that "after their return to London the two companies performed together from June 3rd to 13th, 1594, at Newington Butts. When we find from Heuslowe's Diary," he continues, "that one of the seven pieces which they performed together was *Hamlet*, acted, not as a new play, on June 9th, there is a strong presumption that it had been already staged at Oxford and elsewhere in the previous year. And till proof is forthcoming of a visit of Shakespeare's company to Oxford between 1593 and 1601, it is a reasonable hypothesis that the *Hamlet*, which is mentioned again by Lodge in 1596, was the First Quarto version, and not (as in the accepted view) the pre-Shakespearean play."

There are two serious, practically fatal, objections to this ingenious theory. One of them, the omission of *Hamlet* from Francis Meres' enumeration of Shakespeare's best plays in 1598, Professor Boas himself refers to and endeavours to explain away. The other lies in the awkward circumstance that the passage peculiar to Act II., Sc. 2 of the First Quarto, setting forth that the players had to travel because "the principall publike audience that came to them" were "turned to private playes and the humours of children," cannot have been written on any showing

before 1600. Professor Boas demonstrates that there were children's companies before the days of Burbage's Blackfriars, but he overlooks the fact that in and about the period when he assumes Shakespeare wrote the first draft of *Hamlet*, viz., ca. 1592-4, there was no children's playhouse in London. Farrant's Blackfriars had closed its unpretentious doors for ever in 1584, and the Paul's Boys had been suppressed in 1591. Apart from this, it would be idle to assume that either company had ever proved formidable rivals to the adult players. That was a distinction reserved for the Children of the Chapel Royal at the second Blackfriars in the final hours of the century.

When was the first *Hamlet* quarto issued? The imprint bears date 1603, and says "as it hath been diverse times acted by his Highness's servants in the Cittie of London : as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where." This could not have been written before May 19th, the date when by royal patent the Lord Chamberlain's men became his Highness's, otherwise the King's, Company. It has been variously conjectured that the play was issued in the summer or in the autumn, but it might have appeared any time later in the year.¹ Was there any possibility that, between May and, say, October, the King's players could have performed at the two universities? We have only to consider the terms of the new patent and the general circumstances of the time to see that, not only was there such a possibility, but that it would have been surprising if, under the conditions, they had refrained from visiting the universities. In 1603, whatever the reason, Shakespeare's company was in high favour with the new monarch. When James arrived in London on May 7th, it was under inauspicious circumstances, for the plague was raging, and its ravages for long delayed his public entry. In little better than a week, at a time, one would naturally think, when his mind would have been absorbed in affairs of State, he had given instructions for the immediate granting of a patent constituting the Chamberlain's Men his Majesty's Servants. Seeing that there was no need for haste, the playhouses all being closed, the matter was carried through with remarkable expedition. It is noteworthy that all the documents for the preparation of the patent, the King's Bill and Docket, the Licence, the Writ of Privy Seal, as well as the patent itself,

(1) It must be recalled that the legal year then extended from March to March, although some people had already begun to date the new year from January (see the example from Ben Jonson cited elsewhere). But it is a doubtful point whether a play published in, say, February, 1603-4 would have been dated 1603. At the Restoration plays issued in December were dated in the following year, probably to keep them current, but it is impossible to determine when this practice began.

are to be found in the later editions of Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines*. There is much iteration throughout, the Globe players being authorised in one and all to act as His Majesty's Servants "when the infection of the plague shall decrease," and specific mention is made of the universities as places where performances could be given without let or hindrance. It will suffice for our purpose to reproduce the patent of May 19th, 1608 :—

Com : Special : pro Laurencio Fletcher et Willielmo Shackespeare et aliis.
—James by the grace of God; etc., to all justices, maiors, sheriffes, constables, bedborowes, and other our officers and lovinge subjectes, greetinge. Knowe yee that wee, of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge and mere motion have licenced and auctorized, and by theise presentes doe licence and authorise theise our servauntes, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustyne Phillippes, John Heminges, Henrie Condell, Willham Sly, Robert Armyne, Richard Cowly, and the rest of theire associates, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playinge commedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastoralls, stago-playes, and suche others, like as theie have already studied or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our lovinge subjectes, as for our solace and pleasure when wee shall thincke good to see them duringe our pleasure; and the said commedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morall[s], pastoralls, stage playes, and such like, to shewe and exercise publicquely to theire best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within theire nowe usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as alsoe within anie towne-halls or moute-halls, or other conveniente places within the liberties and freedome of anie other citie, universitie, town or boroughe whatsoever within our said realmes and domynions. Willinge and commaunding you and everie of you, as you tender our pleasure, not onlie to permitt and suffer them herein, without anie your lettes, hindrances or molestacions, during our said pleasure, but alsoe to be aiding and assisting to them yf anie wronge be to them offered, and to allowe them such former curtesies as hath bene given to men of theire place and qualitie; and alsoe what further favour you shall shewe to theise our servauntes for our sake, wee shall take kindlie at your handes. In wytnesse whereof etc. Witnesse ourselve at Westminster the nyntenth day of May. Per Breve de privato sigillo, etc.

Whether or not the authority to act at the universities was inserted at the instance of the players to preclude the possibility of future rebuffs—such, mayhap, as had been already experienced—it was a concession utterly lacking in precedent, and its insertion has therefore very considerable significance. There was little risk of its being abused, as there was no likelihood of the King's men paying more than a short annual visit to the universities. In comparison with city playing, provincial tours were non-remunerative; consequently they only went into the country when all other resources failed. Had the privilege proved irksome to the universities, there would doubtless have been grave complaints to the Privy Council. But the academic authorities

made no sign, and when, in 1619, the patent to the King's men came to be renewed, the old concession was still allowed them.

This hurried granting of the patent of 1603 on the heels of the King's arrival gave the Globe players such a status and indicated so warm an interest in their well-being that none but the most resolute and uncompromising of Vice-Chancellors would have risked the royal displeasure by denying them entry had they presented themselves shortly afterwards at his gates. There are good reasons to believe that they did so present themselves at both universities and that at each they performed *Hamlet* during their stay. At no period in their history could they have been more desirous of playing in the country. Theatrically speaking, 1603 was a terribly lean year. The plague, which, as we have seen, was raging in May, failed to abate in virulence, and the playhouses remained closed until February, 1604. The King did all he could under the circumstances to mitigate the lot of his newly-appointed players. He had them to Wilton House early in December and at Christmas to Hampton Court. Besides rewarding them liberally for their services, he gave Burbage, their leader, early in February, 1604, a gratuity of £30 "for the mayntenance and reliefe of himselfe and the rest of his companie, being prohibited to present any playes in or near London" during the prevalence of the plague.

To my mind these facts throw a flood of light on the passage in the second *Hamlet* quarto (of 1604), which we find substituted for the earlier intimation that the players had taken to the road because of the superior attractions of the young eyeses, and giving as a more topical reason that "their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation." Professor Boas, in his article, has done good service in pointing out that elsewhere Shakespeare uses the word *innovation* twice in the sense of tumult or commotion. That this was one of its contemporary meanings examples cited in the *New Oxford Dictionary* show. We are forced, therefore, to conclude that the innovation or commotion that had caused the inhibition of the players was none other than the prolonged plague of 1603.

I repeat that there never was a time when the King's players would have been more anxious to repair to the country than during this harrowing year. Apart from their eleventh-hour performances before the King, we have evidence that they toured in the ordinary way and visited Shrewsbury and Coventry. They would hardly go so far afield to do so little, and, going or coming, other places must have been favoured with their attention on the way. Why not the two universities?

Restoration records indicate that, so far as Oxford was con-

cerned, there was one particular period when a remarkable relaxation of academic rigours took place. In the ebullient hours of Commencement a saturnalian licence was permitted, and, in one respect, so taken advantage of as to recall the ribaldries of the old Atellanæ Fabulæ.¹ In Dryden's meridian, as his university prologues and epilogues testify, the King's players frequently repaired to Oxford for Commencement; but, unfortunately, we have no evidence to show when the practice began.

The circumstance that some time in the academic year of 1603-4 the large sum of forty shillings was paid by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford to the players of Queen Anne to go away "*sine strepitu*"—an item of evidence educed by Professor Boas—so far from indicating that the Vice-Chancellor diplomatically bowed out all players, rather favours the supposition that the King's company had been there a little previously. Enough being as good as a feast, some discrimination had to be exercised. It is hardly likely that the academic authorities would have indulged the scholars in more than one set of performances per year. In this connection we must recall that touring companies often visited towns where they had no hope of being allowed to perform, the idea being to extract the readily-forthcoming gratuity.

That performances by the common players before the universities were of considerable rarity in the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first lustrum of the seventeenth the statement on the imprint of the first *Hamlet* quarto attests. That statement implies a high distinction; it would hardly have been worth while making if acting at the universities had been a regular occurrence. Stress must be laid on the fact that the only other London theatre-play published in the first half of the century with a similar intimation was a comedy produced at the Globe by the King's players in 1605, none other than *Volpone*; or *the Fox*. One deems it a happy circumstance that some "vernaculous orator" railed against the universities for their hearty reception of Ben's play, for his fulminations moved the tetchy author to reveal to us in a fervid, high-spirited reply that acting before the universities really did take place. His dedication prefixed to the first edition of *Volpone*, indited "from my house in the Black-Friars this 11 day of February, 1607," is addressed "to the most noble and most Equall sisters, the two Universities. For their love and acceptance shew'n to this Poeme in the presentation."

(1) Cf. the paper on "Irish Players at Oxford in 1677," in my *The Elizabethan Playhouse and Other Studies, Second Series*. A story told in *The Merrie Uncoited Jestes of George Prele* (1607) shows that, precisely at the *Hamlet* epoch, London citizens were accustomed to ride down to Oxford to participate in the jollity of Commencement.

The terms of this noble piece of prose, in which Ben Jonson, in his splendid aloofness, loftily rebukes the poetasters of his time, leave no doubt in the mind that *Volpone* had met with a warm welcome from the two universities. Beginning with the opening passage, I quote all that is relevant —

Never, most *acquall* Sisters, had any man a wit so presently excellent as that it could raise it selfe, but there must come both Matter, Occasion, Commend is and Favourers to it. If this be true, and that the fortune of all writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the carefull to provide, well, toward these accidents, and, having acquired them, to preserve that part of reputation most tenderly, wherein the benefit of a Friend is also defend'd. Hence it is, that I now render myself gratefull and am studious to justifie the bounty of your act, to which, though your mere authority were satisfying yet it being an age wherein Poetry and the Professors of it have so ill on all sides, there will a reason bee look'd for in the subject.

I cannot but be serious in a cause of the nature, wherein my fame, and the reputation of divers honest and learned are the question, when a Name so full of authority, antiquity and all great marks is (through their insolence) become the lowest scorn of the Age, and thus My subject to the petulance of every vernaculous orator, that will want to be the care of Kings and happiest Monarchs. Thus it is that hath not only rap't me to present indignation, but made mee studious heretofore and by all my actions, to stand off from them which may most appeare in this my latest Work, which you most learned Arbitrators have since judg'd and to my crowne approv'd.

In the mean time (most reverend Sisters) as I have care'd to be thankfull for your affectionate part, and here made the understanding acquainted with some ground of your favors, let me not despise their continuance to the maturing of some Worthier fruits wherein if my Muse be strict I shall raise the despis'd head of Poetry againe and stripping her out of those rotten and base ragges whereunto the *Times* have adulterated her from restore her to her primitive habit feature and majesty and render her worthy to be embrac'd and kiss'd of all the great and master-spirits of our world."

Although corroborative evidence is superfluous, it may be pointed out that there is a later reference to the acting of *Volpone* at the universities. It occurs in some lines on the play by "E. S.," conjectured by Gifford (or was it Dyce?) to be Jonson's friend, Edward Scorey —

' Volpone now is dead indeed, and lies
Exposed to the censure of all eyes,
And mouths, now he has run his train and shown
His subtile body where he best was known,
In both Minerva's cities "

When *Volpone* was produced at the Globe in 1605, the chief actors were the same as in Jonson's *Sejanus*, save that Philipps was dead and Shakespeare, for some reason, did not assume a rôle. Since the play was published early in 1607, it must have

"... .. production or the year after, that it ran the

gauntlet of academic scrutiny. All the knowledge we possess in any way bearing on the subject is that the King's players visited Oxford town in 1604, 1605, 1606, and 1607, and Cambridge town in 1607.

No one in his senses would dream of disputing the accuracy of Ben Jonson's implication of university performance in the dedication of his play, simply because the archives of the two universities are silent on the subject. And yet similar negative evidence is pressed into service to cast dubiety on the plain statement of the first *Hamlet* quarto. Surely the facts as we have them, in despite of the perplexing lacunæ, warrant us in believing that Shakespeare's great tragedy was submitted for the approval of the universities in the summer of 1603.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

Postscript.—Just as this article reaches the proof stage a contributory item of evidence comes to hand. It concerns the comedian, Robert Armin, who was undoubtedly in the original cast of *Hamlet*, and who, in all probability, played the First Gravedigger. Armin, it will be remembered, joined Shakespeare's company at the close of the sixteenth century; and his name figures in the list of Globe sharers to whom the King's patent was granted in 1603. Two years later he published a prose opusculum called *Foole upon Foole, or Sixe Sortes of Nottes*, better identified now by its subsequent title, *A Nest of Ninnies*. The dedicatory epistle prefixed to this rambling piece of motherwit is addressed "to the most true and rightly compleat in all good gifts and graces the generous gentlemen of Oxenford, Cambridge and the Innes of Court." To the university men he writes:—

"I have seen the stars at midnight in your societie, and might have commensat, like an usse I was; but I lackt liberty in that, yet I was admitted in Oxford to be of Christs Church, while they of Al-Soules gave ayne: such as knew me remember my measures. I promised them to prove mad; and I think I am so, else I would not meddle with folly so deeply, but *similis similem*, etc."

Let the meaning here be what it may, one cannot see how Armin could have gained a footing of intimacy with "the generous gentlemen" of both universities unless he had appeared before them in his professional capacity. The sequel is curious, for the university men, though not averse to listening to the chimes at midnight in the buffoon's company, little desired that the association should be made public. Accordingly, some signification of their displeasure was conveyed to Armin, who apologised for his indiscretion in *The Italian Taylor and his Boy* in 1609. — W. J. L.

THE CASE FOR THE ROWLATT ACT IN INDIA.

THE recent disturbances in India have attracted less attention in this country than they deserve. It was perhaps inevitable that a public engrossed in the larger problems that confront the Peace Conference, and particularly in the terms to be imposed by the victorious Allies on the arch-enemy, Germany, should have little time or inclination for a critical and dispassionate study of the connection between the outbreaks in the Punjab and the Bombay Presidency and the seditionist movement and their bearing upon the agitation for the repeal of the Rowlatt Act and upon Indian aspirations for Constitutional Reform. The Government of India Bill, however, based on the Montagu-Chelmsford report, has been read a second time and is now under the scrutiny of a joint committee of both Houses of Parliament; Indian political delegates for some time past have been flocking into England to air their views on the subject and to secure, if possible, certain modifications in the Bill to bring it into conformity with those views; and the Congress Committee in Bombay have authorised the members of the Congress deputation "to place the actual situation consequent on the passing of the Rowlatt Act before the Secretary of State and the British public, and to urge the disallowance of the Act, the reversal of the policy of repression, and the immediate adoption of a policy of conciliation and reform." It is therefore essential that the British public should be well informed about the questions at issue if a wrong decision is to be averted which might hamper the political development of India for at least a generation.

The report of the Sedition Committee presided over by Mr. Justice Rowlatt can now be obtained for 9d through any bookseller. Yet it is very little known, so far as one can gather, in England. Every effort has been made to place the Montagu-Chelmsford report on Constitutional Reform within the reach of all who take any interest in Indian political problems, but the India Office displayed no unseemly haste to render the Rowlatt report equally accessible to the public. No copies of the report were available in England until long after its publication in India, and the London Press had to base their summaries of it upon those which appeared in the Indian papers. It almost seemed as if the Secretary of State were unwilling that undue attention should be drawn to the report lest it might react prejudicially to his reform scheme in the public mind. Yet the Rowlatt

report is a State paper of the very first importance, which should be studied side by side with the report on Constitutional Reform by all who wish to obtain accurate and reliable information on present political conditions in India.

The Rowlatt report given in a compact form—in the Indian edition, published uniform with the Montagu-Chelmsford report, it contains a few pages less than that document—an authoritative account of the whole history of the revolutionary movement. The findings of the Committee, which were unanimous, cannot be challenged or explained away by the exercise of any perverted ingenuity, and prove the existence of a widespread conspiracy having for its object the overthrow of British rule in India, and relying on German support to accomplish its aims. Had the plot succeeded it would have plunged India into a state of turmoil and anarchy similar to that which prevails in Russia to-day. Fortunately, the conspiracies failed: indeed, it may be said that they never stood a chance of success from the very beginning. This was due to two factors: the special powers with which the Government of India had armed itself, and which receive ample justification in the report, and the loyalty of the mass of the Indian people in every province. The failure of these nefarious plots, however, only serves to emphasise the necessity for these special powers, and for their continuance in some form after the war: and the Rowlatt Act, which has been the object of much unmerited vituperation in the Indian-edited Press, and has been grossly misrepresented by Indian agitators of every political complexion, is merely designed to give effect to the recommendations of the Committee at the end of the report.

That there has long been an anarchist and terrorist movement in Bengal, as well as in parts of Western India, manifesting itself in political murders and political dacoities, is matter of common knowledge. It is only within comparatively recent years, however, that this movement has spread to Upper India. It is not too much to say that sedition first gained a footing in the Punjab through the political and social lectures of one Har Dayal, a graduate of the Punjab University, who afterwards proceeded to St. John's College, Oxford, and who seems to have returned to India imbued with a thorough-going hatred of the English and their administration. In 1908 this firebrand held a regular class in Lahore and openly preached the liberation of India and the overthrow of the British *Raj*. When Har Dayal left for America his disciples were handed over to Amir Chand, a school-master, also a man of much ability and the trusted associate of the English missionaries at St. Stephen's College. This man kept almost open house both for disaffected residents of Delhi and

for visitors. To his house resorted Rash Bahari Bose, a clerk in the Forest Department's offices at Dehra, who became the president and organiser of the Punjab conspirators. It was he who in October, 1912, suggested to his associates that an anarchist movement on the same lines as that already existing in Bengal should be started in the Punjab for the preparation and distribution of inflammatory literature, as well as for overt acts of violence such as the throwing of bombs. It is at least a curious coincidence that on December 23rd, 1912, while two members of the gang were absent from their usual places at Lahore the bomb was thrown at the Viceroy at Delhi. At any rate that the conspirators cordially approved of the crime is evident from the following passage in a *Liberty* leaflet written by Abad Behari and published in April, 1913: "Leaving other great and small things, the special manifestation of the divine force at Delhi in December last has proved beyond doubt that the destiny of India is being moulded by God Himself."

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the revolutionary movement is the religious basis which the conspirators have sought to give it and the religious sanction which they have accorded to the most atrocious crimes provided they are committed with the object of furthering directly or indirectly the cause of sedition. Robbery with violence and cold blooded murder are nothing in the balance against the prospect of a trifling addition to the seditiousist war chest. The evidence given in the Temple murder trial at Allahabad and in the Delhi conspiracy case showed that the perversion of religion into a sanction for political crime had been systematised and reduced to something of a fine art. The notorious poison manual found in Anand Chandra's house at Delhi in the box of his intimate friend Abad Behari advocates bathos and some of an unpeakable meanness revealing a depth of degradation almost incredible in educated beings. The following extract is a fair sample of the contents of this precious document:

One can disguise one's self as an Englishman and travel in the first class carriage with the enemy whom one intends to kill while the enemy is asleep he can be killed either by means of a dagger or by dropping poison in his mouth. After he is dead the cups should be quietly covered up with a rug so as to give it the appearance of a man sleeping. The personer should then get into his ordinary dress and get out at some station on the off side or go into another carriage. The materials used for poisoning should be dropped through the hole in the lattice, for by throwing them through the carriage window the attention of the guard or other passengers might be attracted. One should provide oneself with a first-class as well as a third-class ticket when changing from the first to the third class carriage the first-class ticket should be destroyed or burnt but one should never keep it in one's possession. In the hot weather Englishmen have their punkbas

pulled at night; one can accept service as a *punkha soola* and kill them at once on finding an opportunity. Means can be devised to meet the enemies of the country in such circumstances that poison may be inserted into their bodies by means of a syringe or in some other way. Whomsoever it is intended to kill (whether an Englishman or their favourites or country slaves) can be killed on the spot while walking at the railway station or through the crowded fairs and *temashas*, or on other similar occasions, by secretly carrying about a syringe and inserting the poison in their bodies on finding an opportunity; but this should be carried out in such a manner that the killer may escape after throwing the syringe away. The act of being pierced by a poisonous syringe cannot be realised so readily as shooting by a pistol or a gun or the throwing of a bomb. The victim and other cannot understand what has happened, and this affords the poisoner an easy opportunity to make himself scarce."

The malicious hatred that pervades this extract is unmistakable. Much of the contents of the pamphlet, however, is unfit for publication.

The path of corruption may be clearly traced in the evidence given in the Temple murder trial at Atrah referring to the school of one Ajm Lal at Jaipur. Here we have a school of which the ostensible object is instruction in the tenets of Jain theology. From this, apparently, under the malign influence of one Bishun Datt the students were gradually initiated into seditious doctrines. One cannot but be impressed by the cautious manner in which this corrupter of youth was accustomed to feel his way. Vague talk about the duty of serving one's country and *Swaraj* as a national ideal was followed, when the time and the audience were considered ripe for it, by the open advocacy of dacoity as a means of securing financial resources for the prosecution of the campaign. Eventually having carefully selected three of the most promising disciples Bishun Datt after inflaming and perverting their ideals still further in long private talks passed from theory to practice and asked them point-blank if they were ready for "practical work in the shape of a dacoity which offered." By this time his dupes had been so wrought upon and moulded to his hand that they could see nothing wrong in doing evil that what they had been taught to regard as good might come. Perhaps the most astounding proof of the general state of corruption in the school as a result of Bishun Datt's teaching is the fact that the three young scoundrels, on their return from the murder of the *mahant* of the Nimej temple had no hesitation in speaking openly of their crime in the presence of a number of their fellow-students.

In the Delli case the perversion of religion into a sanction for political crime is, if possible, still more marked. The plan adopted is revealed with sufficient clearness in the *Yoga* letter of Rash Behari Bose, in the gradual perversion of the teachings

of the *Bhagavad Gita*, and in the pamphlet entitled "A Gradual Development of the People of India," which was one of those found in Abad Behari's box at Amir Chand's, and which, starting from the Arya Samaj standpoint, distorts the doctrines of that sect into an endorsement of sedition and an apotheosis of crime. The neophyte is first initiated into the practice of *Yoga*. He is taught that the object of *Yoga* is not personal *Mukti* or salvation, but the liberation of the human race; that he is to put himself with all his heart and all his strength in God's hand, making no condition, asking for nothing, except that in and through him God's will may be directly performed. He is told that the next process is to stand aside and watch the working of the Divine Power in himself, and that the last process is the surrender of the fruits of action and the action itself to God. Finally, he is instructed in some simple formula of self-hypnotism designed to aid him in inducing the desired frame of mind. It need occasion no surprise if after such a training he becomes as wax in the hands of his *guru*, and accepts blindly and unquestioningly any perversions of Hindu or Samajist doctrines that may be imposed upon him. There is nothing political in the *Gita*, which is merely an expression of the highest spirituality and the loftiest ethics of the Hindu religion. Yet in the hands of these unscrupulous manipulators of sacred truth texts like "Duty is duty, clear of consequence," and "Leave everything to God and then go on working," are distorted until to ill-balanced and warped minds duty becomes interpreted in terms of "the philosophy of the bomb," and the *chela* learns as the fine flower of seditionist teaching that "whatever work may be done for the emancipation of our race is *Dharma*, or religious duty"; that "killing or injury, deception or harassing, fraud and telling lies, for the emancipation of our own country is not *Adharma* or sin"; and, finally, that he may throw the responsibility for his misdeeds upon God, whose instrument he fondly believes himself to be.

Our *chela* is now ripe for instruction in the politics and history of the seditionist movement, and may be trusted to devour with avidity and without criticism the falsifications of fact and deliberate lying of the *Liberty* leaflets and other incendiary pamphlets, and the incitements to revolution and wholesale murder contained in Amir Chand's unfinished manuscript. The genuineness of these leaflets was not disputed at the trial of the Delhi conspirators, where they helped materially to substantiate the prosecution case. Their general tenor is, in the words of Mr. Michael Harrison, the judge who tried the case, "to describe the attempt on the Viceroy's life in Delhi in 1912, and all the other anarchical outrages and murders which have taken place, as God's handi-

work, to thank Him for what he has done in the past, and to pray that more crimes of the like nature may be brought about by Him." In them the true son of *Bharat* is exhorted to "prepare the nation for the coming revolution" and to "determine to kill at least one Feringhee"; murderers are held up to his admiration as saints and martyrs, acting under divine inspiration; the Mutiny of 1857 is described as "the rising of an unprepared injured child against a demon," whereas the revolution of 1917 was to be "the rising of a full-grown and completely armed man against a spent-up, emaciated and worn-out, cruel and blood-sucking wolf." At last the ulterior purpose of all the religious groundwork is made clear to the *chela*, and he is taught that "the *Gita*, the *Vedas*, and the *Quran* all enjoin us to kill all the enemies of our Motherland, irrespective of caste, creed, or colour"; that revolution has never been the work of men, but is always God's own will worked through instruments; and that "the thrower of the bomb on the representative of the tyrannical Government at Delhi was none else but the spirit of the Dispenser of all things Himself." By this time he is probably quite prepared to accept Amir Chaud's conception of *Swaraj* in his unfinished manuscript, and to subscribe wholeheartedly to his doctrine that "revolution and a general massacre of all foreigners, especially the English, will and can alone serve the purpose."

I have thought it well to trace the young seditionist's progress, at the hands of his corrupters, from the truths of the Hindu scriptures and the devout practice of the Hindu religion to his end as bomb-thrower, murderer of his own priests, and defiler of his own temples, and generally *hostis humani generis*, in order that the British public may be in a position to judge for themselves the very real danger of the seditionist propaganda. This danger is twofold: to prominent members of the public, both English and Indian, who are loyal to the Government, and whose lives are imperilled by the bomb or the assassin's pistol; and to the callow youths who are led astray into the paths of crime by false *gurus* working on their emotions at an impressionable age and appealing to them in the sacred names of religion and *Bharat*.

This perversion of the sacred tenets of religion into a sanction for political crime seems to have been a prominent feature of the revolutionary propaganda from the very beginning. The Rowlatt report draws attention to it in connection with the first indications of a revolutionary movement among the Brahmins of the Poona district. The Committee quote the following significant passage from a speech of Mr. Bal Gangadhar Tilak at the Sivaji coronation festival in 1897: "Did Sivaji commit a sin in killing Afzal

Khan (the Muhammedan General) or not? The answer to that question can be found in the *Mahabharat* itself. Srimat Krishna's advice in the *Gita* is to kill even our own teachers and our kinsmen. No blame attaches to any person if he is doing deeds without being actuated by a desire to reap the fruits of his deeds. Sri Sivaji did nothing with a view to fill the void of his own stomach. With benevolent intentions he murdered Alai Khan for the good of others. If thieves enter our house and we have not sufficient strength to drive them out, we should without hesitation shut them up and burn them alive. God has not contented upon the foreigners the grant inscribed on a copper-plate of the Kingdom of Hindustan. The Maharaja (Sivaji) strove to drive them away from the land of his birth. He did not thereby commit the sin of coveting what belonged to others. Do not circumscribe your vision like a frog in a well; get out of the Penal Code and enter the extremely high atmosphere of the *Srimat Bhagavad Gita* and consider the actions of great men." In the same year Tilak was tried and sentenced for sedition, and the Committee specifically state "The position taken up by Tilak had been one of casuistical apology for political assassination. It will be seen that afterwards the same attitude was maintained by him at a time when younger men were openly disseminating incitements to political assassination." In 1908 two English ladies were murdered at Muzaffarpur by a revolutionary who mistook their carriage for that of an unpopular magistrate. The Committee find that "among those who united to excuse the murderer and to praise the bomb as a weapon of offence against unpopular officials was Dilip." For two articles in the *Kaavi*, published in May and June 1908, in connection with the Muzaffarpur murders he was convicted and sentenced to six years' imprisonment." A little further on the Committee state, "The leader of the Poona Extremists was Tilak, but the younger men who imbibed the teaching of the Extremist Press were prepared to go further than Tilak. For them the Savarkar brothers provided suitable literature which illuminated the road to political assassination. For this class of crime, as we have seen, Tilak's paper was quick to furnish apology if not actual encouragement." After the expiry of his term of imprisonment, as the report is careful to point out, Tilak "disclaimed hostility to His Majesty's Government, and condemned the acts of violence which had been committed in different parts of India."

Another prominent member of the Home Rule League whose name appears in the report is Mr. Bipin Chandra Pal—the gentleman who once took it upon him to observe that there were

no anarchists in Bengal, only "evolutionary patriots." Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal is one of those who can see no good in the Montagu-Chelmsford reform scheme and clamour for its radical transformation to bring it into conformity with the discredited Congress-League scheme. And of Mr. Bepin Chandra Pal the Committee record that his visit to Madras in 1907 was followed by "an outburst of seditious activity" which "resulted in various trials in 1908." The Committee significantly add: "We do not consider that there was any indigenous revolutionary movement in Madras, and, but for the influence of Bepin Chandra Pal and the revolutionaries plotting in Paris and Pondicherry, there would have been no trouble in Southern India." These statements may be left to speak for themselves. Comment is superfluous. But it may not be out of place to ask whether the views of men of such antecedents are worthy of serious attention from Parliament and the British public when they press for the suspension of the Rowlatt Act or for extended powers of self-government for India beyond what the authors of the Montagu-Chelmsford report consider safe or advisable at the present juncture.

The account given in the Sedition Committee's report of the rise and progress of the revolutionary movement in Bengal is a monument of masterly condensation. The connection, too, between the revolutionaries and the King-Emperor's enemies, which was demonstrated beyond all doubt during the second supplementary trial of the Lahore conspiracy case, is brought out clearly in the report. The story of the cruise of the *Martwick* and the various attempts made by German agents in collusion with the revolutionaries to land arms and ammunition in Bengal is particularly instructive, and should give the British public much food for reflection. The conspiracy was worked from the United States, and the headquarters of the movement were at San Francisco, where the notorious "Ghadr" newspaper was published, and where the equally notorious Har Dayal resided before his departure for Berlin to aid the German Foreign Office in directing their end of the business. The plot was hatched in San Francisco more than a year before the outbreak of the war, and as soon as war broke out operations were directed and controlled by cypher messages and despatches from Berlin, through the German Embassy in America. Ships were loaded with arms and ammunition to be smuggled through to the revolutionaries in Bengal; men were recruited, drilled, and sent to India; German military experts were dispatched to train revolutionary troops in India; and large sums of money were forwarded for the purchase of supplies. The evidence disclosed before the Federal Court at San Francisco in 1917, when the Grand Jury returned

an indictment against ninety-eight men, including four German officers and a score of Hindus resident in San Francisco, showed that two of the accused, Lamed Sekunna and Chakravarti, had received more than \$60,000 from Captain von Papen for their revolutionary propaganda. The cargo of the *Maoerick* was said to consist of 30,000 rifles with 400 rounds of ammunition each, and two lakhs of rupees. Arrangements were made by the Bengali conspirators to receive and distribute this cargo, but the steamer never effected a meeting with her consort, the *Annie Larsen*, which had the arms and ammunition on board, and the scheme fell through.

Equally worthy of attention is the pamphlet published in December, 1917, in view of Mr. Montagu's visit. The last three paragraphs—they will be found in the Sedition Committee's Report—are worth quoting:—

"What, then, must we do? Our duty is plain. We have no concern in Mr. Montagu's coming or going. He is coming in peace; he may depart in peace for aught we know or care.

"But first and last spread terror. Make this unholy Government impossible. Hide, like invisible shadows of doom, and rain death upon the alien bureaucrats. Remember your brothers who are perishing in jail and rotting in swamps. Remember those who have died or have one mind. Remember, watch and work.

"We ask you once more, brothers, in the name of God and Country, and all young or old, rich or poor, Hindus and Mahomedans, Buddhists and Christians, and join this War of Indian Independence and pour forth your blood and treasure. Hark, the Mother calls and shows the way. *NANNA PANTHA VIDYATE ANYA* (The only way and no other).

"By order of the Executive,

INDIAN REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE.

This precious document, as the authors of the Report rightly point out, "shows that the attitude of utter irreconcilability is maintained up to the present moment." No reform scheme that the British Parliament is likely to pass will placate irreconcilables such as these, and the safeguards provided in the Rowlatt Act are absolutely essential if the Government of India are to deal effectively with them. No Englishman who reads the Rowlatt Report can fail to be impressed with its scrupulous fairness, its clear and cogent reasoning, and its weight as an unimpeachable record of facts based upon an enormous mass of intricate documentary evidence. Yet Extremist politicians and the Extremist Press in India have made futile attempts to discredit it, though it is signed by two Indian lawyers of distinction, and have put forward impossible demands that its findings should be ignored and its recommendations shelved; while since the passing of the Rowlatt Act the Moderates, from whom better things might have

been hoped, have made common cause with the Extremists and have joined in the clamour for its repeal.

The Anarchical and Revolutionary Crimes Act—to give the Rowlatt Act its official title—is merely designed to give effect to the recommendations of the Sedition Committee for dealing with the small body of irreconcilables who, as Mr. Montagu rightly pointed out in a recent speech in the House of Commons, are a danger to any country, and against whom the Government of India are determined to do unceasing battle until they have been extirpated. It is only to be brought into operation when the Governor-General-in-Council is satisfied that anarchical or revolutionary movements are being promoted in the area involved. Under the first part of the Act the substitution of a special tribunal, from which there is no appeal, for the ordinary legal processes, merely secures a speedy trial for the accused and is designed to prevent the wholesale intimidation of witnesses and assassination of approvers and investigating officers which have been such a conspicuous feature of these conspiracies, and which are rendered fatally easy by the delays inseparable from a trial before the regular courts. Under the other parts of the Act local governments are given powers of internment as a precautionary measure, but only after the case has been submitted to a judicial officer for his advice, and even then, within a month, the whole case must be referred to a committee of three persons for investigation and report.

It cannot be seriously maintained by any reasonable person that these measures are too drastic to cope with the conditions I have described. Yet they have aroused a storm of indignation among educated Indians. Extremists and Moderates vie with one another in denunciation of what they are pleased to call "the Black Act," exhibiting an utter lack of responsibility that may well be the despair of all who look forward hopefully to beneficial results from the proposed scheme of constitutional reform. The Satyagraha movement initiated by Mr. Gandhi as a protest against the Rowlatt Act has resulted in what can only be described as an outbreak of sheer Bolshevism, in which nine Englishmen and some 400 Indians have lost their lives. Mr. Gandhi and his associates may deprecate violence and dilate on the purely spiritual force of Satyagraha, but even he has been forced to realise that "there were clever men behind it all and some organisation beyond his ken." Mrs. Besant goes further and maintains that Mr. Gandhi "has opened the door to revolution," and that the movement he has started "strikes at breaking the King's Government and at breaking the tie between India and Britain." In plain English, the revolutionaries against whom

the Rowlatt Act is directed have been quick to use Mr. Gandhi as a tool and have converted his Satyagraha movement into an orgy of violence and terrorism. That such an organisation exists, and that it is working with forces beyond the borders of India to subvert the Government of the country, does not admit of doubt. The accounts given in the Indian papers of the recent disturbances make it clear that anti-British feeling inspired them : the mobs were out to murder every white man and woman they could find, and their treatment of those who fell into their hands recalls the atrocities of 1857. If any further justification were needed for the determination of the Government of India to pass the Anarchical and Revolutionary Crimes Act in the teeth of the opposition of the Indian members of the Imperial Legislative Council and the misrepresentation of the Indian-edited Press, it has been furnished in abundance by the course of the Satyagraha agitation and its consequences, which have revealed beyond the shadow of a doubt the existence of just those revolutionary elements in whose potency for evil the agitators affected to disbelieve.

ERNEST D. LEE.

CURRENT CALAMITY.—VIII

THE tripartite treaty between Great Britain, the United States and France, to insure the last-named country against another German attack, has attracted comparatively little notice. Yet it is an agreement of the first importance and may prove more valuable for maintaining the peace of Europe than the League of Nations itself. Referring to the supplementary treaty a few days after it was signed, Mr. Lloyd George said in the House of Commons:

I do not think that the League of Nations itself is the League of Nations. On the contrary the League of Nations will be of no value unless it has the sanction behind it of the nations prepared at a moment's notice to step upon the scene. Otherwise the League of Nations will be a sort of paper

Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we do not care to say very much about this insurance treaty. It is a piece of *Realpolitik*—a vestige of that unhappy system of international relations which we hope is to be superseded by a more rational and pacific arrangement. If the League of Nations idea fructifies there will be no occasion for gunboats against violent aggression. President Wilson and the Covenant talk the language of the new era. The triple convention brings us back crudely to the old diplomacy which accepted the ugly realities of selfishness and greed and based itself on the recognition of these extremely unpleasant forces. It was so even in the American State Department. In Professor McLaughlin's recent book *America and Britain*, there is an apposite quotation from Secretary Olney's despatch to Lord Salisbury during the controversy over the Venezuela boundary:

To-day the United States is practically sovereign on this continent and its first law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition is self-interest. Why? It is not because of the pure friendship or good will felt for it. It is not simply by reason of its high character as a civilised State, not because wisdom and justice and equity are the invariable characteristics of the dealings of the United States. It is because, in addition to all other grounds, its infinite resources combined with its isolated position render it master of the situation, and practically invulnerable as against all other Powers.

The people of the United States have learned in the school of experience to what extent the relations of States to each other depend, not upon sentiment or principle, but upon selfish interest." In other words: "We are

so big, and so strong, and so safe, that we can (and shall) do whatever we please on this continent." Not much "vision" there! Imagine President Wilson writing like that! But it was only twenty-four years ago that an American Secretary of State could address a British Foreign Minister in this fashion. The Franco-British-American Treaty belongs to the same order of disagreeable ideas. It assumes that, as France and Germany have moved across or towards the Rhine to fight one another at frequent intervals during the last thousand years, they may possibly seek to do so again one of these days.

Writing in this week of the Peace celebrations, I am conscious, as I suppose most people must be, that there is a certain element of strain and effort in our rejoicing. It has come a little too late to be quite spontaneous. We are glad—how can we be otherwise?—that the Great War is at last definitely ended. But for practical purposes the Great War though unhappily not the little war that is its *sequel*—was over some time ago. It was in the week after November 11, 1918, that the genuine sense of relief and emancipation was felt. The clouds had lifted, the nightmare that had weighed upon us so long had departed, and we could draw our breath in the air of freedom. If we could have had our peace celebrations then, or soon after, it would have been hard to set limits to our exuberance. As it is we are trying to recall the taste of a dead banquet, we approach the *crambe bis repetita* with a somewhat jaded appetite. The Great War, with all its tragedies, its heroisms, its miracles, is fading into the past. There is even a tendency to forget it, though a year, two years, ago we should have said that the rest of our lives would be spent in pondering over this most memorable chapter in all the history of humanity. But we live fast in these days; and we have small scope for recalling the emotions and the experiences of the Great War, since we are absorbed in trying to solve the intricate and insistent problems pressed upon us by the Great Peace!

In the week which closed with the "Joy Day" of July 19th, you did not find people talking about the Peace. You found them talking about Coal. Sir Auckland Geddes' announcement that the price per ton would be raised by another six shillings startled the nation almost as much as another declaration of war might have done. It was as shattering as a shell from a German long-range gun, falling upon a peaceful French village, in the early days of the campaign on the Western front. We are not a people given to the study of economic theory or any other kind of

theory, and abstract ideas rather irritate us. But this Vêry light from the ministerial pistol illuminated the situation with its glare. It showed the whole country on the verge of appalling disaster. The Sankey Commission's Report, and the Nationalisation proposals, had left us more perplexed than seriously perturbed. The general belief was that somehow or other contentment and tranquillity would be restored in the mining areas, that the great key industry would pull itself together, that production would increase, prices gradually descend, and the ships of Britain again go forth to all the world deep-laden with British coal. And then, under this sudden blinding flash, we saw that these boons are not to come; and gloomily we faced the vision of higher prices in the next winter, of scarcity and distress and unemployment to follow the artificial and exaggerated prosperity of the war years; and the still darker prospect of declining industry, with the paralysis of the export trade, on which we have lived and waxed mighty.

British manufacturing success, and the supremacy of British shipping, have been built up by cheap and plentiful coal. We supplied the world with cottons and woollens, and metal goods and machinery, because there was always close at hand abundant fuel, at a reasonable price, for our mills and furnaces and factories. We had so much of it that we could send 70 millions of tons abroad in exchange for the food and raw materials we needed; and our tramp steamers were the cheap carriers of the nations, for they left our ports with full cargoes of coal instead of having to go out in ballast. Even without the Geddes bombshell we should have known that these conditions were changing to our detriment. We clamour for increased production, but production steadily diminishes. The Sankey Award has given the colliers higher wages and shorter hours, and the output has fallen, and will continue to fall. There is no sign of an upward tendency except in prices; and even if Nationalisation comes it is not in the least probable that it will cause the men to work more quickly and more effectively. It is far more likely to have the contrary effect: for the collier's hunger after better earnings and shorter shifts is not appeased, and he would find it easier to put pressure on Ministers and Government officials than on private employers. In the meanwhile our margin for export is disappearing. The 70 million surplus we used to send abroad has gone, and very soon we shall not be producing enough for our internal consumption. For the first time we shall become a coal-importing country, and our engines and furnaces, if not our domestic fire-grates, may be fed with fuel brought to us across the sea from foreign mines.

Does that spell ruin and bankruptcy, as many despondent commentators suggest? Must we fall into industrial decay if we are driven to supplement our native resources with coal from Pennsylvania, and Africa, and Spitzbergen, perhaps also from France and Germany? Some of this foreign fuel is so much cheaper than our own that it is difficult to see how we can avoid taking it. I read the other day that the Pittsburg steel manufacturer can get coal into his works for about 9s. a ton, while his rival in Sheffield would have to pay 31s. 6d. Ocean freights are still penalised by the war orgy of destruction: but even at the present rates it appears that American coal can be put down in Cardiff at a lower price than the product of the Welsh mines. Must we live on cheap foreign coal as we have been living since the middle of the last century on cheap foreign corn? It would be a great and an unwelcome change, such as we do not care to contemplate. Yet the cheap imported food, though it played havoc with our agriculture, did not bring us to penury: nor perhaps would the cheap imported fuel, always provided that we could contrive to pay for it by adjusting our industrial activities to the new conditions. The adjustment would be difficult, painful, and extremely uncomfortable; it would involve considerable suffering for certain classes and groups, and cause friction which might lead to social and political disaster. We are here in face of an economic transformation like that which followed the Black Death, the opening of the sea routes to the East, and the introduction of the factory system. It is complicated by the fact that the economic revolution must seriously interfere with that other revolution, in their status and material condition, which the proletariat in every country expects. The colliers, for example, are bent on gaining better rewards for their toil, and enjoying more leisure. They will use their political, and if necessary their physical, power to secure their ends. But I am afraid that Nature will prove stronger than the Miners' Union: the mills of God grind closer than the mills of Mr. Smillie. And as far as one can see the British colliers are doomed to less prosperity, in spite of all that legislators and tariffs and "direct action" can do for them. They will have to work harder and to work cheaper, or a good many of them will not get the chance of working at all.

It is understood to be bad policy for a Trade Union to strike on a falling market. But that is what the miners have done or are doing. They are exacting for themselves a larger and ever larger share of the profits of a declining industry. They fail to consider that the business in which they are concerned has passed the zenith of its greatness, and must inevitably move downwards.

It seems strange that this aspect of the matter has received so little attention in the recent discussions. We live in a scientific age, but science was hardly consulted at the Sankey Commission. We heard the views of coal-owners, mine managers, Government officials, social theorists, politicians, and working men; but we did not hear those of the geologists, mineralogists, and geographers. Yet it seems to me that the last word lies with them. What is the use of quarrelling over the division of the product among the various parties unless we know how much there will be to divide in a few years time? The scientific experts might have reminded the controversialists of some points they seem to have ignored. They might have thrown light on a question of fundamental importance. There is much dispute as to whether the reduced output of the mines is due to bad management by the owners, or to the slackness and slowness of the workmen. But is there not also another factor which is independent alike of management and of labour? Can the British coal industry ever again be what it was?

There was a Coal Commission in 1905, and its report contains the following passage, which was not, I think, brought to the notice of Mr Justice Sankey and his colleagues —

"We look forward to a time, not far distant, when the rate of increase of output will be slower, to be followed by a period of stationary output, and then a gradual decline."

For a century or more after the first general employment of steam-power the British, Welsh, and Scottish coal-mines constituted something like a monopoly. They were the greatest and best store of heat-raising material in the world. Other countries had their coal-seams still undeveloped, or inaccessible, lying far distant from the industrial centres or remote from the main routes of transport. We had all the coal we wanted close to our manufacturing districts and not far from the harbours whence it could be carried by sea anywhere. The position is very different today. Other tracts of carbonised vegetation have been opened and exploited, some of them much more extensive than our own. Several countries have discovered that they possess coal-beds larger and richer than those of Britain. Coal is pretty widely diffused under the earth's surface, and there is plenty of it in France and Germany, Poland, Russia, India, Africa, and America; and now we are told of a vast store in the Arctic. Improved locomotion facilities, roads, railways, faster steamships, have made these carboniferous areas more accessible and brought them into touch with the great consuming and manufacturing regions. Great Britain has only a 2½ percentage of the world's

coal reserves; many of our most steadily-worked seams are exhausted, or worn thin, whereas some of our foreign competitors are still almost on virgin soil. There are coalfields in America where no deep shafts are required, where the seams are much thicker than our own, and where the work is said to be more like quarrying than mining. Naturally the production per man is higher where such favourable conditions prevail, apart from all questions of workmanship and management.

This is not all. Native oil may compete seriously with native coal as a source of heat and energy. Huge deposits of shale have been discovered in Norfolk, and here we may have another cheap supply of fuel, valuable for many industrial and domestic purposes. We shall learn to economise coal in various ways. Sir Robert Hadfield has pointed out, and has indeed demonstrated by actual operations in his own foundries, that by the use of improved furnaces and other appliances we might save 25 or even 50 per cent. of the coal consumed in the metal manufacturing industries. We shall generate our electric power at the pithead and save much by this concentration; and we shall abolish the wasteful English open grate, and warm our houses, as they do in most other countries, by central radiators or closed stoves. In one way or other there will be a diminished consumption. We shall want many million tons less for home use; we shall draw freely from abroad; we shall have little or nothing to export. In these circumstances it will no longer be worth while to work the whole of our coal measures. The thinner and poorer deposits will be abandoned; the less profitable pits will be closed down; one mining company after another will go out of business; and a large number of colliers will find themselves without employment. Instead of producing 230 millions of tons annually, our collieries may have to be content with an output of something like 100 millions; and they will not be able to sell even that quantity unless the production per man is sufficient to bring down the price to somewhere near that of the imported commodity. "To-day," says Professor Bone of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, "America is producing coal very much more cheaply than we are, and I believe American coal will shortly be offered in the London market at considerably less than you can buy British coal on board ship at Newcastle." The British mine (and its miners) producing only about 240 tons per worker, while the American produces 770 tons, will be put out of action.

With this by no means cheering prospect before him, what is the collier to do? His wisest course would be to work hard, put

by what he can out of his present liberal earnings against the rainy day that is coming, and bring up his sons to some other occupation. He is, however, unlikely to make his account with the inevitable in this fashion; and, on the contrary, will insist that by some means the State shall contrive to keep him in employment on terms which he considers satisfactory. But the State cannot do it. Neither Nationalisation nor Revolution can ultimately prevail against the grim decrees of Economic Law. Nationalisation could only postpone the evil day. It might, for a time, keep a million miners in employment when there is only profitable work for half a million. It might run all the mines at a loss, which would be made good by the taxpayer or the consumer, or both; it might even compel us to buy British coal at an absurdly exaggerated figure by putting a prohibitive duty upon the foreign import. But such expedients could only be temporary. It is inconceivable that forty-seven millions of people would consent to go on year after year throwing money away by the hundred million annually for the exclusive benefit of a privileged labour group; or that a sane community would quietly drift down to poverty and ruin in order that every collier of sixteen years of age and upwards should be able to make his six or seven pounds a week, and receive six tons of free coal per annum, in return for working seven hours daily underground. The trade, whether carried on by the State or by private enterprise, will have to be put on a sound economic basis. We cannot regularly and permanently extract coal from the earth at a loss. Before that conviction is brought home to the colliers they may struggle, perhaps violently, against it. There was fierce rioting, bloodshed, almost civil war, in the early part of the last century, when handloom weavers and other craftsmen saw their livelihood imperilled by new mechanical inventions. I daresay there will be bitter trouble in the mining areas as the full effects of the transition process make themselves felt. But the transition must come. "The Moving Finger writes", and all the Governments, and Parliaments, and Soviets, and Trade Unions in the world cannot blot out its inexorable script.

In the meanwhile we are all quite properly telling one another that the prime necessity of the moment is to increase national production and the effectiveness of labour. It is unimpeachably sound advice; but I do not observe any very obvious signs that these sermons are producing the desired result. Labour may make a good outturn, even if it is rather slow, by working many hours a day; or it may work fewer hours but produce as much in the shorter time by superior industry and application. Some

years before the war I visited various machine-shops and other factories in Germany. It seemed to me that the employees worked steadily and well, but in a rather leisurely fashion. They had frequent and rather prolonged "pauses," stopping for breakfast and a dilatory midday meal, with a smoke, and even a game of bulhards, and knocking off again for refreshment in the afternoon. But they began very early in the morning and ended late in the evening; they were in and about the workshop eleven or twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and so they managed to do a good deal. I have seen American factories where the atmosphere was entirely different. The hours were comparatively short, but they were filled to the sixtieth minute. Everybody, from the manager to the messenger-boy, was working with relentless energy and drive. "speeding-up" was the idol of that marketplace, and loafing and dawdling were unforgivable offences. I do not know whether these are the best conditions for the temper, health, and happiness of the workpeople: but it is one way to get plenty of work done

And now I read in my newspaper a paragraph informing me that in one of the great railway engineering shops of this country the men are to be allowed to smoke during their working hours. The paragraphist adds with satisfaction that this cheerful custom already prevails in many private factories, and in some of the Government establishments, and may be expected to become general. Well, tobacco in moderation, is a harmless, or at any rate not a very harmful, luxury. But it does not tend to increase mental and physical activity during the time of its enjoyment. It is a mild narcotic, it produces, I believe, a slight temporary paralysis of certain muscles, including those of the heart, so that the circulation of the blood is first accelerated and then lowered. Hence the faint pleasant languor which steals gently over the smoker, and causes him, when fatigued and harassed, to bless the "soothing" leaf. Very good this for the worker when he needs rest after toil, but I question whether it is quite the best stimulus for him when he is required to put forth all his powers for a carefully limited period. I do not know what happens in America now; but when I was there I never saw a mechanic smoking at his work, any more than I saw a girl-typist smoking over her desk, as they do here in these indulgent days. In the real speeded-up American factory I do not see how a man could have found time or opportunity to smoke; the pace was far too hot. It would have been like trying to keep a cigarette alight during a motor-bicycle race.

In America they worship a great god, or, if you like, a great brazen image, and the name thereof is Efficiency. It is in the service of Efficiency that the whole sub-continent has gone "dry." Hardly any nation has ever taken so startling a step. A hundred millions of people, rich, pleasure-loving, full of the joy of life, have deliberately cut themselves off from alcoholic sustenance and refreshment in every form. It is an unexampled self-denying ordinance; no civilised people, since the dawn of history, at any rate in a temperate climate, has debarred itself from the exhilaration and enjoyment produced by fermented drink. Wine and beer, one might say, are in the blood of all the Nordic, Celtic, Slavonic, and Latin stocks, and of these stocks the Americans are made. But it all goes at a stroke, not because indulgence in alcohol is wicked, but because it is supposed to detract from efficiency. Total prohibition may be unsound policy; it may fail, or it may give rise to worse evils than those it prevents. But one cannot shut one's eyes to the contrast it evokes. This presents itself to me as a sort of triptych or composition in three panels. In the centre panel I perceive the British artisan, puffing at his pipe through a tranquil seven-hour day, broken by an interval for the absorption of beer. Flanking him is the American mechanic, a water-drinker, with clear eyes and clear brain, working with a passionate resolve to get the last ounce of energy out of his human machinery. And then on the other side of the Briton I observe a dark-skinned, scantily-clothed, unble-fingered person, somewhere in Asia, toiling twelve hours a day for seven days in the week, on a wage just sufficient to keep him in rice and millet. I do not quite like the picture.

SIMONY LOW.

CHINA, JAPAN, AND THE PEACE.

PASSING at the moment with little or no remark, and attracting comparatively slight attention afterwards, the refusal of China, alone of the Allied and Associated Powers, to sign the Peace Treaty at Versailles, on June 28th last, is none the less important, particularly to the British, whether in the Far East or at home. British interests in China are not so great as they were, but they are still great enough, both politically and commercially, to warrant our keeping under close observation the general course of events in that vast country, with its population of upwards of three hundred millions, and its still enormous opportunities. It is natural that in this period of dislocation and reconstruction the thoughts of the British should centre in the situation in Europe and, of course, in the United Kingdom itself, but it is well to bear in mind that though China is far away from England the situation out there is not negligible, but deeply concerns the British Empire as a whole. French, and especially American, interests are also very considerable: Russian interests are at present in a state of coma, but no doubt will bulk more or less largely by and by. Probably Japanese interests, now that German interests are so much reduced, outweigh European and American interests in China.

Were China as strong as she is weak all interests from outside would be confined to the industrial and commercial spheres, as are outside interests with respect to strong countries. But the weakness of China has permitted, and in a sense invited, political penetration and military attack, and she has suffered accordingly at the hands of the freebooters of the world. In these circumstances the Peace Treaty, or rather that integral part of it entitled the Covenant of the League of Nations, with all that is implicit in that instrument, would appear to offer to her such a shield and defence as she stood most in need of—a sort of charter of protection from pressure from without; yet she declined to accept it. Among the Allied and Associated Powers there are weak nations, new nations trying to find themselves, nations struggling into birth, and all of them look to the Covenant. Not one of them, however, presents such a picture of pitiful weakness as China; but it ~~was~~ China, and no other, who refused to sign the Treaty.

There must have been some strong, compelling reason for this refusal. The Chinese Delegation stated bluntly that the Treaty was unjust to China, or, in other words, that it favoured Japan

to the detriment of China, and that this was the reason. The Olympians of the Paris Conference must have come to the conclusion that the Delegation was wrong in its contention, for after her case was presented they decided against China. That was nearly three months ago. The Delegation persisted, suggested, offered some compromise, but without avail. A storm of opposition to the Treaty broke out in China, where recourse was had to her one and only effective weapon, the boycott. Anti-Japanese demonstrations, some of which led to riots, loss of life, and destruction of property, took place in various Chinese cities and towns, and extended even to Singapore. Chinese Ministers, believed to be pro-Japanese, were forced to resign. A serious political crisis rapidly developed. The President of the Republic proffered his resignation. The Cabinet did resign. Japan sent warships to the Chinese ports to protect her nationals. There was great tension throughout all China, and this excited state of feeling, which was threatening to involve all "foreign devils" in its sweep, was continuing when this article was being written.

To understand the position it is necessary to recall what has occurred as between China and Japan during the last few years. In 1895, as a result of the Sino-Japanese War, China was forced, by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, to cede Formosa and the Pescadores to Japan, who at the same time had the Liaotung Peninsula also ceded to her, but was compelled by the joint action of France, Russia, and Germany to retrocede it to China. Two years later Germany seized the port of Kiao-Chao, on the coast of the province of Shantung, and in March, 1898, obtained from China a ninety-nine years' lease of the town, with its harbour and hinterland, plus preferential rights of railway construction in Shantung and exclusive mining rights in the neighbourhood of the railways. About the same date Russia, by agreement with China, took possession of Port Arthur, with its adjacent territories and waters, in the Liaotung, on lease for twenty-five years. In July of the same year Great Britain leased from China Weihai-wei, in Shantung, with the idea of its being a counterpoise to the Russians in the Liaotung and the Germans in Kiao-Chao. Also in 1898 France leased the territory of Kwang Chao Wan, on the mainland not far from Hong-Kong. In 1900 came what is known as the Boxer Rebellion, with further humiliations for China, including the imposition of heavy indemnities, which she has not yet paid off entirely. In the course of the operations against China Russia occupied Manchuria, and this led to the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05.

— That war brought no gain to China. Japan succeeded to the lease, with the other rights, Russia had held in the Liaotung

Peninsula, and she obtained from Russia also an acknowledgment of her paramount interest in Korea, of which ten years before China had been the suzerain. (In 1910 Japan formally annexed Korea, though she had professed previously that she had no intention of doing anything of the sort.) Under the Treaty of Portsmouth, which closed the war between Russia and Japan in September, 1905, both Russia and Japan agreed to evacuate Manchuria, the Liaotung leasehold excepted on Japan's behalf, and it was provided that, with that exception, Manchuria was to be administered solely by China—a provision that has never been carried out in its entirety. In December, 1905, China agreed to the transfer from Russia to Japan of the lease of the Liaotung and of the control of the railway from Port Arthur to Changchun, *i.e.*, the South Manchurian Railway. Further, China agreed to the building of a railway from Antung to Mukden this line connecting at the former with the Japanese railway across Korea, and at the latter with the South Manchurian. These lines necessarily gave Japan a very firm grip of Manchuria as far as Changchun. At that town the South Manchurian connected with the Chinese Eastern Railway, which passed on to Harbin, and thence east and west linked up with the trans-Siberian system. To take the narrative for an instant out of its historical sequence—Japan in 1917 made a deal with the Keren ki Government by which she obtained possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway from Changchun to Harbin, thus completing her hold on the greater portion of Manchuria.

Perhaps the historian of the future will regard the ten years extending from 1905 to 1915 as the period during which China was weaker than she had ever been before. The Manchus were plainly losing ground in the country, and in 1912 China became a republic, with Yuan Shih-kai as President, after an extraordinarily short revolution. By that time, however, the opposition between the Conservative North and the "Democratic" South was marked, but one of the provisions of the settlement at the close of the Revolution was that North and South were to be united in the one Republic of China. But there was no real union—and there has been none since. For two or three years Yuan, who made himself in effect Dictator, ruled over China, which then presented a show of cohesion and some improvement in its general state, in spite of the fact that Japan, as was recently admitted by the present Japanese Government, was helping the South against him. The Japanese Government of the day was presided over by Count (afterwards Marquis) Okuma, who was accounted a Liberal, but was identified with a "forward" policy with respect to China. In no country in the world is nationalism

more extreme than in Japan, and in many Japanese this found expression in a Chauvinistic attitude towards China, which looked, and undoubtedly was, an easy prey. Okuma was not insensible to the clamour of these men, but, whatever were his plans, an event occurred which compelled him to action quite different from any he could have contemplated. This was the outbreak of the Great War.

Here the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance applied, and Great Britain asked Japan to assist her against Germany. Japan agreed—within limits, which Great Britain accepted. Loyalty and well Japan performed the part she had set herself, and as the war went on she did something more: towards its close she was doing a great deal more than she had ever expected to be called on to do (Siberian Expedition); but it would be absurd to assert that she went into the war in the whole-souled way in which, for instance, America went into it in 1918. Japan's aims in the war were, it might be said, almost wholly local. She desired to clear Germany out of Eastern Asia, and with some British assistance, which was not really material, she did it. She took Tsing-Tao and the Kiao-Chao district, in Shantung, and kept possession of them. The surrender of Kiao-Chao took place on November 7th, 1914. A few weeks went by, and then Okuma, through the Japanese Minister at Peking, handed to China a protocol containing the famous "Twenty-one Demands." These were in five sections, and the fifth and last of them, which was the most compromising, was not made known to the other Allies interested, though the others were. These demands were of a far-reaching character, and Yuan had expected nothing of the kind.

China was unable to resist Japan, but, fortunately for the former, the other Allies were made acquainted with the section which the latter had not communicated to them, and they brought pressure to bear on Tokio, the result being the withdrawal, or rather the holding over for a time, of that section, for Japan stated specifically that it was postponed for future negotiation. It is well to remember this fact when trying to understand the attitude of the Chinese to the Peace Treaty—which in this connection means their attitude to Japan. The postponed section included proposals that China should purchase from Japan more than half of any munitions of war she might require, or, alternatively, that she should permit Japan to establish an arsenal in China to be worked jointly by the two States: that the police in parts of China should be jointly administered by them; that Japanese advisers should be employed in political, financial, and military affairs by the Chinese Government; and that Japan

should have the right to own land in the interior of China for certain purposes. In short, it seemed as if Japan were bent on establishing something of the nature of a condominium, though she was bound by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to maintain the territorial integrity of China, and preserve that equality of commercial opportunity for all which was figured in the words, the "Open Door." The other Allies were absorbed in the Great War, but not so absorbed as not to see the objectionable character of this section, and they took action, with the result indicated. The point, however, is that Japan agreed only to postponement in this matter.

It may be said at once that in the changed conditions of the world to-day Japan is unlikely to bring forward that part of the Twenty-one Demands again; indeed, it is difficult to see how she could do so. But, as everybody knows, very strange things happen in the political sphere, and it would be in the common interest if Japan frankly stated in a definitive way that the section objected to has been withdrawn absolutely. There were protracted negotiations with regard to the other sections. Yuan Shih-kai strongly opposed most of the demands contained in them as being derogatory to China's sovereignty, and as invalidating the treaty rights of other Powers; but the other Powers, apparently satisfied with having obtained the postponement of the more extreme demands, did little further to help him. Feeling in China ran high. The Japanese Chauvinists clamoured for war. On May 7th, 1915, Japan launched an ultimatum, and Yuan, realising that he had done all that was possible in the circumstances, perforce gave in. An Agreement was signed at Peking about a fortnight later under this duress, and naturally Japan has been active in implementing her side of it. The Chinese Delegation at the Paris Conference asked that this Agreement, wrung from their defenceless country, should be set aside or at least modified; finally the Delegation requested that it should be "reserved," with the idea of its being reconsidered to China's advantage. The decision of the Conference was not given for some weeks, but when it was China was non-suited. The Delegation was told that no change was to be made in the Agreement by the Peace Treaty, and that China, if she signed the Treaty, must sign without reservations. The Delegation declined to sign.

What was and is this Agreement? To give it in full would occupy too much space, but its main provisions or conditions are (1) an undertaking by China to assent to all matters which should be agreed on between Japan and Germany with reference to the disposition of German rights and interests in the province

of Shantung; (2) an undertaking by Japan, after the termination of the Great War, to restore to China the leased territory of Kiao-Chao, subject to certain stipulations, the principal being the opening of the Bay of Kiao-Chao as a commercial port, the establishment of a Japanese concession, and the establishment, if required by the Powers, of an international settlement, while arrangements were to be made between the Japanese and the Chinese Governments regarding the disposal of the German public buildings and other properties; (3) the extension of the lease of the Liaotung and of the term of the South Manchurian Railway for ninety-nine years; and (4) the conferring of special privileges on Japanese subjects with respect to South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, preference being given to the Japanese, in the employment of foreigners, as advisers or instructors in political, financial, military, and police matters, as far as South Manchuria was concerned. And here it may be noted that in July, 1910, Japan had entered into an Agreement with Russia under which the two Powers were to co-operate in maintaining the *status quo* in Manchuria, in accordance with the treaties then in existence.

In such parts of the West as took an interest in what was then going on in China the Agreement was generally regarded, or at all events described, as a compromise. Japan was spoken of as having made modifications in her demands and granted other concessions to China. A good deal was said about the withdrawal of the objectionable Section Five as showing Japan's conciliatory spirit. But apart from the postponement of the fifth section, Japan made practically no modifications in her demands that were important. What one Government thought of the situation was seen in a Note which the United States addressed to both China and Japan, in which it bluntly stated that it could not recognise any agreement or undertaking which had been entered into, or which might be entered into, between them "impairing its treaty rights, the political or territorial integrity of the Republic of China, or the international policy relative to China, commonly known as the Open Door policy." The Chinese Government itself issued an official statement recounting the progress of the negotiations. In this statement, dated Peking, May 12th, 1915, and cabled in full by *Reuter*, China said that, although there was no cause for the presentation of the Twenty-one Demands, her Government, in deference to Japan, immediately agreed to open negotiations on those articles of the protocol which it was possible for her to consider, "despite the palpableness of the whole of the demands being intended to extend the rights and interests of Japan without securing a *quid pro quo* of any kind for China."

In the course of this statement, which deserves careful study, the Chinese Government referred to the question of Kiao-Chao, and said that at the first conference between the Chinese and Japanese representatives on the proposed Agreement China agreed in principle to the Article which provided that she should assent to the transfer of Germany's rights in Shantung to Japan, but she maintained that the whole matter was one the settlement of which depended on the war, and therefore should be left for discussion by all the parties interested at the Peace Conference. Japan refused to take the Chinese view. She made a great feature of her having acquired Kiao-Chao "with enormous sacrifice," and at the time it perhaps seemed to her that the sacrifice was enormous; in the colossal aggregate of sacrifice in the war it, however, is not particularly remarkable, and Japan has probably "sacrificed" much more in and for Siberia. China next came forward with the proposal that the Japanese Government should declare that, when the Chinese Government gave its assent to the transfer of the German rights to Japan, Japan would restore the leased territory of Kiao-Chao to China, and, further, would recognise the right of the Chinese Government to participate in the negotiations with respect to the territory as between Japan and Germany. China's desire was to have a say as to the fate of Kiao-Chao and the rest of Shantung, inasmuch as Shantung was one of her provinces, and she was the Power most concerned in its future. Japan's view was that China was to have no say in the business. Japan was to deal with Germany, and that being settled was then to deal with China. Weak China was bitterly resentful, but her Government had to accept Japan's view. China at the moment could do nothing else. Japan substituted herself for Germany, and China, so far as she was concerned, received no benefit from the expulsion of the Germans from Shantung.

In 1916 there was a change in the general attitude of Japan to China. The Okuma Government had disappeared and had been replaced by that of Terauchi. The Japanese Chauvinists had been far from pleased with the Agreement with China, though it had given Japan very substantial gains. They were still more displeased when Terauchi declared officially against the "forward" policy with respect to China, and they were gravelled when Motono, Foreign Minister under Terauchi, deplored that the action of Japan in the past had created an unfavourable atmosphere for her in China. Meanwhile Yuan Shih-kai had passed away, and China was all the poorer for his loss. During the greater part of his rule Yuan had kept order in China; after his death China fell a prey to internal dissensions, which are not

yet composed. He was succeeded as President by Li Yuan-hung, who held the position for about a year; in his turn he was succeeded by Feng Kuo-chang, who also was President for about a year; in September last Feng gave way to Hsu Shih-chang, who proffered his resignation some weeks ago, but is still President, that is, at this writing. The Presidents resemble figures in a shadow-play. Li and Feng had little real power, and Hsu is no more powerful than they were. All the while the struggle has been going on between the North and the South, and the dominant personages have been the Tuchuns, or Military Governors of the provinces, with the Northern Tuchun Tuan Chi-jui, Yuan's Minister of War in 1913, generally in the ascendant and several times Premier of China. In Yuan's time Japan had helped the South, the policy then of Japan under Okuma being to embarrass and weaken the Chinese Executive; after Yuan, until towards the end of September last year, the policy of Japan under Terauchi was to support the North, the view taken being that in doing this Japan was backing the winner in the Chinese internal conflict, and that this would make for the desired good relations, but, as was to be expected, the South was antagonised.

The situation in the Far East underwent another change by the entrance of China into the war in 1917. Two years before, when Yuan was supreme, there had been some intention on the part of the Allies of asking China to become a belligerent on their side, but Japan intervened, and the idea came to nothing. The Chinese alleged that Japan was determined that at the Peace Conference she should be the sole representative of the Far East, and they declare that had it not been for the action of the United States China would not have been permitted to enter the war. It will be remembered that early in 1917 President Wilson severed diplomatic relations with Germany, and invited the other neutrals, among whom was China, to follow his lead. As China hesitated to accept the invitation, the Allied Ministers at Peking promised that, if she would do so, their Governments would consider favourably the suspension of the Boxer indemnity payments and a revision of the tariff in her interest. After some political fireworks, including the resignation of Tuan of the Premiership and his speedy reinstatement, China definitively broke off relations with Germany on March 11th, 1917. Exactly five months afterwards China declared war on Germany and Austria, and thus ranged herself with the Allies. During the interval there had been more political fireworks and on a much larger scale in China, and the antagonism between the North and the South had become sharply accentuated, with heavy but indecisive fighting. Participation in the war was discussed; Tuan and his Tuchuns were

strongly in favour of it, but Li, then President, opposed it. The United States lost patience with China, and sent a Note to her deploring her dissensions,⁶ and telling her that it would be better for her to secure her national unity than even to enter the war.

In Japan Motono, speaking in the Diet, said that he hoped the Chinese Government would soon compose the dissensions that rent China, and declare war on Germany. It was recently revealed that some time previously he had secretly obtained the endorsement by the Allied Governments concerned of the Japanese policy with regard to Kiao-Chao and the rest of Shantung, as embodied in the Agreement of 1915. As all China—North and South—hated that Agreement, China might not have gone into the war had she known of this arrangement. Having made her position *vis-à-vis* China solid with the European Allies who counted in the Far East, Japan turned her attention to securing the support of America. She resented the Note which the United States had addressed to China, considering it an encroachment on her special preserve. She thought she should have been informed of the Note, and told its contents, before it was dispatched, and some of her newspapers said as much. But the relations between America and Japan had long been in a somewhat delicate state, and Japan did not act hastily. Later in the year Ishii, the head of the Japanese Mission at Washington and a favourite in America, took up the matter, the upshot being that Notes were publicly exchanged between him and Mr. Lansing, the United States Secretary of State, which on the part of the United States officially recognised the special position held by Japan in certain portions of China, as, for example, in Manchuria. Mr. Lansing may or may not have been informed of the secret endorsement by the other Allies of the Sino-Japanese Agreement of 1915, but his exchange of Notes with Ishii was looked on in Japan as a diplomatic triumph for her.

Having consolidated her position with regard to Shantung in the manner described above, Japan viewed the entry of China into the war with equanimity, being assured that it would make no difference in that respect. China thought otherwise. She believed that by entering into the war she had qualified for a seat at the Peace Conference, and that that in the sequel would result in bringing about what she wanted in Shantung. She did have a share in the Conference, but she made no profit out of it so far as Shantung was concerned, though her main interest in that Conference was with the disposal of that province. It is widely supposed that though China came into the war she did very little to secure the victory over Germany. This supposition is incorrect. There are Chinese who assert that China did more

to win the war than Japan—a statement which may surprise many. China is not a military nation, and the help she gave to the common cause consisted in supplying labour. Her nationals, in battalions of 500 men, organized and led by French, British, and American officers, numbered on the Western front about 140,000. During the German offensive of last spring these Chinese laboured incessantly in preparing positions to which the Allied fighting men could fall back, and assisted in this way to bar the roads to Paris. Chinese labour battalions also were employed on other fronts, and did good service. The total number of Chinese taking part in the war in a labour capacity was above 250,000, and every one of them “released” a fighting man. In this double light China’s contribution to the final triumph is seen to be of very considerable value. On the other hand it has to be said that in China the Chinese Government might have been much more active and decided than it was in putting down everything that was German in the country. In Manchuria, however, China rendered assistance by holding up and defeating the Bolsheviks in Harbin and along the Chinese Eastern Railway. As things turned out, the Sino-Japanese Military Convention of 1918, which appeared to bring Japan and China together in some sort of *rapprochement*, made no change in the situation in the Far East as regarded China.

Articles 156, 157, and 158 of the Peace Treaty deal with Shantung. By Article 156 “Germany renounces, in favour of Japan, all her rights, title, and privileges—particularly those concerning the territory of Kiao-Chao, railways, mines, and submarine cables—which she acquired” in 1898. All German rights in the Tsingtao-Tsananfu Railway and its branch lines, together with all the property of every kind attached thereto, are handed to Japan. The next Article transfers to Japan all the movable and immovable property owned by the German State in Kiao-Chao territory, and the third Article provides for Germany’s giving to Japan, within three months from the coming into force of the Treaty, all the archives, plans, and documents relating to Kiao-Chao, as well as particulars of all treaties, arrangements, or agreements referring to anything connected with Germany’s former possession of Kiao-Chao or interests in Shantung. Throughout these Articles there is no mention of China; indeed, in another part of the Treaty, Articles 128 to 134 inclusive are headed “China,” as if they alone applied to China, and as if “Shantung,” which heads Articles 156 to 158, had nothing to do with China. In a statement issued by the Chinese Delegation in Paris on June 29th last an account was given in detail of the action taken by it. The opening clauses were:—

"Feeling the injustice of the settlement of the Shantung question made by the Conference, the Chinese Delegation sent a formal protest to the Council of Prime Ministers, under date of May 4th, 1919, and made a reservation at the plenary session of May 6th last *vis-à-vis* the clauses concerning that question in the Conditions of Peace which, taking settlement for their basis, purport to transfer German rights in the Chinese province of Shantung to Japan instead of restoring them to China, the rightful sovereign over the territory and a loyal co-partner in the war on the side of the Allied and Associated Powers. The announcement of the settlement evoked a nationwide protest in China, which was participated in by the Chinese people in every part of the world. In view of the united opposition of public opinion, the Chinese Government had no course open to them except to decline the clauses in question. To this effect they instructed the Chinese delegates at Paris, who accordingly notified the President of the Peace Conference on May 26th last, in a formal communication, that they would sign the Treaty of Peace subject to the reservation made on May 6th last."

This formal communication was acknowledged, but it was not till June 24th that the Chinese Delegation was informed that reservations in the text of the Treaty were not permissible for want of precedent. The Delegation maintained there was a notable precedent in the Treaty of Vienna, 1815, which was signed by the Swedish Plenipotentiary with a reservation made under his signature to three Articles of that Treaty. The Supreme Council, however, decided to admit no reservation in the text of the Treaty, and the sole concession the Delegation obtained was permission to send in a declaration after signing the Treaty, but this was not satisfactory, and therefore the Chinese delegates declined to sign at all. And so the matter stands. While the Delegation was awaiting a reply to its formal communication, both Baron Makino in Paris, and in Japan Viscount Uchida, Foreign Minister in the Hara Cabinet which succeeded that of Terauchi last September, stated that Japan would keep her promise to hand Kiao-Chao back to China. What China wants to know is *when* Japan will do this—in six months, a year, or two years? Japan fixes no date, and that makes China suspicious of her good faith; until the restoration actually is settled to take place on some given date. China will continue to suspect Japan. This is the plain truth. Japan professes to desire good relations with China, and her business interests all lie that way. By opposing the requests of the Chinese Delegation in Paris she lost a great opportunity of showing a magnanimity that would have ensured good relations with China for many a long day, but she may still recapture it if she will set a fairly early date for the promised restoration. The date will be the "acid test," to quote President Wilson's phrase, of her sincerity.

ROBERT MACRAY.

EDUCATION IN THE ARMY.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the most important step towards reconstruction was taken by the British Army at a time when that army was engaged in its most strenuous struggle, and at the most critical period of its existence. This step was the creation of what is now known as the Army Education Scheme.

It began in France somewhere about March, 1918. In spite of active operations it grew and developed right up to the date of the Armistice, and spread itself wherever the Army was fighting, whether in Egypt, Salonica, Russia, Italy, Palestine, or Mesopotamia. At one time, before demobilisation had gone very far, there were more than 3,000,000 men under education, men in the prime of life, eager to learn, volunteers. This is the most striking thing of all. Education was not imposed on the men. The educational movement had not come from above. It had come as the result of a spontaneous movement arising from the men themselves.

It is difficult to state exactly how the movement first began.¹ One constantly hears that So and So started it at such and such a place. The present writer has heard at least a dozen different names given as the real originators of the scheme. There is no doubt that the names of two men stand out pre-eminently from the rest, although there were many others concerned in the matter who were deeply interested in the cause, and enthusiastic in the support they gave it. To Lieut.-Colonel (then Captain) Borden-Turner and to Colonel Lord Gorell undoubtedly is due the fact that the Powers that be were acquainted with this great movement that had manifested itself in the Army, and it is they who were mainly responsible for establishing Army Education on the firm basis on which it now stands.

It would seem that quite early in 1918² at different points of the line, sporadically at first, and more uniformly a little later on, men in various units expressed a wish for instruction, and

(1) As early as in February, 1917, the demand for instruction arose in Brocton Camp, Cannock Chase, and this demand was immediately met thanks to the help and sympathy of Lt.-Col. Lascelles, A. L. Smith, Master of Balliol, and the Rev. E. Brook, of Marton. The movement in France seems to have been of quite independent origin, and not due to the example of Brocton.

(2) Even before this period education was "in the air." There existed the Y.M.C.A. Universities Committee for a service of lectures on the lines of communication. The Y.M.C.A. also held a few classes on the lines of communication and at bases—chiefly classes in French, English and elementary mathematics.

this wish on the part of the rank and file met with a very ready response from their officers. There are many authentic stories of lessons held in dug-outs by platoon-officers, rudely interrupted by heavy bombardments. There was an actual instance of a lesson on Spenser's "Faery Queene" coming to an untimely end owing to the fact that the class and their instructor had to don their gas-masks. So we see that it was not only the men who were at rest, or on the lines of communication, who wanted and received instruction, but also those in the forward areas. By a great piece of good fortune these educational efforts were not discouraged by the higher authorities. O.C.'s and G.O.C.'s were quick to note that where such work was in progress there was a corresponding improvement in *moral*, and, at that time, after more than four years of nerve-racking struggle, the problem of *moral* was of supreme importance and not entirely easy of solution. So from these small beginnings there grew up in an incredibly short space of time a vast educational establishment.

In March, 1918, the Educational Scheme was first launched. Then came the great German offensive, which put a check on any considerable development until the beginning of June, when the enemy had obviously shot their bolt. Several officers who had been entrusted with educational work were killed, others were wounded or evacuated sick, and there were, of course, innumerable difficulties of all kinds which had to be met. It speaks well for the spirit of both instructors and the men desiring instruction that these difficulties were overcome. The most remarkable willingness to act as instructors was displayed, equalled only by the extraordinary keenness of the men to attend the classes which were formed. One division reported that men out of the line were walking as far as three or four miles to attend classes.

The following extract is taken from the report by G.O.C. Vth Corps:—

"Good progress has been made by divisions at rest and by troops more or less permanently stationed in any one place. Wherever classes have started, the men have shown great enthusiasm, and it would appear that when the scheme has become known and is in full working, an educational chain from the troops at rest to those in line will be established, those at rest being able to follow regular courses, those in reserve having the oppor-

(1) It should be noted that from the early days of the work in France real teaching was aimed at, and efforts were made to deal with a great variety of subjects to meet the men's requirements in every way, and to make the work really educative. Competent teachers were sought for in every subject that the men asked for. It could not always be done, but that was the ideal aimed at. If a man asked in France for teaching in geology for the mining engineers' course at S Kensington, a geologist was energetically sought for and sometimes found.

tunity of attending lectures and classes, and the students in the line being able to continue their reading."

An interesting commentary on this idea is provided by the following extract from a letter received by Education Officer, First Army:—

"I have been considering the problem as it concerns a small unit like a battery. . . . My chance came when I went on duty for 24 hours in a position open to the view of the enemy, when there was little to do but keep under cover. A ruined village, bricks, iron girders, shelters, exploded guns, dud shells—not a very inviting spot. Time passed slowly. I proposed classes in gun-laying and French. I was agreeably surprised at the keenness shown. For French, my class-room was the men's cellar, their seats wire netting bed frames, my blackboard the side of a cartridge box, my chalk bits of chalk from the trench. In two turns of duty I gave four lessons in gun-laying and six in French. . . . I found my enterprise the talk of the battery, and now we have a large room in the billets and a proper blackboard. . . . The Sergeant-Major and Q.M.S. asked me to take them and other N.C.O.s in map-reading. I am now looking round the men of the battery who may care to take other classes."

Such reports as the above were sufficient to show that there was nothing visionary about the scheme. The keenness and ingenuity of Education Officers were sufficient to establish education in the Army on a firm basis. About this time the Y.M.C.A. undertook to take charge of educational work on the lines of communication. Their organisation had the foresight to engage, as Director of Education, Sir Henry Hadow, Principal of Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and this appointment gave an immediate impetus to their work.

By September 24th, 1918, order had been evolved out of chaos, and four educational establishments were created, one for the forces in Great Britain, a second for the British armies in France, a third for the British force in Italy, and controlling these a central establishment known as S.D. 8 (Staff Duties 8) at the War Office, Colonel Lord Gorell acting as Deputy Director of Staff Duties, and Sir Henry Hadow acting as Assistant Director. This central body has had the lion's share in organising and building up the greatest university that the world has ever seen. The difficulties that confronted them seemed overwhelming. It is a tough enough job to organise the work of a large school, and still tougher to organise the work of a new university of ordinary dimensions. But when it comes to organising education for three million men under conditions that were absolutely fluid, with no school buildings available, with no apparatus, no textbooks, very often no pencils and no paper obtainable, and worst of all with no definite supply of trained teachers, it seems incredible that the problem could admit of solution. How it was done exactly even those who helped to solve it can hardly give a

connected account; but the enthusiasm of all concerned, of the organisers, of the instructors, and of those who desired instruction, triumphed over all difficulties and surmounted all obstacles.

One of the greatest of these difficulties was due to the unexpected signing of the Armistice by the Germans on November 11th. Demobilisation started almost immediately afterwards, and among the first to be demobilised were the thousands of schoolmasters in the Army who were practically all engaged in carrying out the education scheme. It speaks well for the extraordinary foresight of S.D.S. that, on November 30th, two great Army-Schools were started at Oxford and Cambridge respectively. The schools of education at these two great centres of learning had as their object to stimulate the supply of instructors and to train officers and non-commissioned officers with reference to the special needs of the scheme. At these schools intensive courses extending over a period of from four to six weeks have been and are still being held, although the pressure of returning undergraduates had forced the Cambridge School, originally housed at Corpus Christi to remove to butments at Newmarket. The object of the two schools is different; that at Oxford, at present housed at Keble, is to provide instruction in the methods and art of teaching older men, and is designed for 200 officers for each course; the sister school gives similar instruction for 20 officers and 200 N.C.O.s responsible for the instruction of Category A (IV.) soldiers. To the success of these short intensive courses on method the President of the Board of Education quite recently bore eloquent testimony. "They had," he said, "demonstrated the truth of the proposition that when they had got a number of intelligent men together, wanting to learn a thing, they could acquire the requisite knowledge in an extraordinarily short space of time"¹. At the present time of writing nearly 2,000 officers and N.C.O.s have been trained as teachers at these two schools, and have gone back to their units filled with enthusiasm for their work.

Before dismissing the topic of the two great schools that have done so much to fit officers and men for their educational work in the armies of the present and future, reference must be made to the fact that, owing to the demands of returning undergraduates, it will be difficult in the immediate future to continue to find accommodation for officers in the Oxford colleges. Yet one feels that superhuman efforts should be made to retain the premier Army Training School at Oxford, for the atmosphere of the great university town has contributed not a little to the conspicuous success of the institution.

(1) Conference on Imperial Education at Australia House, June 11th, 1919.

Another great difficulty that had to be faced was the total lack in the beginning of material and of books. The War Office tackled this question wholeheartedly, and in an amazingly short time a supply was forthcoming. At the present time not only has every unit obtained a very satisfactory departmental reference library of representative books, but Education Officers can obtain for their students an excellent selection of up-to-date text-books and sufficient apparatus to equip very satisfactory laboratories, both physical and chemical. This, again, is the outcome of a masterly piece of organisation, if one considers the vast number of students and the very wide range of subjects, vocational and non-vocational, that are being pursued in a thousand different places.

When the educational scheme was first started it was realised that education within the Army fell into two different, but naturally related, fields of importance :—

First, its bearing upon the military efficiency and *moral* of the troops.

Next, its bearing upon the future, that is to say, upon the mental attitude and practical knowledge with which all ranks then serving would, when re-absorbed into the life of the nation, face the social conditions and industrial and economic problems of the post-war era.

It was foreseen that there were also two distinct periods of time to be considered :—

(a) During the continuance of hostilities.

(b) Immediately after the suspension of hostilities and during demobilisation

Accordingly, the organisation created during the former period had to be, and actually was, capable of expansion in order to deal with the vast opportunities and widely different conditions and requirements of the period of demobilisation.

In addition to this, a scheme was devised for carrying out educational work in the hospitals for convalescent officers and men. Its objects were to hasten recovery by occupying the minds of the patients and reviving their mental interest, and in the case of men likely to return to civil life without serious disablement to pursue courses of training likely to restore habits of concentration, and otherwise to be of use to them in their trade or profession. For men who were likely to be discharged permanently disabled the scheme aimed at laying the foundation of the vocational training which is actually given by the Ministry of Pensions to the discharged soldier unable to follow his former calling.

The term "education in hospitals" was understood in its

widest sense. It covered general education, in which are included English (language and literature), history, geography, modern languages, mathematics, economics, and citizenship. Apart from general education of this kind, came commercial training, occupational training and technical education. It was also impressed upon hospital education officers, and rightly so, that musical education should be included in the programme of studies. For experience showed that instrumental music and singing have a marked curative value in neurasthenic cases.

Having shown how the War Office Educational Department (S.D.8) tackled the different problems as they came along, with extraordinary foresight and wonderful success if we consider the great complexity and fluidity of the conditions under which they were working, we must now examine the education scheme at a somewhat later period of its existence. By May, 1919, demobilisation had made great strides, and the *personnel* of the Army of Occupation was fairly constant and stable. On May 13th, 1919, was issued Army Order VII., with which S.D.8 incorporated its pamphlet entitled *Educational Training—Armies of Occupation*. And a very illuminating document this is. It describes education as invaluable and as an essential element in the making of a soldier and an army. The fact is emphasised that educational training must not be regarded as a secondary consideration, nor for spare hours in the form of recreation. This principle is based upon three main considerations, which we cannot do better than quote in full—

" (a) The variety and the real difficulty of the battle training of the modern soldier renders it necessary that he should be quick, intelligent, and, as far as possible, of a ready understanding. It is a waste both of time and of energy to have to impart military and battle training to men whose minds have, in the great majority of cases, lain almost idle since the elementary school years. Educational training will produce a more or less cultivated soil in which the advanced stages of the military training will take root far more quickly and more easily. Further, it is demanded nowadays that a man should understand what he is being taught, and the reasons for his instruction; he must not merely learn by rule of thumb. Unless his general intelligence is being developed, specialised instruction must remain largely a learning by rote, and the mental self-confidence that any crisis may demand will never be created.

" (b) Together with its bearing upon military efficiency, the bearing of educational training upon *moral* has from the first been kept in view. Diversion and occupation of the mind are to be found at their best in systematic classes, wherein men feel that they have, for their spare time, something well worth doing.

" (c) Closely connected with the foregoing is the consideration that educational training provides a link with civil life and with the nation at large, which, both from the point of view of the individual man and from that of the Army generally, is of vital importance. In armies constituted as modern armies must be, it is inevitable that men should be concerned about

their re-entry into civil life. It is of incalculable value that they should feel not only that their term of service has not handicapped them, but that it has given them opportunities of education which, in the long hours of a factory or a shop, they might never have found."

As Mr. Fisher stated at the Imperial Conference, the above is a remarkable statement and marks a great development in the history of the armies of the British Empire.

The organisation can be briefly stated: In Great Britain at Headquarters two General Staff Officers exercise general supervision. Then we have a General Staff Officer supervising education in each of the following commands, viz., Aldershot, Eastern, Northern, Scottish, Western and Southern, as well as the London District. There are two schools of instruction for officers—one at Elstow, Bedford, and the other at Catterick Camp. At these schools what are known as "refresher courses" are given, and their function differs entirely from that of the schools at Oxford and Cambridge previously mentioned.

In Ireland the work is divided into four districts and the establishment of a school of instruction has been authorised. The troops still in France and on the lines of occupation are similarly organised.

But it is naturally in the Army of the Rhine, where conditions have been most stable, that the educational establishment is most complete. In addition to Corps, Divisional, and Brigade Education Officers, executive and instructional staffs are authorised for an Army General and Commercial College of 300 students, an Army Science College of 220 students, an Army Technical College of 200 students, and in addition a number of Corps and Divisional Schools of different descriptions. Also instructors are authorised in proportion to the total *personnel*, in the Army of the Rhine, at the maximum scale of four officers and eight non-commissioned officers per 1,000 men. This gives an idea of the huge number of officers and non-commissioned officers needed as qualified instructors throughout the armies, and it is evident that the great training schools have their work fully cut out to keep up the supply of teachers; the more so when one considers the very wide range of subjects of instruction to be dealt with owing to the varied demand throughout the armies.

Here one may add that as a supplement to the systematic work in classes, and as a means of interesting men outside the range of the particular subjects they take, lectures are organised frequently as circumstances permit. The War Office (S.D.8) makes all necessary arrangements for these lectures and supplies lecturers on an infinite variety of subjects. Many of the

lectures are illustrated by cinema films or lantern slides. It is of interest to note here that the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force work in conjunction with the Army, so that lecture services are thus co-ordinated. Further, in order to widen the range of lectures as far as possible, a series of "outline lectures" is published by the War Office intended for the use of regimental officers who wish to give lectures to their men.

From what has been stated here it is evident that much has already been achieved; that this achievement has been due to the combination of many factors. The desire for education on the part of the rank and file, the enthusiasm of the officer instructors, who preferred to sign on rather than to accept the demobilisation that was offered them; the masterly organisation and ardent endeavour of Lord Gorell, Sir Henry Hadow, and Colonel Borden-Turner, as well as of those who served and still serve under them at S.D.S; the keenness of the instructional staffs at the two great Training Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge—all these have contributed towards making the Army education scheme an extraordinary success.

Much remains to be done. With the signing of Peace comes the problem of the constitution of the British armies of the future. It is definitely settled that in these armies, whatever their size may be, there will be found a place for a permanent education scheme, planned on broad and generous lines, so that the Army may never be considered in the future as a blind-alley profession, and that in after years the discharged soldier may be able at once to take his place in the economic system of the country. There must be a proper establishment for Education Officers with adequate pay and security of tenure with good prospects of promotion and a few "plums" thrown in, just as there are in civil education.

At all events, things could not look more promising. The King and Queen have interested themselves in the scheme from its inception and have sent the most gracious message to education officers. General Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, has praised it in no measured terms,¹ and our greatest Minister of Education has termed the Army education scheme "one of the most important safeguards to the country, and one of the best investments that the country had ever made."²

AN OFFICER INSTRUCTOR.

(1) "We must weave education into the life of the soldier. We must bring the profession of arms close up to education, to modern thought, and to modern science. If we succeed in this we shall succeed in handing back to civil life not only good soldiers, but good citizens." General Sir Henry Wilson at the Conference on Imperial Education, June 11th, 1919.

(2) Rt Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, in a speech at the Oxford School of Education on January 22nd, 1919.

AMERICAN EVOLUTION.

WITH the signing of the Treaty with Germany the second stage of American participation in the great war came to an end, and by the time this is read all the American troops in Europe will be on their way home with the exception of less than 10,000 regulars, who will remain for a time as a part of the Army of Occupation. Over two million came across the Atlantic in an amazingly short time, when they were needed, and now they are gone, almost before the war is ended. There was a job to be done, and no time was lost in the doing of it. That it was well done is testified to by those they came to help, and now that the task is ended they are back at home resuming normal occupations with vigour and enthusiasm.

The first stage of the war so far as America is concerned was fought at home. It was bloodless but bitter, and although great and wonderful things have happened since that time, events whose exciting character and momentous meaning throw previous adventures into the background, no student of American history in the future will fail to recognise the importance of that period in the life of the nation when war was raging throughout a large part of the world and the United States was classed among the neutral nations. The American people never were neutral in the strict sense of the word, for the cause of the Allies was that of a majority from the day England declared war upon Germany. The really pro-German element in the population was small, as was the anti-British element. That section of the population more or less indifferent to affairs in Europe was large, but all of these elements combined did not equal the number of those who wished the Allies well in their adventure, and who, as subsequent events demonstrated, were ready to respond to the call when it should become sufficiently insistent to arouse them out of a mental remoteness begotten by geographical, political and social conditions.

In these days of rapid movement the story of America as a neutral is almost ancient history, but it is well to remember even now that during the first two years of the war at least the Allies preferred that the United States should remain neutral. They were satisfied with the sympathy and assistance they were getting from that direction, they did not want the American Government to have anything to say in the final settlement, and they believed that complete victory was within their grasp, as time was believed

to be a powerful ally. It was also thought that if America entered the war her absorption in her own preparations would lessen the help that could be given to the Allies in supplies and money. Many Americans accepted this view of the situation and were more or less satisfied with the part their country played in the great tragedy of those years. In the third year of the war a great change came over the spirit of the Allies. The outcome did not seem so assured, and a compromised peace was freely predicted, even advocated, by those who thought the prospect of a complete victory to be receding in view of the apparently intact prowess of the enemy. It was then the desire for active military aid from America expressed itself among the Allies, and this unquestionably helped to bring about a consolidation of pro-Ally sentiment in America, to awaken American public opinion to a realisation of what a German victory might mean to the world and especially to the United States. It was predicted by the writer in the pages of this REVIEW in 1914 that if the war lasted three years the United States would be fighting alongside the Allies, and the prediction came true. It was bound to be the inevitable course of events for many reasons which in themselves would constitute a sufficiently important and interesting topic for a volume treating of the psychology of the war.

The advantage the Allies gained so promptly through American participation in the war was due to an American national characteristic, the ability to think of but one thing at a time, or rather the inability to think of more than one. Such a singleness of purpose leads to an enormous concentration of effort, and the results were shown, not only in a continuation of material and financial help to the Allies, but an instantaneous and tremendous increase in these directions notwithstanding a concurrent military and naval effort still fresh in the minds of those who came in contact with it, directly or indirectly. It is quite in keeping with all this that, the war being over, American soldiers and sailors should no longer linger on the battlefields or in foreign countries or foreign waters, but should get back with all speed to the task of reconstruction which awaits them at home, even as it does the people of all other countries; for no matter how remote from the scenes of actual fighting there is no spot on the earth where the inhabitants are not now compelled to take stock of themselves and their institutions in hopes of being better able to meet new and trying conditions with which humanity is faced as a result of the violent disturbances of the past five years.

The part played by America in the negotiations which have been in progress since the Armistice of eight months ago has been given to the public through the Press from day to day. Not

always in full, however, and not always in a spirit of truth or fairness. National prejudices and international jealousies have played their part in giving wrong impressions in this country or in that; but it can be stated broadly that every important provision of the Peace Treaty bears the impress of American influence to a greater or less degree, and yet in that Treaty there is no hint of a provision made of recompense to America in money, territory or special privilege. This is a fine record for any nation, and those of other nations who have been privileged to be in touch with the proceedings in Paris during the past few months bear willing witness to the disinterestedness with which America's representatives have laboured for a permanent peace for the world and for reparation for those in Europe who have suffered at the hands of German aggression. That they became weary and impatient of delay was human; that they made mistakes was equally so; but that they laboured with unselfish zeal to do the right thing with high motives, keen intelligence and in the clear light of a judicial frame of mind rather than in a spirit of revenge, no man denies. Few people realise the vast number of questions that had to be considered, the complexity of interests to be satisfied and the wearisome detail to be understood before general conclusions could be reached. In the midst of all the negotiations, when things looked at their worst tangle, a Frenchman was asked to give his opinion of the progress being made at the Peace Congress. He replied with a shrug: "Here we have President Wilson, idealist; Monsieur Clemenceau, realist; and between is Monsieur Lloyd George, opportunist. Three men of strong personality, iron will and profound conviction thrown together in such a way as to necessitate an agreement, or at least a compromise." The part played by each one was useful to the world, though perhaps the part played by the British Prime Minister was of the most practical service; for who can deny that a wise opportunism is the best for all mankind to bring order out of a chaos of conflicting convictions? The completion of the treaty with Germany has left its aftermath of soreness and disappointment. No responsible party thereto escapes criticism, and perhaps the ambitions of no chief negotiator on behalf of his country have been fulfilled. France was compelled to yield in the degree with which her statesmen would have had her compensated by the enemy; the United Kingdom had to remain satisfied with what Germany could be made to do and not what she was wanted to do; President Wilson was forced to compromise with his theories and perhaps even his principles in the necessity of reaching an agreement, but in securing an emphatic endorsement of the principle of a League of Nations and in the main justice for all

peoples concerned he was successful. Even in this he would not have been, had he not the earnest and unflagging support of some of the ablest British statesmen. Of the three men who really dictated the terms of peace as they appear in the Treaty, President Wilson now has the most difficult task before him. The British Prime Minister returns to England to receive a unanimous welcome and endorsement from Parliament and the people. M. Clemenceau is in almost the same enviable position. President Wilson returns to America to an even more difficult task than confronted him in Paris, for he must in the face of bitter political opposition secure an endorsement of all he has done in France. For the Treaty to be ratified in Washington it must receive a two-thirds vote in the Senate. In that body there is a political majority against the President, and even in his own party are men who have bitterly opposed his going to Europe at all or who have opposed one or another of the measures advocated by the President and included in the terms of the Treaty. The principal cause for dispute is the inclusion of the provision for a League of Nations within the Peace Treaty, and many men differ as to the propriety of such inclusion or object to the terms in which the proposed organisation is set forth. The overwhelming need for ratification, the cry of all the world that peace should no longer be in doubt, and the general belief that a League is a necessity, will aid the President in his effort for speedy and favourable action, for the people will demand that Congress get on with the work and discuss the machinery of international action later on. There is little opposition to the principle involved and the general public will hold that this is the extent to which America is committed in ratifying the Paris agreement. The world made its first real start towards regaining normal conditions on July 12, when the blockade against Germany was lifted, and no human power can withstand the present intention of humanity to call the war at an end and to get rid of war conditions at the earliest possible moment. Reports from all over the world indicate a subsidence of interest in international affairs other than those of commerce and a concentration in each country upon the problems with which all peoples are faced as a result of the war. These problems are financial, economic and social, and even in countries which remained neutral throughout they are serious, insistent and fraught with grave possibilities for the future of all nations. The United States and Japan are the two countries whose financial resources have not been depleted to an alarming extent. In all countries the cost of living, the decreased purchasing power of money, the need for foreign markets and the adjustment of wages to these conditions and needs are of absorbing interest and vital

importance. The social organisation of the world has reeled under the shock given it by the war. In some places it has collapsed, while in others it still stands preserved by its verities and showing signs of weakness only in its errors. Where the social structure was thoroughly bad it has gone down with a crash and afforded opportunity for anarchy to work its will in the inevitable interim before sane reconstruction. The war has afforded a supreme test for all forms of government and social order, and their value can now be measured in the degree to which they have stood the strain and in the success with which they are weathering the storm. It will be found, in making a survey of the world's affairs, that those Governments which have rested upon the will of the people are among the least damaged survivors. The interim rulers of Russia, the Bolsheviks, declared their purpose to be the destruction of the existing social, financial and industrial system throughout the world. There were days following the Armistice when they had reason to believe they were near success. Immediately following the war all peoples relaxed, their minds were confused, the panic and alarms of war still had their effect, and any strong relentless purpose made headway. With their headquarters in Russia the forces for destruction reached out in every direction, and no general who planned a successful battle during the war is entitled to more credit and gratitude than the men who, amidst pessimism and discouragement, stood guard in France, England and the United States against this vast, intangible and malignant force that threatened to bring about a reign of terror throughout the whole world. The extreme danger point has been passed, the human mind is regaining a balance upset by the war, and in the light of commonsense anarchy withers away to an inconsiderable force.

That republics are not immune has been made manifest; for while Russian chaos followed the fall of an autocratic and corrupt Government, conditions were threatening in all countries, including the United States; for it is not a war against forms of Government that has followed the war against Prussianism, but a rising of the generally submerged tenth to a position of power in default of any organised opposition. It is a class war, a war against those who have by those who have not, a war against privilege acquired either honestly or dishonestly. This revolution is led by men of great intelligence, heroic courage courting martyrdom, and outside of their real following they gain the unintelligent but more or less effective aid of all those who have a serious grievance against society. The value of this period of peril to America, to the United Kingdom and to every other country is the exposure it ensures of the weak spots in the existing

order of things and the opportunity given to strengthen the hold of law and order upon the community by prompt reform. There is always good reason for rebellion, and it is generally the result of injustice. To do away with these unjust conditions is the task of reconstruction even more than it is the rebuilding of shattered houses and the pensioning of widows and orphans; and to these matters must the statesmen of all countries now devote their energies. The League of Nations promises to hold in check all possibilities of future international wars, and thus are all peoples enabled to go to work upon the League of the Nation, which must be formed in each country to preserve it from the even greater horrors of civil conflict. How serious this situation is even in lands of perfect freedom and unlimited opportunity may be realised from the recent disturbances in Canada, where without apparent reason the forces for disorder gained the upper hand for an appreciable time. In the United States the threat is even more serious, and it is only the great size of the country, the distances between congested areas and a consequent lack of unanimous and simultaneous action that have prevented outbreaks upon a large scale. The great Jewish conspiracy for the overthrow of the existing state of things throughout the world with its headquarters in Moscow and its agents in London, New York and elsewhere, has failed. It had its opportunity, but was unable to derive full benefit, and its day has now passed; but there is still in each large country in the world a group of men and women sufficiently numerous and well organised to take advantage of public dissatisfaction and turn a protesting crowd into a destructive mob. Regardless of political affiliation, those American statesmen who are haggling with President Wilson over the League of Nations are trifling with the destiny of their country, for it is necessary now as never before that the world be made secure from international conflict, that all Governments and peoples should work together for the peace of mankind not only as affecting armed conflicts between nations but for the mutual control of irresponsible and dangerous influences which batten upon international friction and national injustices to individual members of a nation. It will be found that when President Wilson and others who have brought the League of Nations idea into being really get to work on the organisation, that it will have a much wider scope than has yet been generally realised. A broad hint of this is contained in the labour clause of the agreement. The League is intended by its sponsors to do more than prevent armed conflict between nations, for its purpose includes the prevention of war between conflicting human interests, or in other words civil war. This is not to be done by maintaining armed

forces or large bodies of police, national or international, but through international endeavour to remove causes of discontent. The first necessity was to get the principle of the League acknowledged and to secure the beginnings of an international organisation. This could only be done by appealing to the one obsession of the world in 1918, and that was the prevention of future wars between nations. It would have confused the issue and jeopardised the whole question to have elaborated the possible future activities and uses of the League. It was necessary, however, to point out to labour that it had a stake in the success of the League other than the prevention of war. It was necessary to meet the argument that wars were for the benefit of, or the defence of, capital; hence the League was to become a capitalists' protective organisation. This was accomplished by going slightly beyond the primary purpose and referring to labour as a valuable asset of international interest and dignity. That this was effective is shown in the vigorous and admirable speech made by Mr Clynes at Albert Hall, in which he professed his belief that the proposed League of Nations was an institution that should receive the undivided support of all labour interests. In America the Federation of Labour, led by Mr Gompers, gave an equally emphatic endorsement, and in these days, when politicians are wont to study most carefully the mental attitude of the mass of voters, this will undoubtedly lead many a public man whose position is generally determined by public demand to come forward vigorously in favour of the League of Nations. It is not difficult to believe that the Treaty of Paris will in the end be ratified practically as it now stands by the American Congress. So far as America is concerned the war is ended. To prolong the period of negotiation will meet with no favour. With the usual American impatience of quibbling and delay the American people will say "Get on with peace" in the same effective manner in which they said not long ago, "Get on with the war". The affairs of the world are moving at such a pace at the moment that he who stops to consider past events, to quibble as to whether a thing should be done this or that way, finds himself left behind in the procession of human events. The general attitude in America towards Germany is one of letting the past take care of itself. Germany has been defeated, has agreed to pay the penalties assessed by the Allies, and provision has been made that the promises she has made will be kept. Before these lines are printed American, French, British and Italian ships will be in German harbours unloading exports to Germany and receiving cargo in return. The German flag is already again on the high seas, and German names are bandied about in the Press as pos-

sible ambassadors to London, Paris, Washington and Rome. A striking sign of the change that has come over the political life of Germany is the suggestion made seriously that Maximilian Harden be sent as ambassador to Washington. His name was anathema to the German diplomat of the old school. The democratisation of the world is indeed advancing apace. It is unfortunate that the British Government has not been equally prompt in selecting a British Ambassador to Washington. The one man who would be welcomed with greatest fervour and who could perform the most valuable service for the Anglo-American Entente is the present British Prime Minister; but as he appears to be the one man whom Britain expects to do everything there is to be done it seems unlikely he can be spared from the home situation at so critical a stage in the life of the nation. It is rumoured that the idea is not distasteful to Mr. Lloyd George, however, and if his doctors insist upon a rest from the duties of Prime Minister it might be possible for him to succeed Lord Reading as a further *ad interim*, and thus afford the Government still further time in which to select the superman desired for the position. Seriously speaking, no man could do more to put the Anglo-American Entente on a sound basis at this especially important moment than Mr. Lloyd George, and there are people who believe there to be no more important matter in the world to-day than this same task. Anglo-American relations are better and stronger to-day than they ever were before, but there is still room for improvement. In the reconstruction work of the next few years there is opportunity for misunderstanding and even serious friction. As actual war conditions disappear and certain memories fade, the bond may become loosened, and it is the business of all Americans and all British to see that this does not come to pass, for there is more at stake than merely a sentimental friendship. The whole political and economic future of the world in the immediate future rests upon it. In America President Wilson will stand first and foremost for Anglo-American unity. His actions in Paris have shown this, and the close working alliance he has had with the British has demonstrated its incalculable value. There are points upon which he disagrees with British policy, but the strongest of friends do not always think alike, and there are reasons which transcend in importance all other considerations why the United States and the British Empire should stand together in all matters affecting international relations the world over. A realisation of this fact is one of the great products of the war. It may prove in the future to have been the greatest. The League of Nations is no more or less than a practical union of the English-speaking race.

JAMES DAVENPORT WHIRLPLEY.

COACHE

THE FUTURE OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

THE suspension of hostilities has brought to an end the interruption which the war imposed on the progressive aims of civilisation. At long last, we can resume the tasks which the new world awaits. All men and women of goodwill must join in these endeavours. National boundaries collapse before this universal duty. As I write, the lowering clouds of industrial unrest darken the threatening aspect of national affairs. We must apply ourselves with enterprise and courage not only to make the world safe for democracy, but to make democracy safe for the world.

In his memorable address at the tomb of Washington on Independence Day last (July 4th, 1918), President Wilson expressed in a single sentence the aim of all civilised peoples as they confront the new age of mankind. "What we seek," said Mr. Wilson, "is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organised opinion of mankind." As was written in these pages,¹ "The wise application of law to new conditions, the sane regulation of activities subordinated to the public welfare, the promotion and strengthening of feelings of goodwill which may expand across national frontiers—all this must be present to the mind of keen-eyed observers as they look forward to the opening of fresh and fateful chapters in the world's history."

In recent years I have frequently pleaded in the pages of the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for the organised participation of the legal profession in these great tasks.² Those pleas have evoked a friendly response both at home and in far distant parts of the world. The service of justice is a noble calling. Its members, wherever placed, feel the bond which links them in spirit with their fellows all the world over. When President Wilson calls mankind to seek anew the reign of law, at once in unnumbered breasts the answer of the true lawyer is called forth. It is an increasing misfortune that no machinery at present exists which would enable the general body of lawyers in the world to send representatives to a congress where their concerted help could be given to the prosecution of the aims Mr. Wilson desiderates.

(1) See "The Lawyer and the New World," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* January, 1918, p. 133

(2) See also "The Need of an English Bar Association," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, January, 1914, and "Lord Alverstone's Recollections," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, December, 1914

The medical profession, for instance, has succeeded in convening great International Congresses. I feel confident that as the League of Nations expands its work, and the application of its principles in the several States becomes developed, the lawyers of that better day will foregather from all parts of the world to aid in crowning the new era of international co-operation.

Meanwhile we can at least prepare and plan for those ampler days. Our help as constituents in the new world order will depend upon the success we attain in fitting ourselves for our tasks. Just as a permanent League of Nations will be impossible unless each State has prepared itself for its place in the League, so we shall not succeed in accomplishing large tasks of international co-operation unless we devote ourselves as individuals to the duty of fitting ourselves to discharge them.

Short as is the time which has passed since the conclusion of hostilities, it is abundantly clear that no aggregation of individuals can be excluded from contributing their share to the work of re-fashioning the fabric of civilisation. The task is so immense, its gathering urgency so insistent, that mankind will not tolerate drones and idlers. Our part varies with our station, but our part we must play. No class, no calling, no profession can stand aside from the work of reconstruction. If its activities in the old order are to be continued in the new, then it must help organised society to readjust its work to the new order.

This is a word of general application, but I desire to make some suggestions in its relation to the legal profession. Obviously, in a new world in which mankind seeks the reign of law, the lawyers must be active in their help. The notion, for instance, that the Bar of England can remain a sort of privileged caste outside the activities of reconstruction is a delusion and a snare. It is a delusion, for "watching briefs" will not be permitted during national reconstruction; and it is a snare because, if the Bar succumb to the delusion, they will run the risk of being set aside as "lagging superfluous on the stage." But, apart from a few persons who have lost the faculty of learning from experience, the Bar are ready to play their part. Unfortunately, this readiness has not been freely displayed. The absence of adequate organisation is largely responsible for this defect, and I venture to renew the considerations advanced in this Review which, I was glad to see, received widespread acceptance.

I therefore submit to my friends at the Bar that the primary call at this juncture on their energies as a body is to join in an effort to obtain a genuine organisation of the Bar of England. The old-fashioned idea that a Bar Committee, like the present Bar Council, concerned with points of etiquette provides a suffi-

cient "voice" for the Bar is held by no active-minded barrister. The *Times* (February 12th, 1914), approving some comments of mine in this REVIEW, made a trenchant observation: "It has been said that, while many are misers as to money, none are misers as to power—all men use it to the full. To the truth of this saying, the Bar is a notable exception. It voluntarily refuses to use power which it might exercise and with good effect. It allows individuals to speak in its name without authority. Perhaps the younger generation may think this self-denial has been carried too far, and that the time for an expansion of the functions of the Bar Council has come or is at hand." I urge my friends at the Bar, with all respect, to make a response to this suggestion. If they will do me the honour of considering the scheme outlined in this REVIEW in January, 1914, I believe it will commend itself to their judgment. If some such plan were carried out, the Bar would become an active constituent in the formation of public opinion, it would be provided with adequate machinery enabling necessary reforms to be effected with proper consideration, and a long-standing reproach which gathers force in these strenuous times would be removed.

In passing, may I linger for a moment on certain tasks which I have had the honour of bringing before some of the Dominion Bars and, in particular, before the American Bar Association? I still hope that the plans of the Peace Conference in formulating a League of Nations may be assisted by the organised legal profession of the civilised world. The conclusions of the statesmen will require to be embodied in provisions applicable to the policy of the various nations. The duty of translating these principles into sound working regulations might well be assisted by authorised committees of lawyers. The work of Lord Robert Cecil, for instance, might be usefully developed by such a body as I suggest, and I was happy in receiving from the American Bar an official intimation of their willingness to co-operate in these tasks. My correspondence with members of the Canadian Bar evinces the same desire, and I hope the prospect thus opened up will be realised with all speed.

A second great task awaits us as a British Commonwealth. When we have played our part in helping to provide a League of Nations, we must then turn to the duty of laying the foundations broad and deep of the coming Federation of British Peoples. It would be an immense gain if the discussions of the statesmen were preceded by a systematic survey of the problem by a representative congress of the legal profession throughout the Empire.¹

(1) See "The Organization of the Bar in the British Empire," *The Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation*, p. 161, July, 1915.

In this effort, I know that some of the Dominion Bars are ready to assist. A reorganised British Bar with its great prestige could extend the hand of comradeship to its fellows throughout the Dominions. As the *Times* (February 12th, 1914) said: "For all of them London is a common centre; here to the Judicial Committee come appeals from Dominions, Colonies, and Protectorates. In such a gathering (an Imperial Bar Congress) might be discussed, to some profit, even more important themes than fees to second counsel or the prompt publication of the cause lists, and light might be obtained as to questions which have come before the Imperial Conferences." I commend this prospect also to my friends at the Bar of England.

After this renewed glance at international affairs, I desire to turn to a few matters of more immediate concern. It has been well pointed out in representative legal journals that reconstruction cannot be stayed at the present frontiers of the legal profession. The duty lies upon us of reconsidering our arrangements in the light of the requirements of the new order of things, so that we can readjust them to meet fresh conditions. I venture to examine this aspect of affairs with all diffidence as a member of the Junior Bar.

To deal with matters in their due order, the question of legal education is unquestionably foremost. The project of a National School of Law is of paramount importance. The present arrangements for training candidates for the legal profession require to be co-ordinated. While I do not presume to speak with any authority on this subject, I desire to endorse a general opinion at the Bar that a National School of Law is long overdue. The work of the Council of Legal Education and of the Law Society has been, and is, admirably carried out. No one who has profited, as I have, by these schemes of education would wish to see them denuded of their benefits. The question is whether they could not be profitably readjusted to each other. I suggest that a joint committee of the Bar and of the Law Society should be appointed to report upon this crucial question. The matter is separable from the question of fusing the two branches of the profession, for the difference in function of each branch is vital, but that is not a reason for refusing to consider their true relation to each other. As the education for the discharge of each function is improved and developed, the equipment of the whole profession will be enhanced. The lines upon which this development should be sought are not at present clear. Further, the connection between this work and the law curricula of the universities should be re-examined. What is wanted is to prevent the loss of time and effort which overlapping entails. In this direction much

improvement can be effected, and I urge that as soon as possible some concerted action as is here suggested should be begun.

The related question of fusion has received a fresh impetus from the recent vote of the Law Society. In previous issues of this Review I have acknowledged an open mind as to the supposed benefits of fusion. I am still of the opinion that the difficulties thought to be raised by amalgamation are much exaggerated. Here, again, is a matter which should be reviewed by joint action through a representative committee of the Bar and of the Law Society. The experience of fusion gained in other countries and in our own Dominions should be carefully collated and considered. *Prima facie*, when the vital difference of function of the two branches of the legal profession is accepted, the question of fusion does not seem to me to offer insuperable difficulties. The function of preparation of a case and the function of advocacy are quite distinct, but I cannot see why in suitable circumstances they should not be combined. For instance, the smaller work of the courts might well be carried out by a practitioner of both functions. The considerations which properly arise in connection with the complex and intricate work involved in a large action support the plan of separating the two functions. On physical grounds, a man cannot immerse himself in the preparation of numerous details and documents and emerge with freshness to the heavy tasks of advocacy. This practical view of the matter supplies in my judgment the key to the difficulty. Where, as in small work, the one task does not hinder the discharge of the other, I cannot see why the bar to fusion should be maintained. This is the experience of the countries where fusion is in operation. On the other hand, the practical advantages of separation are obvious in big cases where the work is likely to be impaired by combining the two functions.

Provisionally, I incline to the following solution of the question. In all of the inferior courts, I would allow fusion if the lay client so desired. The work of preparation either on the criminal or the common law side does not entail in a large number of cases such labour as to unfit the practitioner for advocacy, if he possess the gifts requisite for the latter function. As to that, experience is the only guide. But where the solicitor, for instance, is an experienced advocate, I think his exclusion from audience in any of the inferior courts is not justifiable. Hence, I favour the extension of the right of audience in all courts below the High Court to the solicitors. This would not necessarily displace the Bar in these courts. The special function of the Bar is advocacy, and unless a barrister shows that he is fitted for its discharge, he cannot claim in reason to be protected from competitors in the

solicitors' branch of the profession. Such a revision of the present system imposes no hardship on anyone. A man, be he barrister or advocate, finds the opportunity his gifts enable him to fill. Both are entitled to the opportunity, and the largest possible service is provided for the lay client whose needs are the main requirement to be met.

As supplementing this right of audience for the solicitor in the inferior courts, I would allow the barrister free access to the lay client in all such circumstances. The same considerations apply. The needs of the lay client are of primary importance. In small cases entailing no particular strain upon the solicitor it is unreasonable that the barrister should be removed from direct access to the client. The practical result is that before a barrister can be retained in the simplest case, the expense of instructing a solicitor has to be incurred. In many cases in the inferior courts this is quite unnecessary. Where clerical assistance is required in the preparation of a case the barrister in many cases can provide it with ease. I am aware some barristers' clerks would dislike the prospect, but, in my opinion, that is not a sufficient reason for requiring the lay client to be bound to the present system. Where the preparation of a case entails much labour, the present separation of function is business-like and necessary; where much labour is not involved, an advocate (barrister or solicitor) can deal with the case throughout its course.

This change would involve a further reform of mutual advantage to the lay client and the barrister. The barrister should carry the solicitor's responsibility for negligence, but he should be enabled to recover his fees. The present system of leaving the unfortunate barrister to whistle for his hard-earned fees, without any legal means of recovery, is quite indefensible and should be ended.

I am satisfied from practical experience that these tentative suggestions, advanced (let me repeat) with all diffidence, could be carried out with advantage to all concerned. But on the larger question of High Court work, I am still open to conviction. While I am impressed by the experience of other countries where fusion is at work in all courts, I am sensible of the benefits to the lay client in substantial cases of separating the functions of the barrister and of the solicitor. At the same time, I fully approve the legislative proposals of Lord Loreburn and others (with the active support of the Chambers of Commerce) of transferring to the County Courts many of the actions now tried in the High Court. This extension is bound to be enforced by public opinion, which is increasingly irritated by the delay and expense of High Court actions, and the Bar will be well advised not to con-

tinue their resistance to such a reform. Expeditions and inexpensive justice must be made available to all, irrespective of personal means, and the present High Court arrangements do not fully satisfy these public requirements. The Divorce Division also calls for reform and the transfer to the County Courts of the small work of the Divorce Courts is a much-needed and beneficial change.

In this connection, a word of commendation should be added as to the project of a Public Defender. In all courts there should be available trained assistance for the citizen in distress. Where lack of means prevents the retaining of this assistance, some public provision should be supplied. I am not prepared to say how this should be forthcoming, but it is contrary to public policy that anyone should have to meet professional skill in the courts unassisted, especially where personal liberty or rights are at stake. A reorganised legal profession might well assist the State in devising a scheme for meeting this public requirement. I venture to repeat what I have said before in this Review, that the failure to supplement the existing Poor Persons Rules with a public fund for necessary expenses is a reproach from which our administration of justice should be relieved.

A matter which presses urgently for treatment is the question of woman's relation to our administration of justice. The claim for the appointment of women as magistrates must stand over, I incline to think, until women have enjoyed some practical acquaintance as lawyers with the working of the courts. We do not require to add unnecessarily to the number of unqualified persons who participate in the administration of justice. I think the present arrangements for appointing local justices should be revised and not extended to the other sex. No person, in my opinion, should administer the law who is untrained in its provisions. But, apart from this aspect of the matter, I am unaware of any substantial reasons against including women in juries, and one grievance in particular loudly calls for redress. I refer to the customary absence of women from court when women and children are witnesses in certain cases. In my opinion, the presence of women is imperative if a woman or child in such circumstances is to be relied upon as a witness. This requirement of justice can be effected by order and I trust the present Home Secretary will so act.

In my references to both branches of the legal profession, I desire to be understood as not acquiescing in the present prohibition against women practitioners. Fortunately, the efforts to secure the abolition of the sex distinction appear to be about to achieve success. The exclusion of duly qualified women from the

practice of the law in either branch is quite indefensible. Parliament has expressed a strong opinion on the matter, as far as the House of Lords is concerned; the Lord Chancellor has lent his powerful support to the reform; and the promise of the Prime Minister to the women electors is on record. I trust that the Bar will have the wisdom not to compel the intervention of Parliament. Such an intervention, when entered upon, might be directed to a variety of matters.

This leads me to make a comment, with all respect, on the existing arrangements for appointing Benchers of the four Inns of Court. This is a minor matter, but it has its place in the deplorable absence of representative institutions which hampers the Bar in its relation to public opinion. The action of the Benchers as is shown in regard to the admission of women, sometimes involves the Bar in censure from the public. This reproof is often entirely undeserved. The Bar exercises no rights in respect of the Benchers, who are self-elected persons. In any reorganisation of the Bar, the present failure to secure direct contact between members of an Inn of Court and the gentlemen who administer their affairs should be cured. I am not aware of any reason for excluding the Benchers from the benefits of a system of direct representation.

On the subject of law charges, without going into details which would be out of place here, it must be allowed that the call for some revision of counsel's fees is loud and insistent. This is a matter which does not lend itself to general treatment. However, two counts in the indictment against the Bar can be glanced at. The complaint as to the high fees claimed by some "fashionable" leaders at the Bar is often directed to the wrong quarter. Eminent practitioners are not insensible of the value of their services, and naturally exact the full advantage of their position. I sometimes think that if lay clients instructed their solicitors to look elsewhere for leaders, they would not be ill-served, and a healthy result might be produced. But if a client insists upon a "fashionable" leader being retained, he must not expect to be relieved of the consequences of his own act.

The second count to be mentioned here is one on which the Law Society has severely commented, and, I think, with justification. Because a "fashionable" leader insists upon his "fashionable" fee, it is to be questioned whether the junior counsel should receive two-thirds of that fee. The solicitors have sought in vain to commend this view to the Bar Council, but the stringent finance imposed on business men in these days should dispose the Bar to reconsider the question. Still, as I have hinted before, I myself entertain small hope of reform in any direction, so far as

the Bar is concerned, until the organization of the Bar is itself reformed.

This is the major plea advanced here. The legal profession cannot play an effective part in national reconstruction unless steps are taken to prepare itself for the rôle. Just as civil liberty can and will be recovered only by men who believe in freedom, so the release of lawyers from obsolete arrangements which hamper them can and will be sought only by men who are inspired by a high view of their profession and a desire to obtain its worthy embodiment. To this task national opinion is calling the lawyers, and I renew my plea that a proper response be made to this call.

A healthy State imports a polity in which the administration of justice inspires the respect and confidence of the people. The legal profession must allow that with its best efforts under present conditions, confidence is waning and respect falls short of its due measure. In so far as this result arises from causes over which control can be exercised, a duty is cast upon the lawyers to re-adjust the arrangements of their profession to the needs of a new order. The best method of discharging this duty is that of friendly co-operation, such as other callings have promoted. I urge that both branches of the legal profession should apply themselves to this joint task of reform.

The work of the lawyer is an essential feature in the life of the State and should be made worthy of its importance. "What the State must find," once said Mr. Taft, "are lawyers of the right sort and the old spirit to advise it, or it must stumble through a chaos of blind experiment." As we confront a situation in which opportunity may easily slip into chaos, the lawyers must awake to their duty

HOLFORD KNIGHT.

A SKETCH FROM CORK.

THE origin of Cork is, like that of most early cities, to be sought in the natural features of its position. As Father Thames is the parent of London, so the River Lee, widening, like the Thames, into an almost majestic size before it reaches the broad Atlantic, is the parent of the city founded by St. Finbar, the fair-headed monk. The absurdities told about the English and Irish saints have led to a common error that the lives of the holy men are a mere conglomeration of puerile fables. But when the chaff is winnowed from the grain a great deal remains which is of interest and instruction in the history of the men who were the first to brighten the shores of Great Britain and Ireland with the ' blessings of Christianity. In the life of St. Finbar there are sufficient materials for a real record of his work. About the sixth century St. Finbar, or St. Barra (a name by which he is also known), after wandering over the land, Gospel in hand, preaching and founding churches, determined to withdraw from the world. There are few spots which surpass in beauty and grandeur, or in sublimity of association, the secluded place which Barra selected for a retreat. Encircled by an amphitheatre of lofty hills composed of perpendicular bleached rocks is a wide deep basin which intercepts the mountain floods. "In fair weather," says the historian of *The County and City of Cork*, "there are several rills that gently glide down with a murmuring noise into the lake but on heavy rains the whole prospect seems a perfect chaos, the water then, from the top of the mountain, tumbling down all around, in several cataracts, with a roaring noise like thunder, which makes a most awful and majestic scene. On the top of these precipices eagles, hawks, and other birds of prey breed and live in great security." He adds: "The head of the river *Lee*, being the *Larvus* of *Ptolemy*, rises in this romantic spot." Almost in the centre of the lake is a small green island with a group of graceful ash trees, and here St. Barra erected his hermitage, and the lake is called Gougane Barra, or St. Barra's rocky cleft. It is one of the holiest places in the Island of Saints, and pilgrims from far seek the sacred spot. One September evening we stood near the artificial causeway which joins the mainland with the island; the last rays of sunset lit up the blue-grey cliffs as a few peasant women, clad in their shawls, with knotted sticks in their hands to take the place of rosaries, moved from shrine to shrine, leaving behind them some humble

offering. As they crossed the causeway darkness fell "our lone Gougane Barra" and "its zone of ~~dark~~ hills."

The lonely and secluded life did not satisfy the aspirations of St. Finbar. After spending some time on the island he proceeded down the Lee, and on some ground gently rising above the river he founded a cathedral church, on the site of a pagan fane. Far as the eye could reach stretched a vast swamp, known for many centuries by the name of Corcach-mor, or Corcach-mor-Munhan (Movan), the great marsh of Munster. To the cathedral he added a monastery—"the home of wisdom and the nursery of all Christian virtues"—and to the school which Finbar established came disciples and students in such large numbers that, like the green grass, a city grew. They called it Corcach; and even at this time it is called Cor-cach by those who speak the Irish tongue.

It was not at Corcach that St. Finbar died, but at the town of Cloyne, known in ancient days as C'luamhuadhach (the meadow of the cave), where St. Columba had founded a monastery. He was taken down to Corcach—"the place of his resurrection honouring him with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs"—and they buried his body (the first Bishop of Cork) in his own cathedral church.

The infant city which Finbar founded had a hard struggle for life. In 1013 the Danes sailed up the river and burnt it. In 1172 Dermot McCarthy, Prince of Desmond, surrendered the city to Henry II., and an English Governor and garrison was introduced. Cork had now become a walled city. Cork, like Venice, is an example of man conquering marshy islets by strenuous labour and ability. Thirteen years after, Cork came into the possession of the English. Its first charter was granted by John; Cork was to enjoy similar rights to those which Bristol possessed in 1235. A further charter was granted to Cork by Edward II., and by this charter the Lord Mayor of Cork was created Admiral of the Port.

Cork, though beset with foes, continued to increase in prosperity. Camden, at the close of the sixteenth century, speaks of it as "a pretty town of merchandise, well peopled and much resorted to, but so beset on every side with rebels neighbouring upon it that they are faine to keepe always a set watch and ward, as if they had continual siege laid unto the city, and dare not marrie their daughters forth into the country, but make marriages one with another among themselves, whereby all the citizens are linked together in some degree of kindred affinity." He describes the city, and the description is fairly accurate, "as being in the form of an egge with the river flowing round about it, and run-

nings betweene, not passable through but by bridges lying out in length as it were in one street broad street." This was the Cork which Spenser knew when the poet brought the bride he immortalised to the city on what was then Midsummer Day, "Barnaby the Bright," the day when "the sun is in his cheerful height," June 11/22, 1594.—

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store,
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath ruddied,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddied
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her to so gaze,
While ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echoing?

Between the year after his marriage and 1598 Spenser wrote his paper on 'The Condition of Ireland,' and, though three centuries have passed since the picture was drawn it still may be read with interest and utility. "It is a picture of a noble realm, which its inhabitants and its masters did not know what to do with, a picture of hopeless mistakes, misunderstandings, misrule, a picture of piteous misery and suffering on the part of a helpless and yet untameable and mischievous population—of unrelenting and scornful rigour on the part of their stronger rulers, which yet was absolutely ineffectual to reclaim or subdue them." The piteous misery and suffering have vanished, but the mistakes, misunderstandings and misrule (or absence of rule) remain Spenser had—like the majority of Englishmen—little consideration for what the Irish might feel, or desire, or resent, and thus is the rock on which the government of Ireland by England has been wrecked. Cromwell, like Spenser, had his "plot" for the subjugation and pacification of Ireland. His way was the way of subjugation and extermination, but what is called his settlement proved ineffectual as well as mischievous. His land settlement, as Mr. Lecky states, was the chief cause of the political and social evils of Ireland. Cromwell, like the Kaiser, had the evil habit of taking the name of the Lord in vain, and the butchers of Drogheda was, in his words, "but by the spirit of God." His system did not endure. "That cruel, but most complete and energetic system" (in the words of Lord Macaulay) "by which Oliver had proposed to make the island thoroughly English was abandoned" after the Restoration. It was the Navigation Act of Charles II. which excluded the Irish from the

American and Colonial trade, and two other Acts, which roused the scornful indignation of Swift, prohibited the export of Irish cattle and provisions to England.

On March 12th, 1690, James II sailed into the harbour of Kinsale and landed at that ancient and picturesque town accompanied by a large number of French troops. A presentment in the Council Book of Kinsale of this date sets forth. "We present that £420 be raised to be paid to George Crofts, Esq, who is forthwith to furnish the French Fleet with 50 fat oxen and 400 fat wethers as a small acknowledgment of the universal thanks due to them from this kingdom in general for transporting His Majesty thither, but from us more particularly, we having the first blessing of His Majesty's presence in this country, for which we and our posterity will ever praise God." On March 14th James proceeded to Cork, "where he heard mass in a new chapel lately erected near the *Franciscan* friery, through the streets he was supported by two friers of that order and attended by many others in their habits." Kinsale had the first blessings of his Majesty's presence and also the last. On July 1st James was defeated at the Battle of the Boyne. He fled to Kinsale, where he embarked on board a French frigate, July 9th, 1690, and sailed for Brest. On the morning of September 21st the fleet conveying the expeditionary force under Marlborough sent to capture Cork, sailed into its fair land-locked harbour. Before the sun set, the fleet anchored near the shore at West Passage, then a small village situated seven miles from the city. At the first blush of dawn the force began to disembark, and, before the bright light of the sun had set, the men and guns were landed. Marlborough sent a summons to the Governor, Colonel Magillcuddy, to surrender the city. He refused, "and hung out a bloody flag, firing several guns." The town was, however, ill-prepared to stand a siege or withstand an assault. The garrison consisted of only five thousand Irish troops. The ancient walls which enclosed it were not constructed to withstand the guns then in use. Some twelve small towers constituted the flanking defence. Those at the four corners of the city, being bastion-shaped, were the most important and the strongest. There was a break in the eastern wall through which a stream flowed and ships entered at high tide to be along the Custom House quay. The entrance to the waterway, "called *Martin-Gate*," was "defended to the N. by a strong castle, which stood near the site of the new market-house, called the *Queen's-Castle*, and within the walls, on the ground where the present county court is built, stood another castle, called the *King's-Castle*. The former was subsisting in the reign of King James I., and the latter was taken

down in the year 1718, and houses built on the ground. This castle was granted by King *Henry VIII.* to *William Coppinger*, Mayor of *Cork*, and his successors, who were to have the keeping and overseeing of the same, till it was otherways disposed of by letters patent, but I do not find it ever was, except that by *K. Charles 1st's* charter a part of it was reserved for holding the assizes for the county of *Cork*." At the King's Castle the Mayors were originally chosen. It was from these two castles that the arms of the city—two fortified towers with a ship sailing between them—were taken. A single street, "in which two wheeled carriages could pass each other," ran from north to south, and divided the city into two almost equal halves. At the northern and southern extremities of the city were wooden bridges which kept up a communication with these two suburbs. In the northern suburb, a short distance from the north-eastern bastion, stood Shandon Castle, "built by the *Barrys*, soon after the conquest, or, as some say, by King *John*." In the southern suburb there were two forts, called respectively The Cat and Elizabeth. The Elizabeth, situated near St. Finbar's Cathedral, was rebuilt in the reign of James I., "as a citadel to curb the insolence of the citizens for the future, which work was a square fortification with 4 regular bastions." The Cat stood on a hill some ninety feet above the city and commanded the town.

On September 25th, '90, Marlborough wrote "From before Corke": "Wednesday, being the 24th, I came to this place, notwithstanding that I heard nothing of the horse, being resolved not to lose this good weather. At our arrivall here they lined the hedges, but wear very easily beaten from them, we only lost 3 men, and this day we are masters of a place called the Catte, which commands the Castell, and the town. I hope in god in few days his majeste will be master of the town." It was an incident which sometimes occurs in war that made Marlborough master of the Cat without firing a shot. "Two seamen found it abandoned and took possession of it; which is a thing almost incredible, that either the enemy should leave it so tamely, or that two men should have the confidence to attempt it, and to boast (as they did beforehand) *that they would take it*: for though they perceived no shot from thence, yet at that juncture, they could not in reason imagine, but that it was well provided both with men and ammunition." Big guns were dragged up the hill and opened fire on Fort Elizabeth and the south-eastern bastion. A battery was also quickly constructed and armed at the Cat to enfilade the eastern walls of the city, and batteries were thrown up to bear on Fort Elizabeth and the south-eastern bastion. Marlborough, however, discovered, by a quick eye, that to make a

breach in the strongly fortified *Castell* and take it by storm would be a difficult work and cost many lives.

The day that the English forces landed at Passage Marlborough sent messengers to Count Schravemor and General Tettau, who had under their command 900 horse, 200 dragoons, and two battalions of Danes, desiring them to leave Mallow without delay and join him at Cork. On the evening of the 28rd, Schravemor, after a march of twenty miles, reached the northern suburb. He at once dispatched his Adjutant to Headquarters to report his arrival. Marlborough sent the officer back with orders that a detachment of the cavalry should be sent to the south side. That evening two hundred horse and a few dragoons started, and, crossing the Lee by a ford, reached the south-west of the city and took up their quarters at the old abbey founded by St. Finbar, called Gill Abbey because the buildings were finished by Gil-Oeda, Bishop of Cork. General Tettau, with his two battalions of Danes, reached the north-eastern suburb, and, planting some guns in position, was about to storm Shandon Castle when the garrison retired. The suburb was set on fire, and the old Church of Our Lady, or St. Mary's, Shandon, where now stands St. Anne's, was burnt. On the following day the Danes occupied Shandon Castle and put a battery there. In the southern suburb a battery was erected near a convent of *Augustine Eremites*, founded in the year 1420, which came to be known as the Red Abbey. From the lofty steeple of the church the movements of the besieged could be watched. This battery played all Friday on the spot in the eastern wall selected to be breached. Marlborough also threw up other batteries, whose fire was directed on the south-eastern bastion and Fort Elizabeth. On Friday evening Duke Ferdinand William of Wirtemberg arrived at Marlborough's Headquarters. Charles Smith, giving Tindal's Continuator as his authority, states "that there was a dispute for command between *Wirtemberg* and *Marlborough*, being both Lieutenant-Generals. *Wirtemberg* bluntly claiming it because he was a prince, and *Marlborough* with more temper, alledging, that the general command properly belonged to him, both as the elder officer, and as he led the troops of his own nation; whereas the Duke of *Wirtemberg* was only at the head of auxiliaries: But *la Melhonnere* (the Huguenot brigadier) interposing, the Earl (*Marlborough*) was contented to share the command with the Duke, lest the insisting on his full right should retard the King's service. Accordingly, the Earl commanded the first day, and gave the word *Wirtemberg*, and the Duke commanded the next day and gave the word *Marlborough*."

Early on Saturday the heavy guns were brought up the Lee.

and were immediately placed in position on the southern bank of the south channel of the river. The breaching battery opened fire at a range of five hundred yards from the eastern wall with such effect that it soon began to fall fast. That day Count Schravemor sent Lieutenant Horatio Townshend with two files of men to take possession of the tower of St. Fin Barre's Cathedral, which overlooked Fort Elizabeth. On reaching the top they opened so galling a fire that they "killed the Governor of the fort, and did other considerable execution. To remove this party the *Irish* traversed two guns against the steeple, and shook it exceedingly, whereupon the men offered to go down, but the brave *Townshend*, with invincible courage, commanded those below to take away the ladder, and continued in that post till the fort was surrendered the next day."

The next day, Sunday, September 28th, 1690, as the first rays of the sun began to fall on the silver Lee, the great English guns again opened on the crumbling wall, and the battery at the Cat swept the ramparts. About eight, sails were seen coming up the river. It was the *Salamander*, accompanied by another sloop of war. They anchored close to the north-eastern bastion, and their guns were turned against the wall near the breach. About 1 p.m. the breach appeared practicable, and the assault was then ordered. "The *Danes* passed the river to the custom-house marsh, and Brigadier Churchill marched over to the great marsh for that purpose, the Duke of *Grafton* and other volunteers, with Captain *Nicholas Green* who was their guide, went with the Brigadier, and here it was that noble Duke received his death's wound, on the point of his shoulder, having behaved himself very bravely in all this expedition; but the assault was prevented by the capitulation of the garrison." So ended the memorable siege of Cork. The garrison had held out bravely, not for forty-eight hours, as Macaulay states, but for five days. It was, however, an impossible task which they had undertaken, for the ancient walls could not withstand the new great guns of the English, and the possession of the commanding heights enabled the besiegers to sweep the city with their fire. The population could not long be fed on any stores that had been laid up in the place, and effectual measures had been taken against the throwing in of any relief. Surrender was inevitable.

William III. subdued Ireland, and he would have governed it with wisdom and justice if he had not been forced to rule it in accordance with the wishes of the English Parliament and of the Irish Parliament which represented the English colony. At the close of his reign the English Parliament forbade the export of woollen goods from Ireland to any country except England,

which they were practically prevented from entering by prohibitive duties. The main industry of the country was crushed at a blow. The Penal Laws—carried in 1703-4 and 1709—which were intended to degrade and impoverish the Catholics, completed the ruin of Irish commerce and agriculture. For nearly three hundred years England has been trying to remedy the ills then done, and, though at this time there are grave evils and scandals to be removed in the government of Ireland, it is absurd to suppose that a patriotic Irishman is bound to resent the wrongs and injuries perpetrated some centuries ago. Irish writers who are fond of expatiating on the evils caused by the Penal Code forget that in Scotland a Presbyterian people suffered from a religious persecution as savage. But no Scot in the present day considers as an injury or personal affront the great calamities inflicted on his nation in the distant past. The time has come for Ireland to

"Bass out the written troubles from her brain,
Pluck from her memory the rooted sorrow."

In spite of prohibitive duties and "the ferocious acts of Queen Anne," the material prosperity of Cork increased. Soon after the siege "the Mayors, Sheriffs and Commonalty of Her Majesty's ever loyal city of Cork" begged for permission to open gates in the walls and to discontinue their maintenance. Leave was granted, and the bounds of the city extended by the reclamation of the adjacent marshy tracts by the citizens to whom they were let by the Corporation. In 1722 the rebuilding of the Shandon Church (St. Anne's) began, "and its steeple was constructed of hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II. heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the official residence of the lords-president of Munster, and from whence this quarter of the city takes its name—Shandon (Sean-dun) signifying in Irish the old fort or castle." The dark red tower, which rises tall, erect and square, contains the Shandon bells, and in the little stony graveyard lies the body of the bright Celtic genius who has immortalised them.

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells."

As the years rolled on the ancient walls disappeared, and the channels which intersected the city were gradually arched over.

In 1760 the channel which occupied the centre of the Grand Parade, built on a reclaimed marsh, was covered by an arch,

and the Parade became a straight, well-built street. On the north-east of the Grand Parade there was a deep, winding stream, fed by the northern Branch of the Lee. On its banks houses had been built and quays constructed for the landing and unloading of the vessels which plied on it. In the year 1788 the channel was arched over, and the water highway was converted into the broad and winding thoroughfare of St. Patrick Street, with its tall houses built in every style of architecture, and rendered picturesque by variety of colour and their uneven skyline against a soft Irish blue sky. In some of the ancient streets you may see :—

“ New houses, proudly eminent o’er old,
 Confus’dly interspersed—the old are clad,
 In sober state—the new are gay with brick,
 Like new red buttons on an old blue coat.

Time may perchance—long time with chance conspire—
 To deck them all in livery of brick.
 No worsted stockings (I have heard) a pair
 By constant darning have been changed to silk.”

The rising city had become a centre of the growing provision trade, and the prosperous Cork merchants owned a goodly number of ships to take their beef, pork and live stock across the ocean. Arthur Young, a most close and accurate observer, informs us that in 1776 he “could scarce drive through the streets, so amazingly were they thronged.” The corn and the butter trades were two important elements of wealth. Cork butter was freely exported to the English and foreign markets. “The trade in butter between Cork and the West Indies was very considerable.” Breweries of ale and porter were established and flourished, for porter is even a more popular drink with the masses than whiskey. At a very early date the Irish were experts in the manufacture of various sorts of ardent spirits. “One kind, distilled from black oats, they called *buill ceann*, or madness of the head; another, from malt received the name of *Uisce beatha* (the water of life—*aqua vitæ*—the *uiscé*, or whiskey of modern times).” Skeat, in *An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, states: “Gaelic: *Uisce-beatha* - water of life, whiskey; the equivalent of French *Eau de vie*. We have dropped the latter element, retaining only *Uisce* = water.” Alderman Dominick Roche was one of the first who introduced the manufacture of the water of life into Cork. “His maulte-house, adjoining his garden, is mentioned in the *Roche MS.* at 1618, and elsewhere, it is stated, that at his death, he left a barrel and a half of *aqua vitæ*, worth £16 sterling, and 80 barrels of maulte, value 20 shillings the barrel; also one great kettle for brewing, one *aqua vitæ* potte, and one brass pan.” Distilleries on a more imposing scale were estab-

ished, and whiskey became the chief staple of the city. To hold the water of life, glass factories were founded in Cork, and for many years the manufacture of glass was one of its most thriving industries. Cork plate glass was exported to America and the Colonies, and glass blown in England was sent to Cork to be cut. The pieces of Cork and Waterford cut glass which now exist are relics of a lost great art.

Cork is a commercial city with a community in which literature and the arts have always been held in extreme honour. The Cork Library, founded so far back as 1792, bears testimony to their love of literature, and it has had a considerable influence in their intellectual destinies. "The Cork citizens," Thackeray remarked, "are the most book-loving men I ever met." Not only in the love of books, but in the pursuit of literature and the arts the city is old and of no diminutive stature. Many of the sons of Cork are enrolled in that noble band of eminent physicians and surgeons who have united science and scholarship with medical skill. In all the departments of science there is none which has appealed more strongly to Irish students than archaeology. The journals of the Historical and Archaeological Societies founded in different counties have increased the interest in the ancient history of Ireland, its old lore, its primitive institutions, and its ancient rites and ceremonies.

There is an ancient civic ceremony held in high honour in Cork—"the throwing of the dart"—which an Irish wit has described as the Corkagian method of wedding the sea. On September 26th, 1917, at the invitation of the Lord Mayor, a large company had assembled on board the fine steamer *Innis-carru*, whose able and gallant captain had not been deterred from making his frequent voyages. It was a truly representative assembly. The Convention had held its twenty-first sitting at Cork, and had received a most unexpected friendly welcome from the "rebel city." Most of the delegates were present. Here con-sorted the Archbishops and Bishops of the two Churches of Ireland, who had come to Cork on a common divine mission to heal the wounds of their land. Here were noble lords, farmers, Nationalists, and staunch Unionists—men whose ancestors were tinged with orange, and men whose ancestors were tinged with green. It was one of the fairest days of the fast dying summer; the air was delicate as only the Irish air can be; masses of white clouds scudded across a sky as blue as sapphire. The autumn sunshine spread over billowy swells of the hills that run down to the sea, and gilded the green meadows and ruddy corn-bearing land. As we passed the meadows—the scene of many a brilliant gathering in the palmy days of the Cork races—we saw the red

walls of a huge building. It is a shed of the factory which a native of the county of Cork who went to America is building—Henry Ford. He has acquired a large number of acres, and, it is stated, intends to erect six thousand cottages for his workmen. The new city by the Lee is to rejoice in two churches, spacious recreation rooms, and pleasant gardens. Men were working at the long wharf where the steamers are to unload and load. A good story was told of the American mode of administration. The manager of the works advertised for a number of carpenters. The wages offered were beyond the dream of avarice. The selected men set to work, and were pleased, but a little surprised, at the lack of supervision. At the close of a fortnight, when the weekly wages were paid, they were told their services would no longer be required. They demanded the reason: no complaint of their work had been made. They were requested to go into an adjoining room. They went, and found a series of photographs of their daily work, and a striking picture of four of them playing at cards. The Irish workman has acquired a great respect for American administration!

On a tongue of land the picturesque Castle of Blackrock stood out clear against the sky as we passed. It was built at a recent time on the site of a circular tower erected in the reign of James I. for the defence of the river. At the Castle the Mayor, as Admiral of the Harbour, held his Admiralty Court. We glide on and come to a fine sheet of water known as Lough Mahon, and from the deck, across the grey waters skimmed by the white wings of the gull, we see high hills rising into the distant sky and woodlands sloping down to the water's edge. On the western bank, at the base of some fair hills, lies the town of Passage. It was from Passage that the first steamer which crossed the Atlantic started, on April 4th, 1838. The *Sirius* was "of the burthen of four hundred and twelve tons," and "one deck and two masts." Lieutenant Richard Roberts, R.N., who commanded the vessel, says in his *Journal of Voyage*: "On leaving Passage, about seven miles below Cork, we were loudly cheered by the inhabitants, together with the most respectable families in Cork who had assembled with warm hearts and handsome faces (the ladies I mean) to witness our departure and wish us success on our passage to our trans-Atlantic brethren." On April 22nd he enters in his journal: "At 8.30 p.m. this day we had the happiness to make land." New York, on the arrival of the *Sirius*, was filled with joy and excitement. On April 24th the Mayor and Aldermen of the city "embarked on barges," says a New York paper of the day, and, "accompanied by a fleet of barges all bearing the American flag," paid a visit to the steamer. The

Captain welcomed "his honoured guests" in true Irish fashion. "The cheer was abundant on the heavily-laden table, and the wines soon made the compact crowd so happy that all tongues were soon in motion in commemoration of the great event." After receiving the hospitality of New York for six days the *Sirius* sailed on her homeward voyage, and "on her departure thousands of people assembled on the wharfs to wish her a prosperous passage, the battery saluting with seventeen guns, a mark of respect seldom or never before shown to any merchant vessel." She arrived at Falmouth on May 18th, after a boisterous voyage.

After passing Passage, Monkstown, which has crept out of a dark glen to enjoy the sunshine of the shore, is seen, and beyond it we entered a wide expanse of water ruffled by the fresh salt breeze. It was "The Harbour." The town of Cove—now changed into Queenstown—as we steamed by looked singularly beautiful, with its terrace after terrace of houses climbing up the side of a steep hill, its steeples, and its noble Cathedral, dedicated to St. Colman, crowning the summit. American destroyers—weird-looking craft—and British destroyers lay in the harbour, and merchant vessels secure under their protection. When we think of the submarine menace we are apt to forget the dangers and trials which our forefathers had to endure. Early in the eighteenth century hostile privateers and pirates entered the Cove of Cork. After taking on board supplies of water and fresh provisions, "they cut out such merchant vessels as they considered to be worth the trouble of carrying off." In another raid, much to the delight of the sea-faring population, the privateers took with them the Custom house-officers, "to larn them to spake French," as an Irish wit said at the time.

From Queenstown the *Inniscarra* steamed down to Roche's Point, where the open sea first breaks on the land. The Mayor—High Admiral of the Port—clad in the robes and wearing the gold chain of his high office, followed by the sword-bearer and other civic officers, glorious in their mediæval apparel, proceeded to the bow of the ship. The Mayor, taking the Dart in his hand, then said: "In assertion of the ancient rights of the Lord Mayor and citizens of Cork over all places in and to which the sea ebbs and flows between Cork Head and the western part of the Port of Cork, and Poor Head on the eastern part of the same port, and as far as the Castle of Carrigrohane on the western side of the City of Cork, I now cast this Dart." He then threw the javelin far out into the sea. Loud cheers were raised, followed by silence and consternation. The Mayor, who was a famous oarsman in his day, had thrown the Dart with such force that the string which held it had broken. Modest Cork had no desire

to establish her sway over the wide Atlantic; a swift launch went out, secured the wandering dart, and restored it to the Mayor. It is made of silver, tipped with gold, and it is the perquisite of the Mayor who holds the highest civic office at the time of the triennial historic ceremony.

The steamer set forth on her return journey, and the numerous guests of the Lord Mayor sat down to a grand national banquet—Irish salmon, Innisick hams, and a plenteous supply of the beverage brewed from barley and water.

' A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,

Ullagone dhu, oh!

Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear,

Ullagone dhu oh!

There is honey in the trees, where her misty vales expand

And the forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned,

There is dew at high noontide there and springs in the yellow sand,

On the fair hills of holy Ireland

As the *Innisick* threaded her way back to Cork through the noble avenue of the river, a group of men of divergent religious and political opinions stood on deck, and they "talked about many things." The burning question was, however, carefully avoided, and many good stories were told, and "the seagulls sweep past as on silvery pinions echoing softly our laughter." Here is one told by a young priest

A Catholic bishop, on a visitation, met a woman at the entrance of a certain town, and, after the usual greeting, asked her if a mission were being held in the town

"Yes, your Reverence"

"Was it well attended?"

"Last night, your Reverence, there was a grand congregation and a grand sermon"

"Who was the preacher?"

"Father Flanagan."

"And what did he preach about?"

"Hell, your Reverence"

"What did he tell you about it?"

"You must not try me too hard on that line, your Reverence. But the long and short of it is—you would have sworn that he was born and bred there"

The day was drawing to a close as we approached the "fair city." The sun, behind a golden cloud, was going down into the western sea, and the most delicate tints of purple were spreading over the green hills. When we came along the side of the quay we found a vast crowd—chiefly composed of the rabble of the city—had assembled to receive us. The welcome of the Sinn Feiners was far from cordial. So ended a white letter day in the chapter of life.

GEORGE FORREST.

THE CHARM OF TURGENEV.

THE position of Turgenev among the great Russian novelists of the nineteenth century has been always regarded as slightly equivocal. He has been called the romanticist of realism by one side and the realist of romanticism by the other. In reality, he was, first and last, an artist who interpreted life in terms of art, instead of interpreting it, like Tolstoy, in terms of morality, or, like Dostoieffsky, in terms of the pathology of the human soul. The reformer in Count Tolstoy admittedly disdained artistic trammels, and if he interested a world audience by the peculiarly pagan vigour of his worldly vision, it was not of set intention, but almost in spite of himself. The author of *Crime and Punishment*, however, even in the very earliest stage of his career, was conscious of method in the presentation of life: "They recognise in me an original note (Bielinski and the others) which consists in the fact that I employ the method of analysis and not synthesis—that is to say, that I descend into the depths, and, in examining the atoms, search for the whole, while Gogol starts with the whole; and it is for this reason that he is less profound than I am."

But for Turgenev art was so intimately interwoven with life that any verbal explanation of his method appeared to him meaningless. One day Flaubert was explaining to Zola why Prosper Mérimée's style seemed to him to be bad. Turgenev, who was present, simply failed to grasp any meaning in such a discussion. "I go to Oka," he exclaimed, "I find his house—that is to say, not a house, a hut. I see a man in a blue jacket, patched, torn, with his back turned to me, digging cabbages. I go up to him and say, 'Are you such an one?' He turns, and I swear to you that in all my life I never saw such piercing eyes. Besides them a face no bigger than a man's fist, a goat's beard, not a tooth. He was a very old man." Turgenev, in *The Annals of a Sportsman*, entered isba after isba and saw with unjaded eyes as though no one, not even Gogol himself, had ever seen before.

Superficially, indeed, he seemed to draw from the eye to the eye, as Tolstoy drew so often against his inner intention. But, in reality, Turgenev sounded depths almost as mysterious in their fashion as those to which Dostoieffsky penetrated at will. His is the peculiar power of evoking, until one can taste almost physically its faint and exquisite savour, a memory, a regret, a moment of happiness, fugitive as some troubling perfume that one catches

for a moment in a crowd. The heroines of Tolstoy stand before us, rounded in all their contours and with their explanations of life stamped, as it were, upon their physical appearances. Turgenev's women rustle mysteriously in the twilight, scarcely whispering to us in passing, but haunting us, each in her manner, as memory haunts. And though Tolstoy explains everything, including even himself, it is perhaps the reserved Turgenev who suggests more. He is supreme in regarding artistically those hidden layers of life at which Dostoieffsky tore as with a vivisection's knife. There are no open secrets for Tolstoy, who explains what is underneath in the interests of truth. But with Turgenev, one has to watch more closely. With him, one notices the lowering of an eyelash; a chance word during an unexpected lull in general conversation is overheard, a girl's low laugh stabs through the shadows at some amorous eavesdropper, a commonplace question is parried by commonplace words, but a whole world of subterranean cross-currents has been revealed for the instant only to be concealed immediately again.

As a boy he had realised the penetrating charm of *la femme russe*, and years afterwards, at "the dinners of the hissed authors" in Paris, he would speak in his high monotone and with the Slav sing-song in his French, of a *couleur toute particulière* in love. In each one of his novels the great artist evokes the charm of that *couleur particulière*, and even as a boy, as he proves in *First Love*, he was able to register, like some human seismometer of emotion, the faintest tremblings of distant passion.

In his home at Spasskoë there was a garden, in which the young Turgenev was to absorb all the secrets of summer, the drowsy humming secrets of long breathless days. In more than one sense it was a veritable Eden, for it was here that he learnt through love the bitter knowledge of life. Here, too, he was to lose his confidence in a protecting Providence. "It is here in this same garden," he wrote from Spasskoë in 1868, "that I witnessed, when quite a child, the contest of an adder and a toad, which made me for the first time doubtful of a good Providence." It was a garden of veritable secrets, and in *First Love* the boy who loves Zinaïda discovers that a serpent has entered his Eden. Someone is waiting for Zinaïda in the pervaded darkness. Passion, dry and baneful, has stolen into this garden of wonder. The boy's fresh love passes into morose hatred, and he will kill the man who has soiled his dream. Hour by hour through the night he watches, knife in hand, until he sees that it is his own father, who is approaching the fountain in that garden of long regret. The novel is one of actual autobiography. Asked which of his books he loved best, Turgenev replied: "*First Love*. It is a true story,

which happened just as I have related it, and whose principal hero even is my father."

Spring Torrents is equally close to the autobiography of the novelist. One day Pavlovsky expressed his appreciation of this novel, and Turgenev was delighted. "The whole of that story," he said, "is true. I have lived it and felt it personally. It is my own history." Sanin is Turgenev at twenty-one, "living like a plant" and not conscious that it is possible to live otherwise. Glancing back on him with the tender irony of memory, Turgenev maintains that softness was the keynote of his nature. But on occasion Sanin could be spirited enough, as the drunken German officer who had taken the beautiful Italian girl's rose very quickly discovered. But it is neither the duel scene, with the doctor yawning on the grass while the seconds arrange the preliminaries, nor any other incident that can explain the charm of this story of the good love poisoned by the bad. Turgenev has infused into it that undefinable something of intimate personal loss that makes this record of memory a veritable pot-pourri of regret.

Happiness just missed, happiness that one has stumbled past in the darkness, happiness recalled for an exquisite moment won back against the tide of the corroding years—this is what Turgenev communicates as though he were whispering to each individual reader his own most precious-guarded secret. He gives, too, the secrets of old empty houses with creaking doors, sun-dried, and yet pervaded by inner shadows. All is desolate, when suddenly, from an abruptly opened hall door, young clear laughter rings carelessly, almost scornfully, through the hiding-places of old faded fantasies. Ruthlessly the new generation lays the ghosts of the old passions, only in its turn to become dim and unremembered like the portraits on those discoloured walls. But there is something that one can never kill in the bitter-sweet of remembered passion, and Turgenev has communicated that something as no Latin amorist, either by the Tiber in antiquity or by the Seine in modern days, has ever even dreamed of it. Turgenev gave to his records of youth the love that he has confessed to have experienced in youth alone: "But that very happy time has passed! Now I understand that love no more . . . I have no longer that ardour of youth; it was made up of that love which contented itself with a glance, with a flower that fell from her hair. It was enough for me to pick up that flower, and I was happy and I asked for nothing more."

Again and again such evocations appear in *The Annals of a Sportsman*, which, to those who read closely, is as near the life-story of Turgenev as even *First Love* or *Spring Torrents*. One after the other they pass before us, these hurt people, from the

landowner's wife who had died simply from "living too long in the country" to the gipsy girl who tells her lover that "weariness the divider" has come upon her and she must leave him. But most poignant of them all perhaps is the case of the dying Lukerya, who had once been a servant in the sportsman's old home. He remembers her as a "tall, plump, pink and white, singing, laughing, dancing creature," but through illness and suffering her face has become "strained and dreadful." The poor girl wants nothing for herself, but pleads with the son of her old mistress for the peasants, asking him if his mother "could take the least bit off their rent." This is one of the very few direct appeals in the work of which Turgenev has said the final word: "My one desire for my tomb is that they shall engrave upon it what my book has accomplished for the emancipation of the serfs."

Equally impassive and objective is the method in *Mumu*, the story of a dumb giant, who, after having been tricked out of the girl he loved, was robbed by his owner of his one poor possession—a little dog. In the story the serf never forgave his mistress for her final act of tyranny, but in real life, according to Madame Turgenev's adopted daughter, the giant was faithful to the end. On one occasion, it seems, someone who had offended Madame Turgenev offered a blue cretonne blouse to the deaf mute, who refused it with emphatic gestures. Madame Turgenev was delighted and ordered the giant to present himself before her. A dozen serf girls were told to attend to his toilette as though he were a Slav Odysseus and they the maidens of Nausicaa. In the meantime Madame Turgenev asked her adopted daughter for a piece of blue ribbon, and ordered her intendant to bring her ten roubles. She greeted the giant with one gift in each hand and as he left her presence he struck his breast fiercely to express the depth of his fidelity and gratitude to the woman who had grudged him his *Mumu*.

That was, indeed, the old Russia and when, towards the end of his life, the novelist revisited his native land, old scenes that might have been taken from the pages of memory repeated themselves, so that it was hard to believe that *The Innings of a Sportsman*, written some thirty years before, had veritably banished the old Russia for ever. Turgenev would give *fêtes* during which the peasants would swarm into their master's garden. Drunkenness was only too common on such occasions, and while the peasant women sang their sombre songs in front of the terrace, their husbands and brothers would pre-occupy themselves solely with vodka. Towards eleven they would meander back to the village, and, alone on the terrace with his house-party, Turgenev would discuss, much in the manner of Rudin or Lavretsky, the

old problems that were still new—the progress of the Russian people and their real, as distinct from their legal, emancipation.

Undoubtedly the earlier stories gave Russians the interpretations of the national life that they loved best. He was particularly acceptable to them in *Rudin* and *Liza*, in each of which novels he revealed in all its freshness and spontaneity something deep and fundamental in the national character. In *Rudin* himself, however closely he may resemble Bakounine, whom the novelist knew well in his student days in Berlin, there is at least something of Turgenev. Sanin has passed from living like a plant to enthusiasm for Goethe and Schiller, but there is much of the old incapacity to cope with life. The shabby middle-aged man, half student and half Bohemian, has played on the emotions of an exquisite young girl as upon some delicate and sensitive instrument that he is too pre-occupied to comprehend. He who has nothing to give has won everything, her heart, her life, her youth. She is willing to follow him to the end of the earth, if he will only lead the way. But her mother has discovered the idyll, and has no sympathy with this, to her, grotesque self-immolation. The girl turns to the man of her heart; it is for him to decide. "What must we do?" he repeats. "Of course, submit." They do submit, and the baffled broken figure, so enthusiastic for the dream and so powerless to translate it into action, wanders on alone, to die at last on the barricades of Paris for a cause in which he had neither belief nor even interest.

In *Liza* we have, as it were, the elder sister of *Rudin's* lost Natalia, a Russian girl, who is national, without knowing that one can be anything else. "The Russian turn of mind gladdened her." And, like Natalia, she will follow willingly and silently to the death the man who can lead in action as opposed to words, the man who is sure of his own mind and his own heart. Lavretsky at least knows his own mind, and best of all his own heart, but he is not free. And in that last despairing glance between him and *Liza* we have a love scene of life in which no word is spoken, in which, indeed, no words are possible. The great novelist was to pass on to more complex studies of Russian character, but it is not difficult to see why it was that Russians at least loved the earlier novels best. Turgenev was himself pervaded always by something of their charm, which survived sometimes faintly, sometimes poignantly, even in the after atmosphere of disillusion. No evocations of his are more sensitively responsive than those of these two novels, with the second of which his youth may be said to have finally closed. In his heart there survived to the very last two Russian figures, each sombre, one weighed down by an inner coldness of his own and the other by the external

irony of life. These figures are Rudin and Liza, and it is by no accident that it is the woman who expresses that tranquil confidence in the kindness of poor humanity in which Turgenev persisted to the end. For this Russian psychologist never yielded to the fatigue of those who see too closely and too clearly. He remembered always that in a woman's love there is something wonderful and strange, and he, who analysed so mercilessly the tormented rhetoric on Rudin's lips, bowed humbly before the candour of Liza's eyes.

In the same year that *Liza* was published there appeared the first of those more consciously national novels which one after the other were to be met by the scornful ridicule of contemporary Russian critics. Of *On the Eve* it has been observed truly enough that when Turgenev at last created a hero who was capable of action he was careful to make him a foreigner. Be this as it may, Insarov, the Bulgarian, is by no means divorced from the old doubtful hesitancy that pursues every Turgenevian hero, even on the verge of action. In this book as in so many others, it is the Russian girl who decides the future for herself and the man she loves. It is no wonder that Insarov tells Elena that the Russians have hearts of pure gold and that for him, as for Turgenev, they were "the strangest the most astonishing people on the face of the earth." Elena is a deeper reading of *la femme russe* than either Natalia or Liza as she follows this dying man to the front, grateful for being allowed to accept a bayonet for her marriage portion. But it is only "On the Eve," after all, and they wait in Venice until, from the Slavonic side of the Adriatic, the arrival of a certain Renditch shall sound the signal at last. In the meantime they listen together to *La Traviata*, in which an unattractive-looking girl with a feeble voice is taking the part of Violetta. Suddenly she "finds herself," and Elena knows, as she listens to that haunting "Morir si giovane," that the actress is pleading for herself, for the stricken Insarov, for all the youth of the world who are wounded before their time. It seems to her terrible that the cold omen of death should be spoken in the very moment of hope. But the omen is true, and when Renditch arrives in Venice it is only to find Elena's Bulgarian husband dead.

For Elena there is nothing in the world now, but she will bury her hero in Slavonic soil, and she leaves for Zara with his corpse. From that moment she is lost to us. But somewhere in that atmosphere, so impregnated with the Latin and the Slavonic genius, Elena must have continued, while life was in her, the splendid traditions of her race. And if "Morir si giovane" had become the motto of *On the Eve*, it was still left to this Russian

girl to cherish an ideal instead of inspiring an army, and to defend the memory of a dead lover instead of the cause of an oppressed nation. And while she lived, whether on that Dalmatian coast-line, or in the Herzegovina, her influence must have stolen all unknowingly into anonymous dusty lives. She was, indeed, the Russian woman incarnate of whom Turgenev said, at one of the Magny dinners: "Aucune autre ne peut aimer d'un amour aussi absolu, aussi désintéressé. Elle aime le peuple, et elle va dans ses rangs sans phrases; elle va et elle le sert; elle s'enfouit dans un village; elle oublie sa propre personne, se refuse toute affection personnelle, et même la maternité."

Nearly twenty years after the publication of *On the Eve* Turgenev gave a yet more sombre comment on Russia's unpreparedness for liberty. *Virgin Soil* is a Turgenevian tragedy of a Russian Hamlet who shoots himself because he cannot face realities. Here, as usual, it is the girl and not the man who is efficient in confronting life as it is, and involuntarily she chooses as her leader, not the stricken will-less poet, but a veritably new type of Russian, who had absorbed the practical qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race. Solomin, the factory manager, however, was not the first new type to be evolved by the author of *Smoke*.

In 1861 Turgenev settled down in Baden-Baden, near the Viardots, to continue his series of studies of the national character, which won for him a place at the dinner-table of the hissed authors. In the first of these, published in 1861, he exasperated two generations of his compatriots. Only his old enemy, Dostoieffsky, seemed to him to comprehend *Fathers and Sons*, and he replied to it by *Demons*, a novel in which Turgenev is viciously caricatured. Turgenev's creations in this book are without the demonic energy of Dostoieffsky's possessed ones, but Bazaroff has undoubtedly the permanent stamp of living individuality. Asked whether he had photographed him from contemporary life, the novelist replied: "No, that is not true. That particular type had already absorbed me for a long time when, in 1860, while travelling in Germany, I met in a railway carriage a young Russian doctor. He was consumptive, tall, with black hair and a bronzed complexion. I made him talk, and was astonished at his keen and original opinions. Two hours afterwards we separated, and my novel was done."

So absorbed was Turgenev by the conception of this world-famed Nihilist type that, while he was writing *Fathers and Sons*, he kept a journal of Bazaroff: "If I read a new book, if I met an interesting man, or even if an event of importance, political or social, took place, I would enter it always in this journal from the point of view of Bazaroff. The result was a very voluminous

and curious manuscript. I lost it, unfortunately. Someone on only borrowed it from me for good, and did not return it to me." The result of this intense scrutiny into the soul of a man was one of Turgenev's strongest novels, but the charm of the Russian woman was absent, and without that Turgenev's magic was not itself. Of Madame Odintzoff, who lured Bazaroff for a little while, only to drive him away, Turgenev has given in one of his letters the last analysis: "Madame Odintzoff is also as little in love with Bazaroff as with Arcady. How is it that you do not see it? She is yet another type of our lazy epicurean ladies, of the women of the noblesse. The Comtesse de Sallis has understood her very well. Odintzoff wished at first to caress a wolf (Bazaroff) so that he might not bite her, then to caress the curly head of a youth and to remain always stretched out on her sofa."

Turgenev admitted that it was precisely the spell of the mondaine that appealed most powerfully to himself, but undoubtedly he is at his best when portraying the young Russian girl. And it was because she was not the heroine of *Smoke* that Russian critics maintained that he who had so often failed to give them what they wanted had in this instance failed to give them what they expected. *Smoke* was published ten years before *Virgin Soil*, but, none the less, it may be accepted in an inner sense as the final word of experience from this sombre observer for whom Nature remained to the very end *la grande indifférente*. Unlike *Fathers and Sons*, *On the Eve*, and *Virgin Soil*, there is in it little of political importance beyond what attaches to caricature. Unlike *Rudin*, its hero is wholly detached from the glamour of generalities; unlike Lavretsky, he wanders from the central belief in the unostentatious immediate duty which lies close at hand for every one of us. Its hero is not the detached observer of *The Annals of a Sportsman*; still less is he in harmony with the central figure of *The Diary of a Superfluous Man*. But in the very deepest sense this novel is Turgenev's last comment of emotional experience. At once personal and objective it shows better perhaps than any other of the novels his curious blending of introspection with the most remorseless scrutiny of the Russian character. Not for nothing had he been observing in Baden the advance guard of those emancipated exiles whose rage of rhetoric was to galvanise Old Europe through the sluggish arteries of Holy Russia.

In most of the novels we are plunged almost immediately into the curiously seductive but enervating atmosphere of Russia. Perhaps a traveller has returned unexpectedly after a long absence in Europe, and easily, imperceptibly almost, the ideas of the New Russia, always of the future, come into lazy contact

with those of the Old. But in *Selbst* the point d'appui is that Russian tree at Baden-Baden around which the gossip of liberty makes room for itself between the gossip of the tables and that of chiffons. Litvinov is on his way back to Russia, where he is to marry Tatyana, his cousin, whom he has known from childhood. She and her aunt are to meet him in Baden-Baden, and then all three will return to Russia and live peacefully and happily, as it seems. Litvinov's position, indeed, is almost the same as Sanin's at Frankfort, years and years before, but that is only on the surface. Sanin had been like an open page upon which nothing had been written, but on Litvinov there had been already stamped the impress of a complex and dangerous personality.

He had known and loved Irina when she was a young girl. She had failed him then, and now, years afterwards, he goes back to his hotel to be greeted with the familiar perfume of heliotrope, the same flower that he had given her at the very moment when she was passing out of his life. The perfume haunts him, dragging him back with physical insistence to the first fresh love of youth. The next day he meets Irina again. She is the wife of a rich General now, but she has room in her heart for the man whose gift of heliotrope she has returned with so subtle an evocation of mutual memories. Of course, he forgets the ties of honour, the path of duty, and everything else that had spelt out the meaning of manhood to him. He loves her and her only, and together they must burn their boats and fulfil their destinies. But Irina, who had hedged in the lottery of love, does not fail to hedge in the lottery of passion. Certainly, they must love one another, but wisely, discreetly, without shame, and, above all, without sacrifice. Litvinov, however, will have none of this; and he tells her abruptly that the comedy between them is over and that he is going away.

The next morning, wearing her maid's shawl, and with her hair dishevelled, Irina watches him at the station as he takes his seat in the railway carriage. Her eyes plead to him to stay, promising him anything and everything, if only he will stay. Without a word Litvinov points to the seat beside him, and the woman knows well the meaning of the challenge. For an instant she hesitates, and then the train whistle sounds, and the man who loves her, to his own dishonour, the dishonour that means so little to her, is borne away alone. In that railway journey there is symbolized the whole life and work of Ivan Turgenev.

The train dashes past Rastadt and Karlsruhe; Bruhsal is left far behind, but still he dreams of the smoke in which every aspiration of his life has ended. It is not until Heidelberg is

reached that his morose reverie is broken by actualities. These actualities are none other than the old Baden politicians who have migrated to Heidelberg and are now shouting from the station platform insults at this sceptic who has refused to believe in the hopes of the Russia to be. Litvinov answers nothing. For him this, too, is part of the universal smoke of life. Let them rage and fret for a little; they in their turn will be swept like so many smoke eddies into nothingness. And as he is whirled away from them there is but one word in the brain and heart of Litvinov—smoke. But though every hope seemed to be strangled within him, there remained for Litvinov that merciful renewal which man is permitted by nature to share with her other manifestations of life. Healing comes to him with the certainty of spring, and his heart renews itself slowly as the seasons themselves are renewed. Gradually the old poison falls away from him and he is able at last to return sane and healed to the faithful compassion of the young girl to whom he had been on his side so faithless. She, at least, in this world of smoke is stainless and real.

It is by no accident that in one novel after another it is the purifying love of a young girl that redeems and alleviates and sustains. The novelist himself in the last days of disillusion was to exclaim "One has no more right to life, no more desire to live . . . You speak of rays of glory and of enchanting sounds. . . . Oh, my friend, we are the vibrations of a vase, broken long ago." And when he detected absolutely the beginning of the end, Turgenev uttered these words, which may be said to illumine his work as well as his life. "I believe that I can find the explanation of that in the fact of my inability, now absolute, to love."

In Russia, in Baden, in Paris, they come to him, these heroines, who are like no others in modern literature, whispering the frozen secrets of the steppes. In their presence the cosmopolitan analyst of human passion loses the last vestige of his hesitating, often morose, irony, filled with an almost shy reverence before these courageous and exquisite beings who are telling the world through him what Russia means. In no one of his books has a heroine failed her lover in the moment of danger. In no one of his books has it been the woman who has hesitated on the verge of action. Everything that Turgenev denied to his often stricken heroes he granted in full measure to those blonde and candid daughters of the North, for whom love and self-sacrifice are a single idea.

But of English sentimentality in the ordinary sense Turgenev knew nothing. The Russians are by temperament disdainful of its mild concessions, its compromises, its make-believe. They

reject its promises, its rewards, and, above all, its theory of comfort as the goal of conduct. With the Russian novelists, as with their only equals in so many respects, the ancients, love is almost always associated with suffering. Here, again, however, the three great Russian realists of the nineteenth century differ profoundly in their presentation of life. To Tolstoy the fugitive blaze of a young girl's love was always merely the starting-point of the *via dolorosa* of maternity. To Dostoieffsky it was essentially an abnormal excitation of the brain, painful whether it led downwards to the depths of atavism or upwards to the remotest spiritual heights. As for Turgenev, in this, as in every other respect, he remained primarily an artist and clung consistently to his delicately merciful analysis of that *couleur toute particulière* which had in each case its own poignancy.

It was for Tolstoy to retell the love-story of Andromache. It was for Dostoieffsky to reveal again the soul of Phædra. But only Turgenev could have interpreted the noblest unwritten love-story in the world—that of Antigone and Hæmon.

In the chaos of world events the centenary of Turgenev's birth passed almost unnoticed a few months ago. Perhaps, when the centenary of his death is celebrated in less troubled days, it will be realised that no human being predicted more unerringly the inner failure of the Russian Revolution than did the author of *On the Eve* and *Virgin Soil*.

J. A. T. LLOYD

DR. JOHNSON AND WOMEN.

"If I had no duties and no reference to futurity, I would spend my time in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman."

No one could have said that unless he were a feminist, by which I understand, rightly or wrongly, a man who is really fond of women, and, like all men who are fond of women, Johnson was content with them as they are. He was no idealist of the sex, and would have subscribed cheerfully to the appeal of the distinguished novelist who made her heroine exclaim: "Love me for my faults and I shall never disappoint you."

The monstrous legend of ethereal beings who flit elusively superior through our sordid lives, clamantly superman and essentially supernatural, a sort of compound of an early Victorian angel and one of Sir J. Barrie's fairies, would have had no place in his philosophy.

This grotesque fantasy was, it is almost unnecessary to say, invented by man—it would never have occurred to a woman to be ashamed of her sex—and not only invented by men, but by men who disliked women. As Voltaire said of Providence, if he had not existed it would have been necessary to invent him; so these poor creatures to whom the real woman means nothing, met a similar necessity by inventing something to take her place and evolved this highbrow hybrid.

The learned Doctor, as learned in human nature as in books, had no such illusions. He knew their failings; their perpetual envy of our vices, their lack of integrity in matters of business; that they did not do things well, but, like the dancing dogs, the thing was that they did them at all, and all the rest of it. No man ever understood women better, and therefore no man was ever more popular with women. From Kitty Clive to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire all liked him, with the possible exception of Mrs. Boswell; and what woman ever really cares for her husband's best friend, even if he happens to be a man?

Women as a sex are material and unromantic, and naturally hate being idealised. Nothing is more tedious than to be put upon an unsuitable pedestal. A halo that does not fit is almost as bad as an unbecoming hat. The female mind likes men who like women, and with its native shrewdness it sees that the real though unconscious motive of the idealist is hatred of his fellow-creatures, and just as unconscious bad manners are the worst

manners of all, so the unconscious malignant is of all the most dangerous.

It is in pursuit of ideals that wars ravage the world, and every idealist has a portable rack and thumb-screw in his dressing-bag. As Anatole France says: "Robespierre was an optimist who believed in virtue. If you want to make men perfect, you end, like Robespierre, by desiring to guillotine them. Marat believed in justice and demanded 200,000 heads."

Idealists have always been the enemy, social and national, from Robespierre to the German Emperor.

That most great men have remarkable mothers is a popular theory, and Boswell tells us Johnson's mother was a woman of distinguished understanding. An understanding manifest more in character than culture it would seem.

For Johnson says of her: "My father and mother had not much happiness from each other. They seldom conversed, for my father could not bear to talk of his affairs, and my mother, being unacquainted with books, cared not to talk of anything else. Had my mother been more literate, they had been better companions. She might sometimes have introduced her unwelcome topic with more success if she could have diversified her conversation. Of business she had no distinct conception, and therefore her discourse was composed only of complaint, fear, and suspicion." At any rate, she had enough learning to teach him to spell.

He complains "She was ever importunate with regard to her fears of spending more than she could afford, though she never arrived at knowing how much that was"; a fault common, as the Doctor points out, to most women who pride themselves on their economy. She was certainly of a careful habit, for when, as a child, Dr. Johnson ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton at his Aunt Ford's that "she used to talk of it," his mother was of opinion that "it would hardly ever be forgotten." Dr. Johnson thought her mind was afterwards enlarged. To this end, as a child, he did his best, for coming across a passage in one of *Aesop's Fables*, where it is said of some man that "when he hated another he made him rich"—this, he says, I repeated *emphatically* in my mother's hearing, who could never conceive that riches could bring any evil. He adds: "She remarked it as I expected," whether with effect or not we can only surmise, but we know this. His father discouraged his wife from keeping company with their neighbours on the ground that tea was very expensive, and that Mrs. Johnson lived to say that if her time were to pass again she would not comply with "such un-social injunctions." At any rate, she was a devoted mother.

She used to visit the child every day when out at nurse, going different ways in order that her assiduity might not expose her to the ridicule which maternal care in those days would appear in general to have excited; and we know she gave her son coffee which she could not afford because he happened to like it. In spite of her financial austerities, she must have been a popular woman, if it is true, as Mrs. Pionit relates, that when an oppressive neighbour once endeavoured to take away from her a little field she possessed, he could persuade no attorney to undertake the case against a woman so beloved in her circle.

On the whole his father and mother seem to have hit it off fairly well; if their home life was not as ideal as the Burneys, of whom he wrote with classical dignity: "Of this consanguineous unanimity I have had never much experience, but it appears to me one of the great lenitives of life."

There is a mysterious phase of infantile development known as "taking notice," and almost Dr. Johnson's first recollection was of a woman, and a very great lady, when he was taken, at the age of two, to be touched by Queen Anne for the King's Evil, whom he was able to recall in a confused but somehow a solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood.

But it was while Johnson was at Stourbridge School, where he went at the age of fifteen, that he had his first romance. The details are obscure. The young lady, from internal evidence, would appear to have had the agreeable name of Belinda, and her birthday inspired the following lines:—

"This tributary verse receive my fair,
Warm with an ardent lover's fondest prayer—
May this returning day for ever find
Thy form more lovely, more adorned thy mind:
All pains, all cares, may favouring heaven remove,
All but the sweet solicitude of love."

It is often forgotten that Dr. Johnson in his youth was a welcome visitor to many of the leading families of Lichfield, and it was in the agreeable society of that cathedral city that his affections became maturely engaged. A great Lichfield friend was Gilbert Warmsley, who, though a Whig "with all the virulence and malevolence of his party," had a most agreeable sister-in-law, Molly Aston.

The Doctor undoubtedly had a very tender feeling for Molly Aston and with good cause: "Molly was a beauty and a scholar and a wit," although she shared the deplorable politics of her brother-in-law, and talked "all in praise of liberty," which provoked the Latin epigram which Mrs. Thrale translated—and translated very well:—

"Persuasions to freedom fall oddly from you,
If freedom we seek, *for Maria, adieu.*"

"She was the loveliest creature I ever saw," he declared, and years afterwards confessed that the happiest period of his past life was the year in which he spent a whole evening with Molly Aston.

I have always suspected that the Stella of his *Odes on the Seasons* was Molly Aston. The poem is characteristic. We find his common sense proof even against the tender passion. Contrary to poetical precedent, there is no love-making in an English spring. No dalliance for reasonable people in an east wind. On the contrary, as an unhappy victim "whom to beds of pain arthritic tyranny consigns," he implores Wisdom in the abstract —

"His swelling passions to compose
And quell the rebels of the heart"

Let us do the lover justice, no one can help uric acid, but he is only waiting for the warm weather

In midsummer a far different note is struck. —

"Come, Stella, queen of all my heart,
Come, born to fill its fast desires."

"Let me when nature calls to rest
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell."

Autumn does not cool his ardour, but like a prudent tactician he brings up his reserves —

"The grape remains
My Stella with new charms shall glow
And every bliss in wine shall meet"

No in winter —

"Let love his wonted wiles employ
And o'er the season wine prevail"

And above all we are implored to remember. —

"That Time life's dreary winter brings" —

and the moral not forgotten :—

"Catch then, oh catch the transient hour
Improve each moment as it flies,
Life a short summer, man a flower —
He dies, alas! how soon he dies."

Nothing will persuade me that these are not the seasons of

that famous year—"the happiest period of his life," when he spent a whole evening with Molly Aston.

Mrs. Thrale, with the courage of her sex, asked what Mrs. Johnson thought of Molly Aston. "She was jealous, to be sure," said he, "and teased me sometimes when I would let her, and one day, as a fortune-telling gypsy passed us . . . she made the wench look at my hand, but soon repented her curiosity—for so said the indiscreet sybil—'Your heart is divided between a Betty and a Molly. Betty loves you best, but you take most delight in Molly's company. When I turned about to laugh I saw my wife was crying—pretty charmer, she had no reason.'"

And at any rate Molly married a naval officer, but I fancy Mrs. Johnson must have been more nervous of Molly than Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom Johnson turned for consolation, although Miss Aston's successor had "the best understanding" the Doctor had ever met with "in any human being."

What knowledge of the sex Johnson shows in his epitaph upon her! How well one knows the type!

She died, and her husband felt at once *afflicted* and *relieved*. One hardly needs to be told "Her beauty had more in it of majesty than attraction, more of the dignity of virtue than the vivacity of wit." Not that Johnson liked foolish women. "Some cunning men choose fools for their wives thinking to manage them, but they always fail . . . Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge." Even his posting companion "should be one who could understand me and could add something to the conversation", but there are limits. "Supposing a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn it would be very troublesome. For instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the Arian heresy," and perhaps Mr. Fitzherbert was one of those men "who in general is better pleased when he has a good dinner on his table than when his wife talks Greek!"

Next there came in virginal succession Miss Hill Boothby, who looked after the children at Mrs. Fitzherbert's death. Johnson says she somewhat disqualified herself for the duties of this life by her perpetual aspirations after the next. But, none the less, he contended with Lord Lyttelton for her favour. The peer gained the temporal advantage, but Johnson criticised his poetry, so it may be said to have been a drawn battle; and we hear that at her death he was distracted with grief, and his friends about him had much ado to calm the violence of his emotion.

Johnson himself told Boswell that his first love was a Mrs. Careless, a clergyman's widow. It dropped out of his mind

imperceptibly, "but she and I shall always have a kindness for each other."

Of her he says again: "If I had married her it might have been as happy for her."

Like the man who disbelieved in ghosts because he had seen so many, his affections had been too often engaged for him to accept the theory of affinities in love. "One, and one only," was no part of his lover's creed. And it was with reference to Mrs. Careless that he answered Boswell's "Pray, Sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular?" "Aye, Sir, fifty thousand!" and adds a belief that marriage would in general be as happy as if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor upon considered judgment, without consulting the parties concerned.

In spite of this admirable theory, "his own was a love match on both sides," but though Johnson lost his heart he kept his head. It appears "Mrs. Porter was a romantic woman and had got into her head that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog." So when they rode from the church, "at first she told me I rode too fast and she could not keep up with me, and when I rode a little slower she passed me and complained I lagged behind."

This was the critical moment in Johnson's married life. How admirably it is met. "If it is commonly a weak man who marries for love," he was not one of them. "I was not to be made the slave of caprice, and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly till I was fairly out of her sight . . . and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did I observed her to be in tears." The victory was won and his married happiness placed on a firm basis. He was cruel only to be kind: he remembered in his moment of trial that women "give great offence by a contemptuous spirit of non-compliance on petty occasions. The man calls his wife to walk with him in the shade; she feels a strange desire at that moment to sit in the sun. He offers to read her a play or sing her a song, and she calls in the children to disturb them or addresses him to seize that opportunity of settling the family account. Twenty such tricks will the faithfullest wife in the world not refuse to play, and then looks astonished when the fellow fetches in a mistress."

As far as one can ascertain they were very happy together. She would sweep his house, which annoyed him, and he did not always like her dinners; still, there were the makings of a successful husband in one who said: "No money is better spent

than what is paid out for domestic satisfaction—a man is pleased his wife is drest as well as other people and a wife is pleased she is drest”; but, as he points out with admirable sense: “Love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffer the evils together and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look and that benevolence of mind which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure and excessive amusement.” That they disputed perpetually, as he told Miss Thrale, I think is merely the literary emphasis. One of those phrases which so often misled the faithful about literary households.

He always impresses on those contemplating matrimony: “Now you are going to marry do not expect more from life than life will afford. You may often find yourself out of humour and you may often think your wife not studious enough to please you, and yet you may have reason enough to consider yourself as upon the whole very happily married.”

Practical always, as he liked women for what they are, so he tolerated marriage because he entered into it with his eyes open. He had no illusions. “It is so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage, that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection and the restraints which civilised society imposes to prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them together”

Still, his view is: “Even ill-assorted marriages were preferable to cheerless celibacy.” for, as he points out elsewhere: “Marriage has many pains, but celibacy no pleasures” And as, touching men, “Marriage is the best state for man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.” On the duties of married life he is commendably sound. Excuses for infidelity are “miserable stuff”; the erring wife is what she is, and there is an end of it “To the contract of marriage, besides the man and the wife, there is a third party, Society, and, if it be considered as a vow, God, and therefore it cannot be dissolved by their consent alone. Laws are not made for particular cases, but for men in general”

Apart from the religious aspect, a woman who breaks her marriage vows is much more criminal than a man who does.

His admirable common sense points out: “Confusion of progeny is the essence of the offence. A man, to be sure, is criminal in the sight of God, but he does not do his wife a material injury if he does not insult her. If, for instance, from mere wantonness of appetite he steals privately to her chamber-maid. Sir, a wife ought not greatly to resent this. I would not receive home a daughter who had run away from her husband on that account.”

On the question of beauty he is conclusive: "Sir, it is a very foolish resolution to resolve not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itself very estimable. No, Sir, I would prefer a pretty woman unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish, a pretty woman may be wicked, a pretty woman may not like me. But there is no such danger in managing a pretty woman as is apprehended. She will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another, and that is all."

About Mrs. Johnson there is a great conflict of evidence: Macaulay describes her as a "short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colours, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces."

Yet Mrs. Thrale—and one may surely trust a woman to be impartial in her criticism of a friend's wife—says a picture she saw of her at Lichfield was very pretty and that her daughter pronounced it very like. A contemporary describes her as still handsome at the time of her second marriage, a lady of great sensibility and worth, and so handsome that his associates in letters and wit (with doubtful tact one would have thought) were often very pleasant with him on the strange disparity which in this respect subsisted between husband and wife.

There is a coloured print dated 1768 in a collection of the correspondence of Samuel Richardson, edited by Anne Letitia Barbauld, of the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells, in which Dr. Johnson and his wife appear. The lady certainly makes a handsome figure.

Her detractors assert that this is another Mrs. Johnson, the wife of a local doctor of the period, but I believe the balance of testimony is against them.

She must have been what is known as a good sort, because the £800 she brought Johnson as a fortune he lost in the school. They were reduced to the greatest penury, and she never seems to have reproached him with the fact, and the best tribute to her memory is his grief at her loss. We all remember how he could only work after her death in one room in the house, because it was the only one she had never used. Those who laugh at the idea of a love-match should remember, of his four qualifications for a wife, the first, *virtue*, was hers undoubtedly. *Money* she had, the last. There is evidence of her *wit*, and, if the above extracts are correct, she had some claims to the third—*beauty*.

On her tombstone his epitaph includes "*formosa*," and although we know "in lapidary inscriptions a man is not on his oath," I think the balance of evidence is on the decorative side.

Her view of Johnson was that he was the most sensible man she ever met. Johnson's treatment of her was kindness itself, so kind that Hawkins could only explain it by the theory that, if "not dissembled, it was a lesson he learnt by rote, and that when he practised it he knew not where to stop, till he became ridiculous." But then we know what Hawkins was. In a controversy with an old friend he made devastating use of the accident that his opponent had a red-haired parlour-maid, and a man who is capable of that is capable of anything, and it is an admitted fact that he never saw Mrs. Johnson. Hawkins even insinuates that there was a separation between them at the time of Johnson's association with Savage. An idea which probably arose from the fact that owing to poverty Johnson was unable temporarily to keep house, and Mrs. Johnson was harboured by a friend in lodgings near the Tower.

Boswell, it is true, suggests that Johnson's conduct, after he came to London and met Savage, was not as celibate as it had been and subsequently was. Boswell, however, seems to have attached undue importance to Johnson's expressions of remorse and apprehension on the approach of death.

Johnson had a meticulous conscience always, and, unduly severe on himself, was in his moods of melancholy inclined to be morbid in his retrospection.

His wide tolerance and human sympathy inclined him to company of all sorts. His friendship with Bet Flint, "generally slut and drunkard, occasionally whore and thief," could easily be misunderstood.

Johnson's attitude towards women of the town was one of the most interesting phases of his attitude towards the sex. They interested him; he would take them to taverns and hear their stories, and, one may be sure, helped them when he could on their way, and tried to make the crooked way straighter. What a splendid instance of his fearless generosity is the story of his picking up the half-naked and apparently dying woman in Fleet Street and carrying her home. When excellent reasons were given him for turning her out, how fine his answer: "That may be as much her misfortune as her fault; I am determined to give her the chance of a reformation." As Goldsmith said, "the fact of being miserable was enough to ensure the protection of Dr. Johnson."

How he kept his word and with what success is known to all students of his life.

The appeal of these women was feminine and not professional. To this indefatigable student of his fellow-creatures none were alien. A rake only in the sense of a sifter of human waste. We know what he said himself, and he was no hypocrite.

"No, Sir, we never proceeded to the *magnum opus*. On the contrary, I have been rather disconcerted and shocked by the replies of these giddy wenches than flattered or diverted by their tricks."

Johnson was human; we know the silk stockings and white bosoms of the actresses in Garrick's green-room "excited his amorous propensities," but one thinks not in that way. Have we not on record his famous manifesto of the affections: "Sir, if I had an *amour*, it should be with a countess. It would fire the imagination."

Popular as Johnson was, and attractive as his personality appears in its various settings, nowhere does he appear to such advantage as in the pages of Fanny Burney and Mrs. Thrale.

The contest was over, the battle won. His character not merely survived the severest of all tests, success, but emerged mellowed by its autumn sun.

In the daughter of his old friend, Dr. Burney, he surprised to his delight an intellectual equal, and in the sunny humour of Mrs. Thrale he found an ever sympathetic companion. Like all men who like women, their company brought out the best that was in him. The rivalry of sex was absent, he could afford to be merciful. The struggle for victory was no longer essential.

I am not sure that we do not get the real man better in Fanny Burney's *Memoirs* even than in Boswell. The picture is certainly more agreeable. His good humour and gaiety light up her pages.

"Now for this morning's breakfast!"

"Dr. Johnson, as usual, came last into the library (what a pleasant touch): he was in high spirits and full of mirth and sport."

She emphasises his "love of social converse that nobody, without living under the same roof with him, would suspect."

Again: "Dr. Johnson came home to dinner. In the evening he was as lively and full of wit and sport as I have ever seen him"; so full of sport that we know on one occasion he was "so facetious that he challenged Mr. Thrale to get drunk." When Miss Burney reproached him with not speaking to her, his retort was eminently practical: "'My dear,' he cried, taking both my hands, 'I was not sure of you. I am so near-sighted and I apprehended making some mistake.' Then drawing me unexpectedly towards him he actually kissed me."

Mrs. Thrale laughed and said she could go for a walk if she did not fear for Miss Burney's reputation if left alone with the Doctor.

"When someone mentioned Mrs. Montagu, Dr. Johnson began

to see-saw with a countenance strongly expressive of inward fun, and after enjoying it some time in silence, he suddenly and with great animation turned to me and cried :

"Down with her, Burney! Down with her! Spare her not! attack her, fight her, and down with her at once. You are a rising wit and she at the top, and when I was beginning the world and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to gibe at all the established wits, and then everyone loved to Hallo me on; but there is no game now, everybody would be glad to see me conquered; but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little soul; go at her, Burney, at her, and down with her.'"

We hear how interested he is in women's dress, and how severe on poor Miss Browne's taste. All trivial enough, but what an agreeable picture these trifles make of the greatest pleasure life affords, congenial intimacy. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Musgrave, "an Irish gentleman of fortune and member of the Irish Parliament," but who owes his immortality to Miss Burney's friendship rather than those distinctions—that no one but a fool or a rogue had any need to be afraid of Dr. Johnson.

At any rate, at the Thrales' house at Streatham the hostess, in Miss Burney's words, was all good humour, spirits, sense and agreeability. We are told her anecdotes are untrustworthy, but what excellent reading they are and how frankly written. It is true she complains of his becoming tiresome after Mr. Thrale's death, but this was written when she had married Piozzi, and the subsequent quarrel which was not of her making.

The marriage annoyed Johnson, and annoyed him beyond reason and without reason. Nothing can justify the letter he wrote to her on hearing the fatal news.

Mrs. Thrale had a perfect right to marry whom she willed. Ill-natured people said Johnson wanted to marry her himself. I do not believe it; there is strong evidence to the contrary, but he had a sincere regard and admiration for Thrale and resented the fiddler, and was sufficiently human to feel the annoyance common to all men who see a woman they like marry someone else, even if they have no desire to do so themselves. As he says somewhere :—

"I do not see, Sir, that it is reasonable for a man to be angry at another whom a woman has preferred to him, but angry he is, and he is loth to be angry at himself." I could wish he had confined his anger to Piozzi. For once Dr. Johnson was ungenerous in his treatment of a woman, and a woman to whom his debt was great.

Fanny Burney reminds us how catholic his taste was; but for her we might not have heard of a lady called Laurinda, who wrote verses and stole furniture, but "was a lady who had high notions of honour," and Hortensia, who walked up and down the Park repeating Virgil.

Mrs. Williams who kept house for him has been somewhat harshly treated by Boswell, who was, I suspect, jealous of her. Dr. Percy says, so far from being a constant source of disquiet and vexation to him, although she was totally blind for the last thirty years of her life, her mind was so cultivated and her conversation so agreeable, that she much enlivened and diverted his solitary hours.

Her claim upon him was her infirmity and the friendship of his wife. She seems to have kept his house well, and one cannot blame her for disliking Bet Flint, especially when she brought a lady friend to call.

I fancy Mrs. Demoulins was rather trying; she had the chief management of the kitchen and quarrelled with Mrs. Williams. "They quarrelled incessantly, but as they were both of occasional service to each other and had no other place to go to, their animosity was not centrifugal."

How admirably humorous is the use of centrifugal. There is no better instance of one of Johnson's best weapons, a sense of comicality in words—not even the woman who was "fundamentally sensible."

Her father had been one of Johnson's earliest friends at Lichfield, and having lost his money, the daughter naturally drifted to Gough Square.

Perhaps cooking joints with string upset her temper. We know Dr. Johnson had some thought of buying a jack, "because a jack is some credit to a house," but it never came to anything.

There was a mysterious lady called Poll, whom Dr. Johnson liked very well at first, but who would not do on a nearer examination. Neither Johnson nor Mrs. Williams could remember how she came to join them, and arrived at the conclusion they could spare her very well.

It appears "Poll was a stupid slut. I had some hopes of her at first, but when I talked to her tightly and closely, I could make nothing of her. She was wiggle-waggle, and I could never persuade her to be categorical."

One cannot help wondering with Mrs. Thrale how all these vagabonds managed to get at Dr. Johnson.

His explanation was: "Oh, the dear creatures, I cannot but be glad to see them." There was nothing smug about him.

Then vagabondage was their charm. But Mrs. Williams was always on a different plane.

To Miss Reynolds Johnson writes upon Mrs. Williams' death. "To my other afflictions is added solitude. Mrs. Williams, a companion of thirty years, is gone."

He speaks of her as a very great woman, and much lamented her loss. It came when he could ill spare her, just before the end. It was surely fitting that the last conscious act of a life which had meant so much to so many women should have been an act of kindness to another.

We read: "On Monday, the 13th of December, the day on which he died, a Miss Morris, daughter to a particular friend of his, called and said to Francis that she begged to be permitted to see the Doctor, that she might earnestly request him to give her his blessing."

Francis went into his room, followed by the young lady, and delivered the message.

The Doctor turned in bed and said "God bless you, my dear." These were the last words he spoke, as kindly as the life they closed.

H C BIRCH

CONSTANTINE AND HENRY VIII

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SIR,—My friend Mr W. B. Lilly is much puzzled by a perfectly accurate remark of mine that, like our Henry VIII, Constantine made himself the official head of the new Church. If he will read the twentieth chapter of Gibbon Mr Lilly will find the solution of the mystery. As Gibbon says Constantine and the emperors still continued to exercise a supreme jurisdiction over the ecclesiastical order, and the sixteenth book of the Theodosian code represents, under a variety of titles the authority which they assumed in the government of the Catholic Church.

I did not say that Constantine claimed *all* of Henry's prerogatives or did *everything* that Henry did. For instance, he did not marry six wives. If Mr Lilly sees a chance of having another dig at the Church of England I can assure him that I am the last person who has any call to attempt its defence.

Bath

I am, Sir, etc.,
FREDERIC HARRISON

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WALSH'S

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ON THE ROAD TO RUIN.

THE position of the country is very serious. Political unrest and economic troubles threaten it on every side. Politics and economics go hand in hand. Political convulsions and disasters spring frequently from economic causes. The economic foundations of Great Britain are rapidly being undermined. Let us therefore study the economic position with particular care.

For decades misguided men have preached the class war up and down the land. They have told the British workers that capital and the capitalists were their worst enemies. They have taught them that the workers could benefit themselves most by ruining the capitalists by strikes and by deliberate slacking, by producing as little as possible for the highest wage obtainable. These men have done their best to sow suspicion and hatred between the employers and the employed, to impede the introduction of labour-saving machinery and devices, to arrest economic progress, and to nullify all the benefits which spring from the improved methods of production, distribution and exchange which have recently been discovered. Unfortunately these leaders have succeeded only too well in their teaching. In the past Great Britain was the richest nation in the world. She became the foremost industrial nation at the time when she marched in the van of progress; when, by means of the best labour-saving machinery, Englishmen produced far more than the citizens of any other country. Things have altered since then. The war has shown even to the blindest that England has fallen from her high estate. It has demonstrated the backwardness of the British industries if compared with those of Germany and of the United States.

Great Britain has lost her industrial paramountcy not so much owing to natural causes as to the action of men. The United States have overtaken England in the race for success, not because of their great natural resources—those of the British Empire are probably larger than those of the United States—but because the American workers produce as much as possible with the most modern processes, while the British workers have become hostile to progress and to efficient production, and endeavour to produce

as little as possible. A few decades ago, when England was the workshop of the world, the average industrial worker in Great Britain produced probably as much as three American workers. Now the average American worker produces about as much as do three Englishmen. That may be seen by comparing industrial output in Great Britain and the United States by means of the Censuses of Production. The fact that the United States are rapidly forging ahead while Great Britain is standing still is eloquently attested by the following remarkable figures:—

		PRODUCTION OF STEEL.				
		In the United Kingdom.			In the United States	
		Tons.			Tons.	
1900	...	4,301,000	10,188,000
1905	...	5,812,000	20,021,000
1910	..	6,371,000	26,005,000
1914		7,835,000				23,513,000
1915	.	8,550,000	.	.		32,151,000
1918		9,591,000		45,073,000

Not very long ago Great Britain produced more steel than all the other nations of the world combined. Now the United States alone produce almost five times as much steel as the United Kingdom. During the war England made an unheard-of effort in steel production. In consequence, the output has been increased by 2,000,000 tons, which is a record, but during the same time American steel production has grown by 13,000,000 tons if we compare 1915 with 1918, and by 21,500,000 tons if we compare 1914 with 1918. Industrially, England is rapidly sinking to a position of insignificance, if compared with the United States, for the steel position is representative of the position of other industries as well.

The incredible progress of all the American industries is due to a very high and constantly increasing output per man, which compares with a stagnant, or even a declining, output per worker in Great Britain. The following figures are ominous, and they are, unfortunately, characteristic of the industrial position in general in Great Britain and in the United States:—

		COAL PRODUCTION PER YEAR PER WORKER EMPLOYED.				
		In the United Kingdom.			In the United States.	
Average.		Tons.			Tons.	
1696	1800	.	312	400
1896	1900	...	298	404
1906	1910	.	275	506
1918	226	770

In coal-mining, as in the manufacturing industries, one American produces as much as three Englishmen. Nominally, the United States have twice as much man-power as Great Britain. However, if we allow for industrial efficiency, the effective man-

power of the United States is six times as great as that of the United Kingdom, and this proportion in favour of the United States is constantly growing. The progressive increase of output per man in the United States compares with an equally progressive decline in the United Kingdom not only in coal, but in other industries as well. While the American miners are engaged in making coal cheap and plentiful for the benefit of the nation as a whole, the British miners are striving to make it scarce and dear for their own benefit. Yet they complain about the rapacity and the exactions of the capitalists, of the owners of coal royalties and of the owners of coal mines. How unreasonable and how unjustified their complaints are may be seen by the following official figures which were placed before the House of Commons on July 21st, 1919 :—

PROSPECTIVE COST OF RAISING 192,000,000 TONS OF COAL.	
Labour	£210,250,000
Timber and stores	34,500,000
Other costs	13,000,000
Royalties	6,000,000
Owners' profits	12,500,000
Compensation to owners for working, under the instructions of the Controller of Coal Mines, mines which would not otherwise be worked ..	3,000,000
Cost of Coal Mines Department	1,000,000
Margin for emergencies	1,000,000
	<hr/>
	£281,250,000

The share of the capitalists is evidently quite insignificant.

As British industry and commerce depend absolutely on coal as a motive power, the consequences of the attitude and policy of the coal-miners are most serious. They are doubly serious, as the workers in other industries also follow the policy of making the goods they produce scarce and dear. Sir Auckland Geddes stated in the House of Commons on July 14th, 1919 :—

"Rails in Britain before the rise in coal £16 per ton, after the rise £17 10s. a ton, and in the United States to-day £10 a ton. Ship plates £17 15s. a ton before the rise in coal, £19 5s. probable new price, American price £11. Crown bars £21 a ton before the rise in coal, £22 10s. probable new price, American price £11 15s. Pig iron, Cleveland No. 8 Foundry, before the rise £8, after it £9, and No. 2 Pittsburg £6. These figures must, I think, make everyone in this House and everyone in the country realise how grave is the crisis with which we are faced, because we live by our exports. We live by nothing else, and our export trade is gravely threatened by this position which has arisen."

By their policy of high wages and of greatly restricted output the British coal-miners and other workers as well are rapidly destroying the competitive power of the industries whereby they

live and thereby the industries themselves. In the Bulletin for July, 1919, of the National City Bank of New York, the foremost bank of the United States, we read :—

"The outlook for American products, particularly pig iron, in foreign markets is very good as British costs are very high. One good symptom of reviving industry is an increasing demand for coal. The large producers . . . are shipping considerable amounts to South American and Mediterranean ports and expect to retain this foreign business."

The Americans are rapidly picking up the trade which the British workers are destroying, and it may be lost to the British industries for ever.

While the British workers fight every innovation in industrial production, the American workers strive to increase their efficiency and their output by every means in their power. Not only the employers, but also the employed insist upon the introduction of the most scientific methods whereby output can be increased indefinitely. According to the American journal *Science*, the American Federation of Labour passed, in July, 1919, the following most interesting resolution, of which it sent copies to President Wilson, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives :—

"Whereas scientific research and the technical application of the results of research form a fundamental basis upon which the development of our industries, manufacturing, agriculture, mining, and others must rest; and

"Whereas the productivity of industry is greatly increased by the technical application of the results of scientific research in physics, chemistry, biology, and geology, in engineering and agriculture, and in the related sciences, and the health and well being not only of the workers but of the whole population as well, are dependent upon advances in medicine and sanitation so that the value of scientific advancement to the welfare of the nation is many times greater than the cost of the necessary research; and

"Whereas the increased productivity of industry resulting from scientific research is a most potent factor in the ever-increasing struggle of the workers to raise their standard of living, and the importance of this factor must steadily increase since there is a limit beyond which the average standard of living of the whole population cannot progress by the usual methods of readjustment, which limit can be raised only by research and the utilisation of the results of research in industry; and

"Whereas there are numerous important and pressing problems of administration and regulation now faced by Federal, State, and local Governments, the wise solution of which depends upon scientific and technical research; and

"Whereas the war has brought home to all the nations engaged in it the overwhelming importance of science and technology to national welfare, whether in war or in peace, and not only is private initiative attempting to organise far reaching research in these fields on a national scale, but in several countries governmental participation and support of such undertakings are already active; therefore be it

"Resolved by the American Federation of Labour in convention assembled that a broad programme of scientific and technical research is of major importance to the national welfare, and should be fostered in every way by

the Federal Government, and that the activities of the Government itself in such research should be adequately and generously supported in order that the work may be greatly strengthened and extended."

Lately the United States have introduced universal and compulsory temperance by appropriate legislation. They have done so chiefly in order to increase the productive efficiency of the nation. Aided by science and temperance, American production is bound to increase at an ever more rapid rate, leaving Great Britain further and further behind, unless a complete change should take place in the attitude of British labour.

The British industries and British trade are threatened not only by the extraordinary efficiency of very highly paid American labour, but also by the great and rapidly growing ability of low-wage Japanese labour. According to a statement which was published by the Board of Trade *Labour Gazette* in July, 1919, the following average wages were paid in an engineering works at Yokohama in 1918 :—

	Per hour
Pattern makers, ordinary	3½d.
" " best men	5½d.
Carpenters' ordinary	3½d.
" " best men	5½d.
Moulders, ordinary	4d.
" " best men	5½d.
Machinists and fitters, ordinary	3½d.
" " " best men	5½d.
Boiler makers, ordinary	3½d.
" " " best men	5½d.
Blacksmiths, ordinary	4d.
" " " best men	6½d.

How will the British industries be able to compete in the future with the industries of other nations? To the dangerous competition of the United States and Japan will be joined that of Germany. That country can pay the huge indemnity imposed upon it only in the form of exports. The terms of the Peace compel Germany to develop her export trade to the utmost. Besides, she must do so in order to be able to import the foreign raw materials and food which she requires. Her exports will to some extent be promoted by the great depreciation in the German currency. The outlook for the British industries is exceedingly gloomy.

Great Britain owed her industrial success of the past to the fact that by means of the best labour-saving machinery she produced more cheaply than other nations. By greater cheapness she dominated the export trade of the world. If British goods should continue to be far more expensive than American goods of identical quality, although the latter are produced by far more highly remunerative labour, the British exports whereby the

men have been enabled to spend more than they earned by the complacency of the Government which has provided for their wants by two means, by creating a superabundance of paper money and by taxing the owners of property for the supposed benefit of the workers. According to the official returns, the currency notes alone have increased in volume as follows since the beginning of the war :—

CURRENCY NOTES ISSUED.

						£
26 August, 1914	21,535,065
30 December, 1914	88,478,164
30 June 1915	46,576,801
31 December, 1915	103,125,099
28 June, 1916	122,099,278
27 December, 1916	150,144,177
27 June, 1917	161,073,676
26 December, 1917	212,782,205
26 June, 1918	252,912,444
31 December, 1918	323,240,501
25 June, 1919	342,800,770

The note issue of the Bank of England has trebled during the same time.

Against the gigantic amount of currency notes there exists a cover of only £28,500,000 in coin and bullion, an amount which has remained unaltered for a long time, notwithstanding the gigantic increase of the notes which it is supposed to secure. The vast demands of the workers for increased wages have been provided for in the first instance by causing a colossal inflation of the currency, which, of course, depreciates the value of money and leads to a corresponding increase in the prices of goods. This artificial inflation cannot continue for any length of time. Wealth cannot be produced by printing bits of paper. The inflation of the currency must in the end lead to a crisis and a crash. That is the lesson of all history.

During the war and during the months following it the nation spent considerably more than it earned. It imported far more than it exported in goods and it paid for the difference, partly by selling a large part of its foreign investments, partly by contracting debts abroad, which of course have to be paid. In other words, the nation paid its way partly by living upon its capital and partly by living upon I.O.U.'s issued by the Government and accepted by foreign nations, especially by the United States, in the expectation that these would eventually be honoured. Meanwhile the gigantic demands made upon the nation, largely for paying the workers, were met by imposing heavier and ever heavier taxes upon the owners of property. Many of these have

been ruined in consequence of the double burden of vastly increased taxation and the greatly diminished purchasing power of the remaining part of their income.●

The position is a thoroughly unhealthy one, and it cannot last. There is a limit to the taxation of capital and income, and when that limit has been overstepped the impoverishment of the nation begins and the sufferings consequent upon the reduction and partial destruction of capital fall not only upon the rich and the well-to-do, but upon all alike, for a large and increasing capital is absolutely necessary for the development and continued prosperity of the industries whereby the people live. Unfortunately the misguided workers, who have become prosperous by the impoverishment of a large and deserving class, demand more and more loudly that the financial difficulties of the nation should be met not by increased production, but by the taxation of the rich, or even by the confiscation of their property. The highly-paid miners, while refusing to pay income tax, demand the confiscation of the mines and mineral rights, and their example is infecting the workers in other industries. Some of the leaders are straightforward enough to demand the confiscation of all the means of production, distribution and exchange in accordance with the Socialist teaching. This policy is frequently called the "Nationalisation" of industry. Others disguise the policy of confiscation under the name of "a levy on capital." Meanwhile, the income tax, super tax, death duties and succession duties have become frankly confiscatory. Unfortunately the policy of the organised workers, who have fallen under the influence of Socialist agitators, of outsiders who are bent upon destruction and revolution, is countenanced to some extent by the Government. The highly-paid workers who live in luxury, largely upon the capital and earnings of the hard-working middle class, are officially treated as if they were paupers from whom nothing may be demanded, but who must be subsidised in every conceivable way. The overpaid workers are receiving subsidies from the State in the form of wages supplemented by State grants, in the form of subsidised bread and subsidised fares, in the form of rent subsidies, etc., and they are given unemployment doles which in many cases exceed their normal wages.

Having tasted the sweets of State subsidies, the workers demand constantly increasing benefits, and their attitude towards State and nation is becoming more and more menacing. At every opportunity they endeavour to bring the economic life of the nation to a standstill, and strikes for economic reasons have been followed by political strikes and by political strike threats. At every opportunity labour organisations presume to dictate the

policy of the Government by means of ultimatums. They endeavour to supersede the organised and orderly government of the country and threaten the nation with ruin unless their demands are granted. By "industrial direct action" they wish to force the nation to carry out their will in matters of foreign and domestic policy, and the revolutionary aims of the leaders are clearly shown by organised attempts to destroy the discipline in the Army and Navy and in the Police. The nation is heading not only towards bankruptcy, but towards revolution. Sir Alfred Booth, the Chairman of the Cunard Co., said in an impressive speech at the general meeting on July 23rd, 1919 :—

"It is useless to disguise the fact that the national position is sufficiently serious to shake the confidence of the most optimistic. If trade and commerce had been released from control at the beginning of the year, and if competition and the law of supply and demand had been given full play, we should no doubt have had serious difficulties for a time and some alarming fluctuations in prices, but I believe that by this date we should already have got over the worst. The trade of the country would have had the chance at any rate of reconstruction on the firm basis of facts. Instead of that we have preferred to continue to live in a land of dreams.

"With our unemployment doles, artificial wages, subsidised loaf, railways and coal, and inflated currency, we appear to be heading straight for national bankruptcy. The plain fact is that the country is not paying its way, nor anything like it. The great volume of imports, which maintain freights at the present artificial level, are not being paid for by the goods we can export or the services we can render in return. A large proportion of these imports are simply being supplied on credit. Now, if a customer who has done good business with you in the past gets into financial trouble and needs help to get going on a sound footing again, you are willing to lend him money if you see that he is 'putting his back' into his business—trying to increase production and cutting out all waste in expenditure. But you will not lend him another penny if you hear he is on his way to Monte Carlo!

"In the affairs of this world Nature has a nasty way of getting back at you if you persist in defying her laws. The politicians tell us that the law of supply and demand *does not* apply in war time or in after-war time, either, apparently. All goes merrily for a while, and then the despised law gets us right between the eyes with the fall in the dollar exchange. Throughout the war the value of the sovereign was maintained by Government borrowings in America. This procedure could not long be continued after the Armistice, and last March it became necessary to let the exchange go, while it was still necessary to forbid the export of gold. This means that our gold standard has gone, and that the erstwhile financial centre of the world now has to put up with what is in effect an inconvertible paper currency, which differs only in degree from the fiat money of Bolshevik Russia. But it is better to be brought down to earth again even in such an undignified parachute as this than to go on soaring aloft in a balloon which was just waiting to burst. As the exchange falls, all our purchases in America cost us more and more; but, on the other hand, our manufacturers are able to put their goods in the home and foreign markets at a lower relative price than the American manufacturer. In this way the value of our imports is bound to fall to the amount we can really pay for, but unfortunately the fall in exchange will affect the imports we really need just as

much as those we could do without. In the end it is perfectly clear that if we will not work we shall not be fed.

"The question of where the fall in exchange will stop is often debated. The answer is surely that it will stop when it has accomplished its purpose of balancing our exports and imports. It is clearly to the interest of the Americans to check the fall as much as they possibly can, for every additional drop enhances their price in this market as against our own costs. The fall of exchange is checked from time to time by credits given to traders in this country, but unless these credits lead to profitable production, they only postpone the evil day by piling up more debt against us, and the credits themselves will stop if it turns out that we are really determined to stay at Monte Carlo.

"My view, as you see, is that the fall in exchange is bound to produce a reduction of imports from America. The decrease in cargo and the steady production of American ships mean a fall in East-bound freights, which are at present our main source of revenue. In certain circumstances, not difficult to imagine, the fall might easily become a slump. But when, or if, this happens, we must not be alarmed. A drastic purge will do the shipping business any amount of good. Nothing could be more unhealthy than the present state of inflation. . . .

"The labour situation to-day is so grave that it is idle to ignore the fact that great civilisations have vanished in the past and that the same thing may happen again. From the purely financial aspect the present situation will bring about the bankruptcy of the country unless we realise that we must work to live. It was well said in the House of Lords on Monday that 'behind bankruptcy trends revolution with swift impatient feet.' But there is a quicker road to ruin even than this, and there have been terrible signs within the last few days that some of our fellow-countrymen are prepared to drag us down this steep descent. Too long has opportunism been our god. The true position has not been faced, and we have gone on staving off impending trouble by any device which would give us a temporary respite. The time has now come for courage and real leadership. If only the Government will give us a clear call, I am convinced that the vast majority of all classes will respond as loyally and unselfishly as they did to that other call which came nearly five years ago."

Many eminent and far-sighted men have recently expressed very similar views and misgivings.

The extreme seriousness of the position is attested by the fact that the King himself thought it necessary to utter a solemn warning. In a speech in the City, delivered on July 29th, 1910, he told the nation that the times required energetic work, thrift, order, discipline and unity in the following remarkable words:—

"With the end of the war a great chapter in the history of our country is closed. The new era which is opening before us brings its own tasks, and the same qualities which have carried us to victory will be needed in full measure for the work of reconstruction. The spirit of union, self-sacrifice and patience which our people displayed during the years of fighting will still be required if we are to reap the full benefit of the peace which we have won; and these great qualities must be reinforced by the homelier virtues of industry and thrift.

"As was inevitable in the prosecution of the war, we have been living largely on our capital. Now that we are at peace again, our country urgently

demands from every citizen the utmost economy in order to make the best use of the resources which the nation possesses, and strenuous and unremitting industry in order to ensure the greatest possible production of necessary commodities. Without these we shall have to face depression and poverty. Without these we cannot hope to maintain the high position in the industrial and commercial world which we held before the war.

"I am confident that the ancient and sterling virtues of the British people will not fail us in the hour of need; and I join with you in praying that the Divine Providence which has guided us through the war may continue to guide our deliberations and inspire our hearts so that we may be enabled to make a worthy use of the victory which has been given to us and to our Allies."

Will the politicians in authority heed the warnings of the experienced and the far-sighted few or will they continue their policy of drift which is sweeping the nation towards the abyss? Hitherto they have followed the line of least resistance, as politicians are apt to do, thinking little of the ultimate consequences of their action. The policy of satisfying the ever-growing and insatiable demands of the labour leaders at the cost of those who direct and finance all the economic energies of the country has proved a failure and its breakdown is imminent. A crisis is impending, and the question merely is what shape it will take. America, which has lavishly assisted the fighting nations by supplying them with goods on credit, is beginning to see the necessity of limiting its exports to the late belligerents. Not unnaturally the Americans will discriminate between nations which deserve support because their means of making a living have been destroyed by the war and between nations which possess undiminished means of production, but refuse to make the best use of them. That may be seen from numerous statements recently made by leading American politicians and business men who see the necessity of curtailing their credits to the European nations. The inflation of Government credit or of private credit may lead to a collapse in finance, commerce and industry. The ever-growing demands of the workers may bring about the standstill of industries on an unprecedented scale and may lead to a labour war. The country may experience a diminution in the indispensable imports of raw materials and foods, partly owing to the impossibility of exporting an adequate quantity of goods wherewith to pay for these imports, partly owing to the refusal of the Americans to supply them on credit. Last, but not least, it seems by no means impossible that the over-taxed middle class will at last revolt. Strikes of taxpayers are not unknown to history. The thrifty and the industrious, the true creators of the nation's wealth, may at last combine and refuse to be impoverished for the benefit of those who will not work, but who wish to squander other people's property.

The Socialist leaders of the extremists never tire of telling their followers that capital is fixed in the country and cannot emigrate. In one of the Socialist song-books we read :—

" Straightway those rich men started
To move their capitals.
On board of ships they carted
Their railways and canals;
With miners' mine-owners scurried,
The bankers bore their books,
With mills mill-owners hurried,
The bishops took their crooks."

The idea that capital is immovable and therefore helpless is, of course, quite erroneous. The most valuable part of a nation's capital consists not in its dead mechanical outfit, its land, etc., but in the enterprising and able men who have created its wealth. A railway which ceases to be profitable becomes old iron, and a coal mine which is deserted, because American or German coal is cheaper, becomes merely a hole in the ground. There is, of course, no danger that the immovable property of England will disappear, but there is a great danger that the able men who create and who constantly renew the wealth of the nation will migrate to other countries. Rightly considered, the taxation of wealth consists very largely in the persecution of enterprise and of ability. Able and enterprising men, the creators of industry, may in greater and ever greater numbers emigrate to countries where their services are appreciated, and where they are not treated as the enemies of the human race and as milch cows by those who will not work. The nation is undoubtedly on the road to ruin. The leaders of organised labour, while pretending to work for the emancipation of the workers, are working in reality for the ruin and enslavement of the country. Possibly persuasion will cause the workers to abandon the insane policy on which they have embarked. However, there is little hope that demonstrations and entreaties will influence them, for one can by words affect the intellect, but not the will. Men learn only by experience, and often scarcely by that, as Benjamin Franklin has told us. Probably the working masses will learn the necessity of intensive production and of thrift only when they have experienced hard times.

THE LEAGUE AND THE PEACE.

Since the signature and ratification by Germany of the Treaty of Versailles certain of the more favoured belligerent nations have enjoyed a tempered sense of tranquillity and security, at least in external relationships; but more than that cannot be said at present. The great war is finished, but the great peace has yet to come. The whole of Eastern Europe is still ablaze; the settlement of the Middle East involves problems hardly less delicate and difficult than those which have arisen in other parts of the field of disturbance; and throughout the whole world an ominous social ferment and unrest prevails, for the war has let loose elemental forces which refuse to be brought again under control.

All through the war the combatant nations have been supported by the hope and assurance of a peace that should be complete and final. In the faith that this was the goal towards which events were surely, if slowly, moving, and in the knowledge that they were engaged in the greatest of all struggles for right and liberty, they have borne with patience unexampled sacrifices and privations. But the settlement of the world refuses to proceed according to plan. No sooner has a conflagration been extinguished in one place than flames break out anew elsewhere, and at the present moment Allied forces are doing fire-brigade service in at least a dozen parts of Eastern Europe.

When the most generous allowance has been made for the enormous difficulty of bringing the Allies into line upon the question of peace conditions and the new European status, and when the unstinting tribute which is due has been paid to the moderating influence of British and American statesmanship, the fact remains that the first and most urgent of the treaties of peace is vitiated by excessive regard for the past, and in its present form contains the certain menace of new rancours and contentions. "The instinct of nations," says Guizot, "sees farther than the negotiations of diplomatists." It is certain that on all sides there prevails an oppressive apprehension that the settlements which the diplomatists are concluding are unreal and lack the stamp of stability. Labour in particular is restive and disposed to be resentful, suspicious that the draught which is being offered to the parched lips of the peace-thirsty world is neither nectar nor nepenthe, but poison, and unconvinced that the world has yet been made "safe for democracy" or is going to be. Socialist

journalists in France, who had believed that President Wilson was "he that should have redeemed Israel," are venting their disappointment in unmeasured language, and speaking of him as "the great vanquished" and "the fallacious hope of a day," forgetting that if any one influence in Paris has been more hostile than another to the President's idealism it is the influence of certain French statesmen.

Within the official circle of the Entente itself serious misgivings exist. On the one hand, we have spokesmen of France deploring that, after all that has been done for her, she is coming out of the welter no more secure than in the past, ignoring the fact that she might have had security enough and to spare if she had sought it of the right kind and in the right way. On the other hand, hardly one of the small nations, whose aspirations for independent State life have been recognised, is wholly satisfied with or grateful for the gift of liberation. The Poles are insatiable, as they ever were and will be, while the Jugo-Slavs are bitterly disenchanted. That the Big Five would be able to satisfy all national expectations was impossible, and that they have done their best is certain. Unreasonable as may be the complaints on this score, however, the facts that matter are their existence, the temper behind them, and the effect of this temper upon an already complicated political situation.

Nor are the Great Powers which have called the little States into existence altogether enamoured of their handiwork. It was expected that these States would, as a matter of course, be mothered by the League of Nations, upon which should rest the principal responsibility for their tranquillity at home and their security against outside aggression. It is a disconcerting discovery that there is not one of these States, even the smallest, which does not want to have its own army, of a size far beyond the limits of its capacity or its prudence, and to make free use of it. Further, while the war was a protest against territorial ambitions, which seemed to threaten the liberties of the race, it has unchained in France and Italy dangerous tendencies of the self-same kind, and in the struggle between a new internationalism and a new nationalistic imperialism the latter would appear for the moment to have gained the upper hand.

There are a few of the more disquieting incidents of the foreign situation at the present time. Europe has been shattered and disintegrated, and no stable structure has as yet taken its place. Faulty, effete, and rotten in some of its vital parts as the old Continental system was, it was at least held together by powerful static forces—ancient political organisations, tenacious dynastic traditions, a rigid military discipline, which had seemed to be part

of the very life of the nations that most suffered under its weight. Europe, as we see it to-day, is a confused agglomeration of States, States-in-being and States ~~in~~ ruins, and he would be a bold man who dared to predict how soon this state of chaos will end. Recently, the delegates of no fewer than twenty-eight Allied States signed the Treaty of Versailles as a first step towards creating in Europe some sort of order and stability, yet it is doubtful whether among these States there are half a dozen which would be prepared to resort to arms again for the purpose of making the Treaty effective.

But that is not all, for a glance at the inner relations of the Allied Powers themselves is sufficient to convince the least apprehensive that they leave much to be desired. Italy is wroth at the refusal of France to support her in the Adriatic, particularly at her active intervention at Fiume, at the superior colonial concessions obtained by her African neighbours, and at the preference which France has asserted for herself in the matter of the distribution of the German reparation money. "Are we going to lose Italy?" asks one French journal; while M. Franklin-Bouillon, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Chamber, writes in the *Matin*: "Never even in the days of Crispi were the distrust and hostility of the Italian people (against France) more manifest." Italy's hostility to the Jugo-Slavs, the special *protégés* of Great Britain and America, is another unfortunate fact, though one easy to understand and allow for, when we remember past history and the fact that the races now liberated from Austrian misrule were but yesterday devastating some of her fairest provinces. While, further, Italy has fallen out with Greece, though her ally, she has actually made friendly overtures to Bulgaria, in the determination to assure for herself protection against the Jugo-Slavs as a common enemy. Greece, for her part, is stalking about in jack-boots, protesting her willingness to undertake any amount of military and administrative responsibility, even to subduing and governing the entire Turkish Empire. Japan and China are at loggerheads, and no one knows what will be the outcome, for while the former has given assurances of her intention to evacuate the Chinese territory which she still holds in pawn, her allies are wondering whether this means that new claims will be advanced in lieu of the old.

Nor is Great Britain herself spared in the *inlétée* of recrimination. While the diplomatic attitude of the statesmen of France and Italy towards us is strictly correct, and no doubt sincerely so, the Press of both countries is complaining that we have secured more than our due share of material advantage from the settlement with Germany, and declaiming against an alleged

design of British and Anglo-Saxon "hegemony" and "domination" of the world.

In the prevailing gloom and depression there is one clear ray of light, and men's eyes are turned to it everywhere with a hope and an eagerness which are truly pathetic. A year ago the common cry was "Wilson or Lenin!"; to-day the conviction has captured the minds of most moral men and women, to whom the war and the settlement are something more than a contest of brute force, that the alternative to the League of Nations is universal chaos. It is true that the organisation of the nations for the maintenance of peace is still passing through that conflict of faith and doubt which is the lot of every great idea, every bold attempt to break away from deeply-rooted prejudices and hampering traditions. In the morning we all of us see a hundred reasons why the League of Nations must be; in the evening far too many of us see a hundred reasons why it cannot be. Nevertheless, there can be no question that upon this subject public opinion, on the whole, is thoroughly sound.

Already the League exists in-name, and its Covenant has been signed by the whole of the States which were at war with the Central Powers. The Covenant is not a very sensational document, and if some of its provisions are to be altered as Senators Knox and Lodge propose, its efficacy will be further weakened. Even the stipulations upon the burning questions of disarmament and profit-making out of the manufacture of instruments of destruction are halting and weak. Yet large allowances have to be made for the architects and builders of the League. Even here President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George had to wage a severe struggle which would have disheartened men of less conviction and strength of will. For a long time the atmosphere of Paris was entirely hostile to the scheme. So many were the difficulties which had to be overcome, and so mixed were the motives which influenced the delegates for and against, that one might well ask, in the words of J. R. Lowell, "Did faith build this wonder, or did fear?"

M. Clemenceau in particular disliked the idea from the first, and was won over to it against his will, for he had counted on the renewal of military alliances of the old kind, combined with the emasculation and enchainment, for an indefinite period, of the late enemy of Europe's peace. Writing in the Paris *L'Humanité* several weeks ago, M. Cachin faithfully represented the lines of policy which the French Premier would have followed had the decision been wholly in his hands. "M. Clemenceau," he said, "never believed that this war would be the last. In his eyes humanity is eternally condemned to conflicts between nations.

From this it follows that peace for such a man can only logically be inspired by the idea of the destruction of the enemy. Germany must be completely disarmed, and must then be surrounded by secondary allies, each armed to the teeth and living under the protection of the conquerors." The effects of this short-sighted policy are plainly seen in the Treaty of Versailles, in spite of the restraining influence of the British Prime Minister and his American colleague.

The attitude of Italy to the League was for a time critical, for the political tendencies uppermost in that country at present are totally opposed to its spirit. Regarding it as a curb upon their imperialistic ambitions the neo-Crispi-ites are only coolly sympathetic to it, and profess to see in it a device of the Anglo-Saxon nations for keeping the world under their own control. In the event Italy, like France, accepted the League with an outward show of conviction, but, while by way of reservation the latter retained her militarism, the former refused to abate her imperialism, which continues to the present hour to be one of the greatest obstacles to the pacification of South-Eastern Europe. The major Powers having been won for the League, the minor States came in as a matter of course.

On the whole, it is probable that fear far more than faith determined the action of the great majority of the signatories to the Covenant, and apprehension of the consequences of abstention and discord rather than love of each other may for a long time continue to be the binding material. Yet that does not imply any doubt of their sincerity, for "It's a maxim not to be despised, though peace be made, it's interest that keeps peace."

Looking to the future, I believe that two things will save the League and make it effective for good. One is the continued close co-operation of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family in the great work of world pacification, and the other is the revision of the first of the treaties of peace.

To the advancement of the first of these objects, so important for the welfare of the entire human race, the efforts of British statesmanship and the goodwill of the British races must be directed with an earnestness, a consciousness, and a concentration never exercised or deemed necessary in the past. This co-operation will need to go beyond a sympathy and attachment based upon kinship and common ideals. As these two great nations have been associates in war, so they must be inseparable comrades in the future service of peace. Of all the Powers united in the League of Nations, none can be named in the same breath with America in importance for our own country. We want the continued friendship of France, and are determined to retain

it on the one condition that it shall not require of us disloyalty to British ideas of statesmanship or close our sympathies to other nations; we can never break with Italy, even though we may doubt the wisdom of her imperialistic proclivities; a good understanding with Japan is of supreme importance for our position in the East; the time may come when we may have to recognise the advantage of renewing the broken ties with our principal enemy of to-day. All these associations, however, must henceforth be subordinated to the paramount necessity of the closest possible co-operation with America, a co-operation called for by moral, quite as much as political, considerations.

There are signs that a considerable section of the American public has yet to make up its mind regarding the part which it wishes America to play in international affairs. Strong traditions, as old as the American State system itself, speak for reversion to the policy of non-intervention and the old principle that America should "keep herself to herself" and let the Old World go its own way. Nor can it be doubted that their experience of European politics has brought to the Americans a rude disenchantment. Their gallant armies crossed the Atlantic in the chivalrous spirit of crusaders who were not only entering the lists against the instigators of war, but against war itself, believing that Europe, once freed from the German peril, wanted peace and would ensue it. They were to give the finishing blows in a struggle which was exhausting the energies of their auxiliaries, and thereafter the League of Nations was to confirm the peace of the world as a *fait accompli*, and Europe to become a sort of Agapemone, an abode of universal brotherhood and love. It has come to America as a painful surprise that this perverse, obstinate, incurable Europe, which they, like so many of us on this side of the ocean, believed to be weary of war, cannot easily be won back into peaceful ways. Over the terms of the peace some of the Allies have quarrelled to the point of acrimony and at times almost of rupture, and at the present moment, though the Central Powers have laid down their arms, we are told that a score of little wars are still in progress.

What wonder that America cannot understand this strange *dénouement* of the greatest tragedy of history when we Europeans are unable to understand it ourselves? What wonder if many Americans, feeling that they have been deluded and befooled, fearing also that any further interference in other people's concerns may saddle their country with responsibilities to which there could be no end, are disposed to fall back upon the old tradition, to reinstate the tried principle of non-intervention, and never mention the name of Europe again?

Only Americans can fully appreciate the camouflage and by-play which make American politics so interesting but at times so incomprehensible to Cis-Atlantians, and it would be a real service if the speeches of some leading American politicians—especially Senators—were accompanied by some guidance as to the precise degree of their seriousness. Without pretending to grasp the true inwardness of what is taking place at the present time at Washington, one must believe that a policy of withdrawal, however natural it may be in the circumstances, will not be adopted. The service which America is able to render to the world at the present time, when political and social revolutions of all kinds are in progress, and we stand before a wholesale "transvaluation of values," is incalculable. America could not cut herself off from the momentous changes which are taking place and still pending even if she would: whether as active agent or passive onlooker she must influence and be influenced by them. A full and willing participation in all the further tasks of reorganisation and reconstruction is a duty to which the very genius of her people calls her. Through her representatives in Paris she has already made a contribution of real and lasting value to the immense task of repairing the shattered structure of European society. But there are problems elsewhere still to be solved, and when the work of settlement is completed there will remain the equally onerous service of surveillance and after-care. Europe, in this critical hour of her rebirth, lacks just the invigoration which a young nation, and pre-eminently a young, strong, self-conscious democracy, is able to give. What we need are new traditions for old, living conceptions for dead formulas, a world spirit and outlook in place of a narrow, petty, selfish nationalism that cannot see beyond sectional interests and momentary advantages. We want also the help of America's clear, unbiassed, practical judgment, the dynamic of her warm sympathy, and the stimulus of her idealism, fresh, vigorous, hopeful, so that our own, which has suffered so many disappointments and failures that it is apt to languish, may be revitalised and strengthened. The burden of Europe and Asia and Africa is too heavy for the shoulders which have hitherto carried it: *America must hold up her end.*

If, however, it is inconceivable that our kinsmen will refuse to underwrite the peace of the world and will withdraw into their old position of detachment, it is probable that they will insist that the accompanying risks shall be reduced to the utmost, and that they and their associates shall insure themselves against all such risks as cannot be avoided: and for every effort which they make in this direction the other nations should be grateful. It

may be, therefore, that from America will come the active initiative which will lead sooner or later to the revision of the first of the Paris treaties, converting it into a pledge of reconciliation and lasting peace.

Such a revision is inevitable unless we are to run the immeasurable risk of seeing the members of the League divided among themselves and falling into new alliances and groups. The first thought of not a few people who regarded the terms imposed on Germany as excessively severe—not, indeed, as measured by her crimes and her deserts, but as measured by the effect of the terms upon her future development and her relations to the victors and the world at large—was that the Treaty would be likely to kill the League of Nations at its birth. Others, more hopeful and looking further, believed that it would afford to the League, on the very threshold of its career, a priceless opportunity of showing itself to be in very truth an agent of international conciliation, and so of proving its reality and its faith in its own principles and *raison d'être*. The latter view was recently well stated by the *New York World*, and I quote its words with the greater satisfaction because this journal has been one of President Wilson's staunchest friends in the gallant fight which he is making for the League and the Covenant :

"It is not a perfect peace by any means, and left to itself the Treaty, by the very severity of its provisions, contains the seeds of another great war. What saves it, what guarantees a sane and reasonable interpretation in accordance with the needs of justice, is the League of Nations, which is the instrument by which the peace is to be executed, and the tribunal through which it is to be construed and applied."

Happily, this view is becoming general, though opinion differs, and will differ to the last, as to the lines which revision should follow. Mr. Lloyd George put the matter in a nutshell, however, when he said that the settlement "must not leave Germany with a just grievance." It may be taken for granted that the economic stipulations will be relaxed where they can be shown to impede her revival and to create conditions menacing to her social peace. More urgent is the reconsideration of the territorial provisions, some of which, as they now stand, are bound to stimulate the spirit of revenge and to be a perpetual menace to war. Some words written by Castlereagh to Lord Clancarty at the time of the Congress of Vienna, just over a hundred years ago, apply faithfully to certain of the territorial readjustments which the Allied Governments recently sanctioned :—

"'It is curious,' he said, 'to observe the insatiable spirit of getting something without a thought of how it is to be preserved. There is not a Power, however feeble, that borders France from the Channel to the

Mediterranean that is not pushing some acquisition under the plea of security and rectification of frontier. They seem to have no dread of a kick from the Lion when his tolls are removed, and are foolish enough to suppose that the Great Powers of Europe are to be in readiness to protect them in the enjoyment of these petty spoils.' " (Letter of September 4, 1815.)

Yielding to pressure from France, the Paris Conference has stripped Germany of territory in the west, north and east; it has also carved new States out of Russia; it has split up Austria and reduced Hungary; and Turkey and Bulgaria are now upon the operating table. Certain excisions were necessary in most of these cases, and had they been made judiciously and with some regard to the wishes and feelings of the patients these might have been left better in health and perhaps well satisfied with the political surgery practised upon them. Can it be seriously believed, however, that States formed as Poland and the new Russian border States have been formed, anomalies like the Saar internationalisation scheme and the toy republics of Teschen and Birkenfeld, and the isolation of Austria can survive?

Let the League of Nations, after first admitting Germany to membership, undertake the revision of the Versailles Treaty voluntarily, and Europe may still be assured the peace which has been so hardly won. The alternative to that course is that Germany will remain a sullen, embittered and disaffected member of the European family, only biding her time until circumstances shall be favourable to forcible revision at the edge of the sword. I am convinced that this is a position which Germany, as now politically reorganised, has no desire to occupy, and will not occupy if a conciliatory spirit is shown to her, but I am equally convinced that the pursuance towards her by the Allies of the present policy of hardness will drive her into it, and that in such an event she would prove a source of constant and incalculable mischief. Think of the opportunities which will come to her directly the hot humours created by the war disappear, the world settles down to the old course, and the relations of the Powers are regulated, no longer by the necessities of an abnormal situation, but by those considerations of interest which, in the long run, are the mightiest motive forces in national policy everywhere, let us idealise our noble selves as we may.

It is natural to regard the League of Nations, as now composed, as forming in effect an alliance hostile to the enemy Powers—a sort of Holy Alliance on democratic lines. Formally, this is the present position, but it would be a grievous miscalculation to assume that it can so continue when hostilities have finally ceased. A League informed by such a purpose could not live, for it would outrage the moral sense of the world and violate the spirit of its

own Covenant, the opening lines of which affirm that it is the object of the signatory States "to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security." What is more to the point is the practical certainty that as soon as the League gets to business the old international sympathies and antipathies will assert themselves. The Treaty of Versailles has been appended to the Covenant of the League, and the Covenant has been signed by all the States which were at war with the Central Powers, and will, no doubt, be adhered to in due time by the neutral States of Europe. Can anyone suppose, however, that even the first of these groups of States could be counted on to form for long an anti-German coalition? A little reflection is sufficient to prove any such assumption unjustifiable. France, Belgium and Poland may safely be regarded as irreconcilable, but with these exceptions it is doubtful whether there is a single State in the list whose continued hostility against Germany is certain or even probable. The statement may seem a daring one, but I would recall the plain facts, and they may well cause us to revise pre-conceived conclusions on this subject.

There exists between Italy and Germany no necessary cause of antagonism, and in the past their relations were singularly cordial. Bismarck spoke of Italy as "the natural ally of Germany, since both States are surrounded by neighbours which wish to augment themselves at their cost," while Cavour said that a Prusso-Italian alliance was "written in the book of history." Italy was, in fact, Germany's faithful ally for the long period of thirty-two years, during which Great Britain's relations with two of her European Allies in the present war were notoriously chequered and inconstant. Even now, the cordial ties which existed between the first German Emperor and the first Italian King are a treasured memory in both countries. Moreover, Germany astutely left to Austria the onus of the Italian campaign. The Italians are passionate and the Germans are understood to have been schooling themselves to hatred during the war, but (subject to reservations on the subject of Austrian Tyrol) there is little likelihood that bitterness will last long on either side, though the memory of Italy's refusal to be duped by her associates of the Triple Alliance rankles in German minds. Already, indeed, Italian statesmen are saying that their country must, in future, follow a policy of neutrality, and that it is specially called upon to "bridge the gulf between the conquerors and the conquered," while the strong pro-German section of the Italian Press is calling for the relaxation of the German terms of peace. That the war will leave Italy more favourably disposed to France than five years ago is highly improbable.

Nor have any of the new States, with the one exception already noted, any reason whatever for permanent hostility to Germany. Czecho-Slovakia will be compelled in its own interest to cultivate friendly relations with her, for unless the confidence and co-operation of the Germans of Bohemia can be gained this bold experiment in State-planning will prove a ghastly failure; Jugoslavia will follow suit, and already the organised Socialists of that country have sent fraternal greetings to their comrades in Germany, protesting their repugnance to the Treaty of Versailles as "dangerous to the future peace of Europe." Looking further afield, it is at least doubtful whether Japan would side against Germany on any question which did not affect her immediate interests, and it is certain that China would not. As for the small neutral States, the Scandinavian group and Holland in the North of Europe may confidently be placed among Germany's friends, while Spain in the South could have no desire to be omitted from her visiting list. Whatever may be the interest of our own people in the renewal of tolerable relations with Germany, it is certain that America will not agree to leave Germany in the position in which the Treaty of Versailles has placed her. In no country is the demand more urgent that the Treaty should be ameliorated and Germany be admitted to the League of Nations with the least delay practicable.

Already German writers are ingeniously speculating upon the situation which will arise when the close ties created between the Allies by the necessities of war are relaxed, and each is able to adjust its international relationships to normal conditions, and they are counting on an entirely new grouping of the Powers, which shall leave their country no longer at the mercy of its present gaolers. "The differences of interests amongst the Allies," writes an acute publicist, Herr Georg Bernhard, in the *Vossische Zeitung* (July 7), "are bound to assert an influence in time, and no treaty in the world can prevent their doing so. Because of the identity of interests between Germany and large parts of Europe Germany is bound automatically to find allies." This is a view which I have been emphasising for the last three years, as one of vital bearing upon the terms of the settlement with our principal adversary. It is to be feared that the Allies, concentrating their minds upon transitory conditions and present interests, instead of taking a large forward-looking view of the European question as a whole, have deliberately gone out of their way to make difficulties for themselves and to play Germany's game.

The conflicting interests and cross-currents which will inevitably reveal themselves directly the League of Nations comes to practical politics would have offered to a Machiavelli, a

Mazarin, a Talleyrand, a Metternich, or a Bismarck unique opportunities for intrigue, double-dealing, and mischief-making. With what consummate skill and success would Bismarck have used such a situation for his country's advantage! In my opinion it is not Great Britain nor America, nor even Russia, but Germany, to-day beaten to the ground and held in chains, which will be the pivot upon which the relations and policy of the League of Nations will turn. I believe also that in any diplomatic card game of the early future the trumps will be found to be in her hands. Whether, if driven to it, she will play them skilfully, is another question, though as to this, too, it would be safe to give her the benefit of the doubt.

The greatest potential source of danger is the future relationship of Germany and Russia, whether these Powers are allowed to enter the League of Nations or are compelled, or elect, to remain outside it—the latter a contingency which in the case of Russia is quite possible. Wherever the future sympathies of the Russian nation may go, they will not fall to the Powers of the Entente. Not only do the Russians in the mass attribute the disaster which the war has brought upon them to the policy which drew their country into the vortex of Western politics, and made it a co-partner in enterprises in which it had little direct interest, but natural inter-dependence and historical attachments as neighbouring States will draw Germany and Russia together, and that the more certainly because they are united by the bond of a common misfortune. The certainty of this *rapprochement* is quite independent of Russia's future form of Government. Whatever be the ultimate design of that dark horse of the Russian political stud, Admiral Koltchak, the alternatives are these: either Koltchak, if successful, will place the country under some sort of democratic rule—in all probability centralised—in which case a working agreement with the new German *régime* would be at once practicable and natural, or monarchy will be re-established, in which event there would be a clear break with the Allies, leaving Germany the sole European aspirant for Russian favour and increasing the chances of a Hohenzollern restoration. The latter is a possible development which must never be left out of mind in speculations upon the future of Germany; it is also a development which the Allies have it in their power, to an enormous degree, to hinder or help according as their attitude towards the German nation, as now democratised, is sympathetic or otherwise.

A German publicist of unusual insight wrote recently :—

" Russia is the big mark of interrogation in the plans of the Entente, which is anxious, by the use of force and by policy, to overthrow Soviet

rule and set up a *bourgeois* Russia which it can use for its own purposes. In the East, however, there are barriers which the new lords of the world are unable to surmount. Conditions in the East do not at present fit in with their new system of States."

Whatever may be thought of the rest of the writer's opinions, he is on safe ground in reminding us that East and West are as far apart as ever, and that Russia, when she comes to herself, will go her own way, whatever the Allies may do or leave undone. I do not doubt for a moment that in domestic development and foreign affairs alike she will accept Germany's co-operation. Incidentally, I believe that one powerful source of mutual attraction will be found in the sphere of social policy and legislation. Germany stands for Socialism in a way and to a degree that she never did before, and the experiments which she contemplates in the domain of economic socialisation are bound to appeal to a nation with Russia's strong collectivist traditions.

These are possibilities of mischief which it would be dangerous to ignore. It is not beyond the capacity of prudent and far-sighted statesmanship to avert them; but if one dare believe that the Treaty of Versailles represented the last word of the Allies to Germany the outlook would be gloomy. It cannot be the last word, for that word must be one of hope and conciliation. For all countries, but most of all for the British Empire, whose stakes in the world are so grandiose and multifarious, it is a question of momentous importance how we want Germany to develop, for as are our wish, hope and interest, so must be our attitude to her. Shall she continue on the old lines, which have brought upon herself and mankind so much misery, or shall she follow a new course altogether? If the former, all we have to do is to pursue towards her a settled policy of aggravation, to treat her as an outlaw, and to convince her that all her schemes for bringing her political arrangements into harmony with those of Western Europe are but effort wasted; for by so doing we shall effectively drive home to her the conviction that her only hope is the sword of revenge. If the latter, our punitive policy towards her must be freed from any spirit or trace of vindictiveness, any suggestion that we seek her undoing, and must hold out the prospect of a full discharge and a speedy re-admission into the comity of nations. No course of action could be more disastrous to the general well-being than one that made Germany a centre of political unrest and a gathering-ground for the world's ill-humour and discontent. She is going to give us, owing to her example and initiative, a good deal more Socialism than many of us may like; let us not put it into her power to force upon us still more dubious gifts.

To all argument for the revision of the Treaty in the enemy's favour the representatives of our own brand of the cult of "frightfulness" reply with the retort "Pro-Germanism!"—that last infirmity of feeble brain. To bandy words with such people is waste of time. While hoping, however, that the time will never come when Englishmen will no longer dare to contend for right because it is right, whether in the interest of enemy or friend, from a weak fear of misrepresentation and calumny, I would suggest that the more we are influenced in our treatment of Germany by considerations of cold expediency the better. The question which we have to ask ourselves is not, how can Germany's good will be wooed and won, but rather what treatment of her will be best and most advantageous for Europe and mankind at large; what treatment will soonest heal the scars and obliterate the ravages of war, allow the world to return most speedily to the settled ways of order, industry, thrift, and discipline, and prove the surest earnest of a lasting peace? We can afford to wait for Germany's good will and friendship; but we cannot afford to wait for a wise and judicious settlement which will encourage Germany to settle down as a contented member of the European household, winning for herself, if she can, that distinction in the fine arts of peace which she has unhappily won in the past in the crude arts of war. A settlement concluded under the sign and seal of moderation and conciliation may seem a humdrum and unheroic method of winding up the most appalling war in the world's history, but on a long and large view of affairs only such a settlement will be prudent, safe, and on the lowest plane advantageous.

An ethical teacher of this generation has said that there are times when it is of far greater importance to say "This is right" than "That is wrong," and the present is such a time. Interest apart, the policy I have outlined is right; it is right because moral, and because only a truly moral peace is worthy of a moral war. In the struggle now happily ended all mankind—friend and enemy alike—has endured heroically, sacrificed nobly, and suffered bitterly. In spite of many present evidences of languor and unrest, it is still sustained in some degree by an unexhausted reserve of elation and enthusiasm. But this support will not last indefinitely. Soon will come the quiet, dull, drab, empty days and the chastened mood in which it will have to face the great stocktaking, setting gain against loss and loss against gain, and, above all, seeing facts as they are, free from glamour and illusion. All such necessary reparation and restitution as the Allies may have enforced in favour of Belgium, France, and the other countries which have been pillaged and devastated, may

then, as acts of justice, satisfy the outraged sense of right; but they will do no more. Measures of punishment alone will be a poor equivalent for the millions of lost and broken lives and desolate homes. The more one contemplates the vastness of the misfortune which the war has inflicted upon mankind, the clearer does it become that compensation in terms of money and territory, of power and prestige, will not suffice to balance the account, and that it is to moral values and spiritual gains that we would most look for any real and lasting recompense.

The price may not have been too great if, learning by the bitter past, the world discovers a new way of life; if there shall come about a transformation of political conceptions and national ideals as a result of which fraternity, fellowship, and co-operation shall replace rivalry, feud, and egoism in international relations, "the common will of mankind" be substituted for "the interests of individual States," and free and generous recognition be given to the truth, discovered in the darkest hours of the world's history, that the life of one nation is part of the life of every nation, and that no nation can profit or lose, suffer wrong or do it, without reactions upon the entire human brotherhood. It is, perchance, gains of such sort that will most compensate the nations for their immeasurable sacrifices, and reconcile to their cruel fate those who have been stricken, giving them strength to bear their sorrow and even to triumph over it.

WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.

THE POSITION OF ROUMANIA.

THE prolonged negotiations in Paris and the more immediate problems, which have arisen at home and abroad since the conclusion of the Armistice, are responsible for the fact that the situation in the Near East and the positions of its countries and peoples are inclined again to be forgotten. This oversight or lack of conception has been and is particularly marked in the case of Roumania, partly because her difficulties during the war are not understood, partly because she has inaugurated but little propaganda in foreign countries, and partly because her future rôle and importance are not understood by the average member of the general public. Whilst, therefore, at the moment of writing (August 13th) the most engrossing feature of the Roumanian situation may temporarily be the developments connected with her advance to Buda Pesth, I propose to put forward no excuses for, and to express no condemnation or approval of, this move. Indeed, upon this subject I will content myself by saying that, for good or for bad, League of Nations or no League of Nations, this development forms an excellent example of what will happen in the future if the various outstanding Near Eastern problems are not now satisfactorily settled, and that it constitutes the best possible justification for our consideration of some of the reasons which have affected the more or less recent policies of Roumania, for a discussion of her present claims to aggrandisement and for a review of a few of the measures to be adopted in that country if Pan-German domination there is really to cease.

In order to understand these questions aright and to view the war policy of Roumania without prejudice, it is necessary to realise the meaning of her geographical position. Practically surrounded by the former Dual Monarchy, Russia and Bulgaria, and commanding the Lower Danube, she forms a political, military and commercial bridge between West and East—a bridge the value of which was fully recognised by the enemy before as during the war. Not really a Balkan or Near Eastern State, her interests are semi-international and semi-Balkan. So far as the first of these is concerned, prior to August, 1916, the policy of Roumania was bound up with the fact that she was compelled to try to maintain good relations either with the Central Powers or with Russia, and that, before becoming definitely committed to either group, she desired to convince herself that her friends

were those destined to be the victors in the war. Whilst open to criticism, this attitude was natural, because for years Roumania has been desirous of securing possession either of the formerly Austro-Hungarian districts, inhabited largely by Roumanians, or of Bessarabia, which she has always coveted. From a Balkan standpoint the most important thing was, and is, that nothing should take place on the south of the Danube which would in any way threaten the general interests of Roumania or so strengthen the positions of her Balkan neighbours as to affect those interests.

The real key of what has taken place since 1914, consequently, lies in the fact that the Roumanians, like all the other peoples who have been engaged in hostilities, except the British and the Americans, have worked to utilise the occasion to realise the aspirations which lie so close to the heart of every patriotic citizen, and to do this at the minimum of risk to themselves. From the moment of the outbreak of the war, therefore, the position was an extremely difficult one. On the one hand Roumania could not afford to take sides with Russia or Austria-Hungary, unless she were absolutely guaranteed the strongest material assistance from the group of belligerents which she supported. And, on the other, the statesmen of Bucharest recognised that so long as the attitude of Bulgaria remained undecided, any war move would almost undoubtedly lay their southern frontier open to attack—an attack the way for which was left open by the so-called settlement arrived at by the Treaty of Bucharest of 1913. Moreover, to add to these difficulties, there was the fact that in 1883 Roumania had joined the Central Powers in a defensive treaty, the terms of which were identical with those binding Italy to the Triple Alliance.

The situation was further complicated by the attitude of the late King. That sovereign, who, only three years after his arrival at Bucharest, telegraphed to the King of Prussia that "Although I am to-day Prince of Roumania, I am, and I remain always, a Hohenzollern," was firmly convinced that the obligations and interests of his country placed her on the side of the Central Powers. Strengthened, however, by the declaration of Italy, and really knowing that Germany and Austria were the aggressors, the Crown Council, assembled directly after the outbreak of the war, decided that Roumania should remain neutral. Later on and after the death of King Carol in October, 1914, most far-seeing statesmen, particularly M. Take Jonesco, who believed in a good Balkan understanding,¹ and who was always in favour of war upon the side of the Allies, began to see 'hat,

(1) See *Sourvenirs*, by Take Jonesco. Payot et Cie, Paris.

if Roumania were to be in a position to realise her larger aspirations, she must be prepared to adopt a definite policy, and that it was only a question of the moment at which she should enter the war.

It was about the time of the Muscovite retreat, which began in May, 1915, and therefore between the entries of Turkey and of Bulgaria into the war, that Russia was so unjustifiably responsible in standing in the way of, instead of encouraging, arrangements, which would have strengthened the pro-war party in Roumania and made her wish to enter the war upon the Allied side. This criminal policy temporarily tied the hands of those who were then advocates of war and who recognised that the maintenance of the disastrous Treaty of Bucharest was no longer necessary. This Russian attitude, therefore, constituted a fatal stumbling-block, for it meant, firstly, that Roumania was then given no assurance that by war she could realise her aspirations across her north-western frontier, and, secondly, that she therefore never utilised, to the full, what would have been her all-important influence with Serbia and with Greece in favour of concessions to Bulgaria. This was the turning-point in the situation, for whilst it may well be argued that the statesmen of Bucharest should have told Bulgaria that her (Bulgaria's) adhesion to the side of the enemy would mean a Roumanian entrance on the side of the Allies, even the adoption of such a policy would not have counterbalanced the disastrous consequences of the loss of the possibility of the recreation of a Balkan League.

When Bulgaria had thrown in her lot with the Central Powers, and when they had overrun Serbia and established through connection with Constantinople, the whole situation had changed, in that it was to the advantage of the enemy rather than to that of the Allies that Roumania should become involved in hostilities. Indeed, considering the significance of her geographical position, and judging from subsequent events, it seems justifiable to suggest that, when Germany recognised she could not secure the support of Roumania, she worked not for continued neutrality, but for actual hostility. The Allies should have recognised this and endeavoured to prevent the realisation of the Germanic objects. Instead, however, of doing so, whilst the exact events and their sequence at this period are still somewhat obscure, it is pretty clear either that the enemy directly utilised the influence which he then possessed with the governing classes in Russia to compel Roumania to enter the war, or that she was forced to do so at that moment, or not at all, by external and internal circumstances over which the Western Allies had a certain

command. The net result was that the way became ready for Germany to secure routes towards the South and East, which were vital to her, and that, whilst Roumania was promised the satisfaction of her claims in Austro-Hungarian territory by the then secret treaty between her and the Allies, signed on August 18th, 1916, she was bound by the same document to terminate her neutrality ten days later.

So much for the situation preceding and connected with the entrance of Roumania into the war. But the misfortunes of that country were then only in their initial stage, and this partly on account of developments, or of lack of developments, over which she had no control. By the above-mentioned secret treaty an advance was promised from Salonica on August 20th—an advance which had to be delayed on account of the difficulties existing in that area, and an advance which could not even subsequently be performed on a scale sufficiently wide to immobilise Bulgaria, who proved to be Roumania's most fatal enemy. And what was of even greater consequence, no secret is now made of the fact that the pro-German elements of the then Tsarist Government once more worked for the downfall of Roumania, temporarily achieving this object by several distinct methods. To begin with, the Russians, having encouraged her to think that she would have only to fight on her northern and western frontiers, did nothing whatever to carry out their promised attack upon Bulgaria from the Black Sea, and therefore in no way helped to distract that country and her allies on the south of the Danube. Moreover, the strong support in men and war material pledged for the Carpathian front was never forthcoming. And last, but perhaps most dreadful of all, the arms and supplies, furnished by the Western Allies and sent to Archangel, were either never forwarded or so delayed in transit that they only arrived when it was already too late. The Roumanians were thus left to a fate as terrible as any suffered in the war.

It is to be argued with truth and with justice that the General Staff of King Ferdinand precipitated this fate by their advance into Transylvania, instead of remaining on the defensive on all fronts, or at any rate of defending the passes of the Carpathians and Transylvanian Alps whilst delivering their main attack in the direction of Bulgaria. But even had one of these wiser policies been adopted, it is apparent that the evil day could only have been postponed, for it would have been all but impossible for the Roumanians (even had their army been more efficient than it was) indefinitely to protect their frontiers, which have a length of about 800 miles, with a field army of only 300,000 to 400,000 men, with less than 300,000 magazine rifles, with only two

machine-guns per regiment, with no flying corps or mountain artillery, and with hardly any heavy guns. Moreover, however undesirable the existence of such sentiments may be, it must be recognised that the Government could hardly have rendered political motives subservient to military necessities, and that it may well have been compelled to undertake a strategically wrong policy in order to satisfy the sentiments of the Roumanian people, who, for years, have turned their attention towards Transylvania.

In considering the exit of Roumania from the war early in 1918, it is necessary to remember that when the enemy delivered his first ultimatum early in February, her Army was practically an isolated force, exposed on the one hand to an Austro-German-Bulgarian attack, and on the other to the intrigues of the Bolsheviks. General Averescu, now the popular hero in Roumania, and the leader of the People's Party, who became Prime Minister, for a short time, on the resignation of M. Brătianu, was therefore faced by the alternative of either agreeing to an immediate peace or of continuing the war, for what could only be a limited period, thereby bringing upon his people minute additional suffering and loss. Finally, whilst still a firm supporter of the Allied cause, the General, having, I believe, failed to secure any information from the Allies that his continued temporary resistance would further their strategical plan, and believing that a cessation of hostilities was absolutely necessary from the military standpoint, agreed to a preliminary peace on March 5th—a peace signed in so-called permanent form two months later. That peace, the attitude of the Allies towards which was, I understand, somewhat obscure and indefinite at the time of its original signature, was never formally approved or recognised by them, or at any rate by Great Britain, who, whatever may have been said informally, did not officially, so I understand, consent to or recognise an independent agreement made with the Central Powers.

So much for the entirely exceptional position of Roumania in the war. But her place at the Peace Conference is even more remarkable. She is, so to speak, an Ally, and yet not an Ally. She fought loyally for the cause of liberty, and she made peace involuntarily and out of dire necessity, yet none the less in technical contravention of what are believed to be the terms of the treaty of August, 1916. She re-entered the theatre of hostilities on November 10th, and therefore, after the Austro-Hungarian exit, in order to place herself once more officially on the Allied side, and with the contention, so I believe, that in doing this she again put into operation her secret treaty, but actually without any definite agreement upon this subject. She therefore came to

Paris entitled to the full measure of consideration, which, we suppose, has been given to her, but nevertheless in the position of a supplicant in that she should not have relied upon, even if she did rely upon, the terms of a document the validity of which had certainly become open to doubt. On the other hand, however, owing to the exit of Russia from the war, she was entitled to present her claims to Bessarabia—claims which would probably never have even been discussed had the situation developed as was expected when she originally threw in her lot with the Allies. These being the circumstances, and as no definite or final frontiers for Roumania have yet been laid down, I propose to deal with the three broad territorial questions affecting the future of that country and to indicate what would seem to be a possible settlement in each case.

(1) The position of her western and north-western frontier, which raises the problems of the Banat of Temeshvar, Transylvania and the Bukovina. These areas, and in certain places more than these areas, are claimed on the strength of the secret treaty and on account of the ethnical composition of the inhabitants. So far as the first is concerned, in many ways it would have been more satisfactory to give the whole of the Banat to Roumania. Such an arrangement would, however, have left her possessed of a considerable Serb population and of an area very precious to Serbia, not only on historical and sentimental grounds, but also because its annexation by Roumania would have left Belgrade still within gunfire of alien territory. On the whole, therefore, whilst I think that Serbia would have been well advised not to press her claims on the north of the Danube, and whilst an unnatural geographical partition will lead to future complications, a division of this territory may have been necessary.

To the north and north-east of the Banat the Roumanians are hardly likely to secure the frontiers formed by the Rivers Theiss and Pruth—frontiers said to have been promised to them by the secret treaty. Here, as Mr. J. D. Bourchier, the former well-known correspondent of *The Times* in the Balkans, points out,¹ it would seem fair that the frontier should be formed by a line drawn in a north-easterly direction from Arad, on the River Maros, to the neighbourhood of the source of the River Sereth on the western boundary of the Bukovina. With regard to that province, by the secret treaty, Roumania was to secure the section up to the Pruth, and this may well be the settlement arrived at unless arrangements are made to leave the town of Czernowitz and the territory immediately bordering upon it outside

(1) *The Quarterly Review*, No 453, October, 1917.

Roumania The point, however, here is that, in spite of certain ethnical difficulties, it would probably be better for Poland and Roumania to have a contiguous frontier in the present Bukovina, instead of, as is sometimes suggested, these two countries being separated by a belt of alien territory.

The delimitation of the eastern frontier raises the problem of Bessarabia, which is claimed by the Roumanians upon historical and ethnical grounds. Here then case for a boundary made by the Dniester instead of by the Pruth is a strong one. The only real questions, therefore, are first, whether the National Council, which voted for union with Roumania in April, 1918, was truly representative and, if so whether the popularity of Roumania among the inhabitants is still such that a vote would now be given in the same direction. And, secondly, it remains to be proved if it be wise for Roumania to push her aspirations to all this area in view of the fact that their satisfaction can hardly fail to lead to future friction with whatever may be the regime to be established in Russia.

As the Danube will undoubtedly continue to form the greater part of Roumania's southern boundary the only point now left open for discussion is that connected with the future of the Dobruja a point upon which the relations between Roumania and Bulgaria have depended for years. Here no doubt rests in my mind either that the new Bulgaro-Roumanian frontier should be established by the Peace Conference more or less as it was fixed by the Protocol of Petrograd formulated in May 1913 or that Roumania should herself suggest this line to Bulgaria. Such a sacrifice by Roumania would be amply repaid by the possibility of the re-establishment of good relations with Bulgaria—relations which are vital not only to her own future but to the reconstruction of any Balkan Bloc.

The above suggested territorial solutions are far from perfect and they would not realise all the claims put forward by Roumania. Nevertheless they would probably lead to the political satisfaction of the vast majority of the people and they would therefore mean the practical disappearance of external or foreign causes of unrest thus leaving the way open to any Government to devote itself to a reconstructional policy destined to rid the New Roumania of the Germanic control by means of which for years the country has been held in bondage by the Central Powers. Two features in this control—the late King Carol and the Treaty of 1883—have now disappeared. But this is not sufficient, for, throughout the decades preceding the outbreak of hostilities, Germany had played a very large part in the education of the Roumanians and she had figured in all

branches of their commercial life. Thus, with German schools and societies scattered all over the country, and that tongue widely known to the people, students have been attracted to Germany, where many prominent Roumanian statesmen have been educated. Moreover, German finance had acquired a hold, for, with one exception, all the Roumanian loans, prior to 1914, were raised in Germany, and, in the following year, that country is stated to have held no less than one-third of the total public debt. And, finally, in addition to obtaining the largest interest in the petroleum industry, the Central Powers gave preferential tariffs on their railways for goods in transit to the Near East, and manipulated duties and dues in such a way as to further their own trade. The result of such a situation was that Germany and Austria either stifled Roumanian industries or secured control over them: in fact, adopting the particular policy that happened to be the most favourable for them.

Roumania has not been, and is unlikely in the immediate future to become, a manufacturing country, and she will therefore continue to depend for many of the necessities of life upon goods imported from abroad. This state of things is due, among other reasons, to its probably being economic for the country to devote her primary attention to agriculture and to oil production, to the arrangement of her tariffs in such a way as to produce revenue rather than to protect home industries, to her geographical position, and last, but not least, to the untiring efforts of the Central Powers. In this last connection, indeed, it is well to realise that from 1901 onwards Germany supplied the lion's share of Roumania's imports, and this in spite of the more favourable geographical position occupied by Austria-Hungary. Thus from 1901 to 1911, whilst in point of quantity the United Kingdom was first, Germany supplied between 27 per cent and 34 per cent. of the total value of these imports, the former Dual Monarchy being a good second with from 20 per cent. to 22 per cent. In short, whereas Germany's trade with Roumania had steadily increased, that of Great Britain had gradually decreased, prior to the war our primary position as to quantity being maintained largely as a result of the coal which we supplied.

The foregoing remarks are sufficient to show that there is a great deal yet to be done if the war is to result in the commercial as well as the political independence of the Roumanian people, and that there are now great opportunities for the Allies to further that object. The moment is now well timed for several distinct reasons. First, Germany will not be in a position at once to re-establish her commercial prosperity, and she cannot therefore flood the foreign markets with goods as she has done in

the past. Secondly, nations who, like Roumania, have been brutally treated during the war will endeavour to avoid again becoming dependent upon their former enemies. And, thirdly, so far as the Balkans and the Near East are concerned, the fact that a stable position must be created at the Dardanelles will react greatly to the advantage of heavy goods, which can always be carried to advantage by sea. In spite of these advantages, however, there are far-reaching obstacles to be overcome. To begin with, as a result of the geographical position of the Balkan countries, for example, Roumania, Serbia and Bulgaria, and of the rapid means of communication, which must continue to exist between them and Central Europe, it will inevitably remain extremely difficult to compete for their trade in expensive and non-bulky articles and in small consignments of all kinds which can be shipped by train at comparatively small expense. And then, to mention only one more point, as self-interest unfortunately ranks at least on an equal level with patriotism, it is obvious that purchasers of all classes will endeavour to secure goods in the markets most favourable to them, and that, owing to the rates of exchange likely to prevail for some time, money will go much farther if expended in enemy rather than in Allied countries.

Such difficulties can only be surmounted—if, indeed, they can be surmounted—by the inauguration of a completely new policy. As Governmental support, corresponding with that officially given by Germany to her commercial undertakings, is hardly likely to be forthcoming, it is important that the great houses, who may be interested, should be encouraged to send out investigators to study the situation for themselves, and that those firms who decide to undertake trade with the Balkans should secure proper representation, if possible British representation—representation which is vital not only for the ordinary conduct of business, but also in order that the necessary information as to the amount of credit to be safely given to customers can be acquired. Moreover, instead of providing catalogues only in English, and of expecting a buyer to purchase goods whether they be really suitable to his trade or not, catalogues should be printed in Roumanian, or at least in French, prices should be quoted in francs or lei (in peace time a leu is of approximately the same value as a franc), and last, but far from least, the make-up and appearance of the goods, and not merely or even primarily their actual quality, should be such as to make their value apparent to the average man.

It is superfluous to say that trade cannot be developed between countries upon a sentimental basis and that British merchants

will not deal with new markets merely or even primarily for patriotic reasons. The question of Anglo-Roumanian commercial relations is therefore one of pure business in which it becomes necessary to consider the desirability of Roumania as a customer. That desirability in its turn depends upon the potential resources and upon the political stability of the country. So far as potential resources are concerned, prosperity seems to be proved by the fact that, for the decade prior to 1912, her revenue showed a satisfactory surplus over her expenditure, in spite of an increase in her budget from about 218,500,000 lei in 1901-1902 to about 160,900,000 lei in 1911-1912. Moreover, whilst since 1899 (with the exception of two years of bad harvest and of the war periods) the value of her exports has exceeded that of her imports, in 1901 that excess only amounted to about 61,300,000 lei, whereas in 1911 it had risen to nearly 122,000,000 lei. Again, although in the past Roumania has been almost exclusively an agricultural country, of recent years the petroleum industry has gone ahead by leaps and bounds. For instance, whilst in 1901 the exportation of petroleum came to a mere 58,000 metric tons, in 1913 it amounted to over 1,847,000 metric tons, and this in spite of the difficulties of transport. These statistics indicate that if the prosperity of Roumania has always been assured by the great fertility of her soil, her oilfields are now destined to become an asset the future magnitude of which it is impossible to calculate.

Turning to the political future of Roumania, the internal stability of that country, so far as the next few years are concerned, depends upon the Peace which she secures and upon various other conditions, the immediate outcome of which it is difficult to forecast with accuracy. A popular Peace must naturally further internal tranquillity, and it would obviously strengthen the position of the Government of M. Brătianu, who leads the Liberal Party. He has enjoyed, and there is good reason to believe that he still enjoys, the entire and complete confidence of the Court, where he is entirely a *persona grata*. From the standpoint of political stability, therefore, there are now two great issues. The first is as to whether the Premier will be able to continue to withstand the opposition of large sections of the population, and if not whether the King will summon some other leader before the situation has already developed in such a manner as to react definitely against his own position. The handling of this question is most important, for if the situation, which has become somewhat acute owing to the inflated prices at present existing and to various other conditions, is allowed to slide too long, the present Government, and indirectly the Sovereign, might well be accused of postponing an election for

the express purpose of avoiding a resort to the system of universal suffrage recently introduced in Roumania. And the second issue, though perhaps less immediate, is equally vital, for it concerns the actual system of putting the Agrarian Reforms, instituted by a Decree-Law of last December, into operation. If they be administered without political or other bias, these reforms, whereby vast tracts of land are eventually to become purchasable by the peasants, together with the emancipation of the Jews now decreed, are such as to remove some of the greatest causes of unrest in Roumania.

To summarise and recapitulate, therefore, I would say that the future importance of Roumania must be understood by those who desire to see the war possessed of its widest and best results. Politically speaking, that country, together with the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, may form a foundation stone of a Balkan *Blor* the reconstruction of which is vital to the future peace of Europe. And commercially, whilst there are far-reaching openings for Allied undertakings in Roumania, the great natural resources of that country are such as to be of the utmost value to the now disorganised world. The advantages of a proper understanding between the British Commonwealth and Roumania are therefore reciprocal.

H. CHARLES WOODS.

ITALY AND THE FIUME QUESTION.

It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that the result of the labours of the Peace Conference would not please everyone, but the veritable hornets' nest that has been aroused in Italy by the mere suggestion that the burning question of the fate of Fiume is not yet definitely settled in favour of Italy is in itself sufficient proof, if proof were necessary, that the people regard the Adriatic port as an inviolable hereditament of the Motherland. This perhaps is scarcely to be wondered at, for the Italians have always attached a sentimental value to the possession of Fiume which has not been suddenly engendered by events of recent date which could certainly never have been anticipated when the secret Pact of London was drawn up.

The report, therefore, that the knotty problem of the sovereignty of the port is on the eve of being solved, on the basis of a compromise, comes as a welcome indication that the tension is lessening, for it is certain that any arrangement that will bring about a peaceful termination of the long-drawn-out dissension will be hailed with the greatest satisfaction throughout the greater part of Europe and America.

It is, of course, to be regretted that with the conclusion of Peace there should be any polemics at all between the victorious Powers, but this particular subject of dispute presents a problem of so curious and complex a character that it is of the utmost importance that it should be cleared up at once and for all—and at the present time if possible, as the Adriatic question forms an integral part of the settlement of the Near Eastern problem, otherwise it is certain that it will always be the skeleton in the cupboard so long as a particle of doubt attaches to it.

Although it is a moral certainty that whatever the nature of the compromise it will not satisfy all Italians, the mere fact of a compromise being entertained is in itself a welcome indication that the unyielding and contumacious attitude which has characterised the extremist sections on both sides is giving place to a more sober view of the situation.

It has become very evident that when President Wilson evolved his now historic "Fourteen Points," he was rather carried away by generous impulses, and had not sufficiently taken into consideration the vast interests that would be involved before the "points" could be carried out effectively.

"Sacred rights" and "self-determination" are unavailable

moral precepts, provided they are acceptable to all parties to the contract and are met in a spirit of generous give and take, but when they strike at concrete interests—the loftiness of the ideals is apt to be minimised.

There is no doubt but that Italian ambitions were stimulated greatly by the famous “fundamental principles” of Wilson. “National aspirations must be respected. Peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. Self-determination is not a mere phrase.”

I found when I was in Italy that it is unfortunately certain that a strong feeling exists among all classes against the French, English and American statesmen on account of what is considered the very disappointing result achieved by the Italian delegates at the Peace Conference.

This feeling has been not a little engendered by a suspicion that President Wilson is trying to get behind the Italian Government, as it were, in the endeavour to make a moral appeal to the population direct, on the question of Fiume, in order to reach a solution of the difficult problem from his own personal point of view.

It is also regrettable to note the fact that in Italian eyes the attitude of Great Britain and France at Versailles has not been what was so confidently anticipated. There is, I gathered, a certain resentment also against Lloyd George in particular for failing to take up any really strong position against President Wilson and Clemenceau on this burning topic.

Even among the more temperate section of the population, what is thought to be the lack of help from England at this juncture has caused a sort of pained surprise, and the more especially as this is the first time, they tell you, that Italy has ever had occasion to doubt the friendship of Great Britain. As a matter of fact, this is actually the first time that the Press has ever said a harsh word against England.

I was, however, constantly being assured that the remarkable popular demonstrations all over the country that have been a feature of the crisis are not directed against the English people, for there is a very strong impression that we are ourselves placed in an awkward position in the matter, and that at heart we favour and fully appreciate the point of view of the Italians and are in complete sympathy with their aspirations.

In the meantime there is tense anxiety as to the outcome of the deliberations that are in progress. In the course of a conversation I had with a highly-placed Italian official I learned that undoubtedly there exists in Italy to-day a big proportion of the population which, without being exactly pacifist at any

price, would be willing to agree to a compromise on the question of Fiume and would also probably be willing to give up a portion of the Dalmatian coast allotted by the Treaty of London if, on the part of the Allies, a hand was offered to Italy to help her to get out of the difficulty and safeguard her honour in a question which is not merely financial, but more than anything moral and political.

The fact that the Government has so long resisted the strong demand for the annexation of Fiume which has been made of late by the majority of the Italian Press, including the ultra-Socialist papers, proves conclusively that it was expected, and is still expected, that England, who is the least interested in the question now that the bugbear of the Adriatic becoming a German lake no longer exists, will helpfully indicate to Italy a way to settle the dispute.

At the present moment all points to an adjustment of some sort, but, whatever the nature of any form of compromise, it is certain to entail a certain amount of moral as well as real concession on the part of Italy, which will be the severest test of her desire to uphold the tenets of the League of Nations.

It must not, however, be forgotten that Irredentism was one of the main issues that brought Italy into the war, and that this implies the rescuing of all Italians from a foreign yoke, together with an equitable readjustment of natural frontiers.

In reviewing the circumstances that have led up to the present critical situation it may, at first blush, appear somewhat unreasonable on the part of Italy, when it is recalled how much she has really benefited territorially by the war, to take up so unaccommodating a view in regard to Fiume. But, on the *postulatum* that blood is thicker than water, it is perhaps scarcely to be wondered at, for, according to the latest census, December 31st, 1918, the population consisted of 28,911 Italians as against 10,927 Yugo-Slavs.

As a further proof of the Italian predominance it is pointed out that the very nomenclature "Fiume" is Italian, and all the principal edifices are of Italian architecture—the façade of the cathedral is copied from the Pantheon in Rome; the Church of St. Vert on the model of Santa Maria della Salute of Venice, and so forth; whilst there is a Roman arch said to have been erected in honour of the Emperor Claudius II.

Notwithstanding the long domination of the city by Austria, the majority of the inhabitants still have Italian names; moreover, all the public documents and records which have been preserved since 1449, whether signed by Archdukes or Archbishops, by Kings or Emperors, by Napoleon, or even by the Croatian

Government, are written in Italian; while in the ancient cemeteries the very tombstones bear eloquent witness to the Italian origin of the city, the majority having Italian inscriptions.

All this, it is contended, proves conclusively that, in spite of Croatian or non-Croatian Government, Fiume has always been Italian throughout the centuries. In this connection it is of interest briefly to recall a few historic facts.

The Fiume "question" dates back to 1530, when a decree of the Emperor Ferdinand of Austria recognised the national independence and administrative autonomy of the city. After this Fiume was autonomous for two and a half centuries until 1776, when a decree of Marie Theresa annexed it to the Hungarian Crown as part of Croatia.

It is this rescript that forms the basis to-day of Croatian claims to Fiume.

This autocratic union of Fiume to Croatia, however, brought about a revolt on the part of the inhabitants which ended in the withdrawal of the obnoxious edict, and the "city, harbour and district" of Fiume declared a *corpus separatum*—a separate entity under the Hungarian Crown; and as a more or less separate political body Fiume has remained ever since, but with Croatia always at her door like some hungry wolf. Italian at heart, ever, and ever looking forward to the day when she would be delivered from the hated yoke of Austria.

With the collapse of the Dual Monarchy came the release of Fiume, and almost before the ink was dry on the pact of the Armistice the Italian National Council of the city had issued a proclamation declaring the union of Fiume to its Motherland, Italy, in virtue of the right by which all peoples have acquired national independence and liberty, and on the strength of Austria-Hungary having accepted the principle of self-determination in the Peace proposals.

It looked as if the emancipation of Fiume had become a *fait accompli*. But other factors had to be reckoned with; a new State, Yugo-Slavia, had come into existence, full of the pretensions of youth, and the Yugo-Slavs were not prepared to abandon their claim to the magnificent port, albeit one of the most Italian of cities, merely at the behest of lofty principles, and the more especially as they were then modestly laying claim to the whole of Istria, Croatia and Dalmatia.

It is safe to assert that neither Trieste nor Pola aroused such a storm of discussion as has sprung up in connection with this Croatian port.

From the Italian point of view it seems incomprehensible that there should be any discussion over what appears to be so plain

a proposition. "Fiume," they tell you, "not only never has been Croat, but has, on the contrary, always been Italian in the past and must remain Italian in the future."

Meanwhile an interregnum pregnant with fateful issues has come about, and this is particularly noticeable in connection with the Yugo-Slavs, who have been strangely pretentious in their claims since the Armistice.

The warning issued from the Quai d'Orsay that no premature annexation *ri et armis* of territory, the confines of which are under consideration, will be recognised has, it is to be hoped, acted as an effective deterrent to the predatory instincts of the half-civilised peoples of Eastern Europe that have been aroused by the confused state of affairs, several of whom have been pushing forward in the desire, apparently, to be holding as wide an extent of territory as possible when the Peace was announced, evidently on the principle of possession being nine points of the law. Whether it will be difficult to induce them to retire gracefully within the boundaries that have been accorded them and which doubtless they have overstepped the future alone will show.

In the meantime, as is shown in the case of Fiume, the re-making of the map of Eastern Europe is involving intricate problems of economic and political importance, apart from historic and ethnological interests that could not be settled by the stroke of a pen at the conference table.

Not the least of these, and as a condition of European peace, is the necessity of providing the agricultural districts of the hinterland of Croatia and Hungary with a port easy of access; otherwise it is evident, as Yugo-Slavia is almost entirely agricultural, that competition would in the long run end by cutting them off completely from the sea.

Fiume is, to my mind, clearly indicated as the port to fill these requirements, and in Italian hands would be outside the sphere of what may be termed inter-tribal rivalry.

As a matter of fact, it seems to me incontrovertible that the economic interests of the hinterland would be better safeguarded if Fiume is under Italian rule. There would assuredly be less clashing of "vested interests."

Apart from these considerations, it is now well known that Italy would propose to make Fiume a "free" port, and therefore it could not fail to start on a new era of prosperity, which will be further guaranteed by reason of the fact that it would be reorganised by Italy and with Italian capital as the principal port of the Adriatic and open to all comers without restriction or exception.

In this connection it must be emphasised that Yugo-Slavia stands to lose nothing by this arrangement, in view of the

enormous length of magnificent seaboard allotted her by the Peace Conference. The most cursory study of the map suffices to prove this.

In fact, one is filled with amazement to find that the new State practically controls the greater part of the eastern shore of the Adriatic. The actual mileage must be given to enable one to form some idea of what this means.

The total length of the seaboard of the Dalmatian mainland and Croatia assigned to Yugo-Slavia is no less than six hundred and forty-seven miles, while the stretch of the same coast originally claimed by Italy under the Treaty of London amounted only to one hundred and seventeen miles.

In connection with this point it is of importance to relate that some ten years ago Dr. Cvijic, the eminent Serbian geographer, stated in an official publication that, "for the economic independence of Serbia, a coast-line of only five kilometres, between Ragusa and Cattaro, would be sufficient."

Although Italy made it one of her conditions that a large part of Dalmatia should be allocated to her in consideration of her military co-operation with the Allies, as she has always regarded Dalmatia as Italian, the Peace Treaty has overlooked her claim altogether and gives her nothing on this stretch of coast.

Yugo-Slavia, on the other hand, comes in for the most naturally valuable section of the Adriatic coast-line, together with the fine ports of Metkovits and Gravosa, already connected by railway with Bosnia-Herzegovina: Pertore, Zengg, Carlopaggo, Sebenico and Spalato, apart from a number of magnificent natural harbours, as, for instance, Taja, Zara, Lesina, Melida, Lissa and Curzola.

As affording some additional idea of the enormous importance of this coast-line to the newly-formed State it is of interest to relate that the Austrian Government spent millions on developing it, as, for instance, at Sebenico, which they made into a magnificent naval and commercial harbour, and so fortified as to be impregnable from the sea, even the rocks around the entrance being encased in ferro-concrete.

At another point along the coast, where there is a deep water "lead" behind the islands, a canal, named the Sabioncello, was cut at enormous expense in order to avoid a *cul de sac*.

All this may perhaps read as outside the *raison d'être* of this article, but the bearing of it on Italy's claims is indisputable, if only as demonstrating how little the Yugo-Slavs have to complain of on the score of "maritime breathing space"; while, to my mind, it conclusively disproves the favourite economic argument of Slavophil writers that Yugo-Slavia cannot exist if the outlet to the Adriatic at Fiume is taken from her.

In the early months of the war, and, of course, long before the question of the foundation of a big Yugo-Slav State was on the tapis, the question of the supremacy of the Adriatic, while concerning the interests of all the Allies, affected Great Britain more particularly, as it meant the safeguarding of the Mediterranean as the key of the Empire.

In the remaking of the map of Europe therefore, whilst recognising that the Yugo-Slav State is entitled to a certain apportionment of the Adriatic coast, one is surprised to find there should be any hesitancy with regard to satisfying the legitimate claims of our old friend and staunch ally, Italy.

The question of Fiume has aroused an immense amount of bitterness which by the exercise of tact could have been avoided. Whenever I referred to the subject in Italy I always received the same reply "If Italy had not joined the Allies there would be no Yugo-Slavia to-day." The inference is obvious.

Nor is this unanimous feeling surprising when one recalls the sacrifices Italy had to make during the three and a half years of war, and the fact that the majority of the people who now claim to be "friends" of the Allies and therefore consider themselves entitled to this immense concession of territory were before the Armistice Austrian subjects and fighting against Italy, proving themselves her most bloodthirsty and unscrupulous foes.

With every desire to reach a solution of the Adriatic question in a way that will ensure a lasting peace, it is incomprehensible that there should be any quibbling over Fiume which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called Croatian except by reason of its geographical position.

To raise the point that in the Treaty of London the port is not mentioned as going to Italy seems to me to be outside the question for the reason that when the Treaty was drawn up it was never conjectured that there could ever be such a *débâcle* in Austria-Hungary.

The Italians put the matter very succinctly. When that Treaty was drawn up they say it recorded a formal undertaking on the part of Russia to send a sufficient number of troops to the Austro-Russian front to engage at least half of the Austrian Army. Italy consequently, went into the war with the explicit assurance contained in the Treaty which guaranteed in a measure that she would not be called upon to fight against unequal odds, and that her financial credit of fifty millions from England would be more than sufficient to cover her disbursements.

Had Russia been able to hold to her agreement all would have gone as arranged, but unfortunately she collapsed, and, in consequence, the Treaty of London had to be considerably modified.

with reference to Italy, with the result that she had to put in the field a very much larger number of men than had been anticipated in consequence of her having to hold up practically the whole of the Austrian Army for many months till the Allies were able to come to her assistance.

It appears to-day to be an open secret that Italy and the Allies had promised Russia an outlet to the Adriatic through Fiume as a return for her services to the Allied cause and more especially with regard to Italy.

The Italian contention, therefore, is that as Russian help was not forthcoming at the critical moment it is obvious that Italy is not in any way bound by the original arrangement with reference to Fiume, and that she thus reassumes an absolute liberty of action. Consequently, she states, the reasons which induced her to relinquish her claim to Dalmatia do not bind her in any way towards the Yugo-Slavs, who have never shown the slightest desire to make any concessions to her or the Allies.

As a matter of fact, it has been proved beyond a shadow of doubt, I was informed, that all through the war the Slovenes and Croatians, so far from being the revolutionaries plotting the downfall of Austria, as they were described in certain inspired quarters, were continually showing their patriotism and spirit of sacrifice in the interests of the Austrian Monarchy.

With the recollection so fresh in her memory of the horrors of invasion, and worse, it is scarcely to be wondered at that, rightly or wrongly, in Italy they fear that in the Yugo-Slavs they will have irreconcilable foes, judging from the rapacity of their territorial demands and their relentless tenacity in enforcing them at the Peace Conference. These fears are possibly groundless, but they must be taken into consideration nevertheless.

The question therefore resolves itself into the best means of settling the question on the lines of a compromise that will not clash with Italian ideals of Irredentism.

It is an established fact, proved by undeniable statistics, that Yugo-Slav trade has made very little use of the port on account of its unsuitable position, and also that Croatia, Dalmatia, and to a great extent the southern districts of Hungary, connect direct overland with Austria and Germany, who are their principal customers. The export trade of the northern ports is chiefly in lumber, of which, however, Fiume gets the lion's share, as it serves as the outlet for the forest region of the hinterland, only 7 per cent. of her commerce being Croatian.

But the important Dalmatian ports further south, such as Spalato, Metkovits and Gravosa, all have their quantum of the coastal trade, and are likely to have an increasingly prosperous

time for many years, as the extensive forest belt of Dalmatia is practically untouched at present, and lumber is not going to depreciate in value, rather the contrary.

Great stress has been laid on the Slovene statement that its commerce would be paralysed were Fiume to become Italian, and pessimistic deductions have been advanced in support of this contention that have no foundation on statistical facts.

That Slavonia also has a pre-eminent interest in finding a satisfactory solution for this secular problem is undeniable. The young State can ill afford to start on its career hampered by disturbing factors, such as an irreful Italy at her gates would obviously prove; it will take it all its time to hammer into union Croats with Serbs and Dalmatians with Bosnians and get its house into order.

I learn that at a certain Cabinet meeting which took place immediately after the declaration of Mr. Orlando on his return to Rome from the Peace Conference the question of Fiume, as well as that of the other coast towns, was brought forward and fully discussed, but for reasons which were not made public it was decided that the Government would not proceed with the subject for the moment.

The downfall of the Cabinet of Orlando and Sonnino, instead of calming the hopes of the Italian public, has made their feelings on the question still stronger.

It has been said that Sonnino and Orlando fell because they could no longer hope to include Fiume in the Peace Treaty and also because the Italians were ready to accept Wilson's terms and to compromise on a line which would have given Italy even less than what was suggested by the so-called Tardieu proposals, which are undoubtedly very complicated, but would have left Fiume under a kind of mandatory of Italy, thus shifting the main question of annexation from now to a period of years hence.

This report, which has been freely circulated, is, I am told, entirely unfounded. In fact, the nomination of Tittoni as head of the Peace Delegation in Paris has been interpreted in Italy as a new hope for Italian claims; the reason for this being that Tittoni has for many years been the Italian Ambassador in Paris, and he is known to be well liked in French political circles; also that his personal friendship with Clemenceau and other politicians of practically all groups would no doubt secure justice for Italy.

The present Italian Government has still a strong hold on the country, so the people await the outcome of the Paris Conference on the Fiume question with stoic composure, but if the decision proves a disappointment it is certain it will never be forgotten.

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SHAKESPEARE'S INTRODUCTION INTO FRANCE.

THE foundation of the *Société Shakespeare* by the celebrated actor, Monsieur Firmin Gémier, and the publication of the book in which Professor Abel Lefranc, of the Collège de France, maintains that he has identified the real author of Shakespeare's plays amply prove the existence of a veritable cult for the great tragedian among contemporary Frenchmen. This happy result has not been attained, however, without a certain amount of opposition, which makes the story of Shakespeare's introduction into France an interesting episode in literature.

I.

Until the time of Voltaire, who may be said to have discovered Shakespeare, the copy of the second folio of 1632 in the *Bibliothèque du Roi* was the only one in France. The publication of Voltaire's *Lettres philosophiques* in 1734 was a result of his stay in England, which lasted from 1726 to 1729. Impelled by the catholic curiosity which was one of his distinguishing traits, he had turned his attention to the English drama, and this necessarily brought him into contact with Shakespeare's works. He called the great dramatist "a powerful and prolific genius, unaffected and yet sublime, but totally lacking in good taste and knowledge of the established rules"; and much he pondered over the broader paths opened up to art by the innovator.

The Abbé Prévost, who was travelling in England at the same time and who was more absorbed in the literature of the country than was Voltaire, accorded his ungrudging admiration to its drama, over which he considered the author of *Hamlet* towered supreme. "I have never read any Greek or French production," he said, "which excels the English drama in the beauty of its sentiments, both tender and sublime, in that form of tragedy which stirs one's heart to its depths and fails not to awaken the passions of even the most sluggish soul, in the vigour of its language and in the art of regulating and making the most of dramatic incidents and situations."

Nothing more was needed than these remarks of Voltaire and the Abbé Prévost, and a few vague bibliographical notes on Shakespeare in London, contained in Louis Riccoboni's *Réflexions et Critiques sur les différents Théâtres de l'Europe*, to arouse at least a dozen and a half Parisian enthusiasts, who began to extol the dramatist in their books and drawing-room *conversazioni*.

As early as 1745 most of Shakespeare's plays were brought within the reach of French readers by Antoine de La Place's translation, which was followed in 1776 by that of Le Tourneur. "Shakespeare's works," said the Chevalier de Jaucourt, in one of the two articles which he wrote for the Encyclopædia, "are like the gem which was set in Pyrrhus' ring, according to Pliny, and in whose veinings the hand of Nature, unaided by art, had traced the likeness of Apollo and the Nine Muses." Sébastien Mercier, contrasting the French and English drama in his book *Du Théâtre*, remarked: "Our pompous tragedy, which we vaunt so highly, is but an unsubstantial phantom, clad in purple and gold." Diderot proclaimed the author of *Hamlet* "a Gothic colossus, between whose legs there is room for all of us to walk." Horace Walpole persuaded his friend, Madame du Deffand, to read Shakespeare; and she was as pleased as though she had discovered a new world. "How I admire your Shakespeare!" she exclaimed. "I read *Othello* yesterday, and have just now finished *Hamlet*. It is impossible to tell you what an impression these two plays have made upon me. They have infused fresh life into me."

The new-born school of romanticism which drew its inspiration from Shakespeare, Young and Ossian, all of them lately revealed to France, was already beginning to charm men's souls. But the freedom in composition, the violations of the laws of style, and the emancipation from the rules laid down in the seventeenth century, which Voltaire foresaw would result from imitating these authors, disturbed and even incensed him. Essentially a classicist himself, he passionately desired that his plays should live as long as those of Racine and Corneille, and in an eventual substitution of Shakespeare's art for that of the great French dramatists, which was likewise his own, he discerned a menace to his fame no less than to theirs.

He appealed to the Duchess de Choiseul against the Shakespearean infatuation which had been raging in Paris since 1768, and against the effect produced by Horace Walpole's praises of the poet in the second preface to *The Castle of Otranto*. He asked her to take the part of France against the English, with whom he said he was at war, and he added "You will think me very bold, but you must forgive an old soldier who is fighting for his country and who will have fought under your orders, if he has good taste."

He wished to make a national quarrel of what was simply the feud of an author who feared that a foreign rival might become the fashion, and he would dearly have loved to suppress the first two volumes of Le Tourneur's translation. "Have you by chance," he wrote to d'Argental, "read the two volumes of that wretch? He sacrifices all the French to his idol, as once upon a time people

sacrificed swine to Ceres. Corneille and Racine he does not deign even to mention." As a matter of fact, Le Tourneur had mentioned them both in his preface, but Voltaire's name had been omitted: hence that elder's wrath. "Two volumes of that Shakespeare's plays have been published already," he goes on, "and they might have been written for some country fair a couple of centuries ago. There are to be five more volumes. Have you any hatred adequate for this insolent fool? Will you tolerate the insult he offers France? There are not enough indignities and fool's caps and pillories in the whole country for such a scoundrel. The blood boils in my old veins at the mere mention of him. The shocking thing about it is that the monster has a party in France, and, to put the climax upon all this calamity and horror, I am the man who first spoke of that Shakespeare long ago; I am the one who first showed the French people the few pearls I found in his vast dunghap. Never did I suppose the time would come when I should be used to trample the garlands of Racine and Corneille underfoot and deck the brows of a barbarous play-actor with them."

It was not alone Le Tourneur's translation, however, which had roused the anger of Voltaire to such a pitch that his critical acumen gave way to outraged vanity. In 1769 Ducis had produced a *Hamlet* after his own mind at the Théâtre Français, adapting it from La Place's version, for he knew no English. It was fairly well received, and before the above letter of Voltaire was written, or a little after, he had also brought out *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *King John*, and *Othello*. Voltaire could not contain his spleen at the thought that the English intruder had made a triumphant entry upon the leading stage of France, and, writing to his correspondent, he exclaimed that "the abomination of desolation" was "in the temple of the Lord," and that he saw "the reign of reason and good taste" ended, for Lekain had told him that all the youth of Paris were in favour of Le Tourneur. As for himself, he said that he was ready to die, leaving a barbarous France behind him.

Voltaire was in Switzerland at the time; but he wrote to the Academy in order that his troublesome rival might be condemned. His paper against Shakespeare was read by D'Alembert, who was considered the best elocutionist in France, and was received with acclamations.

II.

Even though Voltaire led the opposition, however, it was all in vain. Ducis certainly did not reproduce the real Shakespeare, but debased and distorted his works. Still, as Sainte-Beuve judiciously

observed : "This was the only price at which pardon and applause could be won for Shakespeare. . . . To an audience which knew nothing about the original and had got to believe that Ducis's version was an embellishment of it, this bastard form of tragedy proved extraordinarily interesting, for though the plays were spoilt, they were taken over in the main, and towards the end Talma's acting elevated the adaptation to a semblance of beauty."

Ducis took more than his share of credit for the success of these Shakespearean productions, and was even so foolish as to come before the curtain when the audience wept at the first performance of *King Lear*, as though the tribute of their emotion were meant for him alone. He afterwards brought his daughters to see the play, and when it was over he said : "If they had not burst into tears I should have strangled them with my own hands."

Nevertheless, Camponon found him in his bedroom at Versailles one day decorating Shakespeare's bust with a branch of box which had just been given to him. "I shall be at your service in a moment," he said, adding, as he noticed his visitor's surprise, "To-morrow will be my Shakespeare's *fête*, Saint William's Day, you know." He paused to finish his labour of love, and then remarked, patting Camponon on the back : "My friend, the sources from which the ancients drew they covered with garlands of flowers."

In any case, there is no question that Ducis would have been glad to offer his compatriots a complete and perfect version of Shakespeare if it had been possible. In 1769 the attempt to acclimatise *Hamlet* in France came to the ears of Garrick, who sent Ducis a portrait of Shakespeare and another of himself in the leading part of that play. Ducis immediately wrote a letter of thanks, in which he apologised for venturing "to produce a drama like *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Français," and for abridging it, as he had been obliged to do. "But," he explained, "not to speak of the many barbarisms and eccentricities which the piece contains, I believe that the French stage would not tolerate either the ghost, who talks like a long-winded lawyer, or the rustic comedians, or the fencing-bout."

Three years later Ducis wrote Garrick about *Romeo and Juliet*, then at its nineteenth performance, and sent him a book of the play, at the same time expressing deep regret at never having seen or heard him. "I acknowledge," said the French actor, "that I shall always lack the energy, which I can but imagine, until I shall have seen Shakespeare living and inspired in the theatre where you act. To visit a nation whose strong and decided character I admire, to catch you in the act, as it were, and converse with you upon the deepest mysteries of tragedy has

been a great temptation, to which, however, I have never yielded as yet."

When Ducis was busy with *Macbeth* in 1774 he expressed the same desire for an interview, if it were only for half an hour, and for a sight of Garrick "in the tremendous passages of this wonderful tragedy." But he added that, although in studying the part he had endeavoured to assume the spirited attitude of his model and to sound the depths of that powerful genius, he felt compelled to exercise the utmost caution. "I have to deal with a nation which requires careful handling," he said, "when one wishes to lead it along the bloody paths of terror."

After the Revolution Ducis's Shakespeare took on a new lease of life and prosperity, thanks to Talma's pre-eminent acting, the force and sincerity of which gradually revealed the great dramatist's true savour beneath the travesty of the French adaptation. It was through Talma, whose interpretation often outstripped Ducis's timid or excessively ornate text, that Napoleon first became familiar with the genius of the great English poet.

Arnault was witness one day to a very cordial manifestation of Napoleon's esteem for the man who up to that time had made more strenuous efforts than anyone else to introduce Shakespeare into France. In 1798 General Bonaparte and Josephine, accompanied by Ducis and Arnault, attended a performance of *Macbeth*. At Madame Bonaparte's appearance there was some applause, which grew louder as the General was seen beside her, and redoubled when the audience perceived that he had made Ducis take the front seat in the box and had modestly effaced himself in the background, thus showing in the most conspicuous manner the importance he attached to the service which Ducis had rendered the French drama by adapting and imitating Shakespeare's plays.

When Napoleon set sail for Egypt Arnault was a member of the expedition and was on board the same ship with him, and many were their literary discussions, ranging from Homer's *Odyssey* to Ossian and tragedy. Napoleon's remarks, which are preserved in Arnault's *Sourceurs*, show that he was ambitious to promote the growth of a literature which should be different from the one then in vogue. Judging by what he said to Arnault on the bridge of the ship, Sainte-Beuve supposes that he hoped to develop some form of tragedy which might be described as intermediate between Shakespeare and Corneille. "National interests," he exclaimed, "passion which has a political goal, the unfolding of a statesman's plans, and the revolutions which change the face of empires, here is the subject-matter of tragedy. The other interests which are mixed up with them, and especially

the love-interest which dominates French tragedy, are nothing but comedy in tragedy." It would not be rash to fancy that when Bonaparte said these words he was thinking of *Julius Cæsar* and *Coriolanus* and the other historical dramas of Shakespeare, whose plays had by this time made considerable progress in the invasion of France so much dreaded by Voltaire.

Grimm was not at all unfriendly to Voltaire, but he by no means shared the latter's hatred of Shakespeare, for he perceived very clearly that the English dramatist was often closer to the classics than were the French themselves, in spite of the defects to which they objected. He held that Shakespeare was incomparable in the delineation of true character and a writer of the first rank, if one considered the luminous movement of the plays as a whole, their powerful action, and the principal effects which are the aim of the drama.

Even Cardinal de Bernis, whose literary taste was more frivolous than profound, inflamed Voltaire's abhorrence of Shakespeare by sending him *Julius Cæsar* and Calderon's *Heracles*, with the polite hope that their improprieties might amuse him. Bernis had read them both, and remarked, without a shadow of malicious intent: "These plays are helpful for the history of the human mind and the peculiarities of national taste, and as such they have given me a great deal of pleasure. In spite of their eccentricity and coarseness, they cannot be called dull and I must admit, though I say it to my shame, that these old rhapsodies, which have occasional flashes of genius and very natural feeling, are less odious to me than the cold elegies of our own mediocre tragic poets."

Voltaire's irascibility on this subject must also have been excited by another friend, though the provocation apparently passed unnoticed. President Hénault agreed with the Voltairian dictum that Shakespeare's works were "monsters," but he added that even monsters had their uses in the study of anatomy, and that the tragedies had helped him to something which he would never have thought of otherwise. He was very fond of history, and their historical element alone had impressed him, especially in the play of *Henry VI.*, which had attracted his attention particularly. "All at once," he writes, "I forgot what I was reading. Shakespeare himself facilitated my mistake by the immense difference which exists between this drama of his and the usual tragedy, and fancying that I had an historian before me, I asked myself why no one had ever conceived the idea of writing our history in a similar manner."

This thought induced President Hénault to write *François II.*, and led up to the prose historical drama, an innovation in French

literature which Stendhal welcomed, not to exploit it for himself, but to utilise it generously in the controversy which he was carrying on against both the classicists and the lyrical romanticists of his day. For there were two romantic schools, one of verse and another of prose, the latter of which Stendhal championed because of his dislike for poetry, which, he said, was nothing but a system of mnemonics.

III.

To Stendhal more than to anyone else was due the fact that there came a time when to be a follower of Shakespeare and a romanticist meant one and the same thing. In 1818 he wrote : "I am a frantic romanticist ; that is to say, I am with Shakespeare and against Racine, with Lord Byron and against Boileau," and he also said that the whole question of romanticism consisted in admiring a tragedy like *Xiphartès* on the one hand, or one like *Richard III.* on the other. He was so entirely devoted to Shakespeare that he took little pleasure in Schiller. "I have read all of Schiller, who bores me by playing the rhetorician," he exclaimed in 1820. "What I want is Shakespeare, and unadulterated Shakespeare "

Stendhal's passionate and unbounded admiration for Shakespeare is perhaps the strongest proof of the ascendancy which the latter had acquired over the French mind, in spite of the classicists, whose opposition still continued. When Beyle was about twelve years old one of his friends presented him with the eighteen or twenty volumes of Le Tourneur's translation, and from 1796 to 1799 he read them constantly. Shakespeare was his first love in literature, as he tells us, *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet* attracting him particularly, and at a later period, when he was a clerk in Count Daru's office, his companion Mazoyer's vilification of Shakespeare moved him to tears. Referring to the "amiability" which he endeavoured to cultivate as a passport to worldly success, he said : "The amiability which I wished to possess was the pure joy of Shakespeare's comedies, the joy which prevails at the court of the exiled Duke in the Forest of Arden." Whilst he was still hoping to win fame and fortune as a dramatic author, he set himself the task of imitating Shakespeare, or, rather, Nature. Shakespeare should be his model, he mused one day when he was lunching at the Café de la Régence, Shakespeare, "who flows on like a river in flood, carrying all before it. What a torrent of *terre* !" he exclaimed. "With how broad a stroke the master paints ! Here is Nature's self. My tenderest love for this great man is continually changing to the most ardent

admiration. . . . My heart acknowledges him the greatest poet who ever lived. . . . His chiselled characters are pure Nature . . . they live and move. . . . La Fontaine alone touches the same spot in my heart that Shakespeare does."

Besides being a constant source of delight to Stendhal, Shakespeare also furnished him with a staple and decisive argument for his controversies with the classicists, as witness *Racine* and *Shakespeare*, and for his theory with regard to prose tragedy on French historical subjects.

Stendhal took the view that nothing pleased a theatrical audience except the representation of incidents which were closely connected with it, and maintained that in 1823 the French "longed to see the tragedies of their history dramatised."

Before the formation of the great romantic *cénacle* which centred in Victor Hugo and which adopted the art of Shakespeare, there was another less brilliant and boisterous circle which developed the theories of the historical drama in prose on Shakespearean lines. Stendhal was the soul of these gatherings, and here the English poet was read, commented upon, and passionately discussed.

Thus Shakespeare became acclimatised in France, although the classicists still clung to their citadel, the Academy, and would not be friends. This noble brotherhood confused romanticism and Shakespeare, and, reprobatng both alike, fulminated against the innovators who, as Voltaire said, were spreading "the abomination of desolation in the temple of the Lord." At one of their meetings, which was a truly lamentable affair, Monsieur Auger was heard to ejaculate: "All the absurdity of the literary pygmies and barbarians who abet that savage Shakespeare, that ridiculous poet whose vagrant muse comes to every clime and period the ideas, the manners, and the language of the London middle classes, has now been revealed, gentlemen, with an eloquence which is at least equal to your impartiality. Hitherto you have been only the guardians of good taste; from now on you will be its avengers."

But no indignant anathemas of this sort could prevent the great tragedian from making his way with the public. Stendhal declared that the publisher, Ladvocat, had made a fortune by Madame Guizot's translation of Shakespeare's plays, and far from being concerned at the Academy's excommunication, he rejoiced over it as a piece of good luck for the cause so near his heart. Relying upon the spirit of contradiction which makes the French incline to adopt opinions that the authorities claim a right to forbid, he predicted that the Academy had brought the triumph of the romanticists ten years closer.

In spite of the hostility which at first existed between the prose romanticists, who were Liberals in politics, and the lyrical romanticists, who were Catholics and Royalists, both schools ardently admired Shakespeare as their common master. As a matter of fact, the young men of Victor Hugo's circle could not have been indifferent to the poet, for most of them, including Hugo himself, belonged to the *Société des Bonnes Lettres*, of which Chateaubriand became president after he returned from his mission to Berlin, and Chateaubriand had studied Shakespeare no less than Milton during his exile in England.

In Chateaubriand's *Mémoires* there are reminiscences of the walks which he took in London with his friend Fontanes. "We often spoke of Milton and Shakespeare," says he, "when we were dining at some lonely tavern in Chelsea on the Thames." The thoughts of all Englishmen were then absorbed in the struggle against revolutionary France, but, "nevertheless," he adds, "some great figures were still left, and we were continually encountering Milton and Shakespeare. We used to speculate about Montmorency, Biron, and Sully, all of whom were French Ambassadors to Elizabeth and James the First, and wonder whether they ever heard of a certain mountebank who acted in his own farces and those of other people as well. Did they ever pronounce the name of Shakespeare, which sounds so barbarous in French ears? Had they any suspicion that their own honours and pomp and rank were destined to be swallowed up in his glory? Ah, well! The comedian who played the ghost in *Hamlet* was himself the great phantasm, the mediæval spirit, upstarting above the world, as rises the evening star, at the very moment when the Middle Ages had completed their descent to the dead: vast centuries, begun by Dante, ended by Shakespeare."

So these young romanticists, who still clung to the monarchy and the Catholic faith, became worshippers at Shakespeare's shrine. Emile Deschamps, the most active contributor to the *Muse Française*, turned several of his plays into French. One of these, *Romeo and Juliet*, which was written in collaboration with Alfred de Vigny, would have been performed at the Comédie Française but for an unfortunate disagreement which arose between the translators on matters of detail. It was read at Victor Hugo's, however, and received with great applause by his friends, and when Hugo heard that the Comédie had accepted it he wrote to Deschamps: "We are all the more proud of your triumph, for by acclaiming *Romeo* first we have stolen a march on the Comédie Française. It is the turn of the public now, and

personally I shall be most happy to see the day when your delightful performance captivates an audience, for then the revolution will be complete. . . . I am glad to proclaim in every place, time, and season, and to all men, that what *Cromwell* left more than in doubt is fully assured by *Romeo*. Your efforts have advanced art far more than have mine."

The confidence of Stendhal in Shakespeare's definitive conquest of the French mind was not shaken by a rather serious mishap which had befallen the poet two years previously. Late in the summer of 1822 an English company came to the Porte Saint Martin Theatre for a series of Shakespearean performances. Everything went well at first, and Stendhal says that the receipts amounted to five thousand francs. But on the Saturday and Sunday, as it appears, the audience consisted chiefly of shop-assistants whose patriotic feelings had been excited against the foreign author by newspaper agitation. No doubt they thought that Shakespeare was one of Wellington's *aides-de-camp*, for it was not long after Waterloo, and because they did not understand English they found *Othello* mortally dull. In the third act they grew tired of hissing, and three or four hundred of them sprang across the orchestra and took possession of the stage. The police were finally called in and put an end to the disturbance.

The English company, though driven from the Porte Saint Martin in consequence of this bad treatment, did not retire across the Channel, but took refuge in the Rue Chantier Theatre, where eighteen performances were given, in spite of the *Miron* and Monsieur de Jouy's epigrams. Miss Rosina Penley made a great reputation. "I saw Palma and Mademoiselle Mars sitting side by side," says Stendhal, "and rapturously applauding Miss Penley in the first act of *Romeo and Juliet* and the leading part of *The Taming of the Shrew*."

The prose romancists never abjured their faith in Shakespeare, though they were drawn into closer accord with the champions of classicism by the liberal opinions which both these schools held in politics. The lyrical romancists, on the other hand, grew more and more to look upon the English dramatist as a master, and took his name as their watchword. In the preface to his *Etudes Françaises* Deschamps said that people were visibly emancipating themselves from the prejudices which Shakespeare's enemies desired to preserve and were yielding to a genial curiosity. France, he added, had now done with the narrow pride which allowed her to see nothing but barbarism beyond her own borders, and in his opinion it was all over with "the old national resentment, the Gothic hatred of foreigners,

and the literary pseudo-patriotism " from which the Penley company had suffered so much in 1822.

In September, 1827, another English company crossed the Channel, no doubt on the understanding that it would be more favourably received and by a kinder audience. The first performance took place at the Odéon on the sixth of the month, and far from being hissed, as had been the case at the Porte Saint Martin, it was greeted with enthusiastic applause by the young men of the artistic set. Shakespeare was not on the programme that evening, but there had been no systematic Press campaign, so that the audience was in the hospitable mood which is characteristic of the French when they are free from disturbing influences, and readily succumbed to the fascinations of the leading lady, Harriet Smithson, afterwards the wife of Hector Berlioz.

On September 11th, when the English company played *Hamlet*, Hugo, Vigny, Dumas, Gérard de Nerval, and Delacroix were present, together with all the inflammable partisans of lyrical romanticism, now become staunch Shakespeareans. Those who did not know English brought pocket translations, among them Berlioz.

A mighty wave of enthusiasm surged through the theatre. There were several young men of great talent and even genius among the audience, but they had still to find their way, and Shakespeare's art thrilled them through and through, for it was the art to which they all aspired, though as yet in some perplexity. Now at last the real Shakespeare had dawned upon them, and it was a revelation. Berlioz said that Shakespeare fell upon him like a thunderbolt; but in his case the spell was not all of Shakespeare's weaving. Harriet Smithson, who took the part of *Ophelia*, was no less responsible than the play itself for inspiring him with such delirious passion that he was forthwith attacked by a sort of ambulatory mania. At the end of the performance, so wild was his amorous and artistic frenzy, that he wandered for days through the city and its out-kirts, like a man looking for his soul. And not only was he plunged into the most tempestuous and volcanic of love affairs, but Shakespeare had set fire to his music as well.

The music of Berlioz, the abrupt and tragic colouring of Delacroix, the plays of Hugo, in fact the whole dramatic art of romanticism, are all Shakespearean to the last degree. Shakespeare is the true source of the romantic school, which has now happily grown more sedate, has cast aside the excesses of an unbridled imagination, and has drawn closer to the realities of life. His work does not deserve our study and veneration because of the eccentricities which the romanticists believed he authorised,

but because of the breadth and profundity of the human truths which it contains. The French may well recoil at first from a form of literature which appears to them under a somewhat terrifying aspect; but they have only to discover the sincerity and beauty which its rugged exterior conceals in order to admire them. Counting from Voltaire's first mention of Shakespeare in 1734 to the applause with which the audience at the Odéon greeted him in 1827, it took the great dramatist only a century to win his case in France.

FÉLICIEN PASCAL

(Translated by F. ANDREWS).

NATIONALISATION IN AUSTRALIA.

The present is the age of great combinations in industrial, commercial and financial affairs, for it is now recognised that combined effort on a large scale leads to the best results, showing as it does a maximum of output at a minimum of cost. If then individuals, combined either in a partnership or a limited company, can successfully carry on large operations, there appears to be no reason in principle why the State should not undertake similar works with success. Indeed, it is claimed that such projects can be conducted more efficiently by the State than by private enterprise for the following reasons :—

- (a) The machinery for organisation and the resources of the State are greater than those available to any combination of private persons, and these advantages should lead to a cheapening of the cost of production.
- (b) As the State does not seek for speculative profit, those items of cost which a private contractor charges against subsequent depreciation of plant and unforeseen contingencies (for which he is paid even if those contingencies do not arise) may be eliminated.
- (c) Such profits as result to the State after payment of interest on capital and of maintenance of the undertaking, can be applied in reducing the cost of transport or the price of the commodity rather than increasing the dividends of shareholders.
- (d) State enterprise excludes the multiplication of the "middle man," which is generally experienced, and which is a cause of increased cost to the consumer under private ownership.
- (e) Under wise administration the wasteful competition of private enterprise should be eliminated.

Can these ideals be realised in actual practice?

Whilst the above may be set down as the advantages accruing from State ownership and control, there are certain other conditions, the observance of which is essential to success. Above all things, efficiency of labour must be rigorously maintained, and this objective is dependent upon effective methods of management and internal discipline. Undue influence may be brought to bear upon the management of an institution either by the consumer or the worker, or by politicians, and the greater the pressure that can be so exercised the more serious is the danger of resultant

laxity and inefficiency. If the workers enjoy the franchise direct political influence becomes possible which may interfere with efficiency, and the more closely the franchise approximates to manhood suffrage the greater is the political pressure that can be enforced. In a thoroughly disciplined, obedient and subservient country—such as was Germany before the war, where the franchise was extremely narrow and military methods pervaded all walks of life—discipline could doubtless be enforced and efficiency maintained in State-controlled establishments. But the situation is entirely different in a free democratic country where the voting power is adult franchise, and such a precedent is of little value. The tendency in this country is to give greater consideration to the claims of the workers for an increased share in industrial operations, and the experiences of a democratic people with Anglo-Saxon traditions in the field of State ownership should be of infinite value and a wholesome guide.

In Australia almost the entire railway system is owned and controlled by the various Governments of the Commonwealth; but it does not necessarily follow that a course which was unavoidable in the special circumstances of a virgin empty country can be imitated with success at the present day in Great Britain. It must be remembered that 120 years ago Australia was not much more than a geographical feature. The population was a mere handful of people (for many years only slightly exceeding 1,000), who settled originally about the shores of Port Jackson, and when settlement extended it was centred in those areas on the seacoast which have since become the cities of Brisbane and Melbourne. The interior of the country was unoccupied, indeed, little known. A barrier range of mountains made travelling inland extremely difficult for the individual and rendered transport impracticable. It was realised that if the interior was to be developed and settlement encouraged the continent must be opened up in the first instance by the making of arterial roads and subsequently by railways. But this was not a profitable proposition for private investors. Obviously there could be no return on the immediate future upon the money expended. Moreover, it was uncertain whether settlement would increase or be permanent and the prospect of reaping profits in the future was equally problematical. In such circumstances the State was compelled to step in and undertake the burden of carrying out such undertakings.

For many years the State—whether in the capacity of a Crown Colony or under responsible Government—undertook the construction and maintenance of all the main roads of the continent; and in later years (with occasional exceptions) the several State Governments became the constructors and sole owners of the

various systems of railways. Originally, the Ministry would determine whether a work should be constructed or not; they then decided upon the route, and such decision was subject to criticism or amendment, or rejection, by Parliament. The route adopted might be of priceless value to individuals occupying land in the interior, and "lobbying" became inevitable in order to determine the terminal points and the various intermediate stations. Abuses grew, and some check became necessary to prevent the intrusion of political influence and waste of money in the construction of undesirable railways; eventually the different States laid down conditions for safeguarding the public interest. It was ordained that before a railway or other public work, involving a cost of £20,000 or more, could be undertaken, an investigation should be held by some authorised public authority as to the merits of the proposal, and in the event of a favourable report by such tribunal the proposed work must also be approved of by both Houses of Parliament. In order to ensure success and inspire confidence it was generally agreed that such tribunal of inquiry should be both expert and independent of pressure, but very often it consisted of members of Parliament with no expert knowledge but who happened to be Government supporters, or others who had just missed a portfolio. This was an inherent weakness which might lead to the recommendation of works which would be politically beneficial to the Ministerial party, but unprofitable to the community, and to avoid severe criticism a sop would be thrown out by the committee recommending other proposals which were popular with the Parliamentary opposition, although indefensible for developmental purposes. Again, even if the original tribunal was entirely expert there was still the danger of political influence being exercised when the matter came up for final approval by Parliament. Yet if the preliminary investigation was honest and searching, it was at all events an assurance that proposals which were without merit, although politically backed, should not be brought before Parliament at all. Parliamentary sanction in the last resort cannot and should not be eliminated, for the State is the owner of the work, the taxpayer must bear the burden of the cost, yet although political influence cannot be entirely excluded the duty of Parliament should be limited to the approval or rejection of schemes which have been on their merits previously recommended by an independent body of engineering and business experts. Undoubtedly, without some such protection the State, with its enormous patronage must be subject to undue pressure and abuses may be perpetrated. It has been further provided (as above-mentioned) that no work estimated to cost more than £20,000 shall be undertaken without prior reference to, and

approval of, a committee of inquiry. Even this provision has, at times, been evaded by Governments, who, without such inquiry, would commence a railway or other public work which in itself will cost less than £20,000, but is really only a portion of a larger scheme which exceeds that limit. In these ways the underlying safeguards for the community can be evaded and the only protection lies in Parliament rising to a sense of its responsibilities and punishing the offenders; but in practice if any Government attempts these methods of evasion it is presumably with a beforehand knowledge that their party will condone their misdeeds. Unless, therefore, it is rigorously safeguarded and conscientiously administered, the political patronage inseparable from State enterprise will encourage the policy of spoils to the victors and politically debauch the electors, whilst the taxpayer must finance the losses on any improvident undertaking.

Originally the work of construction was carried out by private contractors after competition by tender. This system in time became abused and unpopular owing to the abnormal increase in the claims by contractors for "extras." This was in consequence of the loose manner in which the specifications were drawn up. The contractors took advantage of these shortcomings, and the taxpayer was called upon to liquidate huge claims outside the contract price. This difficulty could have been obviated by a more careful framing of specifications in the first instance, or by carrying out the contract at fixed schedule rates. Some Governments, however, as a protest against the undue cost of construction by private contractors, adopted another alternative of carrying out these works by "day labour" under Government control. This innovation was inherently dangerous, for its success depended entirely on the manner in which supervision was exercised. It was found that workmen owed their initial engagement to political influence, and those who had been discharged for incompetence were frequently reinstated by the same means against the wish of the foreman responsible; consequently, discipline broke down. The Government official in charge of the works did not enjoy freedom in choosing efficient workmen, respect for his authority was destroyed, good conduct was no longer a condition for employment; and from causes such as these arose the expression "the Government stroke." It must not be supposed, however, that in no circumstances is it possible to carry out manual labour economically under the methods of "day labour." Employment under private contractors is on the basis of "day labour," and where a Government has allowed the supervising official a full discretion with regard to the employment and dismissal of men, the cost has been kept under control and discipline and efficiency

have been obtained. But experience has established the proposition that efficiency of labour was in inverse proportion to the amount of political influence operating.

When the work has been completed, political influence must be still excluded in administration, just as in construction. Where a Minister of the Crown is in direct control, demands for concessions are continually being made (more especially at election time), and are generally granted for political expediency. If strikes take place in a Government department as a rule a compromise is enforced and some gain accrues to the strikers. If the Government resist the claims made, votes are imperilled; if they yield, discipline is threatened. This has been the experience of Australia with a wide franchise, and a very large public service actively interested in current politics; and the opinion is widely held that the only safe method of administering departments of State, whether they are industrial undertakings, or the ordinary public service, is by a Board, whose members are (1), independent of political influence; (2), enjoy a long tenure of office; (3), are paid salaries sufficiently high to attract really qualified men. Such a body acts as a buffer between the worker and the Ministerial head, and minimises the evil influence of the political wire-puller.

For many years the railways of the States of Australia were managed by a Commissioner appointed by the Crown holding office at pleasure. Political interference, however, became so serious that the Commissioner became powerless and each State in later years vested the management of their respective railways in a Board of Commissioners, varying in number, who hold office for a fixed period of five to seven years and who are only removable by a joint vote of both Houses of Parliament. These changes were stoutly resisted by the democratic sections of the community, for it was realised that if competent men were appointed with a free hand the *régime* of the incompetent, the agitator and the professional politician must come to an end. This principle is undoubtedly sound; the ideal is desirable, but history has shown again even under those conditions that political influence cannot be wholly eliminated. Much depends upon the personality of the members who constitute the Board. Unless each is selected with a sole view to the public interest, a man may be placed in office who is nominally independent, but who, in a variety of ways, becomes amenable to indirect pressure. Although the Board enjoys security of tenure their actions are not exempt from criticism either within or outside the walls of Parliament. Again, the executive Government retain an ultimate power of veto over the Board's decision, which, in extreme cases, they are bound to exercise. This possibility has always a steadying influence, and

the suggestion of its exercise is disconcerting. The Ministerial head may supply enigmatical answers to questions in Parliament on matters of controversy which imply interference: and, lastly, there is the subtle influence of daily friendly association with the Government. Thus, in times of crisis a man who is not made of stern moral fibre may be swayed and exhibit weakness as a result of influence indirectly applied in a variety of ways.

In later years, State ownership and control on the same lines have been extended to the water and sewerage systems of most of the States of the Commonwealth. After many years' experience of both systems of control it may be said that on the whole State-owned railways in Australia have been a success. Although political influence has not been entirely (and as long as human nature remains as it is will never be wholly) eliminated, yet very many of the old abuses have been finally removed. Whenever political pressure is allowed to intervene this is reflected immediately in a feeling of indifference, insubordination and inefficiency. There is no doubt, on the other hand, that the more strictly the independence of these Boards of Administration is insisted upon, the more unpopular the system is amongst those workers who are militant and those politicians whose popularity is dependent upon securing concessions or preferment for their constituents. The general consensus of reasonable opinion is against a reversion to the old system of management, but I venture to express an unqualified conviction that only in so far as political influence is excluded can success be hoped for.

Financially, the railways of Australia, in spite of many handicaps, have justified State ownership. Taking the figures for the year 1916—the last available statistical year—we find the following position disclosed:—

	£
Capital cost	214,466,861
Gross revenue	21,365,216
Gross working expenses	17,951,601
Net revenue	6,405,655
Interest payable	7,845,082
Deficit	1,439,407

Finances, however, have been dislocated by the pressure of war conditions, and, although the last available figures show an unsatisfactory shortage on the year's operations of all the States, yet the returns for each of the three years prior to the outbreak of war show the following surpluses, viz. —

	£
1911-12	1,106,267
1912-13	890,911
1913-14	673,849

Several of the individual States show a handsome surplus.

It should always be remembered in dealing with the State-owned railways of Australia that the Government had no vested interests to overcome in the first instance. Railways have become a Government monopoly, and, although there are a few privately owned, competition from private enterprise has not been permitted. There has been no commercial rivalry to stimulate the best efforts of the employees, and, although they are profitable on the whole and the State-owned system is not likely to be changed, yet there is no real standard which will afford any guidance to the inquiry whether State undertakings are equal to the strain of successful competition with like operations conducted by sound private enterprise.

The operations of the Government in minor undertakings may throw some light upon this question of economic working under nationalisation. Three of the States have during recent years embarked in competition with private enterprise. A reason often advanced for this new departure was that as the State Governments were carrying on large constructional works and controlling transport, it would be a matter of great convenience to control also the supplies which were ancillary to the carrying out of the larger public utilities. For instance, brick works, timber yards, metal quarries, and lime works were established as being necessary for satisfactorily carrying on constructional operations; the police and prison warders and railway officials, being all in the Government service, were supplied with uniforms from the State clothing factory; and a similar argument was advanced for the State opening up a coal mine to supply the Government railways and tramways. Moreover, support was claimed with some plausibility on grounds of efficiency because the State undertakings would not be in danger of being brought to a standstill through strikes in the outside trades on which they were dependent. On some occasions, however, it was openly asserted that the object was to break down injurious combines and thereby reduce the cost of living. These arguments were calculated to disarm opposition in the first instance, but expectations of smashing up Trusts were not realised. In the first place, the establishment of these works under Government control did not bring about a cessation of strikes; further, the trades which were attacked were not proved to be combines injurious to the public, nor was their volume of trade materially interfered with. The general opinion is that the real reason for these experiments was a desire to increase the volume of employment and to enlarge the scope of Government patronage. These minor operations were from time to time established by Labour Governments in the

three States of New South Wales, Queensland, and Western Australia. None of the Governments had faced the unknown risks of nationalisation, and it was thought these less pretentious works would be a useful compromise for their disappointed followers, whilst the experiment could be made on a small scale without very great losses in the event of failure. In the course of a few years a great number of these undertakings were established, and they may be classified broadly under four heads, viz. : building, transport, clothing, and food. Amongst the earliest to be established were brick works and metal quarries in New South Wales. It was originally claimed that the product would be placed upon the market at a price very much less than that charged by private enterprise ; but these figures were never realised, and in practice, the charge for the Government article was only some small percentage below that of the privately owned establishment. The Government departments, of course, became the purchasers of the output and to that extent the difference in cost per unit—although small—resulted in a saving to the State in the course of the year. The private operators, however, were not affected, they continued to supply the general public at the old figure, their trade showed little or no alteration—certainly nobody was driven out of business by Government competition—and the two sets of establishments co-existed, each catering for their own special customers. The State brick works in New South Wales undoubtedly have been satisfactory almost from their inception. Others have shown a heavy loss from the beginning, whilst others, again, have experienced varying fortunes. Certainly the approximation in price does not suggest any abuse in the methods of private ownership or marked cheapness in favour of the Government.

In respect of food, there was cause for complaint, owing to the high prices ruling even before the war for meat and fish. To counteract this State trawlers were established by the New South Wales Government, and although a number of vessels are engaged in the work and their output is on a very large scale, yet it is a remarkable fact that the industry is after some years still unable to show a profit. On the other hand, it is claimed that the State butchers' shops in Queensland give the public cheap meat. This is apparently correct, but there is much speculation as to the method by which the Government secured the cattle at a price which enables them to sell at a lesser figure than is charged by the ordinary butcher. The management of these concerns is varied ; very often they are under direct Ministerial control ; but on no occasion have they been conducted on the same strict business lines as are the railways of the State.

Quite recently the State undertakings in New South Wales

were submitted to drastic revision. Some have been closed down, others have justified their continuance—others, again, are slowly improving. The position at the end of June, 1918 was as follows:—

Total undertakings established since 1911	16
Works then operative	13
Works then inoperative	3

Of the thirteen in operation eight showed a profit and five showed a loss. Taking both the operative and non-operative works together, the total net profits over a period of seven years was:—

	£129,846
The total net loss was	£150,463
The resultant deficit being	£20,617

Whilst, therefore, it must be conceded that State operations can be undertaken with profit, success would seem to depend upon a variety of special circumstances.

The existence of competition between the Government and the private operator should be an incentive to economy, but when under nationalisation the State enjoys a monopoly, there must be other safeguards against waste and extravagance and inefficiency. In Australia, where advanced Radical and Socialistic parties have not only exercised a strong influence in shaping Commonwealth life, but have actually held Ministerial office, no great enterprises other than railways and tramways and the water and sewerage system and harbour works have been nationalised by the State. For many years there was a loud and persistent agitation amongst the Labour Party for nationalising the sugar industry. That field of enterprise was almost wholly in the hands of one large company, who in a sense enjoyed a monopoly; but the business was conducted on lines of progress and efficiency, and the prices charged could not be said to be unreasonable. After many threats of drastic action a Labour Government in the Commonwealth Parliament appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the sugar industry generally, with the expectation of a report in favour of nationalisation. But that body, which was composed largely of Labour supporters, after a very careful investigation, reported that it would be undesirable to nationalise this industry. The tobacco trade, again, was controlled by one large company with all the superficial appearance of a monopoly. This was threatened also, but the attacks—for reasons never disclosed—ceased. These two great industries now carry on as private concerns, and it is conceded that they treat their employees liberally and in no way exploit the consumer.

Gas making is another industry that has undergone much

criticism. Here, again, attempts were made to nationalise, but the Labour Government, in New South Wales when asked to review the industry refused to adopt State ownership. The solution arrived at is not unknown in this country, whereby a fixed ratio is established between the price of gas to the consumer and the rate of dividend to the shareholders; and it was provided that for every increase in dividend above the standard fixed there should be a corresponding reduction in the price of gas. This measure has worked with satisfaction and employee and shareholder divide the profits above the fixed basis in agreed proportions. The management is entirely free from Government control.

The experience of Australia with regard to coal is of great interest and instructive. I may state, in the first instance, that in most States coal is owned by the Crown, and for many years every grant of Crown land has contained reservations of this mineral in favour of the Crown. The nationalisation of the coal industry, however, has been the leading plank on the platform of the political Labour Party in all States of Australia for many years. The demand for nationalisation is continually made both inside and outside Parliament, but hitherto has not been conceded. A Labour Government has been in power in all the coal producing States. That Party held the reins of office for six years in New South Wales—which State is the greatest producer of coal. The Government, whilst in office, established a number of minor State-owned undertakings—to which I have referred. Under pressure they even took steps to establish a State coal mine for the use of the Government railways, but they have never taken practical action to nationalise the coal industry. This is very significant, which may be explained by the following facts:—Private ownership (with the incidental Government regulation, as in many other industries) is able to secure satisfactory conditions for the miners, whether they are prepared to admit it or not. For many years wages and conditions of labour had been settled by mutual agreement between the parties; but since the year 1908 tribunals varying in form have been operating for the compulsory fixing of wages throughout the States. These courts were intended to prevent the dislocation of work by lock-outs and strikes, whilst they provided ready access to a tribunal for the peaceful adjustment of disputes. The Boards stand for the continuity of industrial operations. An employer cannot, with impunity, indulge in a lock-out nor can he for long deprive the men of redress by a bald refusal of their demands. Strikes are no longer permissible. The tribunal consists of an equal representation of employers and employees (a body of experts), with an independent chairman. Like the fire brigade, they are always

available at short notice to check a threatened conflagration. A fair living wage, therefore, is within the reach of every man. No loss of wages need be incurred through idleness, nor class feeling be generated by strikes in the process of securing relief. These tribunals have in fact failed to prevent strikes. They have never been popular with the mining community, but the general conditions of coal miners have greatly improved during the last 15 years and good wages are paid.

The mining industry is most active in New South Wales and the wages of all miners and coal getters in 1918 work out at a minimum of 10s. 11d. per shift, whilst individual miners made from 15s. to 25s. per shift. The price of coal at the same time was about 13s. per ton f.o.b.

The mining community, further, are well protected against injury. There is a common law as well as a statutory obligation upon the owner to provide for the safety of all workmen, and, owing to the special dangers associated with coal getting, such as gas explosions, falls of roof, and haulage accidents, Parliament has imposed a number of special safeguards in the interest of the miners. By statute there is a compulsory inspection of every working place by the colliery officials during each shift before the men go to work underground. Where dangerous conditions are detected that place is shut off from access until the danger has been removed. Government inspectors, moreover, may enter the mine without notice whenever they think fit. The miners elect check inspectors further to safeguard their interests; and the owner is under an obligation to instal safety appliances if called upon to do so by the Government inspector. At the same time Government supervision strictly insists on the enforcement of measures for guarding against diseases incidental to the life of a coal miner.

Whilst these factors explain the small record of injuries and deaths, there is no doubt that the discipline maintained in the interest of safety very largely contributes to the very low percentage of accidents in the coal industry in Australia. The fact that Labour Ministries have never reversed this policy is strong evidence that private ownership does afford the coal miner reasonable conditions of living, and they are not prepared to supersede the present approved system for the problematical and untried benefits of State socialism.

What then is the real objective behind this persistent demand by the workers for nationalisation? It is said to be the curtailment of prices and reducing generally the cost of living; but, strange to say, the demand is equally insistent with regard to industries which cannot be classed as injurious combines, and where the

prominent feature is excessive competition and undue reduction of prices. This has been the experience of the coal industry. It is suspected, on the other hand, that nationalisation is aimed at because it will secure to the worker a larger share in the control of industrial operations, and will also minimise the evil of unemployment. Some labour leaders are obsessed with the fatuous doctrine that restriction of output is directly in the interest of the workers and not inconsistent with the welfare and progress of the community. It is asserted that as the owner (especially in boom times) is anxious to secure a maximum of output, if the individual worker reduces his efforts it becomes necessary to employ a greater number of men to produce the desired result. By this means employment is more widely distributed and it is believed that the work will last longer, and, consequently, the dangers of unemployment will be postponed. This policy has been most pronounced in the coal industry. Until recent years those collieries whose trade warranted it worked continuously—that is to say, three shifts in the course of twenty-four hours. Agitation, however, was directed towards the abolition of the night shift (or "dog watch" as it was termed) on sentimental and the humanitarian grounds that a man's proper place at night-time was in his bed. The change was resisted by the proprietors, and, by way of compromise extra pay was conceded, but eventually, partly through the assistance of strikes engineered for the purpose, and partly from the rulings of arbitration tribunals, the night shift was prohibited. The success of this campaign induced the Unions to continue their propaganda against the second shift, upon the ground that the miner was entitled to a substantial portion of the daylight hours for his own recreation. In many instances this claim has been conceded, and to-day there is a very strong movement to reduce the hours of work both below ground and on the surface of collieries to one shift of eight hours from the time of commencement until the termination of work. The answer supplied to the obvious criticism that the output must thereby be enormously reduced is that more working places must be opened up, and the number of men employed per shift correspondingly increased, but the problem of increased cost is left unsolved. Again, organised labour is not content with the mere reduction of the working hours per day; there is abundance of evidence that it encourages a lessening of the output by the individual during the hours he is at work. This is known as the policy of "going slow," and its operation is, unfortunately, noticeable in many parts of the world. The number of bricks laid to-day by a competent bricklayer is far below the figures of, say, ten years ago. There is a well-known practice in the

Dominions whereby a miner who has been successful in hewing a specified amount of coal is by the unwritten rules of his organisation laid idle until the less competent men have attained to a similar output, and in spite of protests and the prohibition of this practice by arbitration awards it is still persisted in. This same object is achieved by another method. Many industries, including coal mining, are worked on the piece-work system, or payment by results. The advocates of restricted output recognise that it may not always be easy to lay a man idle who has hewn the maximum quantity of coal permitted, as the individual's ambition may stimulate him to earn as much as he can and to defy the Union. An endeavour is, therefore, being made to abolish the piece-work system and to pay all employees a daily wage. If this can be attained then obviously the stimulus to increased effort is withdrawn, the ambition of the efficient and conscientious worker is stifled, and all are brought down to the level of the lazy and incompetent. This policy is no secret. The day wage and restriction of output are openly advocated in industrial and especially in coal mining circles. Hitherto the proprietors have been steadfastly opposed to this policy, and the arbitration courts have refused to recognise it. It is feared that so long as private ownership continues, these changes which are to open the gates of paradise to the working man—are not attainable: and it is hoped that if the State is substituted as the owner, then, if political pressure can be exercised with sufficient force, the Government will be induced to make these concessions. Such is the unadvised purpose underlying the cry for nationalisation.

It must be remembered that the demand for nationalisation of existing industries is accompanied with the stipulation for Ministerial control. Some persons who are dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs are prepared for a change on the understanding that the management is freed from patronage or political influence, and is relegated to an independent Board who will be responsible for the discipline and management on business lines of the industry. The supporters of nationalisation amongst the workers do not ask for this, the miners are strongly opposed to it and are unlikely to accept loyally any system of State control which involves management by an independent Board. Yet to place responsibility on a Minister who is dependent upon the political votes of his employees is offering a direct inducement to chaos.

In Australia nationalisation came first; at a later stage the exclusion of political influence was imposed. The people were confronted with proved defects and accepted the remedy. To-day, political control is an essential ingredient of the brand of nationalisation that is demanded. The worker will not accept one

without the other, yet to embark on this uncertain sea without the sheet anchor of business control means shipwreck. It is claimed that State ownership will prevent strikes in the industry. The universal experience of Australasia is to the contrary. In Victoria the State coal mines have struck work on several occasions, in New South Wales the Government railway and tramway workers (who enjoy perhaps the most liberal conditions of employment in the world) have been involved in strikes against the State, although it is fair to add that a large number, in spite of inducements and even threats, remained loyal to the Government. The Commonwealth shipbuilding yards in Sydney and Melbourne have been the scenes of strikes on many occasions. The workers on the trans-continental railway have also laid down their tools and the State coal mines in New Zealand cannot claim to be free of strikes. Generous conditions and a *reliable* employer are no guarantee against strikes.

It is said that the policy of State ownership will destroy initiative. So far as the higher officers are concerned, I think that the desire for research and invention can still be maintained through the medium of a State bureau or some other organisation, provided that the Government will offer sufficient inducement in the form of adequate salaries; but, unfortunately, labour leaders are imbued with the idea that no man, whether possessed of brain power or not, is entitled to higher remuneration than represents the maximum earnings of the worker. That nationalisation tends to destroy the efficiency and the manhood of the manual worker has been demonstrated. The administrative system will also be injuriously affected. Experience has shown during the recent war that in large Government departments there is no stimulus to economy of operations or to reduce excessive staffs. The feeling prevails that Government money is being spent, and as the taxpayer can, and will always pay, the unpleasant habit of economy is superfluous. A clerk in a private concern must by his efforts help to make it profitable, exercise economy wherever practicable, or face the alternative of being discharged. State ownership encourages bureaucracy and the desire to avoid undertaking responsibility.

On the other hand, we are confronted with the undoubted fact that combinations in trade are developing every day, that profiteering is rampant, and the cost of living has reached an intolerable figure. Some remedy must and can be found for the protection of the public; but relief is not to be obtained in the brand of nationalisation which is now being demanded.

C. G. WADE,

Agent-General for New South Wales.

MILITARY THEATRES: AN OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF THE DRAMA.

NECESSITY knows no law save its own. The truth of the old adage has been illustrated in many ways by the war. Many seemingly interminable problems have melted under the fierce light of common sense; and the plain man has had the chance to carry out his views upon matters formerly considered the sole concern of the specialist, or the bureaucrat, or some other person equally remote from the common gaze. One can only hope that the public mind will not resume its apathy upon subjects it is under no compulsion to visualise with any degree of personal interest. In those far-off days immediately before the war there appeared in the daily papers during each annual silly season desultory articles upon "State Recognition of the Drama," "The National Theatre," and kindred branches of the same subject. These articles were part of the light reading of the paper, to be considered only when the daily items of news had been digested. In vain the leaders of the drama pointed out the enormous influence which a properly recognised and accredited theatre could have upon the social enlightenment of the people. The plain man was uninterested or frankly bored. . . . "The theatre was just an amusement shop, where you paid so much and received so many doses of anodyne in return. You went as often as you could afford and, when they were old enough, you took the children—to see the pantomime. What was all this talk about education? You went to the theatre to forget things!" This reasoning was not without a measure of justification. The enormous potentialities both of the theatre and of the cinema were being neglected. Then the war came.

The story of the part which the theatre has played in winning the victory for our people has yet to be told. There can be very few people nowadays who do not recognise that it did play a very definite part. It is merely a national characteristic that we do not say too much about it, and are somewhat shamefaced at the extent to which we relied upon gregarious amusements to keep up our spirits. But the theatre has done its service, and has the right to make its claims heard equally with more vociferous branches of the community. It has laboured under every conceivable disadvantage and the curtain has never failed to go up. To mention only one thing, it carries the burden of a heavier direct taxation

than almost any other industry, and is, in addition, its own tax-collector.

There are certain aspects of the war service of the theatre which it is not the purpose of this article to consider. There are the enormous sums raised for war charities. (In London alone Mr. George Robey's remarkable series of *matinées* brought in many thousands of pounds.) There is the scheme of active service concerts organised by Miss Lena Ashwell, the almost continuous round of free entertainment provided in hospitals and elsewhere, and so on. Quite apart from all these things, there arose within the ranks of the Services themselves the knowledge, and later the use, of the great influence which the theatre (and the cinema in association with it) can have upon the daily lives of fighting men. Something of what has been going on behind the scenes may now be disclosed; and it will be found that out of the necessities of the time, and without self-consciousness, there has grown up a complete system of theatrical entertainment for the British Army at home: a system which is in essence a measure of State recognition of the value of the play in the corporate life of the community; a system that by the measure of its practical success accurately foreshadows the advent of both the national and the municipal theatre of the future. It is well to remember that the work could not have been done without such official recognition.

During 1915-16 the amusement facilities for the thousands upon thousands of men undergoing training in the large camps in this country were frankly deplorable. The small cinemas and variety houses, often extremely draughty and uncomfortable temporary erections, which sprang into existence when the camps were built or were already running in the remote towns and villages near which training camps are mostly situated, proved quite unable to cope with the situation. Apart from the limited accommodation provided, the quality of the entertainments was mostly indifferent. The notion that vulgarity was a paying proposition so far as the soldier was concerned suffered some rude shocks. In one or two cases places of this description had to be put out of bounds. As more and more men were drawn from the ordinary channels of occupation into the vortex of war, the situation grew rapidly worse. Men accustomed to some of the amenities of life demanded more from existence than the old barrack-room standards of the regular soldier could provide. Eager young men who considered themselves fully trained began to chafe at the inevitable delays which prevented them from applying at once the supreme test to their knowledge. Their training began to suffer for lack of sufficient mental relaxation.

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Something had to be done. Private enterprise had broken down ; it had not visualised the problem in anything like the right proportions. It is well to make this point quite clear at the outset, for in the initial stages of the official enterprise complaints of unfair competition from ill-informed members of the entertainment industry were not infrequent. Slowly it began to dawn upon officialdom that the theatre and the cinema, so far from being derogatory to discipline, might be made great forces for good in the preparation of the men. The public mind has been so broadened by the terrific events in the closing chapters of the war that it may have difficulty in comprehending the narrow point of view of many officers upon this subject in those days. "I am here to make soldiers, not to waste time," was a frequent comment. This betrayed a laudable intention and also a lamentable ignorance of psychology. Although the Y.M.C.A. and kindred bodies gave an increasing number of concerts and cinematograph performances, the purely theatrical movement arose within the ranks of the Army itself. It was left to a division in training at Oswestry Camp to grasp the problem in its entirety and to build its own garrison theatre out of the soldiers' funds, in which regular theatrical and cinema performances could be given. The building was opened by the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Western Command on October 2nd, 1916. The success of the scheme was never in doubt. Regular twice-nightly performances were given every day of the week, including Sunday, on which day operatic or sacred concerts usually took place. On one notable Sunday many of the most famous singers of the Beecham Opera Company journeyed some hundred miles to give two performances of scenes from *Faust* and *Pagliacci*, complete with a full orchestra, costumes, etc. Upon this and similar occasions the whole of what might be termed the pit of the theatre was occupied by exactly double the number of men it was intended to accommodate, rows upon rows of men sitting upon each other's knees. The men paid for their seats, which they could book and reserve during the daytime, precisely as they would do in their own town theatres; and the proceeds, after expenses were paid, were divided proportionately amongst the regiments contributing the capital necessary for the building. The "Garrison" soon took first place in the affections of the men as a place of evening resort. Then commanding officers, and those at Headquarters responsible for the discipline of the camp, discovered that minor crime was on the decrease. Thus the scheme vindicated the claims of those who believed that the theatre could be of real use! One is proud to have been responsible for an experiment out of which the authorities have permitted to grow a complete

chain of theatres, giving first-class entertainments, which are, in the strict sense, the property of the soldiers for whom they cater.

The beginning of 1917 saw a great extension of the work, just as about that time the value of the cinema in teaching the recruit the use of machine-gun and rifle by means of the eye began to be recognised. The War Office took up the burden, and what is now the Navy and Army Canteen Board received instructions to form an Entertainment Branch for the purpose of developing the scheme. A whole circuit of garrison theatres, and later, one of garrison cinemas, gradually arose in all the large training camps; and a policy of standardisation, wherever possible, was adopted for the sake of quick construction and economical administration. The earlier theatres were built of wood, and nearly all of them have one steeply-raked floor after the Continental plan. As the scheme grew in importance the size of the buildings tended to increase, and the theatres have now seating capacities ranging from 700, which was considered sufficient at the outset, to about 1,200 in the case of the larger camps. The theatres were always well equipped with scenery and lighting plant, and latterly the standard set in these technical matters has approached that to be expected of a London theatre of similar size. There is one theatre at Catterick Camp in Yorkshire, of which the soldiers are justly proud, that would certainly not disgrace Shaftesbury Avenue. It was opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught in June, 1918, and represents the high-water mark of this war-time enterprise. It was the last completely new theatre built by the Board prior to the Armistice. It is made of concrete. In addition to a large modern stage, it has a crush hall, an officers' foyer, separate buffets for officers, cadets, N.C.O.'s and men. It is centrally heated, has its own stage workshops, and, in short, is a complete model of its kind. The prices of admission to military theatres are the same throughout the country, and were originally fixed by the War Office with the intention that a soldier should always be able to obtain admission for 8d. The highest price is 2s. 6d., and for this an officer can reserve his front "stall" in advance. The scheme of decoration is the same everywhere, and consists of red on the walls and in the furnishing with simple black and white fret patterns, and silver-grey tableaux curtains. Each theatre has its own invalided officer or civilian manager in charge who looks after the discipline and cleanliness of the place, and receives his professional instructions from Headquarters in London. Each manager acts in *liaison* with a Garrison Theatre Committee of officers and men upon all matters of local importance. Most camps have their own

garrison theatre orchestras, and usually they play very well. Freed from the necessity of dividend earning, there seemed no reason why the garrison theatres should not give their audiences the very best possible amusement within the limits of the facilities afforded. So a very high standard of entertainment was decided upon at the outset, and from this standard there has been no departure. Yet, in spite of the small size of some of the buildings, that nevertheless received the same "attractions" in their turn as the larger theatres, this policy has proved commercially justifiable. At the time of the Armistice all the theatres with one exception were paying their way, many of them had paid off a considerable proportion of their capital outlay, and a few of them were completely paid for. It cannot be said in this case that the intervention of the State has resulted in any additional burden on the public purse. The military tour—for in the end it became a complete tour around which it was possible to spend fifteen weeks without repeating a visit to any camp—was not sufficiently attractive to the better class of touring company, and the cheaper companies were not desired, in view of the standard determined upon. Therefore it early became necessary to recruit special companies for this military work. These official companies, as they were called, set the pace for all the rest, a pace very difficult for others to maintain, seeing that at one time several well-known West-End artists not fit for active service were permitted to take up this form of war service, one for which they were specially suited.

The leading authors and managers have generally been sympathetic towards the military theatres. So that the soldiers have been able to see quite excellent performances of up-to-date plays during the period of their run in London. At the time of the Armistice there were ten of these official companies in existence. A civilian permitted to inspect the work on Salisbury Plain about this time might have imagined himself enjoying a round of amusements in the Metropolis, except that he would certainly have had to forgo his dinner if he wished to see something of everything, and moreover he might have had to suffer some discomfort in a Ford car from the icy blasts of the Plain as he drove from place to place. . . . He begins, let us say, at Tidworth. Surely he must be at Daly's Theatre, for here is *The Maid of the Mountains*. What an excellent Balasarre that fellow makes! He protests against being hurried away before the first act is over. But the icy wind outside reminds him that he is not in Leicester Square after all. Twenty minutes' battle with the wind and rain, such as only Salisbury Plain can provide, across deserted roads; and then lights and warmth and chatter once more. This theatre

seems even cosier than the last; there is a pleasant smell of coffee, the lights have rose-coloured shades to them. Here is the wireless cabin in *The Freedom of the Seas*; it is just like the Haymarket scene, only much smaller. The men follow the exciting passages with absorbing interest. The visitor's heart sinks as the act draws to its close. That dreadful wind! Maledictions upon Henry 1st. Ford and all his works. But guides are invariably soulless creatures. The visitor stifles his objections and tries to stop his teeth chattering. Outside the guide explains that soldiers ought to be given opportunities of becoming acquainted with the classics. But the visitor's thoughts are numbed in contemplation of the coming twenty minutes; he scarcely comprehends the remark. However, five minutes' quick drive, and the car with a violent lurch comes to a stop outside the garrison cinema in the same camp. It might be the same building as the one just left except that a screen takes the place of the stage. Here is Charlie Chaplin enlisted as an American "Sammy." Here, too, is Mary Pickford; and, most cheering sight of all, rows upon rows of chattering, perspiring Tommies. Once more the cold and the wind. At the next halt the visitor's astonishment is so complete that he forgets his discomfort immediately. He gathers the significance of his guide's remarks about the classics. Sir Frank and Lady Benson are acting *The Merchant of Venice*. Wonderful how it "goes," as the theatrical people say. At one of the most desolate camps in England a packed house is watching a Shakespearean performance of the first class! In a very few minutes the inexorable guide murmurs something about a performance of *The Tittle* twenty miles further on. This is too much. Really, Mr. Arnold Bennett will have to wait. With a slow smile the guide—fiend incarnate!—offers the alternative of the last act of *Faust* by a real grand opera company some fifteen miles in the other direction, or supper at one of the official hostels where the artists live. The moral collapse of the visitor is complete. Besides, that fragrant smell of coffee at Bulford still lingers in his nostrils; can Salisbury Plain hold anything more attractive than . . . The car begins its homeward journey.

This is only a brief summary of the work that has been done. The theatres are there for those who can get permission to see them; and statistics are available showing the ratio of attendances to the total numbers in garrison at the various times, and the types of plays which are most popular. At the time under review a total of one hundred thousand officers and men were paying each week for admission into twenty-two garrison theatres and cinemas. Some dozens of plays of all kinds had been produced

before audiences numbering in the gross many millions of men. But these figures are only of relative importance. They are quoted, and details of the methods of organisation are given, in order to give some idea of the great scope of the enterprise. These co-operative theatres, in which the soldiers are the shareholders and sole beneficiaries, were built or reconstructed together with the hostels to accommodate the artistes, the companies formed, and a very large number of plays produced within a period of two years. The significance of this should not be lost upon those who have so long advocated some form of State recognition of the Drama. At a time of great national emergency "recognition" has arrived; in an elementary form, it is true, but still, it is there. Just as the originating theatre at Oswestry might be likened to the municipal theatre in embryo, so the whole scheme, of which Oswestry is the parent, indicates triumphantly the future of a Theatre officially recognised and made truly national.

There is no doubt as to what would have happened had these theatres been allowed to get into the hands of a private syndicate. Cheap methods, cheap plays, low standards, would have been the results; and a discrediting of everything theatrical in the official mind. It must inevitably be so, because the impulse of personal gain is so strong. But recognition has brought an immediate raising of the standard of competition, and it has taught men to love the theatre. On frequent occasions the writer has questioned men leaving the theatres to find that they had never before in their lives seen plays acted until they went to the soldiers' theatres, often the music halls, and always the cinema, they knew; but not the theatre. Into this virgin soil has been planted the seed of a taste for decent plays. So "recognition" has made new audiences for the theatre. And in those towns which had the misfortune to be within a six-mile radius of big camps—there were, unfortunately, not many—many surprising changes were wrought. Nasty variety turns gave place to better, or disappeared in favour of plays. The small traffickers in the theatre gnashed their teeth with rage and devoted more care to their business. On several occasions the official organisation has been "hoist with its own petard" when it has been in a temporary difficulty to maintain a high standard of entertainment in the ever-growing family of theatres. The immediate drop in business following upon any temporary fall in the standard would surprise most theatrical managers. It is interesting to note in passing that in this scheme the cinema has had for the first time to compete on terms of equality with the theatre, as regards prices of admission and the general comfort of the audience; and the

spoken play has won handsomely every time, even with the most ignorant men. Any reversion now of a theatre to a cinema (in cases where the numbers of men in camp are very small, for instance) is always most strenuously opposed; the opposition is often most vigorous from those senior officers who were formerly opposed to the idea of an official theatre in their midst. By providing the necessary capital, by lending all the weight of its official support and financial stability to steady the ship in the early days of the voyage and thus preventing the shaping of a devious course which once embarked upon in a theatrical enterprise always involves the original policy in shipwreck, by enabling high standards to be set, by removing the onus of dividend-earning and the self-asphyxiating grasp of trusts, by reason of all these things, official recognition has made this enterprise possible. Similar but wider action by the State would raise the civil theatre to a position of real importance in daily life.

Regard the present chaos of the London stage; it is suffering from every conceivable abuse that artistic enterprise could be asked to endure. No one could say after scrutinising its affairs that there was any appreciation of civic importance in the minds of those who control matters. Who would expect it, seeing that the magnates acknowledge only the power of the purse? Critics can no longer cope with the flood tide of commercial prosperity which has set in as a direct sequel to the anxiety and suffering the people have so recently undergone. Do managers see that to disappoint these great new audiences that are flocking into the theatres will be to deal a death-blow at the renaissance of the stage? There seems to be no one to direct a purpose, to raise a banner. Tradition is gone, the self-respecting standard set by the actor-knights is gone; love of good craftsmanship is only tolerated here and there in individuals. The one cry to be heard is "Make money while you can"; the rest is incoherence. The principle of the multiple shop, one line of goods well advertised and packed always in the same wrapper, fewer and fewer competing "firms," the steady growth of a bogey called "the pool"—a sort of mysterious sink of iniquity, one supposes—more and more unscrupulous methods, and, be it noted, fewer and fewer plays and fewer and fewer really first-class artists of the younger generation: these are the characteristics of the London stage to-day. And the ubiquitous multiple shopkeepers scour other continents for new dramatists to take the place of those they have starved out of the home country.

In condemning things as they are it is necessary to use caution and modesty in suggesting what should be. It is so very easy to speak of national and municipal theatres and of their advan-

tages. Unfortunately, it is also very easy to gloss over the weak spots in the argument for their adoption. The theatre is a human institution—a very vital human institution. It cannot be likened to a museum, a collection of dead things, of objects of peculiar interest. It must keep pace with the thoughts and strivings of men. We all know how easy it is for an art gallery to slip behind the artistic progress of the citizens whom it should serve. How easy, then, for a theatre, freed from the care of obtaining always large audiences, to become mentally lazy, to become a sort of Royal Academy of the stage, or, at the other extreme, the exponent of unusual or “cranky” views of life! Whilst a careful student of the question must admit immediately the necessity of freeing the theatre from the present vicious struggle for existence, he must also see the necessity for retaining in the theatre some of that life-principle which is the essence of individualism and in the industrial world is supplied by competition. Moreover, the student has also to consider how best to safeguard the freedom of the artist. A butcher may make a very worthy citizen, he may be well worth his place on the city council, he may even secure the passing of a bye-law to improve the sanitary condition of lairages; but it does not follow of necessity from these things that he is also a judge of a good play. At the same time, hard-headed citizens should not be expected to hand over large sums of civic money to artists to provide whatever entertainment pleases their professional fancy. Are these difficulties insurmountable? We are a practical nation. Might it not be possible to admit this vital principle of public recognition of the value of the theatre by subsidising certain theatres for specific performances? Might not the citizens vote encouragement for their own theatres? Might not the theatres compete with each other for the honour which such national and civic recognition would involve! These are large questions which need careful consideration by all those who have been sufficiently interested to acquire a sufficient knowledge of their subject to enable them to judge. At all events, the principle of recognition of the value of the play has been admitted in so far as the military theatres are concerned; and the results of this first official scheme may fairly claim to have dispelled the illusion that similar demands on behalf of the civil theatre are only put forward to conceal a lack of business ability or to propagate distorted views of life.

BASIL DEAN.

CURRENTS CALAMITY.—IX.

LAST month I pointed out that, even without strikes and "labour unrest," there was little hope of maintaining our output of coal at its old pre-war level. I suggested that British coal-mining was a stationary, or declining, industry which had in all probability seen its best days, and was unlikely to regain its former superiority in the face of an ever-growing volume of foreign competition. Since I last wrote the Yorkshire miners ceased to produce any coal at all, the Scottish miners produced only four-fifths of the normal quantity, and those of the North Midlands only half. The week ending July 26th showed a decrease of over two million and a quarter tons compared with the week ending June 28th. The most interesting point about these figures is that the deficit was not entirely caused by the strike, and was not limited to the areas where the men were "out." The miners of the Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales coalfields were not striking. Nevertheless, in those districts there was also a fall in the output amounting to 26.6 per cent. In Durham the decrease was 34.1 per cent., in the South Midlands 21.6. That is the direct result of the reduction in working hours and the statutory seven-hour day. Mr. Justice Sankey and some of his colleagues on the Coal Commission hoped that the colliers, by putting more energy into their task, would extract as much coal in seven hours as they used to do in eight hours. The July statistics are the answer to this illusory suggestion. The miners have got a shorter day by Act of Parliament, and higher wages; the nation will pay more for its coal, and get less of that indispensable commodity. Nothing else could be expected.

Before the war our coal production was rising toward three hundred million tons per annum. In the spring of this year it was still at the rate of two hundred and forty millions. The President of the Board of Trade told the House of Commons that we must make up our minds to be content with two hundred and sixteen millions. But we are well below that figure now, and are very unlikely this year to produce the two hundred and ten million tons required for home consumption and ships' bunkers. We shall be lucky if we can draw from the mines the hundred and fifty-seven million tons needed for home rationing, leaving nothing for export and bunkering purposes. Our foreign exportation must disappear altogether, unless we choose to keep it up

artificially by means of heavy bounties, replacing the quantity deducted from our indispensable internal reserves by importing from abroad. So we are rather rapidly approaching the period when we shall be feeding our engine-room furnaces and filling our domestic grates with coal brought across the seas from foreign lands.

The situation was foreseen by that great economist and student of social and industrial realities, the late Professor Stanley Jevons. Fifty-four years ago Jevons published his book *The Coal Question: An Inquiry Concerning the Progress of the Nation and the probable Exhaustion of our Coal-mines*, a volume which I have just re-read with extreme interest.

Looking about him in 1865 Jevons warned his countrymen (who entirely ignored his admonitions) that their industrial supremacy, so far as it was based on cheap and abundant coal, could not last for ever. He waved aside the calculations of the geologists, who estimated that there was an inexhaustible supply of the carbonised fuel buried beneath the soil of Britain, enough, as they thought, to last for hundreds or thousands of years. These estimates, even if correct, which Jevons was inclined to doubt, were nothing to the purpose. The point was not how much coal lay under Britain, but how much there was which it would pay to extract. Of that, he insisted, the quantity was comparatively limited. The time would come, and come rather soon, when it would not be worth while to pursue thin veins of British coal deep into the bowels of the earth when richer and more easily-worked seams were available in other countries, and when steamship and railway development had cheapened and quickened transport by sea and land.

In a very skilful analysis Jevons showed how intimately the industrial growth of Britain had been associated with the coal supply. Coal was the corner-stone of the whole great edifice: without coal Britain could never have passed all the other nations in the race. Englishmen had a tendency, it was more marked in 1865 than at present, to attribute their immense industrial and mercantile success to some inherent aptitudes and characteristics. Jevons disputed this assumption. The English were always a capable, energetic, tenacious people, good seamen, adventurous oversea traders, and steady-going, if not scientific, farmers and stock-raisers. But till the beginning of the great coal and iron era of the later eighteenth century they never showed any special industrial ability. A sagacious observer, comparing the England of the fifteenth, sixteenth or seventeenth century

with the countries of Continental Europe, would scarcely have predicted that this island would become the workshop and mart of the world. It must have seemed unlikely; for the Englishman was not gifted above others by Nature with the qualities of the craftsman. He was heavy-handed, rather clumsy, sound in his work, but slow, and without the versatility, the dexterity, and the manipulative skill of the Continental artisan; nor did he evince any natural turn for commerce, business organisation, and finance.

In all these activities Britain long lagged far behind her rivals. Jevons shows how largely our industries, at the outset, were indebted to foreign initiative and enterprise. The ships of Venice and Genoa brought the indispensable spices of the East to British ports; Lombard merchants settled in London and financed banking and business; the agents of the German Hanse were in all the English towns buying raw materials and selling imported wares; Flemish traders carried off our wool to be worked up in the busy looms of Ypres, Bruges, and Courtrai. Most of the earlier manufacturing arts and industries were introduced or established by foreigners. Our first cloth-workers, silk-weavers, and lace-makers were French and Flemish refugees. Two Dutchmen began the manufacture of pottery; a German erected at Dartford the first English paper-mill; Germans and Dutchmen taught us dyeing and bleaching; surveyors and contractors came from Holland to drain our fens and build embankments and windmills; French engineers introduced iron castings into the Sussex forges. France, Flanders, Italy, Spain, the Rhineland gave us the finer textiles and manufactured metals which we hardly attempted to produce ourselves until the great industrial era came upon us with a rush a century and a half ago.

It was coal that gave the impetus, coal in proximity to the beds of iron ore, and within reasonable distance of the sea. Jevons endeavours to show that most of our native mechanical inventions were closely associated with the mining of coal. The steam engine was, for one. It was first used as a pump: the wet mines of the North required much pumping, and the steam-pump was extensively employed for that purpose, and became familiar to Watt and others, who saw that with certain adaptations and modifications it could be applied to almost any purpose for which power was wanted, always provided that a cheap agency for producing the power was available. The railway began, as an adjunct to the mines, by the laying of rails of wood or metal on the rough roads and lanes, so that the coal-trucks could be more

easily rolled down from the pit-head to the ships. Then George Stephenson put the steam-pump upon the tramcar, and the locomotive engine came into being. They were men of genius, those English mechanics and operatives, who invented and perfected the reciprocating engine, the locomotive, the smelting-furnace, the weaving and spinning machines, the iron steamship, the rolling-mill, the steam-hammer. But all these things rose, says Jevons, out of coal. It was coal that stimulated the ingenuity of our inventors, and gave a purpose to their work. And when all the world wanted engines worked by steam, and iron made in blast furnaces fired by coal, all the world came to Britain for the raw material and the finished product. And Britain could send her abundant stores cheaply by the open road of the sea; for her ships could go out laden with coal, and so make a profit on both the onward and the return voyage. Coal gave us the low freights which led to our supremacy in shipping and in ship-building.

We were almost at the zenith of our productive power in 1865, without a really serious competitor in textiles, metals, machinery, and ships. But even then Jevons saw the change coming. He knew that as population filled up the new countries, and better transport strung together the older areas, this little island group must lose its monopoly. The world held ore reserves compared to which our own were insignificant, it had undeveloped coalfields many times larger than the whole of Great Britain; it had water-power and navigable rivers and natural harbours in profusion; it had labourers with as stout backs as our own, and no lack of directing and organising brains. It has, in fact, much more of all these than Jevons knew in 1865. He had little idea of the immense potentialities of China and Russia, or of the mineral possibilities of Africa, India, and Australasia. Germany was still in the infancy of her industrial development, and Jevons regarded her as a less formidable competitor than France or Belgium. But he foresaw the growth of the United States, and anticipated that the coal production of the Appalachian fields and those of the Mississippi, must ultimately become enormous. "If the Americans," added Jevons, "have obstacles to overcome they have advantages in cheap and good mineral fuel which cannot be over-estimated. The anthracite of Mauch Chunk, or the bituminous coal of Ohio, is got almost for the mere price of quarrying, as coal used to be got in Staffordshire, and it is laying the foundation there, as it did here, of a great iron-working industry. Pittsburg is the American Sheffield and Wolverhampton. The steel, as well as the iron, manufacture has made a secure lodgment there, and its development is only a question of time." The time was

shorter than Jevons expected, but already in 1865 he predicted the marvellous future of Pittsburg, and even then thought it "impossible that there should be two opinions as to the future seat of the iron trade." It would take America some time to accumulate the necessary capital, and acquire the requisite labour force, and so to have enough hands to spare from agriculture to exploit to the full the mineral riches of Pennsylvania and the Middle States. But when these essential conditions were fulfilled, then, said Jevons, those districts of North America will become the seats of the greatest industries. "When the expense of working British coal-mines leaves no remuneration to the capital and labour employed, when brought into competition with the mines of other countries, then will they be as effectually lost to Britain for purposes of ascendancy, and their produce as exports, as if no longer in physical existence; and her superiority in the mechanical arts and manufactures, *ceteris paribus*, it may well be feared, will be superseded."

This looks gloomy enough — *ceteris paribus*, but one is inclined to repeat a blunt phrase of Lord Melbourne's. "*Ceteris paribus* be damned." It must be our business to see that "other things" are *not* equal. We shall have to adapt our industry to the new conditions, as we have done before. At an earlier period of our history we lost our iron manufacture because of the exhaustion of our fuel supplies, and we got it back again. When the ore was smelted with charcoal there was a prosperous metal industry carried on in the districts of England where oak timber abounded, particularly the Weald of Sussex, the Forest of Dean, and the Cleveland Hills. Only an old "hammer-pond," here and there, hidden among the leafy glades, reminds us that in the seventeenth century the Sussex woods were being eaten up to feed the 140 furnaces scattered over the country. But as the forests were thinned out charcoal became too dear the wood furnaces and hammer-mills were abandoned, and the iron trade quitted England, migrating for a short time (it is a curious and generally forgotten fact) to Ireland, where timber was more abundant than in the sister-kingdom. Then in 1706 Abraham Darby learnt (in Holland) how to smelt the ore with coke made from pit-coal, the Coalbrookdale blast furnaces were set up, charcoal fell out of use, and presently England and Scotland were producing almost as much pig-iron as all the rest of the world. Other countries caught and passed us; but we were and are, still great producers, though our iron deposits are partly exhausted and we have to depend largely upon imported ore. With cheap and efficient labour, energy, skill, and organising ability, a people can live

and be prosperous, even without extensive natural resources. Witness the case of nations like Holland, Denmark, Italy, and Switzerland, which counteract the grudging bounty of Nature by toil, thrift, and forethought.

The moral, of course, is that which everybody is preaching and nobody, it would seem, is practising. We must lessen our expenditure and increase our production. We are importing about eight hundred millions per annum more than we export. It does not need a Chancellor of the Exchequer to assure us that this is the road to national bankruptcy. We read his remarks, and those of the Prime Minister, enforced by impressively doleful comments in the newspapers, and go on gaily with the most exuberant holiday season on record. The writing is on the wall, but Belshazzar and his lords have made a great feast, and are not apparently disposed to turn from their revels because of these messages of doom. I suppose that "national bankruptcy" appears a vague, political, indefinite thing to the holiday-maker, as he paces his golf-course or suns himself by the sea-shore. It does not occur to him that the phrase may translate itself into want, scarcity, sheer famine, for him and his family; that it may mean an inadequate allowance of loaves at the baker's, very little meat at the butcher's shop, and prices for other things such as they are paying in Petrograd and Moscow; with trade stagnant, unemployment rampant, and taxes mounting to an appalling level. National bankruptcy would involve the direst individual poverty. It is a little difficult for the individual to grasp that truth, while he is still bathing in the flood of borrowed money on which the nation has been living for the past five years. A good deal of the six, seven, or eight millions which the Government spent daily during the war (it is still spending four and a half millions) continues to "fructify in the pockets of the people." But "Bradburys" are not loaves and fishes. We can only get these and other desirable objects of consumption either by producing them ourselves, or by producing other things which other people will take in exchange for them. And at present that is precisely what we are not doing.

Formerly we paid for our excess of imports in five ways: first, by the export of coal; secondly, by the profits of our carrying trade; thirdly, by the interest on investments held abroad; fourthly, by the profits on exchange, banking, and financial business; fifthly, by the export of manufactured articles. We have lost, in part or whole, the first four of these resources. Of coal for export we shall soon have little or none. With its disappear-

once the British tramp steamer will lose its constant and regular outward freight, our carrying trade will decline, and much of the "invisible profit" it earned must be struck off our national balance-sheet. We have parted with a large portion of our foreign investments and no longer receive as interest on them the same annual tribute of goods from abroad. New York is superseding London as the financial centre of the world, and we cannot make the old profits on foreign banking, bill-broking, and exchange. There remains the fifth expedient, that of turning out vast quantities of manufactured goods for export, and buying with them the food and raw materials we need. By that method we shall in the end find salvation, combined with the other method of extending our agriculture so as to become less dependent on foreign sources of supply. But to reach this consummation we shall have to work hard and work cheaply, as Englishmen once did. Since the great majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen are now chiefly intent on high earnings and short hours, it seems unlikely that they will learn the requisite lesson without passing through a preliminary period of privation and distress. The process may be accompanied by dangerous civil disorders. It is scarcely conceivable that half a million colliers will consent to go out of employment, and that another half million will submit to a substantial reduction of their wages and an increase of their hours, without a protest which may take the form of physical violence. So it may be with certain other privileged and organised trades and crafts, whose members must inevitably suffer before the process of change and adaptation is completed. For that we should be prepared. Revolutions, whether economic or political, are not made with rose-water; and it is an economic revolution which is beginning in Britain.

Meanwhile the immediate problem before Britain and the rest of Europe is to contrive to live and eat during the next twelve months. Mr. Herbert Hoover has just compiled a Memorandum, issued by the Ministry of Labour, in which it is very plainly stated that we are in considerable danger of failing to do those essential things. At the present moment Mr Hoover tells us that Europe is not producing enough to support itself or to pay for what it requires from without:—

"A rough estimate would indicate that the population of Europe is, at least, 100,000,000 greater than can be supported without imports, and must live by the production and distribution of exports. Generally, in production Europe is not only far below even the level of the time of the signing of the Armistice, but far below the maintenance of life and health without an unparalleled rate of import."

America, North and South, has a good surplus, and could provide us with a large part of what we want. But it would have to supply us on credit, or gratuitously, unless we can furnish equivalent goods or services. The European Family of Nations, ourselves included, would be a family living on charity, or going every year deeper into debt. The latter process must mean the economic slavery of the Eastern Hemisphere to the Western, which ultimately would lead to further wars. So we come back again to the inexorable moral. There is no safety but in curtailing expenditure, public and private, and increasing production, especially the production of necessities. Much as we all dislike superfluous Government control I see nothing for it, in our own case, but a renewed "drastic" supervision of consumption, and strong measures—stronger measures than we took during the war—to repress the manufacture and importation of luxuries, and to stimulate the trade in essentials. A country which may soon go short of food and fuel cannot afford to spend too much money and energy on furs and jewelry and champagne.

The sordid and murderous tyranny which is called Soviet government in Russia has not prevented some Western observers from pointing out that there is "something in" the Soviet system, or in the idea which underlies it. So there is; and that something is worth considering, even by those who think that Lenin and his associates are simply *hostes humani generis*, wild beasts who are preying upon the vitals of society. Lenin himself seems to be a callous and frigid "intellectual," an idealist as Robespierre was idealist, but of much stronger capacity and larger administrative ability than the "sea-green Incorruptible"; a fanatic, personally disinterested (in this respect very unlike some of his colleagues and condutors), who would march through seas of blood and continents of wreckage to prove a theory. There is no more dangerous creature than your de-humanised and uncompromising logician. Lenin's aims and views are conveniently summarised by himself in a pamphlet, *The Soviets at Work*, which has been translated and published by the Glasgow Information Bureau; and side by side with it may also be usefully read the account of *The Russian Soviet Constitution*, issued in this country, at the price of threepence, by a body called the People's Russian Information Bureau. I do not think many of us will be allured by Lenin's definition of "Soviet rule" as "nothing else than the organised form of the dictatorship of the proletariat"; especially since we know that in practice this dictatorship means the despotism of any group which can seize power at

the centre of affairs, and maintain itself by murder, torture, and outrage, inflicted through hired butchers. Herr Bela Cohen, *alias* Kun, of Budapest, tried that system in Hungary, and may possibly, one hopes, pay the penalty of his misdeeds.

But the "something" behind Sovietism, which may remain after its rule of massacre and plunder has been abolished, is its introduction of a new elective principle, or rather its revival of an old one. It proposes that popular representation in the councils of government ("soviet" means properly only "council") shall be based on classes and interests, not on locality. That is how parliaments were originally constituted: they were the "Estates" of the realm, the councils or general assemblies of the various orders into which the community was divided, the baronage, the clergy, the landowning gentry, the merchants, the craftsmen and artisans of the towns. The House of Lords, as Major Waldorf Astor has recently reminded us, is still in that position: it is one, or rather two, of the Estates, and its elective members, the Scotch and Irish representative peers, are chosen not by local constituencies, but by the whole of their order wherever resident. The House of Commons, and other modern parliamentary legislatures, are selected entirely by the local or regional vote, on the assumption that men living in the same district or quarter have the same interests. The assumption may have been justified when populations were scattered and mainly rural, and when facilities of travel and communication were few. In the seventeenth or sixteenth century it may be that an English parish was really a community, as an Indian village is to-day, in which all the inhabitants, from the squire to the poorest labourer, were linked by common ties and interests.

In these days, at any rate in the large urban areas, this assumption no longer holds good. Social, professional, and class relations form the real bond between individuals, and this is much closer than the mere incident or accident of geographical proximity. A stockbroker living in Brighton is in touch and in sympathy with other stockbrokers at Wimbledon and Hampstead not with the lodging-house keeper or the greengrocer in the next street. If all the stockbrokers or greengrocers in the country could combine to elect their own member or group of members it could be said that they were genuinely represented in Parliament. As it is, each of them is only a unit in a crowd of twenty thousand or forty thousand electors, most of whom have nothing in common with one another, beyond the fact that they travel from the same railway station, and draw their water

from the same reservoir. The medical profession is one of the most important in the country, and its influence ought to be felt in many questions of legislation and government, such as those connected with sanitation, public health, and education. But it is unrepresented, or only accidentally represented, in Parliament, because there is no "doctors' vote" anywhere strong enough to carry a constituency. Nothing can carry a constituency, in most cases, but the Labour vote: and the Labour vote is itself only artificially united by the local arrangement and the party divisions. An engineer may join with a bricklayer to elect a compositor as the representative of "Labour"; whereas he ought really to be able to join with other engineers (wherever they may be at the moment) to elect a member who knows something about engineering. Class-consciousness and grade sentiment have, largely superseded the old local patriotism, especially in the towns, where many residents are mere birds of passage. We are no longer rooted to the soil; we do not live and die in one place; on the contrary, we move about freely, changing our abodes as our work, our fancy, or our convenience dictates. Our constitutional machinery may have to be modified in accordance with these facts instead of being chained down to the ancient conception of regional stability. We do not want, and shall not get, Soviet government but a Parliament properly representing the "Estates of the Realm," in their orders, classes, occupations, and interests, instead of one chosen by artificial and unintegrated local electorates, may be the next phase in our constitutional evolution.

"Soviet government," as practised in Russia, whatever may be its other qualities, does not promote the liberty of the individual citizen. It would be strange if it did; for the essence of the system is that the central executive power is in the hands of a small secret committee, virtually irresponsible. Like other secret and irresponsible ruling bodies, it stands no nonsense. British revolutionists who favour "direct action" should read with interest the account of some recent proceedings in Petrograd. On July 16th the tramwaymen of that fortunate city, much overworked by their employers and masters, the municipal Bolshevik commissaries, came out on strike. There were the usual accompaniments, including demonstrations and excited oratory. This went on for a few days, and then the champions of Humanity and the Proletariat intervened. A meeting of strikers was being held, and eloquent speeches were in full flow, when an armed party of Red Guards entered the hall. They arrested most of the audience, and, adds the news telegram laconically, "executed the

chairman." After that the tramwaymen ceased to strike. It is a method of government which has the merit of simplicity; but it makes the profession of Labour Leader a little hazardous.

Also this pleasing example of Bolshevik administration may be usefully pondered by some of our more ardent nationalists. It may remind them that nationalisation will carry with it certain obligations, as well as privileges, for the labour groups concerned. If, for example, the mines become the property of the nation, and are worked for the benefit of the nation, those engaged in them must be regarded as the servants of the nation, who will not be permitted to damage the national assets to improve their own position. The nationalised miner, like the soldier and the policeman, will forfeit his right to strike at his pleasure. He cannot "have it both ways": if he is enrolled in the forces of the State, he can scarcely be suffered to dislocate the State's industrial operations as he does, when it suits him, those of his private employers. State Socialism, from the very nature of the case, limits individual freedom to make and break contracts. Under nationalisation the Army of Labour will be a term with a real meaning; Labour will be disciplined and regimented like a military force. Perhaps it will in time become an army of conscripts; for if the State owns all the great sources of production, it is bound, in the interests of the community, to get them worked effectively and economically. If voluntary labour is not forthcoming for the purpose, labour would be applied under compulsion. No nation shrinks from requiring forced service in a war against a foreign enemy: it would resort to the same expedient if there were no other means of filling the *cadres* in the campaign against destitution and famine.

We English are supposed to be slow at picking up foreign tongues; but the American language, thanks to the Transatlantic cinema and the dumped magazine stories, makes gratifying progress among our cultured masses. Evidently the readers of our popular fiction understand it very well. If you glance at the serial stories, which run through the newspapers that circulate by the million or so, you will find the characters chattering American slang as freely as people talked Cockney in the pages of Dickens. This is how young ladies employed as shop-assistants in Manchester converse:—

" 'Come along, Sue dear,' said Edna. 'I have been waiting for you. Listen, dear, I expect Reggie Clarke and that nice friend of his will be on the look-out for us. Do hurry.'

" 'Boil Reggie Clarke,' said Sue abruptly. 'He's a pure simp.'

"'Simp,' repeated Edna, looking distressed. 'Whatever do you mean?'

"'Word I pinched from the screen at the pictures,' said Sue. 'It means boob; it means chump; it means a pie-faced mutt.'"

I do not know what a boob is, or a chump, or even a pie-faced mutt; I suppose the readers of this masterpiece do, or the author thinks they do. I am quite sure that Lancashire lasses did not talk to one another like that ten years or five years ago; perhaps they do not really talk like that now. But if they used the genuine dialect of the cotton and iron country, they would be unintelligible in London or Bristol; whereas Americanese is becoming a kind of pidgin-English which passes current everywhere.

I turn to another serial in another great newspaper, and I find another young lady, a Londoner this time, expressing herself after this manner:—

"'She was my best friend at school, and she was ever such a sport! She could beat all the other girls at games, and she could ride horseback, and—oh, lots of things like that!'"

Pure Americanese again! A British maiden a little while ago would not have described another girl as "a sport," nor did she "ride horseback." Now, it would seem, she falls into these locutions quite naturally. It is one effect of the American capture of our chief agencies for the recreation and refreshment of the multitude. When all our plays and films and novels are supplied to us from the other side the "spiritual" union of the English-speaking peoples will be complete. Then they will all speak the same variety of the "English" language, the language heard "on" the American street and in the American street-car.

SIDNEY LOW.

BACK TO LIFE IN BELGIUM.

"I OBSERVE that men's collars do not fit them, they are too large," said Mr. Brand Whitlock, the celebrated American Minister, to me, in Brussels, the day after the King's arrival. On the eve of that thrilling event, which meant really the calling back to life of Belgium—the awakening from its long nightmare—Mr. Whitlock and Sir Francis Villiers, his British *confère*, had come from Le Havre in a string of motors carrying the *personnel* of the two Legations with its baggage and diplomatic archives. His remark seemed to me to sum up Belgium after the Boche had left it—men with collars too big for them, women with pinched drawn faces, pallid children with dark heavy eyes, consumption rampant. I have not the figures but M. Vandervelde, the Socialist Minister of Justice in the present Cabinet, assures me that the ravages of the disease are frightful. It must be so. I was there a few hours after the Boche had left the territory following step by step its opening up in accordance with the Allied time-table and I assure you that the prices remaining like brackish pools after the retreating tide served as a symptom of what had gone before. Though the cost of living had fallen somewhat it was still remarkably high. One lunched modestly at some restaurant of no pretension for sixteen or seventeen francs, with beer instead of wine—and you may count a similar amount for dinner. At my hotel *polit déjeuner* darkish bread rancid butter and *l'usut* coffee cost 3 francs 50 centimes. That was the worst meal of the day and relatively the most expensive. So the hotel visitor must spend about £2 a day to live. Seven, eight or nine francs was the price of the smallest piece of meat. At Liège, which I visited for the second time after the Armistice—a day or two before the King's "joyous entry"—is the charming medieval phrase is—I paid 23 francs or nearly a sovereign for a breakfast for two consisting of a couple of poached eggs apiece and tiny bits of bacon which had foundered in the pan for lack of fat to fry them.

The poor have grown thinner and weaker for their sufferings, and yet I am not sure that they have been as much affected as the *bourgeoisie* and particularly the lower portion of it. For nothing has been done for them. Quite naturally the bulk of the funds and the food went to the most numerous and less-endowed class. The working man and his family were fed. They got the bread and soup, coffee and meat when there were any. But those

to whom the old life had been ample and liberally provided for found their deprivation sharpened by gastric memories and by the cruel assault of the unexpected. The *petit rentier* class—not the most interesting, perhaps, in a community—found itself severely straitened. For such food as there was, handled by the magnificent Relief Commission and National Committee for Belgium, went naturally to those most obviously in need of it who were often unable to pay for it. And that very organisation which was criticised by some because, they said, the Boche would get the food (this was only partially true), really saved the working man from the enemy. For, as M. Vandervelde pointed out to me, he would have been forced to labour for the German if he had had no food. The temptation was generally resisted because he had overseas supplies. Thus he was in the position of a striker supported by his Trade Union funds.

None the less, the effect upon working-class mentality is noticeable. To M. Vandervelde it seemed that some sort of class warfare was inevitable unless each side was very *raisonnable*. The Belgian worker has begun, sharply, to claim his place in the sun. Hitherto this has been a cheap country. Such a lunch as I described a moment ago would not have cost more than 2 francs 50 centimes or a couple of shillings in the old days. Living was on the low scale, as were the wages. Belgium has been called, not without reason, the Paradise of the capitalist. But it will not be so again. Socialism and Labour (the two are inseparable) claim an eight-hours' day at a wage of 8 francs—modest pretensions, if one thinks of present prices. In any case, there must be a diminution in working hours, for the stamina of the people, reduced by starvation, cannot stand the old strain upon it. Employers, however, declare to me that exaggerated demands on behalf of labour would involve the wreck of industry which, like the workmen, is enfeebled.

Certain key industries have had the misfortune to excite the German lust for destruction because they compete with the Fatherland, or because, being furnished by German machinery, the missing parts could only be supplied by the makers. And so weights were dropped on the latest models and they were smashed to pieces: blast furnaces were blown up with dynamite; machines were wrenched from their positions and carried bodily to Germany. Some workshops which I inspected, particularly the celebrated Cockerill Steel Works at Seraing, near Liège, were stripped not merely of their machinery but of the running tackle as well. Such was the need of leather that the Germans robbed the little factories of their belting, leaving the machinery untouched when it was not new enough to tempt them. In the case

of Cockerill's the destruction was so systematic that not an ounce of steel can now be turned out by these works, the best equipped in Belgium, simply because each essential part in the processes is removed. No longer can the crude ore be metamorphosed into rails or girders, heavy machinery, steel bridges, and even cannon. Elsewhere—at Ghent—I saw a magnificent spinning mill belonging to the Louisiane Company, which had been robbed of its spindles to furnish copper and had its electric plant destroyed, so that the effect was the paralysis of production. Obviously Belgian manufacturers start with grave disadvantages. It will take months, perhaps years, to replace the machinery so cruelly dismantled. Meanwhile rivals secure the market. This fact, as Belgian captains of industry pointed out to me, must be taken into account in estimating damage. Moreover, workmen must be maintained—unless staffs are to be dispersed—whilst the factories are being set on foot again. Thus the Germans owe a heavy bill to Belgium. Nor, I imagine, will their travellers be able safely to exhibit their plausibility and their shoddy goods for many a day to come in the country of their depredations. Memories rankle. There are too many little graveyards in the valley of the Meuse, too many gaps in the village street, to forget the Hun and his ways.

It is impossible to go as I did from Liège to the German frontier, a few days after the departure of the defeated army, and not realise what German terrorism means. Just as night was beginning to fall we came upon two little burial grounds by the roadside. There were twenty graves in each. At the entrance to the plots stood a rough wooden arch upon which was written: "From the bottom of our graves we welcome our avengers!" We waded in the ankle-deep mire, under the pouring rain, to the sepulchre of those who cried aloud for vengeance. In most cases, portraits of the victims appeared below a crucifix. Often there were two, husband and wife; sometimes four—a whole family in one grave. A champion cyclist, shown upon his wheel in the little photograph, was pathetically described as "A Victim of the War." Other graves recorded, "Died from the events of the War," "Deceased as the result of the War." This reticence showed the German hand, but, as my companion said, "In a few days the wording will be changed." I could well believe it. And yet as I stood, a few minutes later, in the main street of Herve, famous for its cheese, and now, alas! for its atrocities, looking at the vestiges of burned houses, now levelled with the ground by German order over a distance of 150 yards, I marvelled at the tranquillity of the inhabitants. They had not crossed at the German field grey as it flowed back to the frontier—the rabble

of the first days singing its revolutionary songs and flaunting its red flags, and then, more ordered in its ranks, with discipline restored. No, they had not flung insults at the host now retreating from the scenes of its arrogance and cruelty. They had gone to church to pray, to thank God for the deliverance of the land from its enemies. These were the people, poor, pious Catholic peasants, whom the Germans, to excuse the massacres and burnings, declared to have fired upon them. It was incredible. It was true neither here nor elsewhere, as I learned from my Belgian companion, who has kept an exact tally of all the German barbarities. When his book is published it will contain lists of victims and the circumstances of each death. During the four years of occupation he has not ceased to travel upon the roads of Belgium, with the aid of false passports, and has collected unimpeachable data.

Looking upon these folk and hearing their simple talk, I was convinced that the arrival of the Germans was far more likely to have sent them, terrified, to their cellars and hiding places than to mount the roof-tops whence to fire upon the mass. And this, indeed, is what happened. Everywhere in this quiet country, where tall shafts of collieries protrude occasionally from the fields, challenging in symmetry the village spires, are evidences of German savagery. There is the village of Battice, where forty were killed, of Soumagne, where the number was 200. The pretext is always the same and always false: the inhabitants have fired upon the troops. Some of the villages have been utterly destroyed in the madness of incendiarism. No, in the valley of the Meuse at least, the German had better not show his face for twenty years or so.

If there were no graves, the memory of little children would suffice to keep alive the deeds. It is pitiful to hear of youth, as likewise of old age, which has lost its reason in the horror of events. The blood lust was extraordinary. In one case the invaders entered a house where a carpenter and his apprentice were roughing out a coffin for a victim of the previous day. The elder man was bayoneted as he bent to his work; the younger hid himself and thus escaped. The poor carpenter's death had no military meaning; it was senseless terrorism. The murders stopped as suddenly as they began. After the first few weeks there were no more assassinations. Germany had ear-marked the country for her own. The robber chief, having amassed booty, became conservative—a custodian of the laws—and even wrote manuals for the perfect citizen. Nothing could be more cynical.

I made diligent inquiry but could find no trace of wilful mutilation. Persons had seen children with hands and feet struck off;

the bayoneting of babes was established beyond doubt, but these horrors were due to battle-fury, to indiscriminate machine-gun fire, to a wild and nervous energy of slaughter. But, beyond that, there is no evidence of sadic violence. Nor could I get confirmation of violated Catholic nuns. One of my informants, a Catholic journalist, assured me that the cases were non-existent in Belgium, though they might have occurred in France.

Everywhere I heard of the devotion of these Sisters who, at risk of their lives, aided the national cause by sheltering fugitives or by practising deception upon the German. In their selfless patriotism they resembled the priests. Catholic courage was greatly exalted by their example and by the pastorals of Cardinal Mercier. In a long conversation which I was privileged to have with the Primate of all Belgium, he told me that forty-nine priests in his See had been done to death for disobeying the Germans. In his famous letter, "Patriotism and Endurance," which roused the anger of the enemy, he gives the names of those killed. "There is no gainsaying the facts. When the indictment was published and conveyed by secret ways to the curés, the Germans arrested the printers. 'I was sorely tempted,'" said the Cardinal, in telling me the story, "when the Germans offered to release these men—a father and son—it I would withdraw my charges. Happily, however, I did not yield, and those devoted Belgians came afterwards to me to say: 'We thank you for having let us serve the Cause.' " The Cardinal, indeed, resisted the invader at every point and proved his most dangerous adversary. They did not dare to arrest him; the effect would have been too startling. The clear-cut, æsthetic face, the lofty, commanding carriage, the personal prestige and reputation as saint and savant (for at the University of Louvain, of which he is now the Rector, he held the chair of philosophy and had Cardinal Bourne among his students), made him too formidable a figure.

It was on the road between Louvain and Liège that I came across the main body of British prisoners escaped or liberated from Germany. They were tramping to Brussels in the hope of finding transportation. If I had been impressed at Herve and in the Meuse Valley by "Frightfulness," I found here an even more repulsive side to German character: the desire to inflict pain for the sake of it. In Brussels, in all the madness of the *fêtes*, wan figures flitted by like spectres at a feast. Worn and emaciated, with clothes hanging loosely upon them, they were piteous examples of German hate. Said one to me, standing isolated, his back to a shop-front in the Boulevard Anspach, whilst the crowd went prancing by to the gay air of a band: "Do they understand in England how the Germans have treated us? How

they have beaten us—there are the marks on my body now—how they have starved us? Often we had only roots in the fields to eat. When we could move no more and lay upon the ground, knocked out by the march and no grub, they kicked us and threatened us with revolvers if we did not get up. They hit and spat upon us. Do the people at home know that?" The terrible truth was written upon his face in the sunken sockets and protruding cheek-bones, in the desolate, dazed expression. In its utter dejection, haggardness, and lack-lustre eyes the figure before me seemed hardly human. Touch with the Germans had contaminated it and sent it down to the level of the brutes.

I associate Bruges with the joy of the first hours of liberty, with the frank pleasure of the *bourgeois* at seeing his enemy, now powerless, harnessed to the work of street-cleaning with a sturdy little Belgian by his side to see he did it properly. The Germans were particularly obnoxious in this glorious old town. There was the ineffable Von Schroeder, brutal and arrogant, about whom I heard many things. His custom was to walk about the town with a cigar between his thick lips and a dog-whip in his hand, which he used on humans as well as the hound which followed at his heel. One day a dog attacked his and worsted it. Von Schroeder had it killed on the spot. On another occasion a soldier jostled him and he whipped him in the face. He was present at Captain Fivatt's execution, looking on calmly whilst murder was being done, the eternal cigar in his mouth, his hat on, and the dog lying at his feet. Poor Fivatt died bravely, like a true Englishman. The Pelévin, who witnessed his death, by order of the Germans, told me that he did not know, until the morrow, who the stern, set figure in a serge suit was. But presently all Bruges knew and knew that a martyr the more had perished at the stake, fighting such a candle that nothing can extinguish.

Bruges saved its bells—splendid bells, that chime each hour of the day and night from every convent and church turret—glorious tintinnabulation. The bunglers are convinced that the Germans meant to melt them down for bullets, but were deterred not merely by the attitude of the priests, who refused to let them enter the sanctuaries, but by the general thought that Belgium was theirs and must not be despoiled. And so the bells rang out from all the steeples, mocking the invader with their sweet melody. The extraordinarily strong emplacement of the guns at Zeebrugge and along the coast seemed, also, to reveal a spirit of possession. The Germans thought they were established for eternity, but this feeling was tempered by fear of England. They were constantly expecting a raid from the sea. Many naval officers lived at Bruges, and their nervousness alone in their con-

versation. They talked of nothing but landing parties from British ships; it grew to be a sort of mania with them. The German seems only brave in groups; alone, he is often timid and apologetic. But in crowds he grows savage and insulting. Bruges bears few physical marks of his presence. The art treasures are safe; so are the old churches and houses. The only gaps in city architecture are by the docks where bombs fell from the air, demolishing small houses, when we sunk the submarines.

Requisition was as active here as elsewhere. There was a perpetual search for linen, wool, and copper, the Big Three of the German needs. Sometimes they got wine at a very low price. The proprietress of 'Le Panier d'Or,' famous for its cellars, told me that the Germans commandeered her wine at 1 franc 50 centimes a bottle. The real value was six times as much. What made the injury insulting was the sale of that wine to German officers in their canteen at six francs the bottle! "What mean wretches!" exclaimed, with much heat, my good lady of the restaurant.

In Brussels the most poignant sight, after the British prisoners, was the Government offices left by the Germans in their exodus. It looked as if an earthquake had occurred. In the apartments of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, occupied until the last moment by German functionaries and soldiers, was the most extraordinary confusion. Long-necked bottles, empty of their Rhine wine, stood on tables and in corners. There were wine-glasses, too, half-filled with a dark fluid, which might have been stout. An indescribable mess of papers littered tables and tops of bureaux. Maps of France lay amongst the litter. Prominent was Verdun—as if they were glad to leave that behind. It haunted them, no doubt. Every article of furniture was feet deep in rubbish. The floor itself was covered with a mass of dirty paper, cigar ends, and tobacco ash. Shelves and classifiers had been emptied of their contents, which were strewn about impartially. I was told that non-commissioned officers were mainly responsible for this disorder. They had given way to drink and nerves during the last weeks of occupation. Higher up in the scale suicides were frequent. Self-inflicted deaths of exalted officers were the broadest hint the Belgians had that things were not going well with their masters. But, to-day, they are going well for the former slave, for he is free once again, under God's blue heaven, to pursue his own destiny, to build anew the walls that have been thrown down, to re-establish ruined industries, to begin life again, but not, alas! to call back to it those who perished on the Yser or in the great offensive of last September.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

A POLICY FOR LABOUR.

LABOUR movements dictated by policy usually fall under one or other of the heads Trade Unionism, Parliamentary Representation, or Labour Press. Of the successes achieved many have been hard earned, while of the failures not all have been deserved. As successes accumulate, human nature is likely to assert itself, fostering a belief that a benefit gained even by a small section of Labour at great cost to the community is so much to the good. Both the failures and the specious gains of Labour are attributable to defects, inherent or acquired, in Trade Unionism, Parliamentary Representation, or the Labour Press.

The good work already done by Trade Unionism, its proven worth to the State in which it flourishes, is apt to make us hope greatly concerning its future, though its faults engender some fears. Chief of these faults is a total want of sense of proportion. While the old-fashioned "Sending to Coventry" is rigorously applied to blacklegs, Trade Unionism has no method of dealing with the man who smokes in a munition factory, gets drunk, insults peaceable members of the public, or urges that definite pledges should be broken. Yet a single one of such troublesome individuals does far more harm to the cause of Labour than many blacklegs could accomplish in a longer period. The men who selfishly endanger the lives of their comrades, greedily rob their own wives and children, disgust sensible persons, or break their own covenants and seek to make others do the like, will bring discredit on any movement, and, forcing themselves into the foreground, cause the bulk to be judged by them. Yet all too often such men are actually lionised by their mates for the very faults which make them despicable. The power which can prevent the perverse man from earning his living on his own lines should be sufficient to impose a certain standard of decent behaviour on men who are not utter fools. So much for that self-discipline to which, in the past, Trade Unionism has attached no importance.

Another matter demanding the attention of those who have the improvement of Trade Unionism at heart will be the consideration of claims to be made on behalf of members. Strikes are always to be regretted, yet circumstances have arisen, and are pretty sure to arise again, wherein the one reasonable course for the union involved is the declaration of a strike. Unfortunately, however, the custom has grown up of basing the strikers'

claim for increased pay on an illogical principle. If in a particular trade it has become imperative that the mechanic should be granted an additional four or five shillings, how can it be supposed that an increase of one or two will be sufficient for the labourer whose previous rate was only some two-thirds of the skilled man's wage? If life is not tolerable on thirty-eight shillings a week in normal times, how can it be borne on twenty-five? Any Trade Union recognising that weakness as well as skill has a distinct claim on the community may be tolerably sure of public sympathy whenever it puts forward a sound claim, provided always it is careful to see that the public understands that claim. Concerning the suggestions of "direct action" which are now being canvassed, one must not forget that sooner or later a Labour Government may come into power. Such a Government, to be of use to anyone, will find it necessary both to proceed and to insist upon constitutional lines. For this, if for no other reason, it behoves Labour generally to be very careful of its own doings now. Let the lessons so clearly taught by the simultaneous strikes attempted in 1911-12 be remembered, and let it also be borne in mind that great as British Labour undoubtedly is, it is still not greater than the British Public. No injury can be done the Nation as a whole which will not cause the most serious suffering to the Nation's Labour.

It is for Trade Unionists to reflect that neither public opinion nor Capital can be coerced, though both are open to persuasion and each is influenced by the other. A vast body of men, jealous of their own standard of discipline, keepers of their own honour, and reasoning on sound lines, should go far to set public opinion and Capital acting and reacting mutually for the advancement of Labour. But the discipline must concern itself with the behaviour of the individual, even though he be not a blackleg; and the honour must avoid all such lapses as have occasionally been witnessed.

The question of Labour Representation in Parliament really involves the much larger one of Parliamentary Representation generally. Striving so to deal with the matter that it shall not go beyond our present purpose, we are yet compelled to ask how any individual member can be expected to reconcile the always diverse and frequently opposing interests of his constituents. To put it shortly: "How can a member represent Capital and Labour simultaneously?" Many excellent people are constantly at pains to tell us that these interests are really identical. Be that as it may, on the floor of the House of Commons they frequently clash. If the question of professional and trade, rather than district, representation be unthinkable, we must continue in the hope that

individual members will do their best to represent the interests of both masters and men. In the past, when Parliamentary elections were simple issues between Liberals and Conservatives, matters did adjust themselves in some sort, for the member returned in the Liberal interest naturally felt that the Conservative interest was no affair of his, and *vice versa*. Does the Labour member of to-day, knowing himself to have been elected by the Labour vote, feel equally free to disregard or relegate to a secondary position the interests of Capital in his constituency?

Whether we think our present system good, bad, or indifferent, till it is altered it remains for us to make the best of it. Seeking to apply this on behalf of Labour, and in the hope that Labour may get that representation which it has a right to expect, it behoves us to consider what alterable faults Labour finds in its Parliamentary Representation. There is at least one case recorded where a Labour member made a wise suggestion to the House, only to find his fellow-representatives of Labour joining in the laugh against him when the scion of a noble family replied with a specious sarcasm rather than an attempt at reason. A similar impertinence might overtake any member, but Labour representatives should, for obvious reasons, be particularly careful to support one another in such circumstances. That is the sort of occurrence which leads working men to say in their informal discussions that once a Labour man gets into the House of Commons he is lost to Labour. Indeed, the history of the Labour Party, from its very beginning in the early part of 1906 right down to the outbreak of war—a point at which criticism naturally stops—tends to show that there has been a steady deterioration in tone; ideals have been allowed to fade, healthy traditions have been abandoned.

In August, 1913, we find a daily paper asking in heavy type: "Is there a Labour Party?" and from that date on there was a very chorus of vituperation, and abuse by no means mild was shouted at Labour's Parliamentary representatives by Labour leaders and the rank and file of Labour. The chosen of Labour were accused of "aping dukes," "voting in support of the Government and against their own amendments," "being flattered by other party leaders," "dining and wining with capitalists," "touring the world while the unemployed starved at home," and so forth; from all which it seems to follow that in future Labour members would do well to attend more closely to business, devoting rather less time to the social side of Parliamentary life and rather more to the society of those who are immediately their colleagues. It has been said for many years now that Labour can get what it wants provided it goes to work on reasonable lines.

Let Labour, then, take counsel with itself, decide which of its reasonable requirements should come first, and work steadily for that goal without dissipating energy on an over-full programme. Above all, let it be borne in mind that the efforts of the Labour Party in Parliament from 1906 to 1914 succeeded neither in increasing real wages nor in diminishing unemployment. A careful study of this failure and its contributory causes should be of great use to the party and to its constituents when they embark upon the framing of a new policy for Labour. To-day we find Labour's dissatisfaction with its Parliamentary representatives manifesting itself in two distinct ways. Certain of the Trades Unions are considering the advisability of withdrawing their Members in order that the said Members may devote their whole time to the affairs of the Unions. This has already been done in one notable instance, and the interests of the rank and file have certainly not suffered. Other groups of working-men voters are discussing a statement (which is possibly true), to the effect that under Soviet Government the constituents have the right to withdraw their member directly they decide that he has ceased to represent them; and to return at once in his stead a new representative who will be less likely to forget the purposes for which he was elected.

It may not be without interest to note that at the Labour Party's Conference at Southport it was reserved for a lady to point out to the principal speaker on behalf of the Labour group in the House that the members of that group should for the present, at least, abandon the idea that they are statesmen. Now this may have meant no more than that their tactics in the House should be rather more strenuous; or, it may also have been a reflection upon attempted interference in overseas policy. Be that as it may, the criticism remained unanswered.

In approaching the third aspect of the Labour movement we are confronted by a curious little difficulty. The term "Labour Press" conveys its own clear meaning, but by what title should we refer to that other and far larger collection of daily, weekly, and monthly publications whose avowed object is not simply the advancement of the interests of wage-earners? No such expression as "Capitalist Press" or "Anti-Labour Press" will quite serve, because exceptions, sporadic or fairly broadcast, do occur, and the temperately-minded working man is generally eager to regard acts of simple justice extended to him and his kind as being the result of something more, something higher, than mere good faith. Nor can we logically speak of the larger section of the Press as that of the laity, for we must include many clerical and technical publications in our consideration of the Press which

is most emphatically not the Labour Press. For want of a better term it seems that we must be content to speak of that larger section of the Press, which is generally capitalist and more often than not anti-Labour, as the public Press.

We have, then, a Labour Press which avows as its sole aim the pushing of a cause which is, at most, only a side line with its far more influential contemporaries. It is contended here that the Labour Press has completely failed in the endeavour which the public Press has never seriously undertaken except on a few notable occasions, and then almost invariably as a departure from its usual policy. One would like to compile a list of such favourable utterances, but, though the proportion is sadly low, a comprehensive schedule would be lengthy, because many of those journals which are in reality the very bitterest of Labour's opponents have had occasional lapses into friendliness. On balance Labour owes them a debt which it is reasonable to hope will never be paid.

How is it that the Labour Press has failed in the accomplishment of its one purpose—the improvement of the status and condition generally of the proletariat? Because it has pandered overmuch to two classes of reader: those who like to read of what they already know and those who cannot consider that their case has been adequately stated unless it has been exaggerated. The reasonable man, looking for structural suggestion, finds nothing but a wearisome reiteration of facts which have long been familiar to him, interlarded with statements which he would eagerly contradict. Neither preaching to the already converted nor exciting the more ignorant, neither gratifying the hot-heads nor disappointing the moderates, will advance the cause of Labour. If ever there was a time when Labour journalism might have interested the fair-minded employer, that time has gone by, probably never to return. Such journalism does not help Labour to help itself, nor is it calculated to bring outside influence to the aid of Labour. Hence its limited circulation and its failure to accomplish any useful purpose.

We have seen Labour journals born, struggle for a period, and die. We have even seen them brought to life again, apparently more robust than ever. But the very young, the tottering, and the resuscitated all exhibit the same salient features. It is true that these bad features are actually copied from the public Press. The aim seems always the same—to become, as it were, the exact complement of the more widely read journals. We find no breaking away from the old foolish tradition. If his Lordship's paper exaggerates in one direction then the labourer's must exaggerate in the other. Disingenuous headlines in the one can,

it seems, only be countered by the use of heavy type to convey vulgar sneers in the other. But there is one pitfall exclusively their own which Labour journalists appear to enjoy tumbling into. They constantly betray the peculiar narrowness of their own outlook by making it clear to all and sundry that they believe anything which can embarrass an existing Government will be useful to Labour. This is the more to be regretted because one cannot criticise Labour journalists as a body without remembering there are some particularly able men among them. Are they too bound by their terms of service never to be quite honest?

What, then, is to be done? Should great effort be made so to alter the whole tone of Labour publications that their circulation may be increased? We may take it for granted that such effort has been made, is constantly being made. But, were such attempts successful to-morrow, we should immediately realise that the capturing of the ear of Labour by the Labour Press was no great achievement. Effort should rather be directed to capturing the ear of the great public outside.

Clearly no journal produced in the interests of Labour, and conforming to the hotch-potch type in order that extraneous readers may be attracted and ultimately influenced, is likely to accomplish any useful purpose. The Labour Press having failed, it is devoutly to be hoped that no publications of the *olla podrida* type will come into being. Yet if the public generally is ignorant of facts vital to the well-being of Labour— and hence to that of the entire community— it is at least equally obvious that something should be done to enlighten this ignorance. Labour must somehow contrive to inform the public at large concerning its reasonable aspirations, its unreasonable disabilities, and, in some cases, its wrongs to the end that that same public (which is, after all, arbiter of Labour's condition) may see that justice is done.

It has been said above that our public Press has never seriously attempted to help the cause of Labour. We may go further, even to the length of saying that the weight of these mighty organs has almost invariably been thrown into the scale against Labour. On those rare occasions when something is printed on behalf of Labour, it is quite usual to hear it said by members of the public that now the other side should be given. So accustomed has the public become to reading that other side that the partisanship of the public Press is unrecognised. One naturally wishes that the case as against our widely circulating newspapers might be left at that. Unfortunately, it must not. The working classes know well how customary it is for their case to be gravely misrepresented in the columns of daily papers; and many of them

could bring forward documentary evidence showing the amount of trouble and expense wasted in fruitless efforts to get inaccurate statements withdrawn or amended. It has frequently happened that newspapers have been honestly mistaken; but again and again there has been refusal to correct a misstatement, though the proffered correction bore upon it the clear stamp of truth. It is quite a common thing now for working men to address the editors of newspapers asking in all courtesy that certain errors or misleading statements may be corrected. Very rarely does an editor notice such a request, even though the bulk of these letters bear clear evidence of the writers' accuracy. So badly has our public Press attended to the education and formation of public opinion on Labour matters, that these charges will probably be disbelieved. Yet from the present writer's own experience a bulky volume could be filled with complete details of such occurrences. The detail in every instance submitted would comprise the name of the journal, the date of the impression referred to, the entire article or paragraph which was unjust to Labour, a copy of the letter addressed to the editor, a concurrent entry of the posting of that letter, and, in some instances, the receipt for the registration fee paid in respect thereof. In each of these chains of evidence the last link is lacking, but easily procurable. Space could not be found for the filing of the ensuing week or fortnight's issues of the papers in question as proof that no correction was inserted.

So much for generalities. Is it possible to cite specific instances of Press injustice to the working classes without incurring charges of selection—captious or invidious? It is possible, because, unhappily for Labour, the majority of our daily papers were deeply tainted throughout a period of some five years before the war. When a certain great railway strike was in progress it was stated in several of our morning and evening papers that the strikers had cut signal wires. The general reader was thus led to conclude that human lives were being deliberately imperilled. If the editors concerned did not know before, they knew within the course of one or two postal deliveries that directly a signal wire is cut or breaks the arm of the signal rises to indicate danger. Yet no single one of the papers involved had the honesty to insert a correction which, to say the least, would have largely modified, even if it had not entirely removed, the false impression made by their original statement. On another occasion the pay of junior Army officers was under discussion. It was actually contended that bricklayers' labourers earned more than did these unhappy young men—an ingenious conclusion arrived at by comparing their daily rates and overlooking the fact that the labourer

was earning a wage on only five and a half days a week, while the junior officer was getting it on every day of the seven. Moreover, the labourer was at that time generally out of work, the officer never. Take a third case, cited here because, as in the case of the two which precede it, the *suggestio falsi* was widely published and will probably be remembered, while the truth suppressed has only to be stated to carry immediate conviction. There was an outcry concerning the Sunday opening of shops (other than public-houses), and women of the working class were accused of laziness or worse because they did not complete their marketing on Saturdays. Yet a large number of working men were paid at a late hour on Saturday, some, notably butchers' men, receiving their weekly wage at about midnight. How were their wives to do the shopping on the Saturday?

As germane to this aspect of our subject, consider the statement of a well-known publicist made at a time when clearly he was not thinking of the labouring classes -

'Many a private soldier, when our Army became developed as a great Imperial instrument, had no recourse in calling attention to the gross plunder of the canteen sergeant or the preposterous injustice of his commanding officer than to write, very likely anonymously, to *Truth*. *Truth* ventilated the grievance; it thus came under the notice of some not too hide-bound member of Parliament, and, if not individually, at any rate, generally, it was redressed. The fact that the soldiers and sailors of the last fifty years have had the Press as an outlet for the airing of grievances has gone far to make mutinies impossible. Suppress this safety-valve and the mutinies of a hundred years ago would quickly be fomented. 1

While venturing to endorse these remarks, we may point out that their author has failed to observe the parallel between the soldier and the working man, and has thus illustrated the negative attitude of the general public towards Labour in this connection. It is not realised that the working classes, too, would be the better for having the Press as an outlet for the airing of their grievances. Nor is it perceived that their claim to some such safety-valve is vastly greater than that of soldiers and sailors, because, while no reputable journal would make a deliberate attack on the rank and file of our Navy or our Army, it has become the custom for respectable papers to pass very severe criticisms on the working classes, while claiming the right to rule out all rejoinder. When we find a writer critically considering the attitude of the Press towards the Government and omitting all mention of Labour's claims and Labour's wrongs, it is not surprising that the public should be in complete ignorance of the way in which Labour has been treated by the public Press. As already stated, there have been exceptions; and *Truth* stands high on the list of papers

(1) "The Press and the Government of the Day," Sir H. H. Johnston, *The English Review*, September, 1915.

which present exceptions with some show of regularity. Yet even *Truth*, while it makes a regular feature, in each issue, of voicing naval and military grievances, deals only occasionally with the misfortunes of Labour.

Our public Press, then, exhibits no reluctance in blaming the working class, but is generally unwilling to admit a reasoned defence or a clear correction; while it is rare indeed that it takes up the cudgels on behalf of Labour. Moreover, this is not the whole of the indictment which the proletariat may justly urge here. Even the "make up," or general arrangement of some of our powerful organs frequently involves grave injustice to Labour. For example, on May 4th, 1917, the present writer saw but two evening papers, one as decidedly Tory as the other is definitely Liberal in normal times; each displayed the headline "Engineers' Strike," and each explained vaguely in small type that a certain firm of employers had refused to comply with the law. On the following morning the writer saw but one paper, a publication whose political leanings are not of the permanent order, which also had the strikers placed conspicuously on the headline and the defaulting employers tucked away in the text. Surely as a matter of simple equity these positions should have been reversed. Such an occurrence, trivial enough in itself, serves as a clear indication of that intangible spirit of hostility to Labour which seems to possess our newspapers.

Is it, or is it not, an offence in the eye of the law to stir up public opinion against a section of the community when the agitators know that the blame imputed by them to that section is in reality due elsewhere? What instances can be recalled of our public Press having blamed either capitalists or employers when the fault should have been attributed to Labour? Our influential Press, at all events, affords the working classes little or no support even when they deserve it, makes very many mistakes concerning them, and omits much that ought in common justice to be said on their behalf. Thus Labour is accidentally denied, or deliberately deprived of, the inherent right of appeal to the public, while the public is ignorant of the fact. If members of the Press generally are unaware of the danger of this state of things, collective Labour knows that the highest aim of a journalist should be the education and information of public opinion. Again, if it is a crime for the individual to create, or allow to be created, a false impression which will tend to set public opinion against a class, much more is it a crime for pressmen to permit or to foster the growth of such impressions.

Too much importance can hardly be attached to the fact that the working classes have been taught so completely to distrust

the public Press that as a result serious injury often accrues to the entire community. For example, had our powerful journals been a little less violent in their denunciations of Bolshevism there would be fewer avowed Bolsheviks among British workmen to-day. The virulence of the onslaught was sufficient to set the working classes asking what the capitalists wanted to conceal. Later we read lurid accounts of the "nationalisation of women" which the working classes generally found particularly unconvincing. Similarly, great effort is being made to teach the working classes economics, of a sort. Whatever the need, and whatever the truth in these two vital matters the proletariat will remain unconvinced, simply because the task of instruction has been entrusted to the public Press. The public Press, in fact, has brought us to a pass where it is well nigh impossible to convince Labour of anything. Now look back. Who remembers the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the editorship of Sir Douglas Straight? Throughout the entire history of English journalism is it possible to recall a period when any paper, publishing daily, was more soundly popular? Labour was not held in contempt or unjustly treated under the management of Sir Douglas. On the contrary, on one occasion an article appeared in the *Pall Mall* which dealt severely with London cabmen. But the cabmen knew the editor. One of their number called at the office, and stated his case: would one of the gentlemen take a ride in his cab and see what the truth really was? One of the gentlemen did, and the next impression of the paper contained an article which set matters right. Had not the tenants of the Peabody Buildings cause to trust the *Pall Mall Gazette*? Again, was the deserved popularity of the journal, under that editorship, in any way dependent on pandering to advertisers? Hardly, when one remembers the thorough manner in which the "City Editor" scandal was exposed, even after it was understood that such an exposure would hit the *Pall Mall* harder than any other paper. Yet, with it all, the working man was very frequently laughed at in its columns. But the laughter was pleasant, in the manner of John Leech, good for everyone concerned. It is not, therefore, impossible for an organ of the public Press to be just to Labour, generous to the poor, and severe with dishonourable advertisers.

A time will surely come when our working classes will decide that they must have fair treatment at the hands of newspapers. First, it is to be hoped they will ask whether the possibilities of persuasion have been exhausted. If nothing can be gained by reasoned appeals, then, ambitious or revolutionary as the suggestion may appear, the Press will be taken in hand by Labour, and Labour will win in any struggle which may ensue.

By what possible means could Labour, even organised Labour, obtain control of our public Press? The control aimed at would have reference only to matters of importance to Labour, and would concern itself with the exposure, or the killing, of that insidious spirit which partly reveals itself in the headline provocative and similar misuses of printer's ink; and would claim the same right of audience at the tribunal of public opinion as the capitalist has so long enjoyed. Further, it would compel the publication of just contradictions. Many instances have occurred in the past where it would have been greatly to Labour's benefit had action for slander been taken, for, even had such actions failed on technical grounds, the exposure involved would have gone some way toward the correct adjustment of public opinion, besides being a salutary lesson to the proprietor and staff of the publication indicted. If the law does not allow trade union moneys to be so used, let Labour sue *in forma pauperis*. If even this cannot be done, there are still alternatives open: let working men put forth every effort either to get such laws altered or to cause the scope of the Public Prosecutor's duties to be widened, that such prosecution should be undertaken by him. It must be borne in mind that there are more methods than one of stirring up class hatred. In the interests of law and order, as a part of good government, for the sake of promoting the nation's commercial prosperity, the working classes should be given every assistance in their efforts to throw off this yoke by constitutional means.

Finally, let Labour realise that, in its own interest drunkards and ruffians should be dealt with at least as severely as are black-legs. Let members of Parliament representing Labour realise that they are returned, not to be pleasantly smothered in social amenities, but rather to stand shoulder to shoulder doing the work which their constituents have entrusted to them. Let both Labour and its leaders deal determinedly with the public Press, accepting it as the means already to hand of making clear their real position and its crying needs.

So important is the last of these objects that it almost seems the Labour Press might, for a time, be allowed to drop. Such a campaign, for this definite and avowed purpose, need not be carried on in secrecy: the wider the publicity the better. Its importance, its imperative necessity, may be estimated by one simple consideration--when it shall have become the custom of the British Press to present the case for Labour adequately to the British public there will cease to be need of a Labour policy.

A SKILLED LABOURER.

VAUCLUSE.

Qui mi sto solo, e, come Amor m'invita,
 Or rime e versi, or colgo orbette e fiori;
 Seco parlando, ed a' tempi migliori
 Sempre pensando; e questo sol m'aita.¹

"'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours" and, revisiting old scenes, to conjure up our past selves, imagining the days when roses grew where now we see but thorns. The old scenes do not always readily respond, however, and, if they do, tinge wisdom to acquired oftener with the sadness than with the delight of memories refreshed. Avignon, scourged by the Mistral, seemed an instance in point; and, that angel of wrath staying his hand, matters improved little as other evils began to emphasise other drawbacks of the ancient nest of treason, taken from the down again, naked 'in the wind and barefoot in the briars,' *Arenio ventosa, cum tento fastidiosa, sine tento cenenosa*. Why, then, since it was the Poet of gentle love and mournful life² who had called me, together with my own wish for a revival of earlier impressions in sites of pleasant remembrance—why, then, not retrace the oft-trodden path to the clear and fresh and sweet waters³ of the chosen abode of his manhood, where 'everything, except only the sky which expands over both places, is no less different now from what we leave behind, than it was in his time: the appearance of the people, of the impetuous mountain streams, of the whole landscape'⁴ Up, therefore, to Vaucluse—

. . . heureux séjour, que sans enchantement
 Ne peut voir nul poète, et surtout nul amant.⁵

Until I reached l'Isle-sur-Sorgue, the travelling facilities I availed myself of excelled greatly those enjoyed even by crowned heads and high dignitaries of the Church when they moved in the same direction to spend a few days with Solivagus or Silvius or Silvano, for such, wrote Petrarca,⁶ was the name many of his friends gave him in playful allusion to his preference for the country. But the Mont Ventoux, looming in the distance

(1) Sonetto 76 in l'Isa di Madonna Laura

(2) Sonetto in Rinaldo della Corte d'Avignone

(3) Sonetto 88 in l'Isa.

(4) Canzone 11 in l'Isa

(5) *Variae*.

(6) Jacques Delille, *Les Jardins ou l'Art d'embellir les Paysages*

(7) *Epistola Rerum l'umiliarum*, x, 4.

with its barren, wind-swept, snow-capped summit full of warning to the green fields, has not changed since his ascent in 1336, and the sounds of the language used by the runners of the Hôtel St. Martin and the Hôtel Pétrarque et Laure, waging their fierce daily battle for customers at the station, help materially to recall the Middle Ages. Their shaky 'buses not finding favour in my eyes, my negotiations with the ladies of the Pétrarque et Laure establishment result in their promise to provide me with a more satisfactory means of conveyance. Someone has to be sent somewhere for the horses and I decide to walk in advance of my private *petite roiture*, along the well-remembered beautiful road, shaded by double rows of platanes. The exercise is so grateful in the crisp morning air that I feel almost sorry at being overtaken by my vehicle where, at the Café Malakoff, I have to turn to the right. Before we reach the next café, *billiards et débit de tabac*, my Jehu in rags discovers that he has forgotten his whip, and again I walk ahead while with great deliberation he selects and cuts a willow branch, and strips it of twigs and leaves, intending it to serve as a substitute. The need of such a stimulant becomes at times very pressing to ensure our progress beyond the aqueduct that leads the water of the Durance to Carpentras, toward the hills that enclose the valley we are bound for, a *Vallis Clausa* in the true sense of the word. The jades take it easy, and why should not I, responding to their driver, who grins as he turns round, inclining his wand of office to the primitive frescoes, representations of the immortal bard, laurel crowned by her of the angelic countenance, with which local talent has decorated a "villa" at the wayside?

At the Maison la Forêt, another Grand Hôtel Pétrarque et Laure, frowning upon the rival claims of the Grand Hôtel de la Fontaine just opposite, I am received by mine host who, with professional, searching eye, recognises an old customer and assures me that I have chosen an auspicious day: the spring is working hard. Everyone I meet repeats that statement: *la fontaine est belle*—a stranger in the village can have no other goal than the head of the gorge where the waters, gushing from the rock, noisy and turbulent, eddy down in whirling rapids. Passing a paper-mill, painfully discordant with the ruins of the Cardinal de Cabasole's castle, high up across the shackled mountain torrent, I penetrate into the narrowing vale. Curving in a half-circle round a bend to the left, the ponderous cliffs close in and farther progress is impeded by the beetling wall of the ridge that connects the Mont Ventoux with the Mont Lubéron. The fountain is beautiful indeed, spouting up from the dark cavern at my feet, large bubbles disturbing the surface

of the subterranean lake, while no sound breaks the imposing silence but the roar of the rushing stream, gambolling round and over the boulders in its path like a young giant at play. I have my back to the sluices which presently will curb him and yoke him into the service of money-making industrial concerns. Nothing in sight speaks of human interference except the water-gauge and the interesting information in prose and still more prosaic rhyme, in yellow, blue and all the colours of the rainbow, that Ross has been here with her Armand, and Adèle Baptistine with her Raymond, and other committers of sacrilege, evidently less platonic in their loves than a certain Laura, some six centuries ago, constrained her Francesco to be.

Thanks and laud to St. Julian, the patron of travellers, that none of the genus is present now! I am alone. Fortunately, too, the shrubs and the herbs sprouting in the fissures of the rock about the water-level do something to cover the vulgar inscriptions, and, looking up the immense, overhanging mass of weather-beaten stone till we descry the source of the living light that envelops all and from which the vision of splendour takes its substance,¹ we may soar from such barbarism and, transported into a world of unwonted sensations, ask, wondering: How came I here and when?² The scenery, the pure, bracing air, the clatter of the foaming rivulet that springs from the breast of the mountain with a purr of exultation, as the milk of classicism from pagan civilisation, awaken feelings fully adequate to qualify the worshipper in this temple of Nature for the divine gift of happiness, Aristotle's *εὐδαιμονίαν θεόσδοτον*. We are claimed by a more cheerful conception of our existence than seemed possible at Avignon in its sombre, mediæval setting. Shone upon by this sun, in these surroundings, we need not be astonished that Hellenic culture flourished in this almost Greek climate, on this almost Greek soil of Provence; that the people, made conversant by the settlers from the East with the history and mythology of Hellas, homaged the superhuman things they spoke of at altars dedicated to Olympian gods, as the one found at Cavaillon, the ancient Cabillio, episcopal see of the Cardinal de Cabassole. Nay, where Sorgis is born, a sylvan beauty among wild animals and roving birds,³ Artemis herself can be imagined wandering as, in effigy on the coins of Massilia, her fosterling, she ascended the Rhodanus into Helvetia.

The classic local colour helps to explain Petrarca's attachment to a spot where he, the fountain-head of the Renaissance, spent much of the best part of his life. He made its first acquaintance

(1) Sonetto 111 in *Vita*.

(2) Canzone 11 in *Vita*.

(3) Sonetto 33 in *Morte*.

in 1316, as a boy of twelve, when at school in Carpentras, whither his father, Ser Petracco, had sent young Francesco to get what mental nourishment he could from the "grammatical manger" of that town. On this first excursion to the *sorgente del Sorgo* he was accompanied by Guido, a comrade in mastering the difficulties of the Trivium, and Guido's uncle. It is said that then already the future humanist resolved upon his retirement to so congenial an abode, twenty-one years later carried into effect. Madame de Genlis makes the schoolboy theatrically exclaim, averring that she quotes his own words: "What a beautiful place to live in! If ever I am able to do it, I shall prefer it to the most sumptuous towns!" However this may be, he seems to have received a profound impression of the cave which, long afterwards, he compared to the one frequented by Cicero for exercise in the art of declamation: It invites to meditation and there I seek protection from the heat of noon. The morning I pass on the neighbouring heights; the evening in the meadows and my gardens. I could stay here all my life if I were not too near Avignon and too far from Italy. For, why should I conceal the two weaknesses of my mind: I love Italy and I hate Avignon.¹

There was another characteristic of his temperament which recommended Vacluse to him for restful literary labour, namely, his love of solitude, expatiated upon in his treatise *De Vita Solitaria*, composed in 1346 for the benefit of mankind at large, whom he addressed through the medium of the Cardinal Philippe de Cabasole, when he informed that staunch friend of his return: *Captus loci dulcedine, libellos meos et me ipsum illic transtuli*. We can judge his affection for that quiet retreat by the words, *transalpina solitudo mea jucundissima*, discovered, in his handwriting, in his copy of Pliny's *Naturalis Historia*, under his only extant attempt at pictorial representation, a sketch of the familiar scene of his plants and despairing tears. But, though it pleased him in his bucolic effusions to call himself the solitary one, the sincerity of his yearning for rustic seclusion, like that of his ecstatic love for the disdainful Laura, looks a little doubtful in the glare of exaggeration, of a too ingenuous and too oft-repeated insistence. It does not disparage the poetic excellence of Petrarca's *Rime* to say that an element of unreality lurks in a passion which makes the patient write 297 sonnets, twenty-five songs, seven ballads and four madrigals, rounded off with twelve triumphs, while he proclaims loudly that his grief at separating himself from the irresponsible lady of his rapturous longing, *a fortiori*, at her death, turns him dumb, desirous as he is to bear his sorrow

(1) *Rerum Senilium*, x, 2

in silence.¹ Neither does the situation improve, considered from the artistic or purely erotic standpoint, by the explanation, now widely accepted and based on the conception of Laura as the symbolic expression of his thirst for fame, as the crowning laurel of his endeavour in the field of letters, as an allegorical figure reduced from living flesh and blood à l'instar of Dante refining his Beatrice de' Portinari into the science of theology or divine wisdom. But a good deal of licence in such and other matters must be accorded to the poet, though from the scholar we expect a close adherence to facts, and it has been rightly remarked² that in his prose works, in his correspondence, the hermit of Vaucluse refers nowhere by name to the owner of the eyes that, commencing their long war on April 6th, 1327, drew him into the labyrinth from which he saw no passage out.³ And hence his secret, of whatever nature it was, remained uncared for until the famous note was discovered on the fly-leaf of his copy of Virgil in the Ambrosiana at Milan, and published for comment by the learned, who knew how to profit by such a welcome bone of contention, displaying their erudition in a still undecided dispute.

Both the great Florentine and the great Arcine sought and, after a fashion, found compensation for the frustration of their amorous hopes, exalted in the manner of their times, by descending to love on a more earthly plane, the latter's extra-matrimonial relations making him escape domestic troubles with a Gemma de' Donati. Like Jove, forgetting higher cares and delights, he dipped occasionally into low carnality⁴, unlike Jove, he did not succeed, with regard to the avowed object of his devotion, in rendering his attentions acceptable. It cannot have been his appearance or deportment which needed any metamorphosis, for he was a comely man,⁵ though, when advancing in age, he inclined to a slight *embonpoint*, despite very early hours and a very frugal diet. His address, too, was most insinuating; his voice a winning tremble in the ears of those he favoured with his conversation and were never tired of listening⁶ to one who sang when he spoke⁶ in measured flow: *Quicquid tentabam dicere, versus erat*. If there be another secret in Petrarca's melodious love for Laura de Noves than that he simply chose her for the

(1) Sonetto 14 in l'ita.

(2) Francesco Petrarca e la Sua Corrispondenza Epistolare (Biblioteca Critica della Letteratura Italiana diretta da Francesco Torraca).

(3) Sonetti 71 and 157 in l'ita.

(4) Di forma eccellente *Di color tra bianco e bruno Di rovarissimi occhi* . . . Il Petrarca con l'Esposizione d'Alessandro l'ellutello di novo ristampato. (Vinegia, 1552)

(5) Filippo Villani *Liber de Cristallo Florentino Famoso Viribus*

(6) Canzone 1 in Vita.

emblem of his aspirations; if the distress its non-requital occasioned was genuine and not merely a case calling for Queen Gertrude's "more matter with less art" corrective, the Poet's supreme efforts, that might have mollified any heart and remain models of sweet persuasion up to this day, never resulting in his obtaining *le don d'amoureux mercy*, there is certainly room for further speculation on the tenour of the autograph just mentioned.

Given the social customs of the day, Laura's union in wedlock with Hugues de Sade was no obstacle to a less frigid attitude on her part. The code, compiled for use by the Courts of Love in Provence, stated explicitly: *Causa conjugii ab amore non est excusatio recta*. She cannot have been ignorant of that doctrine since she belonged to one of those tribunals, together with her aunt, Madame l'hanette, who was very excellent in poetry and possessed of a frenzy or divine inspiration, which frenzy might be esteemed a benefaction of God, both ladies "romancing promptly in every kind of Provençal rhythm." Thus Jean Nottradiamus, in a sort of *Almanach Royal du Palais d'Amour* cited by Demogeot, who adds that Laura, inspiring Petrarca, performed a work much finer than all those of her aunt. Unfortunately, whatever her merits in pronouncing *lous arrests d'amour, de dominarum judicio*, she did it with a bad grace, calculated rather to bring her lover's sighs in tune with the ancient ditty Keats reminds us of than to encourage him. Better schooled in the *reprobatio amoris* than in the *urs amandi*, though perfected in the quintessence of the science *del gai saber*, whose laws she helped to administer, the nearest approach to favour she thrilled him with, seems to have been the dropping of a glove—not even on purpose we must infer from the three sonnets which immortalise the event and the agitation attendant on that glove's restoration.¹ If her case had been brought up for trial by her own Court at Avignon, it might have gone hard with her, according to the jurisprudence revealed in a decision of Marie, Comitessa Campanae, high arbiter of manners and decorum, and as such one of the most famous presidents of the *gioux sous l'ormel*—

There Cithæra goddesse was and queen
Honoured highly for her majesty.

But, if she had yielded, should we have possessed those little gems and so many more, written to extol her accomplishments and personal charms while she was becoming the mother of eleven children; and afterwards to mourn her death, in her forty-first

(1) Sonnets 147 149 in *l'ita*

year, *castissima atque pulcherrima in loco fratrum minorum reposita*, always the same in his ardent imagination as she was *nell' età sua più bella e più fiorita!*¹

The influence of Provençal lyrics, of their "gallantry of sentiment, sweetness of expression, and subtlety of argument"² on Petrarca's compositions in *lingua volgare*, or the requirements of an actual passion that accepted a surrogate for the sum of devotion and delight, which alone could mitigate his sorrow,³ in the minor stars⁴ of the free and easy constellation at Avignon whence proceeded his illegitimate children, did not go far enough to impart to his *Rime* the thoroughly practical character in the matter of sexual relations that gives a peculiar piquancy to the poetry of the *troubadours*. If he took the form of his *canzoni* from Provence, as he took the form of his *sonetti* from Sicily, in the substance of both he ran more closely to Cino da Pistoja, whose *Selvaggia*, figurative of beauty and virtue, deserves honourable mention, *del bel numer' una*,⁵ where Beatrice, Laura and Fiammetta are remembered. The subtleties of voluptuous longing, introduced into the literature of the South of Europe by the Arabs, already having crystallised into conventional allegory and metaphor when their brilliant effects in *qasidas* and *qt'ahs*, in the *mowashshas* and *zajzels* of Moslim Spain,⁶ were imitated for the benefit of coarse-grained constitutions, incapable of concord with the delicately strung sensuousness of Oriental fibre, the nicely fastidious play with sound and meaning in verbal expression, to meet the exigencies of Arabic metre and rhyme, became a tediously insipid juggling with words, even in the hands of Petrarca himself, who never wearies of such toying: *Laura, lauro, l'aura*, etc. But let it be remembered in this connection and to his exculpation that he regarded his *Rime* as a light *jeu d'esprit*, as *volgari cantici*, on which he spent or mis-spent his

(1) Sonetto 10 in *Misto*.

(2) Introductory remarks to *The Lark and the Nightingale* in Robert Bell's edition of the *Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*.

(3) Sonetto 168 in *Vita*.

(4) Sonetto 163 in *Vita*.

(5) Sebastiano Ciampi, *Vita e Poetrie di Messer Cino da Pistoja*.

(6) Ibn Khaldoun tells us in his *Prolegomena* to his history of the world, that Mokaddam Ibn Moasar, one of the favourite poets of the Emir Abdallah Ibn Mohammad al Merwani, invented the *mowashsha*, or rather elaborated it into a specifically Andalusian variety of the ode which was brought to perfection by Eybada al Camaz, who flourished at the Court of Muhammad al Motasim Ibn Samadib, King of Almeria, after the breaking up of the Western Caliphate into independent Moslim principalities. Abu Bekr Ibn Gassman of Cordova, who lived in the time of the Almoravides, is mentioned as the father of the Andalusian *zajzel*, a sort of ballad, which rapidly gained, and long retained, public favour, though none of his many successors in this kind of poetic composition ever equalled him in clearness of expression or rhythmical flow of versification.

youthful exertions,¹ basing his claims to the admiration of posterity on his much more learned and voluminous Latin works, particularly on his epic *Africa*, commenced at Vacluse in 1338. And posterity might have concurred in his opinion, which was that of his own generation and the following too, if the growth of the Italian language, after its birth as a vehicle of soul-stirring thought in the *Divina Commedia*, had not spread the fame of *il Petrarca volgare* at the expense of *il Petrarca in latino*.

The latter it was who, in the solitude of Vacluse, received on one day, about the third hour an invitation from the Roman Senate to come and be crowned poet laureate at the Capitol, and, about the tenth hour, another from the University of Paris. He did not hesitate which to prefer, and the "reward of merit" received on Easter Day, April 8th, 1341, must have been some consolation for his poignant regret that Destiny, with a churlish lack of discrimination, had failed to make him see the light of day in the Augustan age as a worthy contemporary of Virgil and Horace, not to speak of other men of renown in the world of letters with whom he held imaginary intercourse. Yet, notwithstanding the pitying verdict of the young Venetian gallants, who called him *dattero huomo da ben' ma ignorante*, which condescension roused him to the invective contained in his treatise *De Sui Ipsius et Multorum Alorum Ignorantia*, 1360, his nimbus as a scholar and a philosopher was a finer ornament in the eyes of his friends than his capitoline laurels, even if they knew that his classic diet never included much of the milk of Greek letters. These friends he selected from among his admirers, preferring the intellectually insignificant who paid most readily the tribute of praise which his vanity demanded, and submitted most willingly to his mental superiority. Irreverent research has somewhat ruthlessly dissected Petrarca's motives. It has found out that also in worldly matters, apart from friendship, he was not quite so disinterested as he wished to appear: that confessions of the kind contained in his advice to an intimate, whom he exhorted to follow the few instead of the vulgar crowd,² possessed little more than a rhetorical value. And that only his devotion to Laura made him always and always return to his idyllic retreat at Vacluse in the vicinity of "the nest of treason" in "avaricious Babylon"³ is a charitable belief hardly borne out by the facts. Like hundreds of others, he felt attracted to the sun of Papal favour, and his exasperation with Avignon points to many an unsuccessful solicitation for preferment. All this sounds pretty

(1) *Rerum Familiarum*, viii. 3.

(2) Sonetto 67 in *Vita*.

(3) Sonetti 14 and 15 *supra* varj argomenti.

unkind; but we have it even on the authority of some of his countrymen that Petrarca was a zealous hunter of benefices and profitable dignities.

As to his methods in selecting his friends, we may argue that the charge of inferior mentality certainly cannot be sustained against Boccaccio, who revered him almost as a saint, proclaimed him to be a veritable shrine of truth, ornament and joy of virtue, pattern of catholic holiness, pious, devout and modest.¹ And as to his jealousy of superior intellect, it was Boccaccio who tried incessantly to make him honour the great Florentine to whom he owed such a large debt in his literary education, the magnitude of which we can trace especially in his earlier poetry. Recent critics speak of his boundless, irrepressible, with the whole texture of his being intertwined, vanity. It made him aspire to fame, not only as a man of letters, but also as a man of the world in the most comprehensive sense of the word. It gave him no rest anywhere at any time. Vauchuse, which he calls his Rome, his Athens, his fatherland, the residence of his blossoming and green age,² was in reality but his workshop where he moulded and fashioned the ideas garnered on his travels between the autumn of 1337 and May, 1353, when he left for good the charming hills where the beautiful radiance was born which kept his eyes full of desire and glad for the time it pleased heaven, then sad and wet with tears.³ While there and scarcely in keeping with these sentiments he wrote so eloquently about at so great length, which gave him his best title to popular esteem as formulated in Barthe's line, *Vingt ans il fut heureux du seul bonheur d'aimer*, nothing happened in the world of letters and politics but he had his part in it. No scholar or poet, before or after, has been entrusted with so many diplomatic missions of so much consequence to so many mighty potentates and rulers of men: the Emperor of Germany, the King of France, the Senate of Venice and several independent Italian princes. Thus political activity made him the most perfect mirror of his age, to quote one of his later panegyrists,⁴ whose work, *Un Ami de Pétrarque*, is not the least remarkable among the many published during the last decades to bring additional clearness in the *chiar' oscuro* of that quasi-confession, *De Secretis Conflictu Curarum Suarum*, the principal title of which, *De Contemptu Mundi*, sounds more like self-deceit than an attempt at practising the commended virtue of looking the truth straight in the face. Inculcating the lesson to others, Petrarca may have had a foreboding of the impertinent meddling

(1) *De Genealogia Deorum*

(2) Sonetto 47 in *Morte*.

(3) Sonetto 52 in *Morte*.

(4) Henri Cochin in the introduction to his edition of the letters of Francesco de Nello Rinucci.

in his own case of authors of a different stamp, digging into the authentic records and often far beside them, to make astonishing discoveries on which to build still more startling theories, set forth in volume upon volume as indubitable facts.

Whatever they prove or disprove regarding Petrarca's relations to a spiritual, *in corpore* wholly imaginary, or a very tangible, married or unmarried Laura, this we know from his correspondence that, soon after the receipt at Verona, May 19th, 1348, of the letter informing him of what had happened at Avignon on the 6th of the previous month, he resolved in future to abstain from woman's society.¹ He believed that he had conquered the flesh in respect to temptations of the sort, by philosophic ruminations which, doubtless, clinched his resolution the more strongly since he was not so young as he used to be; life flees and does not stop for an hour, and death comes behind with large strides.² Ageing early, it seemed wise to seek peace, or at least a truce in the long contest,³ ever to remain mindful of that sun which points out the right way to proceed to heaven with glorious gait.⁴ The idealised passion of the poet-lover becoming more and more purified, if, perhaps, somewhat rarefied in its progress through the successive stages marked by the *Itiner. pari passu* with the extinction of the carnal appetite to which his son Giovanni and his daughter Francesca owed their existence, one other affection grew, on the contrary, with his years, that, namely, for his library. It must be considered a token of singular regard and of pleasant reminiscences of his stay in the house of Arrigo Molin on the Riva degli Schiavoni that, being at Padua, in 1362, and proposing to return to Vauchuse, an intention never carried out, he decided to present his books to the Republic of Venice. A touching though untrustworthy tradition makes him fall asleep, going to rest eternal in his villa at Arquà, bent over one of his precious folios, while another local tradition, no less charming, makes all the laurels of the region die in the course of the severe winter which followed his death.

Arquà and the delightful little country-house, plain and pleasing, notwithstanding its horrid mural paintings which aggravate the coarse appeal to the museum mania of the cheap excursionist! And the quiet little study beside the little bedroom, and the fountain that illustrates so well the Poet's fondness for the sound of running water:—

Fonti numen adest; lymphas, plus hospes, adora
Unde bibens crevit digna Petrarca Deco.

(1) Letter to his brother Gherardo, dated June 11th, 1352, *Rerum Familiarum*, x., 5.

(2) Sonnetto 4 in *Morte*.

(3) Sonnetto 48 in *Morte*.

(4) Sonnetto 38 in *Morte*.

And the Poet's tomb in front of the village church: *Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarce*. . . .! And the lugubrious stories of its having been broken into by a certain Tommaso Martinelli of Portogruaro to steal an arm or so much as might satisfy the enthusiastic admiration of Florentia the beautiful, a sacrilege even worse than the desecration of Laura's grave as an incident of the wave of revolutionary destruction rolling over Provence, more than a century and a half later . . .! These things are not nice to think of when looking at the surging streamlet that prompted to so many comparisons with the limpid, living source of the sweet and bitter the tired-out body which rests¹ in the repeatedly opened and examined sarcophagus at Arqua, fed upon.² Rather let us try to obtain a mental image of him who, in the strain of a much earlier Arab companion of the plaintive song, would have the world believe that no one ever loved as he. Finding delicious excitement in his lady's chilly demeanour while yet she was alive, his ardent desire subduing his inner self and allowing him nothing but the rind³; and afterwards in his bereavement through her death, he closes the volume he has been poring over since rising about midnight not to lose the felicitous hours of early morning,⁴ and sets out to roam with the first light of dawn over the hills and in the valley, full of nooks and corners fit to receive his confidences and conceal his sighs,⁵ dark and shady places, propitious to bitter-sweet delight.⁶ . . . It is all very finely expressed, but we are inclined to agree with Sismondi⁷ that for so much grief there is a marvellous amount of ingenuity and clever turning of phrases.

In completing the picture it will give some relief to discard the *Rime* for the epistolary information left, and re-conduct the recluse from his morning walk to his modest dwelling with two little gardens near the public road, to the right on arriving in the village,⁸ where the two ridges that enclose the Sorgue leave an open space for building and cultivation. In his *casetta apartata*, the site of which is now occupied by a paper-mill, Petrarca led a most frugal life, suffering ills which also beset commoner mortals. So, for instance, he had to face the eternal servant

(1) In a very incomplete state. For the presentation of a rib to Padua, in 1843, its restoration to the sarcophagus at Arqua by order of the Austrian Government, in 1855, and further manipulations of Petrarca's remains, see G. Canestrini, *Le Ossa di Francesco Petrarca*, *Studio antropologico*.

(2) Sonetto 113 in *Vita*

(3) Canzone 1 in *Vita*

(4) Sonetto 197 in *Vita*

(5) Sonetto 12 in *Morte*

(6) Sonetto 13 in *Morte*

(7) *De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe*, I. 10

(8) *Rerum Familiarum*, III., 22.

question. The domestics that formed his household, ministering to his wants in Avignon, refused to follow him into his idyllic solitude, which for them meant exile from the diversions incident to the great state of the Papal Court. But his wants in his adopted character of Solivagus being few, he succeeded in attaching to his service a worthy couple referred to with a humoristic touch in letters to his intimates. Not to mention a dog, there were then, for sole company, a rustic menial, a sort of aquatic animal, bred by the spring that wrests its life from the rock; and the aquatic animal's helpmate, of terrifying aspect, scorched like the deserts of Libya and Ethiopia, such that, if Helen had resembled her, Troy would still be standing; both very zealous and always busy and devoted as devotion itself. . . .¹

The golden chariot in the sky declining on its western course, still stronger a flavour of the human element than pervades those memories of the Poet's domestic affairs, introduces itself to disturb my reverie. A couple of sweethearts approach, some Rosa or Adèle Baptistine with her Armand or Raymond, manifestly united in more fleshly bonds than could be owned by the chastely burning flame in *l'ita di Madonna Laura*. Rather than play the *fâcheux troisième* I rise to go, starting on my way back to the village, withstanding the allurements of the hospitable bowers *aux Nardes de Pétrarque*, *aux Agapes Champêtres*, and other places of that kind, passing the indispensable booths with souvenirs and picture postcards for sale, and the *Virage des Autos* where, happily, a term is set to the encroachments of the motor car on this classic soil. Though glaring advertisements of *Absinthe Riroite* may further distress the pilgrim's soul, it is a matter for congratulation that Vaucluse does not boast a "museum" to preserve for dutiful worship relics like the rickety armchair and the stuffed cat at Arqua. No attempt to attract, by means of more or less genuine keepsakes and tattered personal effects, the tourist unconscious of the meaning of the messages conveyed by the rock casting out her waters, ever expressive of the vision of heaven and earth commingling in beauty and brilliancy.² Neither does the somewhat incongruous memorative column in the *Place* obtrude itself, not even when the public crier takes his stand at its base, blowing his horn, calling attention to a communication he has to make as the mouthpiece of local authority. Nor is the stranger worried by guides fawning on him, paying homage, for a consideration, to his supposed or real historical and literary attainments, while dogging his footsteps or waiting for his reappearance after lunch at the sign of

(1) *Rerum Fomidorum*, XIX., 8. and *Rerum Senarium*, IX. 2

(2) Sonetto 197 in *l'Ida*.

Pétrarque et Laure. As a matter of fact, the villagers' notions concerning that illustrious pair seem excessively crude and hardly go beyond the echoes of the celebration in 1904 when, on the spur of the moment, a pilgrimage was undertaken to *la fontaine*; and the *félibres*, after much oratory, drank to "divine poetry, the halo of thought"; and Frédéric Mistral¹ set the inflammable banqueters wholly on fire with his glowing words in honour of the immortal Poet, whose glorification in that company meant, and rightly meant, a glorification of Provençal love and song, his tenderly worded devotion in life and death appealing especially to the dark-eyed *charmuses* of the Midi there present; and the *jeux floraux* could not commence before Mistral's *ribrante improvisation* had been responded to by still more oratory, bounding impetuously like the waters of the fountain itself, enthusiasm reaching its climax in the cries: *Vive Laure! Vive Pétrarque! Vive la Provence! Vire l'Italie!*

The ruins of the castle of Cabassole, perched on its rock, looking down on the village and the valley, are an excellent retreat for cogitation, for the striking of the balance, according to individual light and temperament, of that full and laborious life, a great part of which was lived, six centuries ago, where even now, after so much transmutation, the last rays of the parting sun smile, as then they did, on flower-strewn hill slopes, before night draws its veil between Sorga and Druenza. Here the restless wanderer sought repose to fashion his impressions, gathered far and wide, into the eloquent word that yet bears good fruit, better than the mighty deeds of contemporary mailed fists guided by crowned and nutted heads. The standpoint he took was that of the intellectual aristocrat,² and his unshaken fidelity to his beloved solitude, in quest of literary recreation between his travels and relaxation from worldly pursuits, first at Vaucluse and later at Arquà, when the time approached for his final journey,³ is explained by his reference to Scipio Africanus, in popular estimation reduced, he says, to the rank of quite a common person, thanks to daily and constant intercourse with the citizens of Rome—familiarity breeds contempt; and what then had one to expect who was no Scipio and did not move among Romans?⁴

With due acknowledgment of his admiration for Latium and Greece, his enthusiasm for antiquity, his exceeding merit in reviving the classic spirit as the great usher of the Renaissance; with due consideration of the results of latest research regarding his labours and aspirations, no better characterisation of Petrarca

(1) Since, alas! departed from their midst—March 25th, 1914

(2) *Epistola ad Posteror.*

(3) *Rerum Familiarum*, XV., 4, 8

(4) *Rerum Senilium*, VI., 2.

has yet been propounded than that contained in Pierre de Nolhac's formula : *le premier homme moderne*. He was the connecting-link between the old and the new dispensation in letters and art, which he defined, generally speaking, as virtue and truth.¹ With respect to his poetic diversions in *lingua volgare*, the *Rime*, there is the dream of a high task never achieved or achievable, which makes even a short visit to the scene of his exertions an action that opens the road to spiritual reward in mental progress, a *thaûdb*, if one may borrow this expression from the terminology of Moslim saint-worship. And in another sense the *Sorga* in the *Val Chiusa* partakes of the essence of the sources in the enchanted island Tasso tells us of,² a conceit elaborated from the words of the earlier Poet himself :—

Fuor tutti i nostri lidi,
Nell' isole famose di Fortuna,
Due fonti ha : chi dell' una
Bev, mo' ridendo; e chi dell' altra, scampa.³

J. F. SCHELTEMA.

(1) *Rerum Senitum*, XII., 2.

(2) *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, Canto 14, 8

(3) *Cannone 14 in l'isa*

THE ART OF MOVING PICTURES.

WHAT is the special attraction of moving pictures? Why have some twenty millions of people contracted the habit of sitting for several hours in a "cinema" each week? From the position of a superior penny-gaff the cinematograph exhibitions have grown into a leading industry. It is said to be the fifth largest industry in the United States. We are even on the verge of a big commercial war, in which British exhibitors are determined to fight what looks like an American attempt to corner the cinema theatres in this country. One cannot hope in a short article to cover the whole of cinematographic activities, but I will try to examine some of the questions which the new industry suggests, and, more especially, to endeavour to lay down some æsthetic standards of this new art for art, in a sense, it is.

I.

The popularity of the cinema theatre as a place of recreation is easily understood. The price of admission is comparatively cheap. Even in a West End cinema theatre you can purchase a ticket for one of the best seats at a very moderate figure. Then the cinema is comfortable and restful, and you may smoke. And, in addition to the pictures, there is a continuous stream of music, differing in value according to the class of the theatre. In many there are quite decent little orchestras, and you may hear in the course of the evening a selection from "*Louise*," a movement of a Beethoven symphony, an arrangement of Wagner's *Prelude*, together with the latest musical comedy successes and jazz tunes. The whole entertainment, taking place in semi-darkness, has a curious, hypnotic effect. It engages the mind agreeably. Without demanding any special mental effort for their appreciation, the music and the pictures keep the brain in a state of gentle stimulation. In a British film I recently saw a much harassed hero was recommended by a nerve specialist to visit a cinema theatre, and the specialist himself was evidently in the habit of following his own advice. But that hypnotic calm, produced by the music and the bewildering rapidity of the pictures, is not the chief reason for the popularity of the cinematograph. It has opened a new world to those who do not read or who cannot afford to go to a theatre except in discomfort, and it has opened a different world. We hear a great deal of the

evil influences of the cinema, especially on the young. No doubt in the early days of the industry many objectionable films were shown, and even in this day there are too many fights and murders, but to single out a film of that kind and to employ it as a *pièce de conviction* for the condemnation of the cinematograph as a whole is absurd. Of a man, however eminent he may be, who uses that argument it need only be said that he cannot be conversant with his subject. Apart altogether from the nature of the stories told by the moving pictures, the cinematograph enables its patrons to

Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life.

Without pretending to do more than tell a story, many a film has great educational value. As a direct educational medium the cinematograph has not yet come into its own. If for no other reason it should have a remarkable future. As a medium for propaganda its powers give one pause. The newspaper is ineffectual compared with it. But this aspect of the cinematograph is obvious. What is not generally recognised, especially by those of us who have given our lives to literature, drama, music, and the plastic arts, is that the cinematograph is itself an art, with its own aesthetic could we but formulate it. The producers of films are very clever and able men, but they have not had the leisure or the desire to think theoretically of the art they practise. Cultivated men who might have helped them have stood aside in the easy attitude of scorn. Americans, being a practical people not yet atrophied by traditions, have recognised the importance of the "screen" because it has shown it is financially important. They are gradually buying up the best brains they can find for the work. Novelists, dramatists, and artists are pressed into the service of the American film-producers. Our British firms, severely handicapped by five years of war, are gradually following the example of America. But, with all this activity, the artistic side of the cinematograph is in a state of chaos.

II.

It cannot very well be otherwise and is the natural outcome of the origin and development of the moving pictures. They came into being as the result of the discovery that photography could record action. That discovery soon had a commercial value. The public, it was found, was interested in seeing these moving pictures. Gradually the pictures were connected by a story. Then the story became the chief thing. At first the programmes

of cinema theatres had variety as their note. A number of short films were shown. As the powers of the cinematograph as a story-teller were realised this variety of programme was discarded. Every cinema theatre now shows at least one long five-reel film (about one hour and a quarter in time measurement). Films are now made in six parts or reels, and even longer. By the use of two machines the pictures are projected on the screen without a break.

When it was found that the film-lover demanded picture-stories the supply had to be made. Naturally, the producer of films looked to drama and to the novel as his inspiration. He could not be expected suddenly to formulate a new art. His patrons were satisfied and that was all that mattered. It may be imagined that as every cinema theatre in every country changes its programme weekly, the producers of films are hard put to it to maintain the supply, and therefore they cannot be justly blamed for the poor quality of many of the film-stories. To save them out, the film-producer indulges in much padding. For instance, if the hero is suddenly called up on the telephone by the heroine, you not only see her speaking into the 'phone, but you are given a picture of the hero receiving the message and replying. Then you watch him ring for his hat and coat, leave the room, walk downstairs and, if he be rich, enter his motor-car. The process takes rather longer if he be poor, for the camera insists on his walking along a crowded street. Then he is nearly ready to burst into the heroine's room and stop what villainy is on foot; but not quite. For his car has to draw up at the house, the hero has to spring out and leave the door open (they always do that in American films), ring the heroine's bell, and, finally (if the film-producer thinks more may be omitted), he enters the room. This description has taken me more than five minutes to write. The cinematograph would easily do it in thirty seconds, at any rate, as quickly as the action would take; but, all the same, it is padding, and wearisome padding. That is the effect of the idea that a film of a story must be long. There is a notion that it must bear some relation to a novel or a play, whereas the film is a very different medium of expression.

The camera shows you things that are supposed to have happened. Every schoolboy knows that sight is one of the quickest of physical actions. The camera is as quick as sight. Practically, a cinematograph so exaggerates the quickness of action that actors in a film have to do everything at a slightly slower *tempo* than they would in real life. But that does not make very much difference. Now, a novelist may write a whole chapter describing the appearance and daily life of his heroine.

The camera would do it in less than five minutes. The house in which she lives, the country round it, her father and mother and sisters, brothers, cousins and aunts could be introduced in that time. Quite an elaborate series of pictures can be included in one reel of film, taking fifteen minutes to show on the screen. This quickness of sight as a reader of stories has not been properly taken into account. As the film cannot enter into the psychological analysis, the maker of films is rather at a loose end to pad out his picture-story. Psychological suggestion is not impossible on the screen, provided the player is an actor of ability and the producer can select the action necessary to illustrate character. In these days of clever photography it is quite possible, and has been done, to adumbrate a character's thoughts on the same picture that shows him thinking. This side of the cinematograph will no doubt be developed in the future. The old-fashioned method was to switch off the main story and show a series of pictures of some past action. That is greatly in favour with the producer who desires to pad out his tale.

III.

I have laboured this point because it is one of the effects of the power of the cinematograph not having been fully understood. The telling of stories by moving pictures has been based on the telling of stories by words and by words and action combined, i.e., by drama. The cinematograph has nothing to do with words. It is possible to tell a complete and elaborate story on the screen without using a single word in explanation of it. Only the names of the characters should be necessary. At present there are what are called "sub-titles," elaborate explanations thrown on the screen and often very badly written. Charlie Chaplin, who is not only one of the world's greatest possessions in humour but also a most painstaking artist, has expressed the ideal that moving pictures should tell their tale without "sub-titles"; and he is right. The real aim of the cinematograph is not to *tell* a tale, but to *show* one. Pictures in action are its medium of expression. They may and do suggest words, but the spectator must make them for himself. A novel, on the other hand, may suggest pictures by means of words—just the opposite of the cinematograph—but that depends on the imagination of the reader. Drama gives you both pictures and words, but then it lacks the power of explanation of the novel and the cinematograph, and is fenced round by all kinds of difficulties of time and space. I do not mean to suggest, of course, that a screen story must necessarily be short, but it is obvious that its tale can

be told much quicker than on the stage, for a large part of a play is practically devoted to explanations and preparation, matters which can be flashed on the screen in a few seconds. Therefore, film-producers should not make a cast-iron tradition of length. If the exhibitor (the man who actually runs a cinema theatre) insists on a certain length, then the producer should be careful that his padding is not of the senseless kind I have described.

As a matter of fact, most films suffer from a curious want of proportion. All kinds of unnecessary actions are shown us on the screen, but the important crises of a story are passed over too quickly. As a scene, however important, has to be shown by action only, so that it is apt to be over more quickly than it would be in real-life, the producer has a difficult problem to solve. If he is determined to show you the hero and heroine motoring to an assignation, and all that happens to their cars while they are doing it, he is necessarily upsetting the emotional proportion of his film. The motor ride, which may not be necessary to the emotional drama of his story, will actually take longer than the very important scene between the hero and heroine when they do meet. But if he proportions everything else by the length of that scene, he must either prolong the scene itself or he must cut down the action which leads to it. In the latter case a very short film would be the result; in the former some new method of prolonging the crises of drama must be invented. The cinematograph must not rely, as it does, on actuality if it means to enter the realm of art. It must select and combine, and to do this it must adopt some kind of artistic convention. The drama is entirely a matter of artistic conventions; so are painting and sculpture; and so, in many respects, is the novel.

IV.

At present the film pretends that it is showing you actual photographs of actual characters and events. To some extent that has been its strength. A novel describes; the camera depicts. I would not have film-producers thoughtlessly cast away this power, but it must be carefully kept in its place. At present the film-producer is obsessed by the origin of moving pictures, and there is still a universal tendency to look on a film-story as merely a suggestion for an interesting series of moving pictures. In these pictures the background often swamps the story. That is all very well in a series of pictures of which the main object is to throw on the screen "busy scenes of crowded life." The cinematograph has unlimited possibilities in the direction of what are

called "travel" pictures. The famous *Among the Cannibals* is a case in point. But as soon as the camera seeks to depict a drama of human emotion it must, if it is to be an art, select and combine its action so that the drama is told with the greatest amount of effect. To throw on the screen the action of the story in the crude, as if it were a transcription from life, is an artistic mistake. Some superior people doubt the possibility of the screen as an artistic medium. Moving pictures have not the intrinsic artistic value that a fine piece of literature, or a beautiful painting, or a well-written and well-constructed drama has. But that is not quite true. Some of the photographs I have seen on the screen have intrinsic beauty, and they can be given a greater and stranger beauty by imaginative selection and lighting. Recently I saw a film with the misleading title of *A Trip to Mars*, which suggests farce. It was not farce at all, for, apart from the wonderful photography describing the passage of an airship through the air, the life in Mars had been conceived with a touch of poetry, and the pictures showing it had much beauty of conception and execution. Then as to the power of the cinematograph to arouse emotions there cannot be two opinions. As a dramatic critic I have seen every play produced in London for the last eighteen years, and I have been a constant playgoer for a much longer period, and I boldly state that the cinematograph is not behind the stage in arousing emotion. In some respects it is less artificial—a statement for which I will give reasons later. To give full expression to this emotional power, however, the cinematograph must have its own artistic conventions.

V.

The first of those conventions must be some means by which explanatory words are eliminated as far as possible, and some way of obviating the absence of speech in the big dramatic crises, which, again, must be so elaborately treated that the proportion of the story is maintained. How is this to be done? I would boldly begin by casting out the semblance of speech. The cinematograph gives us silent drama. It is practically a wordless play. On the stage *L'Enfant Prodigue* has shown us what can be done in that direction. The original French company did not pretend to speak. They made facial expression and gesture articulate. There was, of course, the help of music. All this the cinematograph can do. At present the characters in a film open and shut their mouths as if speaking, and evidently they do not always speak the words thrown on the screen. Their pretence of talking is irritating. It immediately exposes a weakness of

the screen-drama, when we should be made to forget its limitations. Instead of founding the screen-dramas on actuality in this respect we should boldly substitute an artistic convention for speech. We should fall back on the very essence of the cinematograph, the power of depicting action without the stage limitation of time and space. The action to be depicted in a great dramatic crisis would not be only physical, but spiritual action as well, and the medium of expression of this spiritual drama is nothing more or less than acting.

VI

Film-acting is a very subtle art differing in many respects from stage-acting. A player in a theatre has to condition his art by the distance the audience is from him. The film-player, on the other hand, is quite close to the camera in those pictures which are not merely landscapes and interiors with figures. The photograph when projected on the screen is vastly magnified. The faintest twitching of the lips can be seen quite plainly. Also it is possible to touch up negatives so that expression is intensified. The stage player has an audience which, to a great extent, reacts on him; the film-player acts without spectators. The absence of the voice as a medium of expression is a great loss to the film-player, but on the other hand he is free from the paralysing sensation that his acting is not "getting over" the footlights. Although a film-actor has to learn how to carry himself, how to make his gestures illustrate his thought and feeling, and above all, how to keep these movements to a *tempo* considerably slower than normal (for the cinematograph exaggerates the quickness of movement), yet his principal aim should be naturalness. Given an expressive face and of course imagination and the necessary training of gesture and the camera will do the rest.

It is curious how stage-players when acting for the screen do not seem to understand these elementary facts. Their movements are too quick, they are too restless and their facial expression is exaggerated. Film-players would probably be very wooden on the stage. The two arts are very different, but of screen-acting one can at least say that it has unlimited powers of expression. The difficulty is to give full scope to these powers. Being divorced from words, a dramatic crisis must necessarily be more brief than on the stage. Also it must be such a crisis that words are not necessary. The film-producer has not quite understood that, or perhaps his art is conditioned by the poor standard of intelligence in the average lover of the moving pictures. Not sufficient use is made of an *ensemble* of acting, the favourite device being to "feature" a star to the overshadowing of every-

one else in the cast. You seldom see in a film a well-sustained piece of acting on the part of several characters at one moment. Film-makers are almost Wagnerian in their love of duologues. But the chief fault is that the model of drama is followed slavishly. Without the help of dialogue, which can be made to mean so much more than the actual sense of the words, a dramatic scene is whittled down to its action. There is no reason, except the idea that a moving picture must be essentially natural, why acting in a film-story should not be raised to an intensity and prolongation which would be unnatural on the stage. In such scenes the word would be not only unnecessary, but even unnatural. The action would be an action of feeling and thought brought to a fuller expression than in real life. Much more elaborate *scenarios* would be written. At present too much depends on the producer's inspiration, whereas the players should have very full instructions from the writer of a *scenario*.

It must be remembered that a screen-story has the advantage of continual musical illustration. At present this is very crudely done, but there is great scope for music in connection with the cinematograph.

The film has already made its own comedy or farce. The cleverness of producers in arranging what are called "stunts" is extraordinary. This has been brought to such a pitch that what are practically burlesque melodramas are quite common. In these films the impossible is shown to you as being quite probable, and you are at once thrilled and amused by it. It is in serious, emotional film stories that progress has been slow, mainly because the industry or art has grown up so rapidly.

VII •

What will be the future of this art of telling a story by pictures instead of by words? That is a difficult question to answer. It depends ultimately on the people who go to cinema theatres. There must always be different grades of these picture-houses, just as there are of theatres, but the trouble at present is that the cinematograph does not attract the most intelligent type of people. Some owners of cinema theatres are doing their best to attract a better intellectual class of film-goer, and film-producers are engaging the best brains they can find. The daily Press has at last awakened to the importance of the cinematograph. There is activity in every direction, but too many films continue to be made that are inspired by nothing but stupidity and brutality. The trail of the penny novelette glitters over their stories. It is not that these films are immoral. Indeed,

they are not half as immoral as the revue and musical comedies of commerce. It is rather that they pander to the love of brutality that lurks beneath what we are pleased to call civilization. Many film-makers, especially of our own race, have set their faces against this appeal. They are producing clean, sane and healthy pictures, but at present they are in the minority. They are not helped in their work by the scornful attitude of superior people, who really do not know what the moving picture can do. As to the actual future of the art, when it has painfully won its way to recognition, there can be no doubt. The technique of picture-making is improving every day. Many of the pictures I have seen were quite beautiful in conception and selection. The technical side of the cinematograph is in its infancy, comparatively speaking. The best brains of the world must in the end be attracted to an art which makes such a powerful appeal to democracy. The intellectual rulers of mankind cannot afford to ignore an art which appeals to millions and speaks a universal language to all the peoples of the world.

E. A. BAUGHAN.

WAR AND THE FRENCH SOCIALISTS.

THE world war has naturally greatly perturbed French Socialism, as it has perturbed the whole social and political life of the nations. The mobilisation of all the French manhood from twenty to forty-six years of age stopped all socialistic recruiting and propaganda from the beginning of hostilities. The complete suppression of political life in 1914 was strongly felt by the Socialist Party, the existence of which is indissolubly linked to the political activity of men and women. The murder of Jean Jaurès by a semi-lunatic acting according to the suggestion of reactionaries, still added to these causes of perturbation.

In the presence of the invasion of the territory by the German armies, a visible and tangible symbol of the violence worked on the habits, customs, wills, in short, on the liberty of the French people, the proletarian class, represented by the Socialist Party and by the General Confederation of Labour (*Confédération Générale du Travail—C.G.T.*), responded by rising *en masse* against the invader, thus setting the *défense nationale* as their first object and letting their idealistic aims come last.

Socialistic aims are outlined in the Constitution of the Party. There it is said textually :—

"International understanding and action of the workers; political and economical organisation of the proletariat in class party, in order to conquer the power and the socialisation of the means of production and exchange—that is to say, the transformation of the capitalist society into a collectivist or communist society."

These are the principles on which the Socialist Party is founded. Its staff is recruited specially among the workers and small bourgeois (State, town, commercial and industrial employees), and a little among the intellectuals (professors of the primary and higher education, lawyers, doctors). The party counts but few peasants, although propaganda used to be exercised in the peasantry during the years 1910-1914. In pre-war times the party numbered 72,000 members; in September, 1918, it only numbered 84,000 adherents. In the course of the four years of war it had lost more than that difference, having regained a little during the two last years.

The basis of the organisation of the party is the *section*, which exists in each borough or in each quarter of the densely-peopled towns or *arrondissement*. In each department these sections unite in a Departmental Federation. Sometimes two or three depart-

ments may join in a single Federation. This depends on the number of the adherents. The Departmental Federations together make the National Federation, or Socialist Party. The direction of this Socialist organism is decided upon by means of Federal and National Councils and Congresses. Each section appoints at least one delegate, and in one department the union of the delegates constitute the Federal Councils. The latter meet at fixed dates to decide upon the directives of the federations. The permanent organ is the Federal Secretaryship. The federations, whose members are very numerous, as, for instance, the "Fédération de la Seine" or the "Fédération du Nord," have a permanent committee similar to the Administrative Permanent Commission (C.A.P.), which leads the whole party and is elected every year in a Congress, on the basis of proportional representation. Above the Federal Councils are the Federal Congresses, which take place once a year and are composed of delegates chosen by the different sections. Above these organisations, and leading the whole party, are National Councils and National Congresses (delegates appointed by the Federations). The first assemble once every three months and the latter once a year, except in extraordinary cases. The C.A.P. resides in Paris, and its members meet once and sometimes several times a week. Its executive organ is the National Secretaryship, which directs and leads the party. In fact, it is not the only group that has the direction of the party, for the Socialist Parliamentary Group works in the same way. This latter group is composed of all the deputies of the party—now about a hundred. The Socialist Party is not represented in the Senate.

Such is the organisation of the party. One will observe that it rests on a solid democratic basis: the adhering mass is governing itself by means of the delegates it appoints. However, such as it is, this organisation has a great defect: it parliamentarises and centralises the party a great deal too much. Everything is centred on Paris, and in Paris itself everything is centred on the C.A.P. and the Parliamentary Group. Part of the staff is often common to both groups. The result is that a certain number of deputies tend to direct the party, while the others' great desire is to take their places. In this bureaucratic centralisation of the party and its excessive parliamentarisation we may see the influence of the German Social Democracy. The party is partially organised on the German model, because the strength of the Social Democracy was asserted by the number of its adherents, its daily papers, and its wealth.

As I said in my *Lessons of the World War*: "The scaffolding of the party has become so strongly constituted, in the course

of years, that it is impossible for any newcomer to appear under the impulse of circumstances. He must take his place in the queue; must enrol himself in one of the clans which have taken charge of the party, and as each individual, in each clan, looks after the place which he occupies, he takes good care to hold off any individual whom he suspects of standing in his light, or of being likely to do so. This is one of the causes of the mediocrity of the party staff."

The modes of action of the Socialist Party consist in public meetings, conferences, tracts and leaflets, papers and reviews. Strictly speaking, the Party possesses only one organ, *L'Humanité*, edited in Paris. But there are other purely Socialistic dailies, such as *Le Populaire*, *La France Libre*, or almost entirely Socialistic, as *L'Heure*, *Le Journal du Peuple*, *La Vérité*. To these Paris daily papers must be added weekly papers like *Le Droit des Peuples*, *Le Canard Enchaîné* (illustrated and satirical), and some monthly magazines, *L'Avenir*, *La Clairière*. In the provinces there are a few gazettes, *Le Populaire du Centre* (Limoges), *Le Midi Socialiste*, *Le Cri du Peuple* (Brest), *Le Droit du Peuple* (Grenoble), etc. It often occurs that Socialistic opinions are expressed in other papers and magazines, with more or less advanced opinions, *La Lanterne*, *Le Pays*, *La Dépêche de Toulouse*, etc., In fact, we may well say that Socialist writers hold an important place in the Press and that their readers constitute a big fraction of the people of France.

I mentioned that the war had weakened the forces of the party, but, by a contrary effect, it has also increased its power and the importance of the part it plays. At the time of the defeat of the French armies, in 1914, the Government of the French Republic felt it to be its duty to ask all French parties to lay aside their internal quarrels and make what was called *L'Union Sacrée*. A Ministry was formed in which practically all the shades of French political opinions were represented, in proportion of their number. The Socialist Party counted about a hundred deputies: they represented more than a million suffrages (elections of May, 1914). The French President, M. Poincaré, offered them two Ministries. According to democratic spirit and tradition of the party, the latter should have appointed himself the two delegates. But as the party might have chosen for its delegates two members lacking in suppleness and possessing too much energy, M. Poincaré wished to avoid such a thing, and, with the greatest ability, he chose one of his former colleagues at the Justice Court, a barrister like himself, M. Marcel Sembat, a wealthy Socialist deputy, and the C.A.P. and Parliamentary Group had to "swallow

the pill." Formerly a pupil at a clerical college, M. Marcel Sembat has kept from it the habits of intrigue. M. Poincaré employed with great ability his own dispositions of intrigue, and he made the party "swallow" M.M. Jules Guesde and Marcel Sembat as Socialist Ministers. And this is how the party "chose" its Ministers. The history of the two first years of the war has amply shown how the work of these Ministers has proved below their mission. M. Jules Guesde, who was ill and aged, was a mere wreck, and M. Marcel Sembat looked on events more as an artist and *dilettante* than a man of action and a thinker. In the course of the war another Socialist, M. Albert Thomas, was appointed to the Under-Secretaryship of the Ministry of Armament, and later on he became Minister of Armament. As such, he did good work, and more so in the first part of his Secretaryship. But he gradually underwent the influence of his new surroundings and of the society he moved in, and the consequence was that his Socialistic policy was lessened.

The Ministerial participation of the Socialist Party proved itself, by the effects of circumstances, to be mere dupery. The Socialist Ministers were in fact the subordinates of the other bourgeois Ministers, although they represented really the majority of the nation, as they were speaking in the name of the whole proletariat or working class. This mournful failure in the Ministerial participation found its echo in the proletarian masses. It was one of the causes of the birth and development of a "minority" in the party, thus breaking up the unanimity of the beginning of the war. Another cause was the lack of first-rate men. Jaurès being dead, no great leader was left among the Parliamentary leaders. There remained some active workers, some good orators, but none above the intellectual average.

The result of such a state of things was the appearance of coteries trying to supplant one another. The long duration of the war only accentuated this phenomenon, grouping small bands at the rear of the antagonistic groups of leaders. The longer the war lasted, the more the desire for peace was spreading far and wide. This general desire for a rapid peace was more or less consciously speculated upon by the leaders. And little by little the opposed fractions, the so-called *minoritaires*, grew in number. One could almost see the same grouping that existed before the war, and even before the Socialist unity of the P. was realised, reappear with different names. Only, the commotion was such that the same men did not even find themselves grouped together. There was a re-grouping of individuals according either to the idea of peace, or *défense nationale*, or social revolution. Wrangling, formerly dear to the Marxists, reappeared anew, and

many were they who disputed on the master's texts. The observer thus had a reminiscence of mediæval scholasticism. The exegesis of texts held the place of the appreciation of events and definitely settled the policy that was to be followed. In this, again, we see a result of the influence of social-democratic Germany. With the habit of obeying, and servilely believing, the word of the master, men have lost their habit of observing events and therefrom deducting a definite policy.

What I said in 1916 to my hearers at Birkbeck College remains still true: "When we regard the present war from a Socialistic point of view, we see that it is a conflict between two conceptions of Socialism, that of Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle, which is an authoritarian centralised State Socialism, and that of Bakunin, which is a libertarian federalist Socialism (*Lessons of the World War*)." It is, in fact, the eternal conflict between two principles, authority and liberty; between two political systems, autocracy and democracy. The libertarian and federalist Socialism is of French tradition, with Babeuf, Fourier, Proudhon, and the anarchist-communist school (Elisée Reclus, Jean Grave, etc.). Naturally the conflict does not erect barriers between Socialist men and groups. There are imperceptible transitions that bind the extreme right to the extreme left of the party. But between the extremes are deep differences. A confused medley of men and opinions among the groups, and sometimes a confusion of opposed opinions in the same man, such is the sight offered by the Socialist Party. It is, on a small scale, the sight offered by the world at large under the influence of the present war. In this confusion, however, different currents were felt, men grouped themselves and Socialist fractions with similar aspirations were formed in the party.

The National Congress that took place from October 6th to 10th showed the existence of five fractions, which are, from the extreme right to the extreme left: (1) "The Forty," so called because there were forty deputies who signed a letter to Branting, disclosing that in their midst Nationalism took the step on Socialism. Class co-operation takes, in their mind, the place of class-strife. Their principal leaders are M. Compère-Morel, actually High Commissioner of the Agricultural Ministry; Alexandre Varenne, Adrien Véber, Arthur Rozier. This fraction has many affinities with the British National Socialist Party. *Le France Libre*, the Parisian daily paper, is their organ. They are really a staff without troops, and their paper has but few readers.

(2) The "Majoritaires," so called because, until the National Council of July, 1918, and the Congress of October, they were

the majority and had the direction of the party. This fraction united rather diverse tendencies and aspirations, as proved by the names of its two principal leaders, Albert Thomas and Pierre Renaudel. The latter, who until lately was the editor of *L'Humanité*, has a more accentuated policy than M. A. Thomas. His editorials of *L'Humanité* were frequently to be noticed for their good sense and their true democratic and Socialist tone. The other leaders of this fraction are the deputy, A. Bracke; the co-operators, Gaston Levy and Ernest Poisson; M. Eugène Grenier, the editor of *Le Droit des Peuples*; Louis Dubreuilh, the former secretary to the party.

(3) The "Centrists." This group, which appeared at the end of 1916, is composed of members who left the Majoritaires in order to try to conciliate the opposite tendencies—Majoritaires and Minoritaires. They tried this in the course of 1917 and 1918, and failed, of course, because the opposition emanated more from persons than from conceptions. This small group—it only gathered 180 mandates at the Congress out of the 3,000 that the party numbers—has many leaders: the deputies Bedouce, Auriol, Ernest Lafont, Marcel Sembat, Marcel Cachin; H. Sellier, Conseiller Général de la Seine; M. Luquet, an active member of the C.G.T.; M. Léon Blum, an auditor at the Council of State, etc.

(4) The "Minoritaires." Until the last October Congress this fraction constituted the opposition in the party. But being now the majority, it took the direction and administration of the party. The majority it obtained was but small. Together with the Kienthaliens the Minoritaires had 1,528 suffrages, while the Majoritaires obtained 1,212, and the Centrists 181. It is therefore a majority of 316 votes out of 2,921 votes—that is, about one-tenth of the totality of mandates represented at the Congress. It only meant one clan taking the place of another; that is in truth the only change that occurred. M. L. Frossard took the place of M. Dubreuilh at the secretaryship of the party; the majority of the C.A.P. passed into the Minoritaires' hands. The direction of *L'Humanité* left by M. P. Renaudel passed to M. Marcel Cachin, a Centrist. The paper was reorganised, and all the places were taken by members of the victorious clan. Men of value, cultivated thinkers, were kept aside, because they were too independent and not compliant enough to belong to one of the clans.

The Minoritaire leaders, now called "neo-Majoritaires," are very numerous. They are not without value, although they are not as valuable as M. A. Thomas, who, being highly cultivated, has a quick and supple intelligence and possesses an enormous amount of working power; or M. P. Renaudel, who is an ener-

getic, bold, clever, and tenacious man. Among the best-known leaders of the Minoritaires—often because they are the noisiest at the Congresses and National Councils—are the deputies Jean Longuet, Paul Mistral, Pressemane, Valière; MM. Paul Faure, Frossard, Verfeuil, etc. Their organs are *Le Populaire* and *Le Journal du Peuple*.

(5) The Kienthaliens. They are so called because they hold to the programme given at the Conferences of 1915 and 1916 at Zimmerwald and Kienthal (Switzerland). Among them are three deputies: MM. P. Brizon, Alexandre Blanc, and Raffin Dugens, who for two years have refused the war credits, while all the other Socialist deputies (Majoritaires and Minoritaires) voted them each time. The Kienthaliens stand for 600 to 700 mandates—that is, about one-fifth of the party. At the Paris Congress of October, 1918, they made one with the Minoritaires so as to secure the latter's success. Otherwise the majority would still have belonged to the same clan. It must be observed, besides, that the Minoritaires count a number of members with great affinity with the Kienthaliens. They might as well belong to the latter clan as to the first. In this fact we must see one of the causes of the weakness of the neo-Majoritaires, for they do not form a whole with the same aspirations and programme as the Majoritaires of old. The other Kienthalien leaders are M. Loriot, a teacher, Mme Louise Saumoneau, etc. They have one weekly paper, *La Vague*, edited by M. P. Brizon.

The task of the Minoritaires, who are now the neo-Majoritaires since October 10th, 1918, is now to govern the policy of the party. In truth, there will not be any change from what was during those years of war. And it is not without fear that some of the most intelligent of the Parliamentary neo-Majoritaires have seen the majority fall to them. I remember hearing this fear expressed at the National Council of July, 1918, by a few Minoritaire deputies. Any change in the policy of the party will be all the more difficult that the Congress has not elaborated any new programme, either for to-day or for to-morrow. It will therefore be what it has been ever since August, 1914, a policy from day to day, drifting according to the current of events. Alone the economical and financial policy has been a straight policy based on Socialistic principles. It is so because the party has men who have devoted themselves to economical and judicial questions. But the party does not possess among its prominent Parliamentaires and leaders any men with broad views and wide outlooks on outside or inside policy based on clear, precise, and ideological principles.

There are many reasons for the Congress not having settled any political programme. - Some leaders follow the waverings of public opinion, and are subjected to the influence of demagogical orators. Others have abandoned the constitutive principles of the Socialist Party under the pressure of the circumstances of the war, allowing their Socialist and even their democratic conceptions to pass after the co-operation of classes—that is, in reality, the submission of the proletarian class to the capitalistic class. And, grafted on this was added the conflict between individuals whose passions were overheated by the atmosphere created by the war. It would seem as if men had been driven out of their orbits and become easy preys to all external influences in reason of their physiological organisms being weakened by nervous and arterial strain. The Socialist proletarians are in the same state of mind as their leaders. They are quite aware of the internal contests of the clans; they see the little work that is realised, the dupery of the sacred union that is not denounced yet by their leaders. There arises then a certain distrust among the workers and consequently a weakening of the Socialist Party.

And still, all well considered, the Socialist Party is the only organised political party of France, grouping both troops and staff, united and bound together. The Radical and Radical-Socialist Parties have troops and staffs, but there is no real bond between the two. The Liberals are scattered. The Royalist Conservatives are mere heads without troops. Alone the Socialist Party is organised and has real power. Alone it had a war policy in economical and financial matters. The different Governments which have succeeded each other during those fifty-one months of war have gradually been obliged to submit to the economical policy of the Socialist Party under the unavoidable pressure of circumstances and facts. This was generally done late, even too late; but all the same it was done. Such a fact may be observed by all those who do not refuse to see.

I had the evidence of this one day this year, when the hazards of a journey allowed me to talk with a young priest, who, from his conversation, seemed to be master of conferences of philosophy at the Catholic University of Paris.

"The Socialist Party," he said to me, "is the only party that has had a war policy. And people would have been wise to follow it immediately instead of shifting and waiting. The war has proved good for the Socialist Party and for it alone. It will considerably grow in number."

This is, in my opinion, a right judgment, because this war is indeed a kind of revolution. Socialism, and therefore the Socialist Party, which is its symbol, has seen its power and importance grow during those four years of war. Never have

the bourgeois papers spoken so much of the Socialist Party. Never have they given so much attention to the sayings of its leaders, the decisions of its National Councils and Congresses, the aspirations of its masses. The strength of Socialism rests on the number of its adherents. The circumstances of the struggle now ravaging the world have added to their number. The hate of war and militarism, formerly professed by a minority with advanced ideas has now become a commonplace, dear to urban and rural masses. The uprooting of men thrown together in camps and trenches for months and years, all mixed during the first year of the war (peasants, workmen, clerks, commercial people, intellectuals, teachers, etc.), has opened new horizons and shown that the Socialist Party was the only political party which was opposed to war and its support militarism. Then the socialistic measures in town and State, which increased with the duration of the war, have accustomed men to Socialism, causing that vague fear of Socialism to disappear. A socialistic atmosphere was thus being created.

It is this real state of the French nation which explains, in spite of the absolute weakness of the Socialist Party, the great part this party plays in the policy of France, in spite also of the extreme opposition of all the capitalistic forces. It is this situation which makes us foresee that when the nation will be called upon to elect its representatives for the Municipal and General (Departmental) Councils, the Chamber of Deputies and Senate, the Socialist Party will certainly gain many seats. It has actually 100 seats at the Chamber of Deputies and none at the Senate. When the elections take place in 1919—they cannot be further delayed—about 200 deputies will probably be elected to the Chamber and about a dozen to the Senate. The Socialist voters will doubtless renew a great part of its representatives, displeased as they are with the small part they have played. Everything enables us to foretell this, unless a revolution occurs, a possible thing according to circumstances and the state of mind of the working class and the soldiers.

But either that the current of events runs smoothly and peacefully, according to evolution, or rushes like a torrent, in a revolutionary way, it is not less certain that the future—and a near future it is—belongs, in France, to democratic, libertarian, and federalistic Socialism represented by the Socialist Party.

AUGUSTIN HAMON.

Postscript.

The above article was written before the Armistice of November 11th and the German and Austro-Hungarian Revolutions and their many incidents. However, nothing in it is to be altered. New circumstances have made easier the policy of the "neo-

Majoritaires." They were no longer faced by the war, and the differences of their views from those of the former "Majoritaires" were attenuated.

Since the time when I wrote the above study there was an International Conference in Berne, for which passports were easily obtained; there was also a "Congrès extraordinaire" at Easter; and the International Conference of Amsterdam, being the continuation of that of Berne. When we examine the decisions of these congresses and conferences we notice that in reality there are great differences between the views held by the fractions and clans of the party. These differences are so essential that they will sooner or later lead to a scission. Until now the separation has been avoided under the influence of various factors: first, the strongly anti-Socialist policy of the Government confirmed by the bloody incidents of May 1st in Paris; secondly, the coming legislative elections and the necessity for the leaders to remain in contact with the voting masses; thirdly, the push towards the Left and even the extreme Left of the rank and file of the party, under the influence of the demobilised *poules* and the economical conditions of life (unemployment, high prices, etc.); fourthly, the considerable increase in number of the party. The number of adherers reaches now 50,000; the papers have more than doubled their sale.

The "neo-Minoritaires" have naturally played a less conspicuous part, like M. Pierre Renandel and M. Albert Thomas; whilst among the "neo-Majoritaires" MM. Mayéras, Bodoué, Auriol, Cachin, and especially Ernest Lafont, played a more and more conspicuous part. The circumstances will fatally bring, in a few months hence, the Socialists to take the power, either with the representatives of the General Confederation of Labour (C.G.T.), if it is in a revolutionary way, or with Radical bourgeois elements, if it is in a Parliamentary way. Whatever the case is, it might cause a scission in the party in reason of the tendencies of the extreme Right or the extreme Left. The former is quite anti-Bolshevik, while the latter is pro-Bolshevik. There is a probability that in coming times great modifications will take place in the extreme Right and Left as regards their conceptions of Parliamentarism and the Councils of Workers. The latter are the essence of Syndicalism such as it was established more than twenty years ago by Fernand Pelloutier, A. Harnon, and G. Sorel. The doctrine of Syndicalism has penetrated, in the course of these years, the French working class, and is now called upon to take a leading part in the conceptions and direction of the party.—A. H.

UNITED IRELAND—A PLEA FOR PARTITION.

"Mr. Redmond as a leader left a fine legacy to Ireland of practical work done, and of the memory of a great Irish gentleman and patriot. All that passes into history. But those who have studied his career will, I believe, do so in vain if they cannot see that in the idea of Partition, brought about in a reasonable and friendly spirit, in case the Convention cannot come to a substantial agreement, he has left a still more immediate legacy to his country which should prove to be the golden key that will open the door out of her immemorial difficulty."¹

THE Prime Minister was not far from the truth when, in his speech in the House of Commons on August 7th, on the second reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill, he said of the *Times'* scheme for the settlement of the Irish question, printed in that journal a fortnight previously, that every party in Ireland joined in condemning it. None, however, except those who are opposed to any settlement whatever, condemned the spirit in which it was put forward, or the admirable character of the series of articles that led up to it, which, for an English journal dealing with this subject, were exceptionally frank, sympathetic, well-informed, and impartial. And the publication of the articles and the scheme has had one incalculably useful result. It has made many Irishmen who had come to regard the idea of partitioning Ulster, or any part of it, off from the rest of Ireland in any way, either temporary or permanent, with abhorrence, realise that such a step, with its possibilities, might not be so great a disaster to the country as the majority of Nationalists and of the Unionists of the South and West of Ireland had during the last two years, come more and more to believe. In making this statement I do not, of course, include the Sinn Féiners, who, for the time being at least, profess to have no interest in any scheme which assumes that Ireland is a part of the British Empire. Their Republic is established, and the whole controversy would be finished and done with if all the people of Ireland would only have the sense—presumably on Christian Science principles, to adapt the witty suggestion of an Irish writer in the *New Statesman*—to acknowledge the fact, and act accordingly.

Yes, the *Times'* scheme has, at least, enabled a great many people in Ireland to discuss "Ulster" partition without actually losing their tempers. And they are the kind of people ultimately to be reckoned with.

(1) "Mr. Redmond as Irish Leader, and his Legacy." By John McGrath. *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1918.

Every man in Ireland outside Sinn Féin who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs is now anxious for an early settlement of some kind within the constitution. The original position of Sir Edward Carson and his Ulster friends that they "wished to be left as they were" has been destroyed by themselves. They agreed to a great change when they accepted the proposal of Home Rule for twenty-six counties, with separate treatment for the other six, and, later still, when they proposed that in the very big matter of education their bailiwick in Ulster should not be affected by the educational system now applicable to the rest of the country, but should, for this purpose, be a part of Great Britain. The more important section of the southern Unionists, again, departed from this attitude of "Leave us as we are" when they agreed to a Home Rule scheme within the Convention. And, indeed, Irish Unionists of all kinds abandon that position when they say, as they always do as a last defence of the Dublin Castle system: "We are satisfied with the Act of Union, but give us the benefit of it." That, however, has been the invariable intention of new Chief Secretaries; and they all leave Ireland with the intention unfulfilled. Mr. McPherson, like his two immediate predecessors, Mr. Duke and Mr. Shortt, took office inspired by grand schemes of "reconstruction," but, so far as the public can see up to the present, reconstruction in Ireland remains in the same nebulous condition as it was when the two former, respectively, arrived at the Viceregal Lodge; and—was it a reminder of the remarkable progress reconstruction is making?—only the other day we were informed by the newspapers that demobilised soldiers had begun to remove the *débris* from the General Post Office in Dublin, more than three years after the destruction of that edifice in the Easter Week Rebellion. And even then, not, as an Englishman might imagine, as a preliminary to rebuilding, but—"to give the demobilised men employment"!

Unionists of every school, indeed, as well as constitutional Nationalists of every school, look forward anxiously—and more or less hopefully—to some kind of change that will put an end to the constant and wearisome discussion of the political relations of Ireland and England, and turn the Irish mind to the much more interesting and fruitful subject of Ireland's own social and economic progress. And this desirable consummation, it is now clear, can be secured only through some Ulster partition plan.

The necessity for Ulster partition has been created by British statesmen, and by the "ruling classes" of England. Had Mr. Gladstone succeeded in carrying his first Home Rule Bill in 1886 to the Statute Book, he would, no doubt, have put it into opera-

tion notwithstanding Lord Randolph Churchill's "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right," because he was a man who could not conceive of Parliament and the King giving way before a small minority of the people, however influential, and because at that time Ulster opposition was largely bluff, as it had been proved to be in the case of the Irish Church Bill less than twenty years previously. It was largely bluff again in 1892-93. The steady support, moral and material, given by the Unionist leaders year after year to Ulster threats of rebellion, however, gradually changed the bluff into reality, and nothing but force would now convince the Carsonites of Ulster that they are not morally and legally entitled, as loyal subjects, to refuse obedience to a Home Rule Parliament in Dublin, even to the extent of using force themselves. That position has, as I say, been created by Englishmen. Sir Edward Carson and his Ulster supporters could never have brought it about by themselves; and it was in accordance with the English traditions of governing Ireland that two Prime Ministers should refuse to face the consequences, by declaring that the coercion of Ulster is unthinkable. So it is—so they have made it; because an Ulster Orange and Carsonite rebellion, no matter how easily put down, would leave the Irish question more unsettled than ever, whether an Irish Parliament was in existence or not. We should be beginning at the Battle of the Boyne all over again. And no sensible Irishman, Nationalist or Unionist, desires any such tragic anti-climax.

It may then, I take it, be fairly confidently assumed that partition of a portion or the whole of Ulster will be a feature of the proposals the Government is pledged to put forward "at the earliest possible moment," whether they are part of a general federal plan for the two islands following the report of the Speakers' Federal Devolution Committee, or a distinct and independent scheme dealing with Ireland as a separate entity.

Various kinds of Irish partition have been proposed from time to time. The first was, I think, Mr. Chamberlain's during the discussions at the period of the "Round Table Conference" in 1886 before the second reading debate on the Home Rule Bill. His idea was a Council for each of the four provinces, but it met with no countenance from Mr. Gladstone, and little from anybody else. Mr. Birrell, when Chief Secretary twenty years afterwards, put forward a somewhat similar scheme in his Irish Councils Bill as a half-way house to complete Home Rule, but it was at once rejected by an Irish National Convention, although recommended to that body as worthy of discussion by Mr. Redmond. Three years ago there came the Government suggestion of the partition of four or six Ulster counties, which was approved by

Sir Edward Carson and his friends on the one side, and by Mr. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Devlin, and an Ulster Nationalist Convention on the other; but which after some time was abandoned owing to the attitude of Lord Lansdowne and other "Die Hards" in Parliament, and the apparent, or presumed, opposition of the majority of the Irish Nationalists. A short time ago Captain Stephen Gwynn formed a body whose purpose was to establish four provincial Parliaments, with a central Parliament in Dublin, but the scheme met with little support. And now, finally, we have the proposal of the *Times* for the creation of a State Legislature for all Ulster and one for the rest of Ireland, with a Central Parliament to be evolved out of them.

The *Times'* proposals received little detailed discussion in Ireland. What there was, however, was sufficient to show that, if there is to be Partition, the part of Ireland outside excluded Ulster must be given a real Parliament and not a sham one. Under the *Times'* scheme the Central Parliament would have been entirely at the mercy of Ulster; and this amazing feature of it settled its fate at once. The most exhaustive criticism of the plan appeared in the *Irish Statesman*, the organ of Sir Horace Plunkett's Irish Dominion League, and I quote from the passage dealing with this point, because it may be taken as expressing, generally, Nationalist opinion of all shades.

"The proposal is (it writes) that the two State Legislatures should be set up at once with certain powers over local affairs and that they should then establish by agreement between them a Central Parliament. We are not clear as to what happens if they do not agree to do so, but we are told that if they do the Central Parliament shall not automatically come into possession of the powers of a Dominion, nor, indeed, of any powers at all. The manner in which it may possess itself of powers is simple, but in one word it will not do. The Parliament is enabled to pass a resolution endowing itself subject to one qualification with whatever powers it wants other than that of defence. The qualification is of a remarkable character. It is that the resolution to take over powers is subject to ratification by the two State Legislatures. In other words, if the Central Parliament desired to take over all the powers of a Dominion it could not do so unless Ulster gave consent. But this is not all. It could not take over control of education, of the Post Office, or of any Irish service unless Ulster gave a favouring nod. If she did not, the Castle is to be allowed to continue its beneficent régime. Nor does this exhaust the power of Ulster. Under this scheme, the representation of Ulster in the Central Parliament is to be exactly equal to that of the three Southern provinces. Add to this that the State Legislature can veto the application of any law of the Central Parliament to the province it controls, and the ascendancy of Ulster is firmly and completely grounded and established. . . . We are willing to make great sacrifices to placate our fellow-countrymen in Ulster, but we are not ready to set them over us as our dictators. They would, no doubt, be benevolent dictators, but that is not the point. Safeguards for majorities seem to us to be at least as reasonable as safeguards for minorities. We are prepared, if we are asked,

to accept the principle of a State Legislature for Ulster; we are even prepared to allow that Legislature a provincial veto on some classes—but not on all classes—of legislation proposed; but a veto permanent, general, and unrestricted Ulster cannot ask and ought not be given. Ulster is entitled to fair play, but she is not entitled to regard Ireland as her asphyx."

Sir Horace Plunkett himself, in a letter to the *Times* subsequently, put the matter thus tersely:—

"It is better to be frank about these two vetoes—the initial veto upon the conferring of powers and the permanent veto upon their exercise. They have no relevance except when exercised by the majority in the Northern State, which is but a small minority of the Irish people. They have no meaning and no value to the majority of the Irish people, who have the veto, because they are the majority. It is as certain as anything in politics can be that the Irish people at home and abroad will take no interest in an Irish Parliament which would be thus paralysed. Nor can I believe that any consideration of exceptional circumstances would make such an institution acceptable to the critical opinion of the world. Those of us in Ireland who were rejoicing that you had recognised the existence of a nation, regret that your practical solution proposes to establish by law an Irish supernation."

How the *Times*, after such an admirable diagnosis of the Irish case as was contained in the preceding series of articles, could believe that such a provision as this Ulster veto would have been accepted by the people of the rest of the country passes comprehension. It is all the more surprising, too, coming so soon after the proposal made by Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Redmond a little over two years previously—in the letter of May 16th, 1917, in which the Convention was suggested as an alternative. In this letter the Prime Minister stated that the Government was prepared to introduce a Bill "for the immediate application of the Home Rule Act to Ireland, but excluding therefrom the six counties of North-East Ulster, such exclusion to be subject to reconsideration by Parliament at the end of five years, unless it is previously terminated by the action of the Council of Ireland, to be set up as hereinafter described." This Council is then described in the letter as follows:—

"Secondly, with a view to securing the largest possible measure of common action for the whole of Ireland, the Bill would provide for a Council of Ireland to be composed of two delegations, consisting, on the one hand, of all the members returned to Westminster from the excluded area, and, on the other, of a delegation equal in numbers from the Irish Parliament. This Council could be summoned on the initiative of any six members. It would be empowered by a majority of votes of each of the delegations (a) to pass private Bill legislation affecting both the included and the excluded area; (b) to recommend to the Crown the extension of the excluded area by Order in Council of any Act of the Irish Parliament; (c) to agree to the inclusion under the Home Rule Act of the whole of Ireland, subject to the assent of the majority of the voters in the excluded area, power to be vested in the Crown in that case to extend the Act to all Ireland by Order in Council;

(d) to make recommendations on its own initiative upon Irish questions, including the amendment of the Home Rule Act as finally passed."

It will be observed that this "Council of Ireland," which was to act, like the State Legislatures of the *Times*' scheme, "by a majority of votes of each of the delegations"—the delegations to be equal in number from the six Ulster counties and the twenty-six Irish counties—did not give "Ulster" anything like the sweeping power that province would have under the *Times*' scheme; yet Nationalist Ireland, while readily agreeing to the experiment of a Convention, bowed it out of doors almost without a word.

The only plan of Irish partition that will carry with it any chance of an ultimate permanent solution of the Irish problem is one that will avoid all artificial attempts to lure, or force, the representatives of Carsonite Ulster and of the rest of Ireland under one roof to work for common national purposes. Carsonite Ulster, as at present minded, does not wish to have anything to do with a Home Ruled Ireland, and would feel genuinely uneasy and unhappy in any kind of political relationship with it, and, in such relationship, would almost certainly make a Home Ruled Ireland as dissatisfied as itself. While Barkis remains unwillin', there is no use in pressing on the ceremony, or even in publishing the banns. This is a clear case of patience being a virtue. All previous partition schemes, except one, and including that of the *Times*, have provided machinery for ultimate union—or re-union; and this has always proved their undoing.

The exception was the scheme of 1916, which was a simple proposal for the exclusion of four or six counties from the operation of the Home Rule Act. In my article here of May, 1918, I pointed out that it was not true to say that the proposal had been rejected by the Irish people. No National Convention was held in Dublin to pronounce upon it, and for weeks the great majority of Nationalists appeared to be in its favour. But a whirlwind Press campaign directed through his newspapers by the late Mr. W. M. Murphy, an ex-member of the Irish Parliamentary Party who apparently thought it his duty to Ireland to destroy that Party if possible, which completely misrepresented its ultimate consequences and made it appear that by adopting it Nationalists would be betraying the National cause, and statements such as that of Cardinal Logue that he would rather have Ireland as she is for another fifty years than agree to one parish of Ulster being separated from the rest of the country, took the people off their feet. They quite missed the point of Mr. Redmond's statement that the scheme was unworkable. It was because it was unworkable that he accepted it.

And for the same reason it should be accepted still. In the article already referred to I said that, "all the great commercial interests of Belfast and the North dreaded a separation from the rest of the country." Apparently, however, Sir Edward Carson and his lieutenants there are still willing to face the real or imaginary disadvantages which partition may bring. Why not try the experiment of taking them at their word?

One of the *Times'* series of articles was devoted to the question of the changes that would probably be brought about, as between "Ulster" and the three southern provinces, by a scheme of partition. "Ulster's trade with the remainder of Ireland," the writer said, "is of great, if not vital, importance to her—it is her natural as opposed to her exotic business." This trade—between the six counties and the twenty-six, by rail, and excluding that by sea and road—he estimated at £50,000,000 a year. It is constantly extending, as he rightly says, and as may be seen by the steady increase in the number of branches of Belfast banks being opened in the southern and western towns, and of Belfast commercial travellers who regularly pay them visits. Belfast, it must not be forgotten, is a great wholesale town, and the leading distributing centre in Ireland. Now the *Times'* writer suggests that it would be in the power of the commercial community of the south and west to cut off this trade: "it would be far easier for Southern Ireland to boycott the trade of Belfast than for Belfast to boycott that of Southern Ireland." But there would be no necessity for a boycott in any very deliberate sense, for with the adoption of Partition the Belfast trade would begin to decrease naturally, for commercial men in Southern Ireland would prefer to do business with those living under a Home Rule Parliament rather than with people who had refused to recognise it; and, no doubt, and almost as a matter of course, and without any very specific understanding or organisation to bring it about. Belfast travellers, coming from what would be regarded more or less as a foreign province, would find their orders less liberal than they had been hitherto, and that they were now being largely given to gentlemen from Dublin or Great Britain. Belfast would certainly feel the change through her banks. The number of branches of Belfast banks in the South and West is remarkably large. In these banks great numbers of farmers deposit their savings, and this money, it is well known—Belfast boasts that she carries on to a considerable extent on credit—is largely used in the working and development of commercial and industrial undertakings in the North. Nothing would be easier than for the traders and farmers of the South to transfer their deposits from these Belfast banks to banks having their headquarters in

Dublin and Cork, and, no doubt, if Partition were adopted, a substantial percentage of them would do so. There would be an almost universal desire, in fact, to help the new Irish State under its Dublin Parliament, and these would be among the methods of giving it patriotic assistance. There are, of course, many other directions in which separation from the rest of Ireland would be awkward for Belfast and North-East Ulster—the Law, for instance, Local Government, transit, the Post Office, and the working of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction; but the business and financial side of the matter is the one that would appeal most strongly to the Northern mind.

Partition, it seems to me, would be an experiment that could not stand the test of actual working for more than a very short time. It would not be a case of how long Carsonite Ulster would enjoy its self-determination, but How long would it stand it?

And what then? The answer to the question would depend on the nature of the powers conferred on the Irish Parliament, and the manner in which it exercised them.

It has been widely assumed that Partition would involve giving very small powers to the Irish Parliament. "It would appear," wrote the *Times* in its article of July 7th, "that the economic soundness of exclusion depends largely on a rigorous limitation of the powers of the Irish Parliament. Is Sir Edward Carson," it then asks, "satisfied that this can be imposed in ten, twenty, or thirty years' time?" If Partition unduly limited the powers of the Irish Parliament, even for ten years, I should certainly not be an advocate of it. We know, however, from his letter of February 25th, 1918, to Sir Horace Plunkett as Chairman of the Convention that Mr Lloyd George contemplated the Irish Parliament having wide control in regard to the biggest matter over which there has been any doubt. "The Government feel," he wrote, referring to Customs and Excise, "that this is a matter which cannot be finally settled at the present time. They therefore suggest for the consideration of the Convention that, during the period of the war, and for a period of two years thereafter, the control of Customs and Excise should be reserved to the United Kingdom Parliament" and he sketched out a plan by which the proceeds of Customs and Excise, during that period, minus the Irish contribution to Imperial expenditure as determined by the Joint Exchequer Board, should be paid into the Irish Exchequer. From this it seems fairly clear that the Prime Minister was willing to confer fiscal independence on an Irish Parliament for the whole country after the war. Would he take the same view on this matter in regard to a Parliament with Ulster, or portion of Ulster, excluded? That, no doubt, is a ques-

tion which, all along, has stood in the way of many Irishmen accepting the Partition proposition. And we shall probably find the answer to it in the speech made by Lord Robert Cecil to the much-discussed meeting of the "Centre Party" at the end of July. "I am perfectly confident," he said—I quote from the "official summary" of his remarks—"that if you are to hope to obtain a lasting settlement you must not incur the charge of deserting the people of Ulster. You must exclude Ulster, and if you are to give to the rest of Ireland what they want, *you must give them the very largest measure of independence which you possibly can.*"

This sweeping phrase of Lord Robert Cecil, which, we may assume, would hardly have been used on such an occasion without the tacit or expressed approval of the Prime Minister, might, of course, standing by itself, be interpreted in several ways, and might not mean very much. But when we find him, in the next sentence, going on to say that he "quite recognised that you will have to make certain financial adjustments as between Ulster and the rest of Ireland," and remembering Mr. Lloyd George's proposals of last year, referred to above, we must conclude that the "powers" he was thinking of at the time were such, for instance, as had been set out in the scheme put forward just previously by the Irish Dominion League; and a Dominion status for the Irish Parliament is what the great majority of Constitutional Nationalists look forward to.¹

It will be well, in this connection, to keep in mind the important circumstance that it was chiefly on the question of giving powers of fiscal control to an All-Ireland Parliament that the Ulster Unionist representatives could not agree with the majority in the Convention. Writing to the *Times* the other day in regard to its scheme Mr. H. M. Pollock, who, as President of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, was a member of the Convention, recalled the fact in language which went to show that he and his friends have not since changed their minds. "A return," he writes, "to the deplorable conditions of the eighteenth century by the creation of a customs barrier between two countries whose social, commercial, and financial relations are so closely interwoven would, in the opinion of the business members of this community, be an irretrievable calamity for Ireland. Such a

(1) A letter written some time ago by the Sinn Féin leader to one of the Australian Catholic Bishops seemed to indicate that Mr. De Valera would agree to such a settlement, and the Bishop read it out at a meeting in his diocese apparently in that sense; but as there has since been a half denial, not of what was in the letter, but of the correctness of this interpretation of its terms, in the Sinn Féin official organ, the matter need not be too closely inquired into at this stage.

reactionary measure would unquestionably inflict grave injury on the trade of Great Britain, whilst Ulster, which is dependent on the sister country for the overwhelming proportion of the raw material of its industries, would regard any restrictions on the freedom of trade with Britain as a portentous menace to its prosperity." If this has any meaning—remembering Lord Robert Cecil's speech, which Mr. Pollock must have read—it is that Unionist Ulster not only claims to be excluded from an Irish Parliament, but also to dictate, while remaining out, what the character of that Parliament is to be. It is a modest claim, truly, after Mr. Pollock and Sir Edward Carson and the rest have for years been impressing on the British people that all they want is to be allowed to mind their own business. The truth is, however, that what Ulster Unionists like Mr. Pollock are afraid of is, not a tariff between Ireland and Great Britain, which we may be sure is the last thing in the world an Irish Parliament would think of if it considered its own interests, but the inconvenience that might be created in regard to "Ulster" trade with the South and West. Ulster, no doubt, will be free to arrange her future relations with the Imperial Parliament unhampered by any outside influence, and Ireland must, of course, be given the same right. Ulster cannot eat her cake and have it.

It does not come exactly within the scope of this article to discuss any particular plan of partition. It may provide for the separation of four counties, or of six, or of the whole province; but the division, when made, should be a clean one, without any kind of checks. Lord Robert Cecil suggests county option. "If I am asked," he said, "what I mean by Ulster, I can only say that I would find out what I mean by asking the people, county by county, if necessary, what they wished." Such a procedure would result in the excluded portion being cut down to four counties in what Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh once described in the House of Commons as the North-East-by-North Corner—the real and authentic Carsonland. That result is not likely to be desired by Sir Edward and his followers. It would make them feel small, morally as well as geographically. And, from the point of view of ultimate national unity, it would have its disadvantages. The new political entity, being overwhelmingly Unionist, would hold out against Fate longer than a larger area. It would be bitter to have to face the inevitable, to confess to a big mistake, to walk under the Caudine Forks. Those responsible for the blunder would get out of their difficulty much more easily, and probably without having to make any acknowledgment of error at all, if the excluded part was the entire province, because in that case the Nationalist minority, with its face turned towards Dublin,

would, with the aid of the growing numbers of Liberals and Labour men, and moderate Unionists, who would be increasingly influenced by patriotic and other reasons as well as by the main economic one, very soon develop into a majority, with the result that the experiment would come to an end—and probably to the great relief of those who had insisted on trying it.

For obvious reasons, also, it would be going beyond the purpose of this article to enter into the much-discussed question of the position under Partition of the Unionists of the South and West, or of the Nationalists in the excluded area in the North. Assuming that the argument is sound, neither of them, unlike the Pope in Portadown, would "go to Hell"; and their Purgatory would be neither severe nor prolonged.

When Sir Edward Carson first adopted the policy of Partition he asked Ireland to come along and woo his Ulster maiden. Ireland has been wooing the Ulster maiden since the time of the Young Irelanders, when Thomas Davis wrote his "Orange and Green":—

"Rusty the swords our fathers un-heathed—
William and James are turned to clay—
Long did we till the wrath they bequeathed;
Red was the crop, and bitter the pay!
Freedom fled us!
Knaves misled us!
Under the feet of the foemen we lay—
Riches and strength
We'll win them at length,
For Orange and Green will carry the day.
Landlords fooled us;
England ruled us,
Hounding our passions to make us their prey:
But, in their spite,
The Irish unite,
● And Orange and Green will carry the day!"

That was nearly eighty years ago, and the wooing has got no farther forward than it was then. Ireland has been following a wrong policy. No doubt the Ulster maiden is proud, and rich, and clothed in shipyards and fine linen, and expects to be courted. But in these affairs a show of indifference, a short absence, a pretence of happiness even without the beloved object, as every Irish married man and woman of experience knows, often has a most wonderful effect.

In this connection it may, perhaps, be mentioned that Sir Horace Plunkett has propounded a method of surmounting "Ulster's" objections to Ireland that seems almost as Arcadian as Sir Edward Carson's. He would not, like Sir Edward, put the onus on Ireland—he would spare Ireland the vexation of any

more futile love-making. In submitting his Dominion scheme he acknowledged the difficulty of getting "Ulster" to agree to it. Well, but, he says, as "Ulster" has, so far, defeated Home Rule by bringing moral pressure to bear on the Government, why should not the Government bring moral pressure to bear on "Ulster" to make her accept it? Eighteen months ago, when the issue of the war was still uncertain, and when England seemed to be in real danger, the Prime Minister told "Ulster" that the settlement of the Irish Question was "an Imperial necessity." Who will say, who remembers the facts, that "Ulster" budged a hair's breadth from the position of her "Solemn League and Covenant" as a result of that tremendous appeal? The war is over, and England is a victor. When is such an opportunity for bringing moral pressure to bear on "Ulster" ever likely to arise again?

The *Spectator*, I see, as I close this contribution, has become a convert to Partition, which it has somewhat ponderously discovered is the only way to unity in Ireland. But after Partition has been achieved the Irish of the three Southern provinces must proceed at once to educate themselves up to the Ulster standard of civic virtue if they are to expect the stern Northerners ultimately to associate with them. That is an ideal, however, I fear to which Irishmen, no matter how hard they may endeavour to work towards it, could never hope to attain. The Ulsterman, however, is much more human than the *Spectator* seems to imagine and one can hope confidently that its anxiety on this head is unnecessary. The Ulsterman like other people, can unbend on suitable occasion from his high rectitude. His eyes are not irrevocably fixed on the star. He will see the nobility there will be in meeting Ireland half way. And though the *Spectator* may not give him credit for such wisdom—when the wind's southerly he knows a hawk from a heronshaw.

JOHN MCGRAVE

CORRESPONDENCE.

ON "CUTTING SHAKESPEARE."

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—A critic, in the *Times*, referring to the recent performance at Stratford-on-Avon of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," calls attention to its sixteen changes of scene. Such interruptions in continuity of action were not only absent from the public stage in Elizabethan times, but they are unsuited to the dramatic construction of Shakespeare's plays. The Elizabethan stage was merely an open platform from which the actors spoke their lines, it was not a scenic world such as our modern stage, and it could no more be used to illustrate a change of scene than can a concert platform be so used to day. The attention of the Elizabethan playgoer was arrested by the story of the play, and he thought little about change of place or lapse of time. There was only one locality, and that was the platform, which projected to the centre of the auditorium, where the story was recited. There was, besides, only one period, and that was "now," meaning the moment at which the events were being talked about or acted. All inconsistencies, then, that are apparent in the text, arising from change of place or break in the time, should be ignored in representing the plays. It is no advantage to rearrange the order of the scenes, or to lower the curtain or to make a pause in the progress of the story in order to call attention to change of scene or interval of time. Whatever information Shakespeare wished the audience to have on these matters he put into the mouths of his characters. He expected the audience to accept such information from them without any further illustration from actual presentation.

And unless there is an easy and fairly rapid delivery of Shakespeare's dialogue it is impossible to get through much more than half of the play in the course of an evening. The tendency of English actors, in speaking the verse, is to emphasise all the accented syllables, so that what is spoken does not convey to the spectators the impression that the characters are speaking their own thoughts. For instance, to take the following words in the second scene of the first act of "Macbeth"—

Or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting!

In this sentence it is usual for the actor to inflect the accented words as if they were all equally important, and, perhaps, there is an extra emphasis placed on the word "blasted"! But as the witches are delaying Macbeth's return to the King's camp, the actor should speak the chieftain's words thus—

Or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting!

There are only three words that need vocal inflection in the

sentence, with the emphasis placed upon the word "stop" or "prophetic." And when an actor, under the idea that he is marking the rhythm, inflects many words to the destruction of their sense, the progress of the play is not only delayed, but the performance is apt to become tedious.

If Shakespeare's plays were given on the stage in their entirety, with the simplicity and rapidity with which they were acted in his day, it would limit the endless experiments, mutilations, and profitless discussions that every revival of them occasions. Also, in omitting one-third of the play, the modern producer may leave out scenes which are essential to elucidate the dramatist's point of view.

But if the present method of staging Shakespeare and of speaking his verse is to be retained, then "cutting" is essential or his plays will soon cease to be produced. For my own part, I would prefer to have my knowledge of the dramatist limited to those portions of his plays which are now acted, than to be obliged to form an opinion of them in the study merely with the aid of academic commentaries.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

August 9th, 1910.

WILLIAM POEL.

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COUNT WITTE.

AN APPRECIATION BY THE LATE RUSSIAN STATESMAN AND
AMBASSADOR, A. ISWOLSKY.¹

I.

To portray faithfully that great statesman, Count Witte, is by no means an easy task. Few Ministers have been more diversely judged and with greater passion. He had his share of enemies and implacable detractors, but he had also, and still retains, most enthusiastic panegyrists, who spare no superlatives when eulogising his character and his deeds. None knew better than he how to inspire his friends with the warmest and truest devotion, a conspicuous example of which is shown by Dr. E. J. Dillon in his book, *The Eclipse of Russia*, which he dedicated "to the memory of my friend, Russia's unique statesman, S. I. Witte." For my part, I never fell under the glamour of Count Witte's powerful personality, nor, on the other hand, did I experience the feeling of violent aversion that he inspired in so many of his contemporaries, notably Emperor Nicholas, who never was able to conceal his antipathy. Not having been on intimate terms with Count Witte, I feel that I am in a position to portray him with entire freedom and in a manner that I will endeavour to make as objective as possible.

The most striking points in his personal appearance were his great height and massive shoulders. He stood half a head taller than most other men, even in Russia, where men are generally of high stature, and his whole frame suggested something that might have been shaped by the rude blows of an axe. His features would have had character were it not for a malformation, almost a fracture, of the nose, which gave him a certain resemblance to the portraits of Michelangelo. His bearing was rough, and apparently so by intention: perhaps he affected a brusque

(1) Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in Russia, and before and during the war, until the overthrow of the Monarchy, Russian Ambassador at Paris

manner to hide the embarrassment which he felt at Court and in the high society of the capital, a *milieu* to which he never became accustomed. But in spite of his rather shabby appearance and the awkwardness of his manners, he produced, on the whole, a great impression of force and originality.

One thing which always affected me disagreeably in Count Witte was his voice, the notes of which sounded out of tune, as it were, and especially his pronunciation, acquired during his youth, when he lived at Odessa, where the population is a mixed one, comprising Greeks, Rumanians and other meridionals. That pronunciation, as well as a rather common manner of speech, was displeasing to my ear, habituated as I was to the pure and elegant tongue perfected by our great national poet, Pouschkine, and spoken by Russians belonging to the cultivated classes of the two capitals, especially Moscow.

Count Witte was, as is well known, a "self-made man": not that his birth was exceptionally humble, for his father, who was a provincial functionary of foreign extraction (Dutch, I believe), had attained quite a high position in the Government employ, and his mother belonged to one of the best families in Russia; but, after finishing his education in his native province, he did not enter the bureaucratic career, which was the only road to high official rank and honours at that period. He went into the service of the powerful private company which operated the south-western railroads of Russia, and it was in that environment that the first twenty years of his activity were spent. Endowed as he was with rare energy, he passed through all branches of the service, without disdaining the most humble duties, even such as those of station-master, and thanks to his thorough knowledge of railroad operation and management, when he was summoned to St. Petersburg by Emperor Alexander III. as an expert on the railway question which was then so important in Russia, he easily dominated the routine bureaucracy of the capital by his practical experience and good sense.

At St. Petersburg his untiring activity overstepped the bounds of his specialty, and he became an authority not only on railway matters but on the whole economic life of the country; his rise in the official hierarchy was marvellously rapid, and it was only a few years after his arrival at the capital, when he was placed at the head of the Finance Ministry, a position not only very influential in itself but to which he imparted a particular importance. He occupied that post, with two years of interruption (1903-1905), until the day when he became chief of the first Constitutional Government of Russia.

Count Witte's mind always turned toward the practical side of

things; his political and economic conceptions, even the most far-reaching, were not as a general rule inspired by a comprehensive view of the functions of a State nor by the great laws which govern human society. This explains in part, I think, some of the errors that he committed; but although I have been struck more than once by his lack of superior culture and certain general fundamental ideas, I do not go so far as to agree with M. Bompard, who, in a recent article in the *Revue de Paris*, asserted that Count Witte was devoid of the most elementary knowledge of financial science and that he had never pursued his studies of the theory of economics beyond the reading of a treatise by M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu.

In spite of these statements, M. Bompard recognises in Count Witte "an administrator of superior intellectual power, a financier of wide views and an eminent statesman." This judgment does honour to the impartial spirit of the former French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, whose political adversary Count Witte never ceased to be, but it seems to me that it does not render entire justice to his genius. I do not hesitate to use the word genius, for Count Witte undoubtedly displayed much more than mere talent in certain phases of his activity.

Can one rightly say, as Dr. Dillon does in his book, that Count Witte was "the only statesman that Russia has produced since Peter the Great"? I do not think so; his work shows too flagrant lapses, and some of his mistakes have been too cruelly expiated by Russia to permit one to assign him so high a place in the history of his country. I believe it would be more just to say that there were certain hours in his career when, by the audacity of his conceptions and by the energy with which he carried them out, he put himself on a par with the greatest statesmen of all time and all nations; but at other times and, unhappily, on some critical occasions, he was strangely inferior to himself. This was due rather to deficiencies of character than of intellect, for, in contradistinction to M. Stolypine, he revealed himself as a man whose moral qualities were not always up to the standard of his mental faculties.

Without attempting a comprehensive view of the prodigious work accomplished by Count Witte, one is immediately struck by the fact that it did not proceed from a consistent scheme of action in the realm of political economics, but presented widely differing and often contradictory phases. To explain this anomaly it is indispensable to imagine oneself under the influences to which he was subject during his fifteen years of untiring activity in public life.

Until the promulgation of the Constitution of 1905 there was no

homogeneous Cabinet in Russia; there was no President of the Council of Ministers, nor even any permanent Council, properly speaking. The Emperor, on certain occasions, called the Ministers together under his presidency to consider one or another question of particularly grave importance, but such occasions were rare, and as a general rule each Minister worked separately with the Emperor and accepted no other mandate than that which emanated from the Sovereign. The result was that the Ministers not only had no common bond of unity between them, but considered it a point of honour to maintain an attitude of complete independence to each other. The Czar Alexander III., jealous of his autocratic power, carefully restricted his Ministers to this mode of action, and any attempt on their part to confer together for the purpose of concerted action was treated by him as an attack upon his prerogatives. Emperor Nicholas made no change in this state of affairs, and even emphasised it by calling his Ministers together more seldom than his father had done. If one also considers that the Ministers were not subject to any parliamentary control and that all effort of the Zemstvos to extend their sphere of activity was severely repressed, it is a wonder that such a system did not bring about, long before, a complete disorganisation of the vastest empire known to modern times.

No sooner had Count Witte become Minister of Finance than he gave evidence of a tendency to dominate all the other members of the Cabinet and to become, *de facto* if not *de jure*, the real head of the Russian Government. In the pursuit of this object he was strengthened not only by his powerful will and his incontestable superiority over his colleagues, but still more by the fact that, as Grand Treasurer of the Empire, he held all the departments of the State subject to an indirect dependence, for Emperor Alexander III. placed absolute confidence in him and refused to sanction any credit of which he disapproved.

But it was not long before this indirect supremacy failed to satisfy the ambition of Count Witte, who sought to extend his ceaseless activity to every ramification of the political and economic life of the country, and finally succeeded. Then a phenomenon, strange and incomprehensible to the European mind, was witnessed— that of a Finance Minister who had created, little by little, a State within a State, and who had superposed, so to speak, upon the many different organs of the Government other organs of similar functions but deriving their powers directly and solely from his Ministry. In this way Count Witte had the control of an innumerable crowd of functionaries of all denominations and all ranks, a network of schools of lower and even higher grades, a vast territory—a veritable kingdom, in fact, of which

he was sole master—an army, a fleet, even a diplomatic service. Furthermore, on account of his constant tendency to extend indefinitely the powers of the State to the detriment of a personal initiative and activity which was still in its infancy in Russia, one may say that for some ten years he was the real master of the 160,000,000 inhabitants of the Empire. Truth compels me to say that the greater part of the elements composing the system created by him were better organised, performed their functions more perfectly, and were imbued with a broader and more modern spirit than the corresponding Government services; but it is easy to understand, nevertheless, that so paradoxical an organisation of the State involved a great waste of force and gave rise to a chaotic condition of affairs that was eventually fatal to Russia, especially when Count Witte was no longer there to sustain it with his all-powerful energy.

I have already remarked that Count Witte's compatriots have never done justice to his work. It seems to me that a Minister who has at his credit these three achievements—the monetary reform, the Treaty of Portsmouth, and the Constitutional Charter of 1905—deserves to be ranked with the greatest statesmen not only of Russia but of the world.

The first of these, *i.e.*, the establishment of a metallic circulating medium and the fixing of exchange, would of itself have sufficed to give him that place. This reform, which met with formidable obstacles and owed its success solely to the indomitable will of Count Witte, enabled Russia to go through the Russo-Japanese War and the revolutionary year of 1905 without undergoing a financial crisis. I have often expressed my opinion of the Peace of Portsmouth, and have no hesitation in qualifying it as an un hoped-for success for Russia that no *diplomat de carrière* could have achieved. Finally, the Manifesto of October 17th, in spite of the late hour at which it was wrung from Emperor Nicholas II, undoubtedly saved the Russian Monarchy for the time from the ruin that overtook it twelve years later for having abandoned the road laid out by its great Minister.

While I do not feel competent to sit in judgment upon the economic policy of Count Witte, I believe I am not wrong in saying that it calls for some very serious criticisms. I have mentioned his tendency to stretch beyond all reason the attributes of the State in economic matters, thanks to a series of measures like the systematic purchase of the railroads, the exploitation *en régie* of the vast domains of the Crown, a severe supervision of the manufacturing industry, etc., in consequence of which the State ended by controlling, and even almost completely absorbing, the private initiative and energy that were still so undeveloped in the

country. But apart from this exaggerated "*étatisme*," one may well ask if the very foundations of the economic framework of Russia were not weakened by some of the measures for which Count Witte was responsible.

In his book, *The Eclipse of Russia*, Dr. Dillon says that Count Witte realised the feebleness and lack of cohesion of the different elements composing Czarism, and believed that these elements could be consolidated and bound together by the force of a grandiose economic transformation which would create powerful national interests and would be the instrument of a veritable national re-education. To my mind, if these lines do not characterise Count Witte's general plan—for it has always seemed to me that he lacked precisely any consistent plan—they do at least describe the tendency of his political activities. The weakness and disunion of the elements constituting the Russian Empire could not escape the attention of any statesman, even the least observing and were bound to reveal themselves in fatal fashion later, when the Monarchy fell; but I belong to a political school which has always sought a remedy for this state of things, not in State control *à outrance*, nor in the strengthening of a central officialdom, nor even in the artificial stimulation of material interests, but in the development of local self-government, in a representative *régime* built up from that principle, and, finally, in the satisfaction of the reasonable aspirations of distinct nationalities and the systematic inculcation of a spirit of personal initiative in the minds of the people.

There is a consensus of opinion that one of Count Witte's principal merits was the immense effort which he made for the development, or rather the creation, of a great manufacturing industry in Russia. Without depreciating the brilliant results that he achieved in that direction, one may ask if he did not, in vulgar parlance, "put the cart before the horse"? In giving all his attention to the workshop, did not Count Witte fail to comprehend the character, essentially agricultural, of Russia, and her need of a preparatory phase, in which to develop her rural industries with the object of perfecting the raw material of agriculture and so benefiting the former? And was it not due to the financial policy of Count Witte, notably the colossal growth of the foreign debt, contracted for the purchase of the railways, whose maintenance and operation demanded enormous sums of ready money—that great quantities of agricultural products had to be exported, thereby disturbing the economic balance and even affecting the physical condition of the rural population? In short, the political school to which I belonged always maintained that the creation of a numerous labouring class, crowded together in the cities and

forming the revolutionary element *par excellence*, as was proved in 1917, ought to have been preceded by an extensive agrarian reform, in the sense of a development of small private ownership. This would not only have increased the product of the soil, but would have inculcated in the peasant mind a spirit of conservatism which it totally lacked.

I will only mention, in passing, one of Count Witte's measures which gave rise to a great deal of controversy: the monopoly of the sale of spirits. Personally, I am of the opinion that this measure, considered as a palliative, was good in itself and showed a marked improvement over the preceding state of affairs; but is it not to be regretted that, instead of being satisfied with this palliative, Count Witte did not apply his immense energy to the abolishment of a fiscal system based upon alcoholism, and consequently upon the demoralisation and impoverishment of the masses? And can one help being moved to admiration by the *beau geste* of the unfortunate Emperor Nicholas who, at the beginning of the world-war, dared to suppress with one stroke of the pen this source of so much physical and moral evil in Russia?

A subject with which I feel myself more competent to deal is that of the Russian policy in the Far East. Count Witte exerted a great influence upon that policy, and must be considered responsible for it, if not solely, at least in great measure. The rôle he played in the drama was a most complex and varied one.

If one wishes to locate the initial act which led to the unfortunate war between Russia and Japan, it will be necessary, in my opinion, to go back to the decision adopted by the Russian Government, at Count Witte's behest, to push the main line of the Trans-Siberian Railway through to Vladivostok by way of Chinese territory, thus shortening the distance considerably, but at the same time creating on the eastern confines of the Empire a singularly complicated and dangerous situation. It was the first thing to awaken the suspicions of Japan and to reveal to that Power the imperialistic ambitions of Russia in the Far East. Having been at all times a stout partisan of a European policy for Russia, I never was in favour of anything that tended towards transferring the field of Russian action to a point so distant from the centre of our traditional interests and thus weakening our position in Europe. It has always seemed to me that Siberia should be considered above all as a reserve against the day when Russia might find herself obliged to overflow the boundaries of Europe and seek an outlet there for her surplus population and energies. But that day was still distant, and meanwhile it was at least premature to force, in so conspicuous a manner and across foreign

territory, an access to the vast theatre of the Pacific, where we could not and ought not to play other than a secondary part at that hour.

I am, however, quite willing to recognise the audacity and ability with which Count Witte carried out his plan, and I further admit that, if it had stopped there, the Trans-Siberian Railway under his firm control might have become an instrument of economic development for Russia; but unhappily it was completely spoiled by her subsequent political activity in the Far East, and above all by the seizure of the Chinese peninsula of Liao-tong, with the ports of Dalny and Port Arthur.

I hasten to add that Count Witte was personally opposed to that policy, which was in reality the outgrowth of a plan conceived by the German Emperor for the seizure of Kiao-chau. It was during his first visit to St. Petersburg, after the accession of Nicholas II. to the throne, that the Kaiser made his host promise not to oppose the *coup de main* that he had in view, and suggested that the Czar should follow his example by taking possession of the extremity of the peninsula of Liao-tong. Count Mouraviëff, who was at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs, and who was as destitute of forethought as he was ignorant of affairs in general and of the affairs of the Far East in particular, was fascinated at once by a scheme which promised to increase his personal prestige, and it was from his own lips that I learned what had passed in the council convoked by the Czar for the discussion of this question. Of all the members present Count Mouraviëff was the only one who supported Emperor Nicholas in his project, which was opposed by the other Ministers and most vigorously by Count Witte, who was perfectly well aware of the danger involved in such a flagrant violation of the integrity of China. The Czar deferred to the opinion of the majority, and the scheme was temporarily abandoned; but Count Mouraviëff refused to admit defeat, and succeeded later in persuading the Emperor that, according to secret information, a British squadron was about to take Port Arthur as a reply to the seizure of Kiao-chau by the Germans, and that it was necessary at any cost to get ahead of England. The result was that Admiral Doubasoff, Commandant of the Russian naval forces in the Far East, received from Emperor Nicholas a direct order to enter Port Arthur and to hoist the Russian flag. Thereupon Count Mouraviëff took great credit to himself for having gained so signal a victory over Count Witte, and for having won the two Chinese ports for Russia.

If Russia had been a Constitutional State, or if it had even possessed a homogeneous and unified Government, a Minister who was opposed to so decisive and important a step would have

resigned. Count Witte did nothing of the kind, and even profited by the occasion to extend more widely than ever the circle of his powers. Enlarging the primitive scope of the Trans-Siberian, he carried the terminus of the line from the Russian port of Vladivostok to the extremity of the Chinese peninsula of Liao-tong. Under pretext of providing for the needs of the railway, the Russian Government, guided entirely in this matter by him, procured from China not only the lease of Port Arthur and Dalny but also of a wide zone of territory on each side of the track.

Taking Cecil Rhodes as a model and copying his rôle as an "Empire Builder," Count Witte made of this zone, which was subject to the exclusive control of his Ministry, a domain over which he ruled with quasi-sovereign powers. In that vast territory new cities sprang up, like Harbin, and new ports, like Dalny. He had a veritable army under his command, in the form of a guard for the protection of the railway, as well as a river and ocean fleet. A multitude of functionaries, under his direction and independent of the central authority of the Empire, administered the leased territory, which constituted, in fact, an important colonial possession on the remote confines of Russia in Asia, of which he was sole master.

It was inevitable that an experiment of this nature should weigh heavily upon the rest of the Empire, for, while the work of Cecil Rhodes met the needs of England by providing an outlet for its surplus population, capital and energies, Count Witte's enterprise was of a purely artificial character, satisfactory only to the unbounded ambition of that statesman, and anything but helpful to the true welfare of Russia, under-populated as she was and undeveloped technically and economically. The effect was to absorb countless millions in money and a wealth of labour that could have been employed with infinitely greater profit in the interior of Russia.

(To be continued)

THE PERMANENT SETTLEMENT OF THE LABOUR TROUBLE.

THE economic position of the European Powers is extremely serious and threatening. The war has killed and crippled many millions of men and has destroyed incalculable values. The gigantic destruction caused by it can obviously be made good only if the survivors produce vastly more than did the great army of men and women of 1914, and if they practise the utmost economy. Nevertheless, the countries which were lately at war have given themselves over to a veritable orgy of luxury and of idleness. Works of art, jewellery, motor cars, bicycles, etc., fetch unprecedented prices, theatres, restaurants, seaside resorts, picture theatres, etc., are more crowded than ever before, and there is an insatiable demand for pianos, phonographs, sporting dogs, furs, showy clothes, finery, trinkets and tobacco on the part of the workers. In the case of nations income and expenditure, production and consumption, are supposed to balance one another more or less closely. However, while the workers spend money more freely and more recklessly than they have ever done in the past, their production has vastly diminished. The demand for an eight-hour day has been followed by a demand for a seven-hour day and for a six-hour day and for very greatly increased wages. We were told that reduced working hours would lead to increased output. In reality output per worker has declined not only per week, but even per hour, in practically all industries. The European workers are demanding higher and ever higher wages, greater comforts and conveniences, reduced hours of labour and luxuries of every kind, while steadily reducing the production of goods. They spend considerably more than they earn, and they are paid, partly by ruinously high taxes imposed upon the thrifty, partly by means of unlimited paper money issued by the Government, which is steadily reducing the value and the purchasing power of money, and is thus increasing the price of goods. The workers are fed and clothed very largely with food and materials obtained on credit from abroad, chiefly from the United States.

While the workers are chiefly responsible for the scarcity and consequent dearth of all commodities by the policy of reducing output and increasing wages to the utmost, many of their leaders attribute, or pretend to attribute, this general dearth to "profiteering." Hence they demand doles and the artificial cheapen-

ing of food prices, etc., by stringent Government regulations, a policy which is bound to discourage food-production and to cause general want. Unfortunately, many short-sighted politicians and journalists, instead of telling the workers that they themselves are principally responsible for the present scarcity and dearness, endeavour to obtain a necessarily brief popularity by supporting the demands of these agitators.

How long can the present position last? There must surely be a day of reckoning.

Many statesmen, politicians, business men and Labour leaders have pointed out the gravity of the situation. Hitherto their admonitions have been in vain. Few men are able to visualise and to survey the economic position of a State or of the world. Among these few men none can approach in proved ability that business genius and that prince of organisers, Mr. Herbert Hoover, who has successfully undertaken the gigantic task of provisioning Belgium and Europe during many years. Mr. Hoover, when he had ended his task in Europe, left behind him a most important confidential memorandum on the economic situation for the information of the authorities, which was dated July 3rd, 1919. The British Food Controller considered that document so impressive and so important that he asked Mr. Hoover for permission to print it. It ought, of course, to have been published simultaneously in all the important papers for the information of the people. Instead of this, it was printed with characteristic departmental wrong-headedness in an obscure Government publication, the *National Food Journal*, for August, 1919, which is read only by a few officials. Mr. Hoover stated in his farewell message :—

"The economic difficulties of Europe as a whole at the signature of Peace may be almost summarised in the phrase 'demoralised productivity.' The production of necessities for this 450,000,000 population (including Russia) has never been at so low an ebb as at this day.

"A summary of the unemployment bureaus in Europe will show that 15,000,000 families are receiving unemployment allowances in one form or another and are, in the main, being paid by constant inflation of currency. A rough estimate would indicate that the population of Europe is at least 100,000,000 greater than can be supported without imports, and must live by the production and distribution of exports; and their situation is aggravated not only by lack of raw materials, imports, but by low production of European raw materials. Due to the same low production Europe is to-day importing vast quantities of certain commodities which she formerly produced for herself and can again produce. Generally, in production, she is not only far below even the level of the time of the signing of the Armistice, but far below the maintenance of life and health without an unparalleled rate of import. . . .

"It is not necessary to review at length the causes of this decrease of productivity. They are, in the main, as follows :—

"The industrial and commercial demoralisation arising originally out of the

war, but continued out of the struggle for political re-arrangements during the Armistice, the creation of new Governments, their inexperience, and friction between these Governments in the readjustment of economic relations.

"The proper and insistent demand of labour for higher standards of living and a voice in administration of their effort has unfortunately become impregnated with the theory that the limitation of effort below physical necessity will increase the total employment or improve their condition. . . .

"To a minor degree, considering the whole volume, there has been a destruction of equipment and tools, and loss of organisation and skill due to war diversions, with a loss of man-power. . . .

"The demoralisation in production of coal.—Europe to-day is an example in point of all these three forces mentioned above, and promises a coal famine with industrial disaster unless remedied. It is due in a small percentage — from the destruction of man-power—to the physical limitation of coal mines or their equipment. It is due in the largest degree to the human factor of the limitation of effort. . . . *Unless productivity can be rapidly increased, there can be nothing but political, moral, and economic chaos, finally interpreting itself in loss of life on a scale hitherto undreamed of.* . . .

"During some short period it may be possible for the Western hemisphere, which has retained and even increased its productivity, to supply the deficiencies of Europe. Such deficiencies would have to be supplied in large degree upon credits. But aside from this, *the entire surplus productivity of the Western hemisphere is totally incapable of meeting the present deficiency in European production if it is long continued. Nor, as a practical fact, could credits be mobilised for this purpose for more than a short period, because all credits must necessarily be simply an advance against the return of commodities in exchange, and credits will break down the instant that the return of commodities becomes improbable. Further, if such credits be obtained for more than temporary purposes, it would result in economic slavery of Europe to the Western hemisphere, and the ultimate end would be war again.*

"The solution, therefore, of the problem, except in its purely temporary aspects, does not lie in a stream of commodities on credit from the Western hemisphere, but lies in a vigorous realisation of the actual situation in each country of Europe and a resolute statesmanship based on such a realisation that productivity must be instantly increased. . . .

"The first and cardinal effort of European statesmanship must be to secure the materials and tools to labour, and to secure its return to work. They must also secure a recognition of the fact that, whatever the economic theory or political cry, it must embrace the maximum individual effort: for there is no margin of surplus productivity in Europe to risk revolutionary experimentation.

"No economic policy will bring food to those stomachs or fuel to those hearths that does not secure the maximum production. There is no use of tears over rising prices; they are, to a great degree, a visualisation of insufficient production. . . .

"Never has there been such a necessity for the curtailment of luxury as exists to-day.

"The universal practice, in all the countries at war, of raising funds by inflation of currency is now bringing home its burden of trouble, and in extreme cases the most resolute action must be taken, and at once. In other countries of even the lesser degree of inflation such currency must be reduced and included in the funded debt, or alternatively the price of wages, living and international exchange must be expected to adjust itself to this depression. The outcry against the high cost of living, the constant increase of

wages, and the fall in exchange that is going on are in a considerable degree due to this inevitable readjustment. . . .

"The stimulation of production lies in the path of avoidance of all limitations of the reward to the actual producer. . . .

"All attempts at international control of price, with a view to benefit the population in Europe at the cost of the producer elsewhere, will inevitably produce retrogression in production abroad, the impact of which will be felt in Europe more than elsewhere. A decrease of 20 per cent. of Western hemisphere wheat would not starve the West; it would starve Europe.

"It must never be overlooked that control of price and distribution cannot stop with a few prime commodities, but, once started, its repercussions drive into a succeeding chain of commodities; and that on the downward road of price control there can be no stoppage until all commodities have been placed under restriction with inevitable stifling of the total production. . . .

"It must be evident that the production cannot increase if political incompetence continues in blockade, embargoes, censorship, mobilisation, large armies, navies, and war."

Many Americans, who have come to Europe desiring to study the economic situation with a view to helping in the heavy task of reconstruction, have left for their country saddened and depressed by the seriousness of the position and the haunting fear of a gigantic catastrophe. Among the American leaders who have come to the forefront during the war a prominent place is occupied by Dr. Charles Eaton. He is a Canadian by birth. He became pastor at the celebrated Baptist Church in Madison Avenue, New York, and when the United States went into the war he roused, in company of Mr. Charles Schwab, the workers of the new shipbuilding yards to the greatest exertion by appealing to their patriotism and depicting to them the need of the people in Europe. On leaving England, in the beginning of September, 1919, Mr. Eaton sent a message to the English people which should be read by every worker in the land, but which, unfortunately, appeared in full only in the *Times*. He said:—

"The country faces the absolute necessity of work being done—simple, plain, everyday work that has as its object the production of houses and clothes and food and machinery and fuel, and all the ordinary necessities of life. I see no way of getting this work done by Act of Parliament or by fine programmes of social reform or by strikes and lock-outs, or even by hearings before learned commissions. The only way to get coal is to dig it out of the mine. Food cannot be produced by any conceivable change in land tenure. It must be grown in the fields or bought from distant growers by an exchange of goods produced by work. . . . If the worker produces all of a commodity that the community needs he is a useful public servant and is entitled to full and fair reward from the community for full and fair service rendered. If he will not produce his share of what his country needs, then someone else must take his place. And this is true of every class of worker. . . .

"In America many of us used to believe that the Government could do railway running and mining and some other things better than could private interests. We don't think so now. The war has cured us. The other day

when the railwaymen, who are a very high type of workers, demanded nationalisation of the American railways, they were met by a storm of protest from all classes, workmen included. We are afraid of bureaucracy and red-tape and taxation to make up for losses due to the stupidity of political administration of public utilities. We are coming back to the good old British doctrine that the less interference from Government in industry the better. The best government is self-government. One of the greatest delusions that ever darkened the mind of man is the theory that you can work the institutions of industry by means of a political machine. . . .

"If I were a working man now as I was for many years of my life, I should be deeply depressed by the desperate efforts being made at the moment of my country's need and danger to reduce my life to the stature of a weakling. I should be ashamed to be put in the position of asking for a six-hour day surrounded by an entanglement of legislative safeguards for fear that I get a smooch of coal-dust on my nose or soil my fine linen by sweat. A man who must be protected by law from working more than six hours a day is too delicately organised to wear trousers. He ought to be garbed in petticoats and have a nurse to stand between him and the rude realities of a workaday world. . . . A coal-miner will risk his life without a moment's hesitation to rescue a drowning child from the river; but the same child may die of pneumonia this winter because the same miner, for some inscrutable reason, is permitted by his union to work only a few hours a day. This theory and this practice really have nothing to do with the needs, rights, or wrongs of the worker. They are the expression of a wild revolutionary purpose, which has its source outside England, to destroy the so-called capitalistic system by reducing hours and output to a minimum and increasing wages to a maximum. If the English-speaking peoples, through cowardice or inertia or ignorance, permit this programme to develop, they will richly deserve the ruin which will overtake them."

Mr. Hoover and Mr. Eaton are two well-wishers and friends of British labour. They speak with singular authority, and their views should be brought to every factory, every cottage, and every worker, instead of being printed in journals which are not read by the masses. A great campaign of economic enlightenment is needed similar to that most successful campaign which aroused the patriotism of the country in the early stages of the war. A million spent on economic propaganda may save many millions which otherwise may be lost by labour troubles. Hitherto the professional creators of unrest have unfortunately been allowed to have the field all to themselves.

Those who have blamed British labour or the British Trade Unions for the policy of demanding high and ever higher wages for a shrinking output forget that troubles similar to those experienced by England prevail throughout Europe, as Mr. Hoover has pointed out. Europe suffers, in the words of that eminent man, from "demoralised productivity," lives largely at America's cost, and sinks more and more deeply into debt to the United States, a condition of affairs which, if continued, can only end in the economic enslavement of Europe to the United

States, whence war may result between the Old World and the New.

The present economic position springs mainly from two causes : from the war and its after-effects and from the hostility of Labour to Capital. The former is inevitable while the latter is curable.

The demands of the workers for "a raised status," for improved conditions, for greater leisure, for a fuller life, are perfectly understandable. War always begets unrest. Millions of workers have only during the war learnt how pleasant it is to have three generous and well-cooked meals every day, to possess an ample quantity of clean and warm clothes and under-clothes, to be carried to and from their work whenever possible, to enjoy plenty of leisure, unlimited tobacco, and gratuitous amusements, and to receive the very best attention when unwell. The soldier's life is on the whole an easy life without worry, and is full of variety. Therefore old soldiers rarely become good workers, unless they become gamekeepers, policemen, etc., occupations which are akin to soldiering. Men who during four or five years have been well fed, well clothed, well exercised and well amused and entertained, except for occasional spells of fighting, do not easily take to the monotony, drudgery and dullness of eight hours of routine work between confining walls. However, war spoils not only the fighting men for industrial work, but also the civilian workers. The workers who remained at home during the war received wages formerly undreamed of. For the sake of winning the war their support and goodwill had to be bought at any price. They were constantly flattered and cajoled by the politicians and by the Press. Their every demand, however unreasonable, was conceded. Even their worst exactions were excused. Thus the unmobilised workers have lost all sense of proportion and have acquired an exaggerated opinion of their importance and power. It will take some considerable time to accustom the workers once more to the dull routine of civil employment and to teach the unmobilised men that war conditions cannot become permanent, that there is a limit to the concessions which can possibly be made to them.

To improve the economic position it is necessary to reaccustom both the mobilised and the unmobilised workers to peace conditions, if possible by persuasion, and it is also necessary to combat the fallacious teachings of the Socialist agitators. For decades the workers of Europe have been guided, or misguided, by Socialist grievance-mongers. The Trade Unions in all countries, except the United States, have fallen under the influence of men who, as a rule, are not *bona fide* workers, who have preached war upon Capital and the capitalists, and who have tried to

persuade the workers, in accordance with the teachings of Karl Marx, that Capital is their worst enemy, that they can benefit themselves most by producing as little as possible for the highest wage obtainable. These men have taught the workers that Labour creates all wealth, that therefore Labour should possess and control all wealth, that the capitalists are the enemies of the human race.

Of course, the assertion that the capitalists represent merely cash and are therefore unworthy of all consideration is absurd. Wealth is created by the co-operation of three factors. These are capital, labour and brains, and the last is the most important of the three. Without the ability of the organising financier, the engineer, the chemist and the numerous highly-trained experts and specialists who are required in modern industry, both Capital and Labour would be powerless. In the struggle between Capital and Labour the great class which represents the highest ability has so far observed an attitude of passive neutrality. The time seems at hand when the representatives of ability should become organised both in their own interests and in the interest of those industries which they have created.

The workers demand not only higher wages, low prices and plenty of leisure, but they demand before all the abolition of the capitalist system. The latter demand is due partly to the Marxian teaching which they have received, partly to their not unnatural dislike of absolutism. Industry is organised on an absolutist basis. Political democracy and economic autocracy cannot easily exist side by side. The war, which has led to the democratisation of the world, makes the maintenance of economic autocracy more and more difficult. Labour demands the creation of an industrial democracy in which the workers have a share in the profits of industry and in its management and direction.

Political philosophers and visionaries, from Plato to H. G. Wells, have tried to devise a system for the co-operation of employers and employed in industry and commerce, a system which abolishes the differences of class and which creates cordial goodwill among all men engaged in useful work. Many of the most eminent business men in the United States and in Great Britain have begun to recognise that the maintenance of industrial autocracy is becoming more and more difficult in a democratic world, that the democratisation of industry is called for, that hardly any sacrifices are too great to secure the permanent goodwill of the workers. Mr John D. Rockefeller, the creator of the Standard Oil Company, the wealthiest man in the United States and one of the most far-sighted business men whom the

world has seen, wrote in his valuable book, *Random Reminiscences of Men and Events*, which was published in 1909 :—

" I know nothing more despicable and pathetic than a man who devotes all the working hours of the day to making money for money's sake. . . .

" I am sure it is a mistake to assume that the possession of money in great abundance necessarily brings happiness. The very rich are just like all the rest of us; and if they get pleasure from the possession of money, it comes from their ability to do things which give satisfaction to someone besides themselves. . . .

" As I study wealthy men, I can see but one way in which they can secure a real equivalent for money spent, and that is to cultivate a taste for giving where the money may produce an effect which will be a lasting gratification.

" A man of business may often most properly consider that he does his share in building up a property which gives steady work for a few or many people; his contribution consists in giving to his employees good working conditions, new opportunities, and a strong stimulus to good work. Just so long as he has the welfare of his employees in his mind and follows his convictions, no one can help honouring such a man. It would be the narrowest sort of view to take, and I think the meanest, to consider that good works consist chiefly in the outright giving of money.

" The best philanthropy, the help that does most good and the least harm, the help that nourishes civilisation at its very root, that most widely disseminates health, righteousness and happiness, is not what is usually called charity. It is, in my judgment, the investment of effort or time or money, carefully considered with relation to the power of employing people at a remunerative wage, to expand and develop the resources at hand, and to give opportunity for progress and healthful labour where it did not exist before. No mere money-giving is comparable to this in its lasting and beneficial results.

" On the other hand, the one thing which such a business philosopher would be most careful to avoid in his investments of time and effort or money, is the unnecessary duplication of existing industries. He would regard all money spent in increasing needless competition as wasted, and worse. The man who puts up a second factory when the factory in existence will supply the public demand adequately and cheaply is wasting the national wealth and destroying the national prosperity, taking the bread from the labourer and unnecessarily introducing heartache and misery into the world. .

" To read some of the accounts of the affairs of the Standard Oil Company, one would think that it had such a hold on the oil trade that the directors did little but come together and declare dividends. If, in place of these directors, the business were taken over and run by anyone but experts, I would sell my interest for any price I could get. To succeed in a business requires the best and most earnest men to manage it, and the best men rise to the top. . . .

" In speaking of the real beginning of the Standard Oil Company, it should be remembered that it was not so much the consolidation of the firms in which we had a personal interest, but the coming together of the men who had the combined brain power to do the work, which was the actual starting-point. Perhaps it is worth while to emphasise again the fact that it is not merely capital and ' plants ' and the strictly material things which make up a business, but the character of the men behind these things, their personalities and their abilities; these are the essentials to be reckoned with."

In his testimony before the United States Commission on

Industrial Relations, given on February 5th, 1915, Mr. Rockefeller stated:—

"I would accord to all men the right to organise themselves, the working men and the business men as well, with the proper limitations in respect to safeguarding the interests of the public or parties concerned. . . .

"I believe the best way to help the labouring men is to give them steady work and wages which they can earn—fair wages. I believe that that is better than any and all of the charities. And I believe that the good labouring men would prefer to have the labour and their honourable positions rather than to have any charity. . . .

"I would not ask any privilege or right for myself that I would not accord to the humblest man. I have always stood right there. . . .

"I will be very happy to see the labourers gradually become the owners of these same prosperous businesses to which you refer. I should be only too happy to surrender my holdings in part in any or all that the labourers might come into this relation to the enterprise and have their representation on the boards of directors according to their ownership, just the same as all other shareholders."

Mr. Rockefeller is reputed to be an autocrat among autocrats. He is certainly a believer in the highest form of organised efficiency. He is probably the most eminent business man of the old school. However, notwithstanding his unparalleled success and his great age, he has not been too old to learn. He has not merely advocated the democratisation of industry, but has endeavoured to carry it into effect. The vast coal and iron properties in Colorado in which he is interested are managed on the most progressive and the most democratic lines at his direction by his son, and the great experiment has so far been an unqualified success.

The most eminent English business men also believe that modern industry requires democratisation. (One of the foremost British business men is Lord Leverhulme, who started in a very humble way. He wrote in his book, *The Six-Hour Day*:—

"Modern industrial conditions, with thousands and tens of thousands of workmen, under one oligarchical rule are intensely anti-democratic, and as such violate the gregarious instincts of humanity. And just as it is true that the position of British industries to-day is the result of yesterday, so their position to-morrow will depend on our actions of to-day. Capitalists have now the task set them to democratise their system, and to create conditions that will enable labour to take some democratic share in management, and some responsibility for the success of the undertaking. Productive and distributive business must in the future be carried on under less oligarchic and under more democratic conditions. Labour will not be brought to work side by side with, and to harmonise with, Capital merely by ever higher and higher wages, shorter and shorter hours, combined with better and better welfare conditions.

"The wages system has broken down as a sole and only solution. As huge businesses have sprung into existence, the difficulties of the wages system as such have increased. It is impossible under the wages system alone to make Labour realise that the true interests of Labour and Capital are identical."

Lord Leverhulme, like Mr. Rockefeller, has not only advocated the democratisation of industry in the abstract, but has striven to create a system of co-partnership in the huge concern which he directs. The Lever Brothers Co-Partnership is a very serious attempt to solve the greatest industrial problem of modern times. On January 1st, 1919, the nominal value of the Lever Brothers Partnership certificates, ordinary and preferential, issued and outstanding, was £928,838. At the same date the number of employee partners, including employees of Associated Companies enjoying co-partnership benefits, was 6,068. In the ten completed years of the Co-Partnership there has been distributed, for the benefit of the employees, in dividends, etc., £705,685.

Many well-meaning men have put before us proposals for permanently solving the labour trouble by the democratisation of trade and industry. They have given us full details of grandiose schemes whereby the hated capitalist will be finally eliminated. These schemes are of two kinds. Some propose, in accordance with the Socialist teachings, to make the State in some form or other the sole owner of all the means of production, distribution and exchange. Others advocate that a kind of elected Parliament of Industry should manage all the business interests of the nation. Both schemes are, of course, quite unpractical and fantastic. Bureaucracy has proved its utter incompetence for managing commerce and industry whenever it has tried to handle business matters. Its failure during and after the war has completely discredited it. Elected representatives will, of course, be as incapable to manage commerce and industry as are appointed bureaucrats. The bureaucrats come to power by rotation and the elected representatives by popularity. Neither the one class nor the other need possess any business ability, which can be discovered only by actual performance in an individualistic and competitive society. Great business men come to the front by their proved ability, as do boxers and racehorses.

Natura non facit saltum. We cannot, as some idealists bid us, introduce immediately a democratic organisation of industry which may be suitable only for men of the next century. We can safely democratise industry only if we proceed step by step and utilise the existing organisation as far as possible.

Business men have introduced during the last few decades a large number of profit-sharing schemes into industry, but most of these schemes have sooner or later come to grief, largely because they suffered from three defects:—

- (1) The schemes benefited only part of the workmen.
- (2) The benefits were not substantial enough.
- (3) The profit-sharing arrangements were too complicated.

Profit-sharing should make all the workers partners in the concern, and should thereby make strikes and the reduction of output impossible, for real partners will neither idle nor keep back production to their own hurt. Happily it is possible to reorganise industry on a universal profit-sharing basis owing to two factors: the existence of the limited company and the general prevalence of under-production.

It is notorious that in practically all industries the American worker produces three times as much as does the British worker. It follows that by Americanising the British industries, by introducing the best labour-saving machinery and by allowing it to run at full speed, the British industries can treble both output and profits. Hitherto the British workers have opposed the introduction of the best machinery and methods because they have been determined to keep production low.

Employers, who in the past have given shares to individual selected workmen, have discovered that the recipients sold them earlier or later. If we wish to interest the workers in the undertaking in which they are employed, we must give shares not only to the selected men, but to all men, for otherwise those men who do not possess shares will still cause trouble. In order to make it impossible for workmen-shareholders to sell their shares, they should be given to the workers not individually, but collectively, and be held in trust for them. I advocate that the share capital of companies should be greatly increased, let us say, by 50 per cent, and that these new shares should be vested in the workers. The Board of Directors should select some of the ablest men and invite them to join the Board. The duty of these workmen-directors would be to help in the management of the company and to acquaint their fellow-workers with all the details of the undertaking which may be of interest to them. The half-yearly distribution of a substantial dividend to every worker, which should be in proportion to their earnings, would give to all a direct interest in promoting the prosperity of the undertaking. Very soon the workers would learn that increased output and increased profits are highly beneficial to themselves. Production would double and treble, and the dividends of these democratised undertakings would be largely increased, notwithstanding the great increase of the nominal capital. Special legislation would of course be necessary to allow of the increase of the share capital as proposed. As soon as the new system has taken root, strikes and the limitation of output will become impossible, for the workmen would no longer damage the hated capitalist, but would hurt themselves by what is called "industrial action." Gradually the system of share-holding by workers might be extended.

The substantial dividends regularly received by the workers would interest them in the undertaking and would induce them to invest their savings in shares bought individually. In course of time the majority of the shares might be held by the workmen themselves, who would become fully acquainted with the management of the industry through the workmen-directors. In this way the great problem of reconciling permanently Capital and Labour might be solved, and the foundation might be laid for permanent industrial peace, for nation-wide and empire-wide co-operation of capital, labour and ability, and for the enduring happiness, prosperity and power of the British race.

POLITICS.

THE NEW MIDDLE EAST IN THE MAKING.

IN spite of the economic situation in the United Kingdom, which is admittedly bad and looks like being worse, England was never greater than she is to-day, the British Empire never a more imposing fabric than it is now. Vast before the Great War, the Empire has become much vaster since, particularly in Asia. There is no more remarkable outcome of the war than that part of the Near East and nearly the whole of what is usually called the Middle East—from the Bosphorus to the frontiers of India and Afghanistan, and including an area of upwards of a million square miles—is under British control or influence, which is maintained with extraordinarily small forces and relatively small expenditure. Everyone knows in a general way how all this has come about; but it is an enormous responsibility, and it is little wonder if some among us shrink from it, and desire others to shoulder some portion at any rate of the colossal burden. It has also to be said that during the war we came under obligations to others the discharge of which should reduce that responsibility; the trouble is that these obligations are rather contradictory, and a settlement tarries. In an article, entitled "The New Middle East," which appeared in the April issue of this REVIEW, the writer made a brief survey of the situation at the time in Armenia, Caucasasia, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Transcaspia, and Persia. The present article deals with these countries, but in somewhat an inverse order, and it begins with Persia, with respect to which alone something really definite has been done during the six months that have passed since the former article was published.

It must at once strike everybody who is interested in a hopeful and probably durable settlement with respect to these ancient lands that what has taken place regarding Persia was achieved, not by the Peace Conference, but by the action of one of the Allies singly, namely, Great Britain, in co-operation with, and indeed at the instance of, Persia. This action, it cannot be denied, was most natural and proper in the circumstances, and thus a *fait accompli*, resting on a perfectly sound basis, awaits the attention of the League of Nations. (Mr. Harmsworth, the Foreign Under-Secretary, said in the House of Commons, in answer to a question put by Lord Robert Cecil, immediately after the Anglo-Persian Agreement was laid on the table, that the Agreement would be placed before the Council of the League

of Nations.) It is much to be hoped that genuine progress will soon be made towards a settlement in the east of the Middle East, particularly in Syria, with which France is so deeply concerned, both materially and from sentiment. There the case, because Arab problems—it is a mistake to speak of an Arab problem as if there were but one—enter into it, is nothing like so simple as in Persia. But it may perhaps be suggested that the two Great Powers who have most to do with the matter, and whose main preoccupation in a still rocking world is the preservation and enlargement of reciprocal good feeling, should get together quietly and bring about as quickly as possible a settlement themselves. No doubt there are difficulties, but they are not insuperable, and a serious effort should be made without further delay to overcome them. These difficulties are discussed later in this article.

The settlement made by the Anglo-Persian Agreement, which was signed on August 9th, is of course not of a permanent character, but it may be expected to last long enough to effect the result intended: the regeneration of Persia and her restoration, in full sovereignty, to her place among the nations, or, put in the language of business, the turning her into an efficient and solvent going concern which is precisely what she has not been for a very considerable time. The new Agreement is a fortunate one, more especially for its beneficiary. After years of disorder and anarchy before the war, and the devastation of large parts of her territory on the west combined with a continuance of anarchy throughout the country during the war, Persia, by placing herself temporarily under the friendly guidance of Great Britain, will be given every opportunity of recovery, and the duration of that guidance will largely depend on herself. If it is urged that her recent history does not indicate that this period can be very short, it may be replied that the stiffening and strengthening sufficiently of the central Government at Tehran, the first task which the British administrators must undertake and carry out, will make a great and almost immediate change. It was the extreme feebleness of the central Government that was the cause of the chaotic condition of Persia, and that would have led to her destruction in all probability two or three years ago had not powerful assistance come from outside. While there was a strong firm hand at Tehran Persia was Persia, and not a congeries of lawless, robber tribes.

After a civil war that lasted from 1779 to 1794 Agha Muhammad established the Kajār dynasty on the throne of Persia, and its present representative is the young Shah, Sultan Ahmad, the seventh of the line. Up to the beginning of the

present century the Kajar rulers maintained fair order, though not without difficulty at times. What appeared to be the break-up of Persia—until the signing of the new Anglo-Persian Agreement—began when Musaffar-ed-Din, the fifth of the Kajar Shahs, who previously had been absolute sovereigns, was compelled in 1906 to consent to the setting up of a National Council or Parliament, called the Mejlis. A Constitution was decreed on January 1st, 1907. A new Constitution, drastically limiting the sovereign's power, was signed by Muhammad Ali, the sixth Kajar Shah, in October of that year, but he paid little regard to it, and abolished it in November of the following year. Great Britain and Russia intervened, and he granted another Constitution. He abdicated in 1909, and was succeeded by his son, the present Shah, then about ten years old. During these stormy years, while the struggle was going on between the Royalists and the Constitutionalists, Persia became a prey to anarchy and nearly went to pieces. The Mejlis met several times, but it was never properly constituted, and it did practically nothing. It was dissolved in 1911, met again in 1915, and then ceased to exist till its revival this year. Under cover of the style of Constitutionalists or Nationalists various tribal chiefs and others sought to gain power at Tehran. Apart from a small body of intellectuals who knew something of European institutions, the vast majority of the people, whose sole concern was to secure some sort of a living, were absolutely indifferent to the Constitution and the Mejlis—as, it may well be supposed, they still are. The truth was that to Persia, as to other Oriental countries, Parliamentarism was entirely alien; the same is still the case, and our Liberals would do well to bear this fact in mind.

It was during the short and troubled reign of the present Shah's father that there came into existence the Anglo-Russian Convention under which both Great Britain and Russia engaged to respect the territorial integrity and independence of Persia, but divided the country into a British sphere, a Russian sphere, and a neutral sphere, the two Powers agreeing on instituting a control over the revenues of the regions under their "influence" respectively, in case of irregularities on the part of Persia in meeting interest or redemption money on the loans they had made to her. Persia became a party to the Convention in 1912, on being given another loan, but the Persians disliked the Convention intensely, and their former friendliness to Great Britain disappeared. Though something in the nature of that Convention was, owing to the distracted state of Persia, necessary in the interests of the two Powers, the arrangement did not work out particularly well, and there was no question that Russia was

aiming at obtaining tolerably complete control of Northern Persia, which was the sphere allotted to her. The Russo-German Convention of 1911 dealt with the railway⁸ Russia might build in the western part of her sphere, as if the territory designated were almost already in her possession, and arranged for the linking up of these railways with the Baghdad Railway. Russia was more and more Imperialistic in Persia, and the Persians, seeing their independence seriously threatened, were bitter about it, but the country, away from the districts patrolled by Cossack guards was more anarchic, if possible, than before. The position of Persia, ever going from bad to worse, seemed hopeless, and partition looked unavoidable. Not that the British cherished any idea of aggrandisement in Persia, but they had to safeguard India and protect their trade in the Gulf, and if Persia had broken up they would have been forced to take such measures as were necessary to secure these ends.

Then came the Great War, and Persia, despite neutrality, became a battlefield, first of anti-Ally political intrigue, which was very nearly successful, and then of fighting, which resulted in the laying waste of her western and north-western territory, the sacking of several of her towns, and the death from starvation of many of her people in these regions. The strong bid made by Germany politically for Persia was discussed by the writer in two articles in this REVIEW, one in February, 1916, under the title of "The Germans in Persia," and the other, entitled "Persia and the Frustration of German Schemes," in July of the same year. An account of the fighting in Persia was given by the writer in an article on "The Situation in the Middle East," which appeared in the October, 1918, number. Undoubtedly Persia suffered much at the hands of both Turks and Russians. It also is true that when the Russian Army was ordered to withdraw from Persia by the Bolshevik Government, the retiring soldiery, completely out of hand, ravaged all parts of the country through which they passed where these had not already been stripped bare and left desolate. Persia paid the penalty, a grim and terrible penalty, for her national weakness. But there is another side to the story not exactly perhaps a set-off, but still of the greatest importance in estimating Persia's loss and gain in the war. It is that had it not been for Russia in the early years of the struggle and for Great Britain in its later stages Tehran would have been occupied by the Turks, the ancient and implacable enemies of the Persians, the Shah would have lost his throne, and the country would have been submerged in blood. In the winter of 1916-17, the Russians, after previously winning many victories over the Turks, had been driven well into the interior of Persia,

and Tehran was threatened by the enemy, but the recapture of Kut by the British in February, 1917, caused the Turks to retreat in their turn. For a while in 1918 the position of Persia was again precarious, because of the success of the Turkish offensive in Caucasasia and in Azerbaijan. Persia's north-westernmost province, but Allenby's conquest of Palestine and Syria, as well as the Caspian Expedition sent out from Mesopotamia by Marshall, changed all that.

Persia did nothing, and could do nothing, to save herself; in the end it was the British, and practically the British alone, who saved her. When hostilities closed with the signing of the Armistice granted to Germany by the Allies and America, the British were in occupation of very considerable portions of Persia—in the west, the south-west, the south, the east, and the north-east; they controlled the Gulf, as they long had done. Months after the Armistice they were protecting Persia on the north by defeating or holding the Bolsheviks in Transcaspia and Turkistan. The Turks officially quitted Azerbaijan, but unofficially many of them remained to help their Turki kinsmen and the Tartars to form the little "Republic of Azerbaijan," which provides an element of disturbance and reaction on the frontier of Caucasasia, and is profoundly antagonistic to the Armenians. But apart from the Azerbaijan Republic, which contains relatively few Persians, all Persia lay under the beneficent influence of the Pax Britannica. Then Persia, or to be correct, some more or less prominent Persians bestirred themselves, and sent a delegation to the Peace Conference, with a view to setting before it the territorial claims of Persia. These claims proved to be of the most surprising character, and they were illustrated by a map, which was described as probably the most fantastic production Paris had ever seen. Persia, as thus mapped, covered Transcaspia and Turkistan, including Khiva and Merv, on the north-east, and a large part of Caucasasia, taking in Baku, above Azerbaijan, on the north-west, together with very considerable portions of Armenia, Kurdistan, and Mesopotamia, on the west. Mosul, Lake Van, and Diarbekir lay within that astonishing map, which also advanced the western frontier of Persia to the Euphrates, on the border of Upper Syria, about a hundred miles or so east of Aleppo. Accompanying the map was a statement which was equally preposterous: its kindest critics said it dealt with romance, not reality. Yet it showed how possible it was for all sorts of stupidities to be put—in the name of Heaven knows what—before the Peace Conference.

But there was a real Persia—the Persia kept alive during the war first by the Russians, and then by the British. The Russia

which had protected Persia from the Turks, with their German friends, had collapsed; Great Britain remained, and was much more powerful in Persia than ever before. The spheres of influence set up by the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907 were gone; to all intents and purposes the whole of Persia was (as it now is) in the hands of the British. Early in 1918 Lord Curzon, in a memorable statement, part of which still governs the situation, said that British policy with respect to Persia was that "We (the British) desire Persia to remain neutral during the war, and to retain its complete independence after the war." What Great Britain wished was that Persia should set her house in order, and be mistress within her house; but she required to be helped, and Great Britain offered to give the necessary assistance. While the Persian Delegation, afterwards said to be unofficial, was in Paris presenting its flamboyant statement of claims along with the map, negotiations were in progress in Tehran between the Shah's Government, presided over by Vosug-ed-Dowleh, Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, and the British Minister, Sir Percy Cox. The result, attained after months of discussion, is the new Anglo-Persian Agreement.

There are really two Agreements, one political and one financial, but the latter is so dependent on the former, so much a part of it, that they can be regarded as one. It begins with a reiteration, in the most categorical manner, of the undertakings repeatedly given by the British Government in the past to respect absolutely the independence and territorial integrity of Persia. It is not too much to say that behind this statement stands the whole British public. The second clause provides for the supply by the British Government of expert advisers for the several departments of the Persian Administration, and the third for the supply of officers, munitions, and equipment for a uniform force, to be created by the Persian Government, for the establishment and maintenance of order in the country and on its frontiers, while the fourth provides a loan—£2,000,000, according to the second Agreement—from Great Britain for the purpose of financing the reforms indicated in the two foregoing clauses. There is no use in saying that the vast bulk of the British people know much about Persia to-day—they probably know more about ancient Persia, the Persia of the Bible, than of the Persia of the Kajars. But they do understand, to a great extent, about India in its relation to Persia, and they cannot but see that it is in the interest of both countries, as well as of the British Empire generally, that Persia should be rid of anarchy and become prosperous again. And their common sense, a quality never needed more than in this age which has seen the formation of the League of

Nations, teaches them that it is well to have a genuinely friendly nation on the western frontier of India. Furthermore, they have a sure belief, founded on past success in such enterprises, that British administrators have the capacity for managing just such a business as Persia is and will for some time be. Therefore the British public approves of the Agreement. Even the *New Statesman* admitted the other day that "if we put aside prejudice and view the matter dispassionately, it must be allowed that there is a case for this Agreement."

But the Agreement, in the fifth clause, takes the business to a stage which suggests how it is to be developed, how Persia is to be restored. The prescription, if it may be called that, is at once old and new; the building of roads. Realising the urgent need which exists for improving the communications of Persia, the British Government, to extend trade and prevent famine, will co-operate with the Persian Government in railway construction and other forms of transport. The trade routes, which are also the travel routes, and among the oldest in the world, will be modernised. At present Persia is an almost railwayless land; there is a small line, of very little use, near Tehran, and an extension of the Tiflis--Erivan line from Julfa, on the north-western frontier, goes south to Tabriz, a distance of about eighty miles. The Julfa--Tabriz branch, which was opened in March, 1916, connected North-Western Persia with Europe by way of Caucasia. Two railways approach Persia: the Trans-caspian, about a hundred miles above Meshed, in North-Eastern Persia, and the line from Quetta to Mirjawa, through Baluchistan, in South-Eastern Persia, which was completed recently, and enabled British troops to be moved up through Seistan and Khorasan to Meshed and into Turkistan. Some improvements have been made from time to time on the great historic roads, and the Russians built some good roads in the north, but much requires to be done on practically all the roads to render them serviceable. Persia has an area of upwards of 600,000 square miles, but a vast extent of it is sheer desert, and the roads, whether "great" or not, are comparatively few, all of them centring, it may be said, in Tehran. This makes a natural starting point for the engineer, but just where the Persian railways will be built offers an interesting subject of speculation. If the British remain in Mesopotamia, they will most probably set about the construction of a trunk line eastward from Baghdad through Khanikin to Tehran, which in its turn will connect with a similar line from India, through Quetta, and then the "Overland to India" will bring Calcutta within about ten days' distance of London.

In the White Paper which gave the text of the Agreement

there also were published two letters, addressed to the Persian Prime Minister by Sir Percy Cox, and at the same date as the Agreement. One promised British co-operation in securing revision of the treaties actually in force between Great Britain and Persia, compensation for damage suffered by Persia at the hands of the other belligerents, and the rectification of the frontier of Persia where justifiable. The other stated that Great Britain would not claim from Persia for the maintenance of the British troops sent into Persia owing to Persia's inability to defend her neutrality, and on the other hand, that Persia would not claim from Great Britain an indemnity for damage done by the troops during their presence in Persian territory. It is to be presumed from the former letter that the Anglo-Russian Convention, so far as it affects Great Britain and Persia, has not been abrogated. Yet it is perfectly clear that if events be not regarded as having destroyed that Convention, the new Agreement does so in effect, for indirectly it rules out Russia, the other party to the Convention, says nothing about spheres of influence, and regards Persia as a unit, capable of signing this Agreement without any reference whatever of the matter to Russia. In fact, Russia is treated as negligible, but what if a day come when a re-created Russia, not necessarily Imperialistic, should remember what she once held in Persia under the Convention, and desire to get it back again? Is this where the Peace Conference and the League of Nations come in? Meanwhile, it would perhaps be well for Great Britain to take such steps as are possible to annul the Convention, formally and definitively, so far at least as she is concerned, but of course the real answer to Russia, if and when articulate again as a Great Power, will lie in the honest and sincere manner in which Great Britain is carrying or has carried out her part under the Agreement.

Sir Percy Cox, in his first letter to the Persian Prime Minister, spoke of British co-operation in securing a rectification of the Persian frontier "where it is agreed upon by the parties to be justifiable." There should be no trouble with respect to the frontier on the east, unless it be with Afghanistan, whose new Ameer is still an unknown quantity; though he was recently defeated by General Barrett, and had to sue for peace, which was granted at the cost to him of the annual subsidy, upwards of £120,000, which the Indian Government had paid in the past, he yet recovered his independence of British political control as regards Afghan foreign affairs, and this may give him a swelling sense of his own importance. On the north the Persian frontier from Afghanistan to the Caspian marches with that of Transcaspia and Russian Turkistan, from which countries, except at Krasnovodak,

it is well known that there is an Arab—a Hedjaz Arab—administration in Syria, with Damascus as its centre, and this would hardly be the case unless previously arranged between the British Government and the Hedjaz. In 1916 the British Government, however, entered into an arrangement with France by a secret Agreement, usually known as the Sykes-Picot Treaty, Russia also being a party to it. About two years ago the Bolshevik Government published what purported to be this Treaty; under it France was to obtain Syria, besides Adana (Cilicia), and Western Kurdistan—portions of Asia Minor claimed from the Conference for the New Armenia. Something turns on what was meant by the expression Syria. The Syrian Committee in Paris placed before the Conference a map of Syria which took in, not only Adana and what is generally regarded as Syria, but nearly the whole of Palestine; at least the claim to Adana cannot be made good. Now, there being in existence the conflicting bargains of the British Government with France and the Hedjaz, it is interesting to note the temporary compromise—it was and could be nothing else—which was made after Palestine and Syria had passed into the military possession of the British. Subject to the British military authorities, who retained only a general supervision of the conquered territories, the French established an administration at Beirut, Feisal and the Hedjaz Arabs another at Damascus. France did not like this arrangement, and desired it to be terminated speedily in her favour; she believed herself to be entitled to all Syria. The matter has been considered without much result by the Conference, and the Americans have taken a hand in it by having had Commissioners in Syria who appear to pronounce against France and intimate that the natives, a medley of races as of religions, wish to come under the United States as mandatory.

Now all this is very unpleasant, it must be admitted, to France, whose interest in a settlement of the Syrian question (which the writer would again urge is not the same thing, though some seem to think it is, as the question of Arabia) has been quickened, by a not unnatural feeling of jealousy, by the making of the Anglo-Persian Agreement. Eminent French writers have suggested some doubt of the good faith of British subordinate officials in Syria, and have even gone to the length of stating that manifestations of Syrian friendship for France have been systematically repressed. Newspaper agitation has been strong in Paris. The difficulty for Great Britain lies in its two contradictory bargains; it cannot completely make both good, and therefore it must do the best it can in the circumstances. The Allies—France as well as Great Britain—are under an obligation to Feisal and the

Hedjaz Arabs, with some other Arabs, for their co-operation in the fighting against the Turks, and this obligation must be met so far as may be. Feisal, it is said, will have nothing less than independence for the Arabs—it may be asked, For what Arabs? The Hedjaz is independent already, but so is its rival Nejd. Neither of these States is in Syria. It certainly looks as if we had extended the question of Arabia unduly into Syria. Again, Great Britain does not want a mandate for Syria, while France does. A mandate, if it means anything in this case, means governing with the consent of the governed for the benefit of the governed. Is it impossible for France to get this consent, if Great Britain shows good will? Surely not. But first Great Britain and France should have a clear understanding between themselves.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

Postscript.—Since the foregoing article was written it has been announced that Great Britain and France have come to a provisional Military Agreement respecting Palestine, Syria, and Cilicia, and that the Supreme Council has sanctioned this Agreement, the effect of which will be that French troops will replace the British forces in Syria, north of Hama, except in Damascus, Hous, Hama, and Aleppo, the British evacuation beginning on November 1st. The British will also withdraw from Cilicia, but will remain in Palestine. And authoritative statements, which might well have been made months ago, have now been published regarding the Agreements with France and with the Hedjaz. By the latter Great Britain undertook to recognize the "independence of the Arabs" in the territory south of latitude 37 deg., with some exceptions, but including Damascus and the three other Syrian cities. By the former these cities, with the districts surrounding them, are reserved as "independent Arab" (see Colonel Lawrence's letter, the *Times*, September 11th). With respect to the division of the country into French, British, and Arab zones, under the French Agreement, detailed information is, however, still required. And while it must be carefully noted that the provisional Agreement between Great Britain and France is military, not political, the arrangement, it should be said, is a step in the right direction.

ECONOMY ON THE FLEET. LORD FISHER'S DEMAND.

Now that the war is over, do we need a Fleet, and, if so, what should be its character and its strength, both actual and relative? These are questions which have been definitely raised since the signing of the Peace Treaty. On the one hand, it has been urged that the expenditure upon the Fleet should be radically reduced since the German Fleet has been sunk, the Austro-Hungarian Fleet has been surrendered, and the Russian Fleet no longer counts. What, it has been asked, do we need a Navy for in these new circumstances? The enemies of naval supremacy before the war who opposed the Navy Estimates year by year have raised the old cries, undeterred by the war's experiences, and would practically abolish the Navy.¹ On the other hand, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher has declared in most emphatic terms that "half the Navy wants scrapping and the other half will be equally useless in a few years because of the internal combustion engine and oil"² while Admiral Sir Percy Scott has stated that he regards the battleship as doomed and foresees that at an early date this country and its interests will be defended by aircraft. Finally Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe is reported to have declared, in an interview given to a journalist at Wellington, that, unless the people of the United Kingdom and the Dominions are prepared to put their hands in their pockets immediately, it will be impossible to maintain British sea supremacy, vital to the existence of the Empire. It is evident from this brief review that the war has bequeathed to this country, and not to this country only, but to every nation under the British flag, an embarrassing problem, on the solution of which must depend the future of the British peoples throughout the world.

Every nation has its periods of madness, assuming various forms according to predisposing circumstances, and ours is no exception. Every war in which we have engaged has reacted on the public mind, leading to strange perversions of policy which have often menaced this country's security. After the close of the Napoleonic struggle, it was concluded that the Angel of Peace had descended on the earth and that never again would it be necessary for us to fight for our existence. Under a pressure

(1) *The Nation*, Sept. 6th, 1919

(2) *Letter to the Times*, Sept. 2nd, 1919

of taxation which our forefathers considered ruinous, the strength of the Army was immediately cut down to 72,000 men; the expenditure upon the Fleet was gradually reduced from £23,504,000 to £4,485,000. These reductions were carried out ruthlessly and relentlessly, and in accordance with no settled plan. The idea was not so much to provide fighting services on a model basis suited to the new conditions which the long contest with France had produced; but to save money at all costs, leaving the future to take care of itself.

Retrenchment, unaccompanied by reform, and inspired by no sane conception of policy, produced a chaotic condition of weakness by land and by sea. The unpreparedness of the Army was glaringly revealed during the Crimean War, when tens of thousands of men paid with their lives the price of economy in preceding years. The Fleet languished for want of efficient ships and well-trained men. The Syrian trouble found it unready for the emergency. The force in the Mediterranean was inadequately manned. Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley has left a record of the danger which confronted British interests at this period.

In 1840 (at which period I commanded the *Thunderer* in the Mediterranean) the different captains on that station were, in the month of August, flurried, and that we might expect shortly to come into battle collision with the French fleet. At this period our ships were on peace establishments, and even then we were short of complements, arising from accidents and sickness, ships were being manned in England to reinforce the fleet, and men were at the same time raised by the coastguard to strengthen the crews of ships in commission. The first reinforcement of the season, or rather persons so-called, did not arrive till the month of January (six months after the warning was given) and it amounted to 600 men only. Thus we were left for a period of six months expecting continually (with ships the complements of which were reduced below their peace establishments) to come into collision with the French fleet the ships composing which were fully manned, and no means spared to render them in every respect efficient. Added to which it since appears that the French were fully aware of our weakness and were only waiting for orders from their Government to enable them to take advantage of it."

By the middle of the century this country had a fleet barely up to a one Power standard. In 1858 Lord Derby, alarmed at the naval situation, appointed a Treasury Committee to inquire into the comparative states of the Navies of England and France. What more revealing commentary on the state of public opinion at this period could be produced than that on this body no one represented either the Admiralty or the Navy. But, nevertheless, this Committee exposed the naval paralysis which had been gradually developing. It admitted that in ships of the line the British and French Fleets had ready for service exactly the same

number of vessels, and that, as to frigates, we possessed twenty-six to the French thirty-four. Though there were many more large ships on the stocks in this country than in France, we had temporarily surrendered, in response to the demand for economy, the sea supremacy which was the essential condition of our existence.

It seemed as though the British people had lost their sea sense, and this insensibility led to the development of a weak defensive policy translated into terms of coast fortifications and coast defence battleships, at length culminating in the report of a Royal Commission which declared that the defence of the English Channel involved an expenditure on the Fleet which the country could not afford to bear. That report was the epitaph, written in the latter half of the nineteenth century, on the Battle of Trafalgar, which had saved civilisation in its opening years. Nelson's victory had been so complete and widesweeping, and its influence had proved so lasting, that men of affairs had forgotten the extent of this country's dependence upon sea power, while events in all parts of the world had impressed them with the importance of military power. The succession of wars, great or small, in which the Army became involved during the early years of the Victorian era seemed to short-sighted politicians, as well as to the majority of soldiers, to prove the case for an increase in the military establishment, and, since the Fleet had apparently had little influence on the course of events during the China wars, the Crimean campaign, and the Indian Mutiny, they came to doubt whether the Navy was after all of much value. This confusion of thought led inevitably to confusion of policy, finding expression in muddled attempts to reform the British Army, reckless expenditure on the erection of ridiculous forts, and ignorant efforts to keep down the expenditure on the Fleet to a minimum. For many decades the very A.B.C. of the defensive policy of a maritime State was ignored. It was forgotten that, without a supreme fleet, capable of winning command of the sea against any probable combination of Powers, any army which this country possessed would be imprisoned and powerless.

It is little short of a miracle that enlightenment and reform came in time to avert disaster. There is a modicum of truth in the suggestion by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz¹ that the movement for the expansion of the German Fleet and the new standard of fighting efficiency which was set up proved the salvation of British sea power. The awakening had begun in 1890, the Naval Defence Act being placed on the Statute Book in 1899, but it was not until the Germans began to create a first-class fleet that

(1) *Sunday Times*, September 7th, 1910

the British people really regained their sanity. The Germans with their Army had slied the Duchies from Denmark, humiliated Austria-Hungary, and beaten France to the ground, rearing on the ruins of these wars a united Germany which dominated the Continent. What could a Continental Power which had achieved so much by the use of its army want with a great fleet? Did not the strength of a fleet depend in the main upon the length of the coast-line to be defended? The Germans possessed only a short coast-line. What, therefore, could they want with a first-class fleet? At the moment when these thoughts were agitating minds in this country, the writings of Mahan began to attract attention. Men asked themselves whether, after all, a fleet was not something more than a mere defence force, and was not in fact the source of all the offensive, as well as defensive, power of a maritime country, and its essential support in the international council chamber. It had become the custom to refer to the British Fleet as "the first line of defence," and seamen who objected to this limiting phrase had been regarded as monomaniacs; Napier, Tryon, Colomb, and others who, with voice and pen, had endeavoured to preach the truth. If the great military Power of the Continent of Europe, which had carved out its destiny with an army, attached so much importance to a fleet that it was willing to devote millions of marks annually to its strengthening, and run the risk of incurring British antagonism, might it not be that there was something more in sea power than the politicians and soldiers of the earlier years of the nineteenth century had imagined?

Thus the sea instinct of the British people revived. The awakening came full late. It was a race against time, but we won in circumstances which have been described.¹ In the process, many of the accepted dogmas, naval and military, were denied by word and act; the ignorant follies of the earlier years of the nineteenth century were put aside, though not without demonstrations of opposition on the part of conservative forces, and we emerged at last from the great ordeal as the consummate sea Power of the world, which was to save Europe and the nations of both hemispheres from passing under the heel of Germany. How narrowly we escaped extinction as a Great Power passages in Lord Jellicoe's book, *The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916*, and the revelations which have since been made by Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon of the narrow margin by which we held the Straits of Dover, have reminded us. If the Germans had possessed not only ships, but seamen of the first order, we might have had to

(1) "How we Nearly Lost the Empire," by Archibald Hurd, *Fortnightly Review*, August, 1919.

pay the full penalty flowing from the long period of blindness which attacked not merely British politicians, but the British people as a whole ; and not merely the people of the British Isles, but the people of the Dominions oversea. In the main, we owe our deliverance to the pre-vision, the initiative, the courage, and the administrative ability of Lord Fisher.

Victory has been achieved, and we are now confronted with a new situation, almost as embarrassing, if not as dangerous, as that which faced us twenty years ago. Then the sea instinct of the British people was somnolent, and a great Navy was arising on the other side of the North Sea. We had had our naval panics, but German ambitions found expression in a movement, continuous, persistent, and seemingly irresistible, which went forward year by year with increasing momentum. It was necessary to change our naval front without disturbing the international situation : it was equally necessary to reform our naval administration ; it was essential that the gunnery efficiency of the Fleet should be raised. A hundred and one projects had to be undertaken simultaneously, and at the same time a complete orientation of British policy had to be effected. The century-old differences with France and with Russia had to be composed as offering the only foundation upon which we could build a naval policy suited to the new circumstances which were rapidly coming into view. We became involved in military commitments, which, though not reduced to paper, yet existed. A complete reform of the British Army had to be undertaken. At the psychological moment a lawyer, seized with the secret of military power, and enjoying the support, like Lord Fisher, of King Edward VII., emerged from the crowd of party politicians. In Lord Haldane the nation found its military administrator. He understood the German mentality, and, as his first task as Army reformer, he made it his business to study at first hand the military organisation of Germany. He visited Berlin and learnt the secret of the scheme of German mobilisation. Then, fortified by knowledge, Lord Haldane devoted himself to the task of Army reform. He set up a General Staff for the Empire ; he gave the country a splendidly equipped and highly trained Expeditionary Force ; he converted the Volunteer regiments into a Second Line Field Army, as a defence for this country and a reservoir of strength of the Regular Army ; he established the Officers Training Corps ; and he laid the foundations of medical and supply organisations which became the envy of the world.

In these ways this country, unconscious in large measure of the approaching crisis, was prepared, under the influence of a few men of genius—men of destiny—to take its part in the great

conflict which was to convulse the world, drench Europe in blood, and pave the seas with the hulls of men-of-war and merchantmen. It is sometimes suggested by those who are cursed with short memories that we muddled through the war. On the contrary, no country within the limits of its carefully ordered policy, political, naval and military, prepared so successfully to fulfil its mission. Did we suffer by contrast with France, or Italy, or Russia? Were not Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey defeated? After three years of waiting on events, was America more ready than we were, caught in the first hurricane of war? The Allies won, and the victory is to be attributed, in the main, to the triumphant reorganisation of the enormous resources of this country, which was carried out, amid many cross-currents, during the ten years which intervened before Germany hazarded all the dearly-won fruits of her military successes by challenging the world's greatest sea Power.

The scene has shifted. The curtain has fallen on the first act of the great drama of the twentieth century. During the early years of this century preparations were made for war, the nation remaining for the most part blind to the clouds arising on the horizon. Now, victory having been achieved at an enormous cost of blood and treasure, we have to bend our wills to the preparations for peace. At the judgment seat of history we can stand unashamed in the light of all that we have suffered and all that we have done; and it rests with us, not forgetting the price at which victory was bought, to lay the foundations of a new era, remembering the lessons which the immediate past has taught. We must economise not only on armaments, but in every phase of public and private expenditure. The war has left us with a heavy burden of debt, and that debt is increasing day by day because we have not yet brought our expenditure within the limits of our revenue.

History offers a cautionary tale which might well be inscribed on the walls of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry. At the end of 1847, a letter from the aged Duke of Wellington, who had become the apostle of a weak defensive policy, was published, in which he stated that, "excepting immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast from the North Foreland to Selsey Bill on which infantry might not be thrown ashore at any time of tide, with any wind, and in any weather." Those statements by the great soldier of an earlier conflict entirely ignored the influence which would be exercised by an adequate fleet and were accepted by the country generally without appreciating that these islands could be defended against invasion not by military

power, whether expressed in terms of forts, regular troops or militia, but by a mobile fleet. Lord John Russell was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the following February he introduced a Budget raising the income tax from 7d. to 1s. in the pound in order to obtain money for further fortifications and for an increase in the militia. The proposed raid on their pockets aroused the taxpayers to a momentary realisation of the foundations of their safety, and within ten days the Budget was withdrawn, the income tax remaining at 7d. in the pound. The income tax now stands at 6s. in the pound, with a super tax rising to 4s. 6d. It seems inevitable that these scales of direct taxation must be still further increased in the immediate future. It would be folly for those who are responsible for our naval and military policy to ignore the influence which, in due course, these burdens will exert on public opinion.

On the other hand, under the shadow of the conflict from which we have just emerged, we owe it to future generations not to forget that *there is only one thing more costly than war, and that is a hasty and shortsighted policy of economy on armaments*, with the inevitable result of panics and wasteful expenditure, even if the sacrifice of human life is avoided, as it has not been avoided in the past. If ever this country was in need of clear-thinking statesmanship on the part of its politicians, its sailors and its soldiers, this is the moment. The temptations to a haphazard campaign in favour of wholesale reductions of public expenditure are greater than ever before, and consequently those who control affairs must be prepared to meet and defeat a demand for a reduction of armaments, and especially naval armaments, to a point which may spell disaster in future years. This is not the last of all wars, although we are compelled to place what reliance we can on the League of Nations. The very character of our victory has undermined the buttresses of peace. The old Balance of Power has gone, and six republics have arisen, the influence of which on the issues of peace and war cannot be forecasted. These are new nations in all essential respects, and in the nature of things they will acquire new ambitions, political, territorial, and commercial. The very condition of bankruptcy to which Europe has been reduced may encourage adventures in the hope of quick gains, for the bankrupt has always less to lose than the solvent person and feels that no gamble can worsen his fortunes. The seeds of future wars appear to have been sown in the very war which was to end all wars. We may hope to escape from the troubles which the future seems to hold in store, but it would be an act of folly to assume that even during the next twenty or thirty years we shall be involved in no controversies in which

it will be necessary to support our councils by naval and military force, and particularly by the Fleet, which is this country's sheet anchor in peace and its thunderbolt in war.

We have emerged from the late struggle with a fleet supreme as it was never supreme before, and efficient as it was never efficient before. Between August, 1914, and the signing of the Armistice, between £250,000,000 and £300,000,000 were expended upon new ships of various types—battleships, battle-cruisers, monitors, light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and hundreds of small craft. As Lord Fisher has explained, during the short period when he was First Sea Lord, in succession to Admiral the Marquess of Milford Haven, the Admiralty ordered no fewer than 612 ships, embodying his ideas. The war losses were heavy, but if our Fleet suffered, other fleets in Europe suffered in greater proportion, and with the signing of the peace we inherited a Navy which overtops every formula of relative strength hitherto suggested by the most extravagant advocates of a supreme fleet. In the current issue of the *Naval Annual*, published two or three months ago, there appeared a table giving the effective fighting ships, *built and building*, of the remaining navies of the world, for the fleets of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia no longer count. The following statement shows the standing of the five fleets when the vessels now under construction or about to be laid down have been completed:—

Class	Great Britain	United States	France	Italy	Japan
Battleships:—					
Modern	85 ¹	28	17	10	9
Battle-cruisers ...	10	6	—	—	4
Older battleships ..	6	18	5	4	6
Cruisers:—					
First class	19	12 ²	15	5	12
Light cruisers ...	90	13	8	6	8
Destroyers	300	326	96	58	?
Submarines	?	122	?	81	?

These crude statistics are defective in so far as they fail to reveal the superiority of the British units in contrast with the vessels included in the French and Italian Fleets. But they indicate that no conceivable combination by sea could place the British Fleet in a situation of danger, even when the vessels now under construction in France, Italy, the United States, and Japan have been completed. The supremacy of the British Fleet is assured to the limit of vision.

On the other hand, Lord Fisher, who was responsible for the main characteristics of all existing British men-of-war, has made

(1) These are all of the Dreadnought type, except the *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*.

the startling declaration that "half the Navy wants scrapping and the other half will be useless in a very few years because of the internal combustion engine and oil."¹ What does that statement suggest if it be not that Lord Fisher would have at least half the existing ships broken up immediately and the rest consigned to the ship-breakers' yard in a few years, leaving this country without the shadow of defence for its sea interests, unless in the meantime it had set to work to build a new Navy at an enormous outlay? It is always a difficult question to decide when a ship of war is obsolete, because the standard on which judgment must be formed varies in accordance with the character of the ships possessed by other Powers, whether built or building. It is incontrovertible that in technical efficiency, offensive and defensive, the British Fleet is far ahead of the navies of France and Italy, and the ships which are being constructed by the United States and Japan closely resemble in their characteristics the most modern units of the British Fleet.

It is never to our interests to force the pace in naval construction. It was the peculiar virtue of the Dreadnought design for which Lord Fisher was responsible, that it represented no advance in displacement in comparison with vessels which were then building for Russia and Japan, but it did represent an advance in fighting efficiency. The Americans had already prepared a somewhat similar design, and Signor Cunierti, the Chief Constructor of the Italian Navy, had published particulars of his conception of the all-big-gun ship. The Dreadnought was inevitably emerging when Lord Fisher by a dramatic stroke gained for this country the advantage of being first in adopting this remarkable conception of naval power. But now the circumstances are entirely different. We are not preparing for war, but preparing for peace, with the warning provided by past years that our preparations, necessarily modest to suit our empty pockets, must be such as will enable us to defend British interests against any probable combination. Have we to fear France or Italy on the one hand, or Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia on the other? The character of the French and Italian Navies, which have stagnated during the war owing to the demands of the armies, is no secret, and Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia no longer exist as sea Powers. In these circumstances, are we called upon to face the responsibility of constructing a new fleet in order that we may take advantage of "the internal combustion engine and oil"? Is it to our interest to scrap in a few years' time even the most modern ships now under the British ensign,

(1) Practically all the existing ships use oil, in association with the water-tube boiler, and the internal combustion engine for marine purposes is in its infancy.

incorporating Lord Fisher's own ideas, and embark upon a new era of naval construction, setting the pace in newer types and thus inaugurating a fresh period of naval competition?

Conditions are entirely different from those which existed in 1904 when we were preparing to meet Germany. The national expenditure then amounted to less than £150,000,000, and the income tax stood at only 1s. in the pound, while the National Debt of £762,629,000 was steadily decreasing from year to year. We have now bought victory at a great price and bear on our shoulders burdens unknown and undreamt of by former generations. In these circumstances, the ink barely dry on the Treaty of Peace, is it the policy of wisdom that we should place on the scrap-heap all the great fleet which the war has left us and start rebuilding our naval power in accordance with new conceptions of power? Is it not rather the policy of wisdom to utilise to the best advantage the most recently built ships which we now possess, leaving other Powers to bear the responsibility of initiating new forms of costly naval construction?

When Lord Fisher suggests that half the Navy should be scrapped, he is merely dotting the i's and crossing the t's of a policy which was adopted several months ago and is now in course of execution. The country does not need all the ships which it possesses. The normal combing-out process was necessarily arrested under the pressure of war, with the result that when the struggle ended there were large numbers of ships of the older types which in ordinary circumstances would have disappeared. These vessels, to the number of nearly 200, have been struck off the effective list since the Armistice, first because they are no longer efficient for general service; secondly, because they are redundant and, thirdly, because, after undergoing the strain of a long period of continuous service, they need repairs which their fighting value does not justify. As long ago as May last the *Engineer* gave a detailed account of the scrapping policy which the Admiralty had decided to carry out:—

" Practically every battleship class anterior to the Dreadnought is represented in the list, the only exceptions being the 'semi-Dreadnoughts' *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*, which are to be retained in service as part of the reserve fleet. Of the eight ships of the King Edward class two were lost in the war, the *Africa*, *Dominion*, and *Hindustan* are to be disposed of, and the remaining three are now employed as depot ships. When completed in 1905-06 these vessels were considered almost the last word in battleship design, and together they formed the finest homogeneous squadron in the world. They were the last ships to be designed by the late Sir William White."

(1) The scheme of armament was radically unsound, too many types of guns—12 in., 9.2 in., and 6 in.—being mounted, and the forward secondary guns could not be fought in a seaway.

Another noteworthy class disappears completely with the sale of the *Albemarle*, *Duncan*, and *Bowmouth*. Originally there were six of these ships, comprising the Admiral class, but the *Montagu* was wrecked in 1906 and the *Cornwallis* and *Russell* were sunk in the war. Having an extra knot of speed and thinner armour than contemporary battleships, they have some claim to be regarded as forerunners of the battle-cruiser. Further down the list are the ships of the Queen, Formidable, Canopus and Majestic classes, all famous types in their day. Of the *Majestic* it may be said that she set the fashion in international battleship design for ten years. The *Redoubtable*—ex-*Revenge*—sole survivor of the old Royal Sovereign class, is now marked down for sale after a varied and useful career which began in 1893. She was the only representative of her class to take an active part in the war, being attached to the 'scotch' squadron which bombarded the Belgian coast in 1914.

"Our armoured cruisers suffered heavily during the war, and the fighting value of those that survive is small, but as they are useful ships for training and other peace duties, the majority of them are to be retained. The most modern cruiser on the sale list is the *Duke of Edinburgh*, completed in 1906. She was never a successful ship, her freeboard being so low that the 6-inch guns on the main deck could not be fought in heavy weather, and her speed of 22.8 knots was quite inadequate. Her Thames-built sister ship, *Black Prince*, was sunk at Jutland, together with the *Defence* and the *Warrior*. . . . The older armoured cruisers, viz., the Drake and Cressy classes, are to go, together with most of the protected cruisers, launched more than 15 years ago. In the ordinary course of events the majority of these vessels would have been scrapped before now, but during the war they proved extremely useful for patrol and convoy work. Now that the emergency is over we can afford to dispense with them, more especially as we are well provided with modern light cruisers, of which we possess about 70, with speeds of 25 knots and over, besides several others under construction.

"In no category is the process of elimination to be more drastic than in that of destroyers. Over 100 of these vessels are to be withdrawn from the active list, and, generally speaking, all boats above ten years of age are to be disposed of. They range from the earlier '30-knotters' to the comparatively modern Tribal class, built in 1906-1910. It goes without saying that, after the tremendous strain of four and one-half years of war service, most of our older destroyers would require a thorough refit—including new boilers, and in some cases new machinery—if they were to be of any further use, but it is equally clear that they are not worth the heavy outlay their renovation would involve. Thanks to our war-programmes we have an abundance of modern destroyers, so that the bulk of our older material can be sacrificed without a quail. It is further proposed to get rid of all the torpedo-boats, with the exception of the 30-odd oil-fired turbine boats built as 'coastal destroyers' in 1906-1909, and 21 are to be sold immediately. Among the submarines earmarked for the shipbreaker are most of those composing the B and C classes, which have ceased to be effective. It is interesting to note that several of the B class were converted into surface patrol craft during the war, their electric motors being removed."

No doubt this policy will have to be carried several stages further, since the scale of our naval expenditure depends in large measure upon the number of ships maintained on the effective list, involving heavy charges for repairs, manning, and stores, besides occupying valuable berthing space in the naval ports.

(1) These ships were inadequately armoured for the battle line.

There must be a great clearance, far greater evidently than the Admiralty originally contemplated, before the vast fleet of the war period has been reduced to reasonable size. Every ship maintained on the effective list after its period of real usefulness has expired means an unnecessary charge upon the Navy Votes. In face of the financial situation which now confronts us, it would be criminal folly to keep either in commission or in a nucleus crew state ships of the older types which are unnecessary for the safety of our sea interests in the new conditions which have come into existence. But there is all the difference between eliminating these older vessels which have fulfilled their mission, and contemplating scrapping "the other half" of the Navy on the assumption that the more modern vessels will be equally useless in a few years because of the internal combustion engine and oil. The value of these ships will depend on the character of the vessels in other navies, and so far as European waters are concerned there are neither built nor building any units of superior fighting efficiency.

In this connection it may be added that there is evidently a widespread misconception as to the influence which the war has had upon the progress of naval construction. In Europe, neither France nor Italy, the only two naval Powers of first class which remain, has laid down a single battleship or fast cruiser during the past five years. But that has not been the case either in Japan or the United States. At the beginning of the war Japan possessed three modern battleships and one building; she now has in commission seven vessels and two more under construction. In June of last year a new programme was authorised making provision for eight additional battleships and eight battle-cruisers, to be completed by 1923. This activity may be traced to the unprecedented programme of construction which was adopted by the United States Congress in 1916. There is no warrant for the statement which has been made in this country that naval construction in the United States has been suspended since the signing of the Peace Treaty. All that has happened is that the new and sensational programme elaborated last year on the eve of the Peace Conference has been dropped. The programme of 1916 has not only not been abandoned, but it is being carried steadily to completion. When peace was concluded six battleships, six battle-cruisers, and five scout or light cruisers had not even been begun. But during the past few months Congress has reaffirmed its decision to build these vessels, the largest and most costly of their types which have hitherto been launched, while the British Admiralty cancelled the orders for the construction of most of the ships then building, with the result that

by the end of this year there will not be a single war vessel—large or small—on the stocks in this country.

Some idea of the naval activity in American shipyards is conveyed by the following details of the ships building, the percentage of completion on July 1st last being indicated. It should be borne in mind that the largest battleship in the British Navy, the *Queen Elizabeth*, displaces only 27,500 tons, and our largest battle-cruiser 26,500 tons.

Type and Name.	Displacement. Tons	Percentage of completion July 1, 1918.
BATTLESHIPS.		
<i>Tennessee</i> }	32,300	New York Navy Yard ... 79.1
<i>California</i> }		Mare Island Navy Yard ... 65.6
<i>Colorado</i> }	32,600	New York Navy Yard ... 26.8
<i>Maryland</i> }		Newport News S.B. & D.D. Co. 49.7
<i>Washington</i> }		New York S.B. Co. ... 26.2
<i>West Virginia</i> }		Newport News S.B. & D.D. Co. 23.4
<i>South Dakota</i> }	43,200 ¹	New York Navy Yard ... 0
<i>Indiana</i> }		New York Navy Yard ... 0
<i>Montana</i> }		Mare Island Navy Yard ... 0
<i>North Carolina</i> }		Norfolk Navy Yard ... 0
<i>Iowa</i> }		Newport News S.B. & D.D. Co. 0
<i>Massachusetts</i> }		Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp. 0
BATTLE CRUISERS.²		
<i>Lexington</i> }	35,300	Fore River S.B. Co. ... 0
<i>Constellation</i> }		Newport News S.B. & D.D. Co. 0
<i>Saratoga</i> }		New York S.B. Co. ... 0
<i>Ranger</i> }		Newport News S.B. & D.D. Co. 0
<i>Constitution</i> }		Phila. Navy Yard ... 0
(Unnamed)		Phila. Navy Yard ... 0
SCOUT CRUISERS.		
—	...	Todd D.D. & Const. Co. ... 28.2
—	...	Todd D.D. & Const. Co. ... 26.4
—	...	Todd D.D. & Const. Co. ... 21.7
—	...	Beth. S.B. Co. (Fore River) 0
—	...	Beth. S.B. Co. (Fore River) 0
—	...	Wm. Cramp & Sons Co. ... 12
—	...	Wm. Cramp & Sons Co. ... 12
—	...	Wm. Cramp & Sons Co. ... 2
—	...	Wm. Cramp & Sons Co. ... 2
—	...	Wm. Cramp & Sons Co. ... 2
MISCELLANEOUS.³		
Fuel Ship No. 16, <i>Brazos</i> ...		Boston Navy Yard ... 97
Fuel Ship No. 17, <i>Neches</i> ...		Boston Navy Yard ... 25.2
Fuel Ship No. 18, <i>Perom</i> ...		Boston Navy Yard ... 2
Gunboat No. 21, <i>Ashville</i> ...		Charleston Navy Yard ... 88.1
Gunboat No. 22 ...		Charleston Navy Yard ... 2.4
Hospital Ship No. 1 ...		Phila. Navy Yard ... 37.1
Amn. Ship No. 1, <i>Puyo</i> ...		Puget Sound Navy Yard ... 92
Amn. Ship No. 2, <i>Nitro</i> ...		Puget Sound Navy Yard ... 52
Rep. Ship No. 1, <i>Medusa</i> ...		Puget Sound Navy Yard ... 0

(1) Battleships authorized and contracted for, but not yet under active construction. Congress, however, has voted the necessary money.

(2) The laying down of the six battle cruisers has been delayed to enable the designs to be altered.

(3) Miscellaneous vessels authorized, but not under construction or contract:—
L submarine tender No. 3; 2 destroyer tenders Nos. 3 and 4; 1 transport

All these ships, as well as those under construction or authorised in Japan to which reference has been made, will undoubtedly be pressed to completion. They represent, however, no revolutionary changes in design, but are comparable to the best ships now in commission under the British ensign. If sentence to the scrap-heap is to be passed upon these British ships, it must also involve in condemnation the American and Japanese battleships and other units, the keels of some of which have not yet been laid.

It is in these varied circumstances in Europe and beyond that this country has to evolve a new naval policy. It must take into account the world-wide interests of the British peoples, and must recognise that British power and prestige must be supported by an adequate show of force in every ocean and sea of the world, in the Baltic and the Mediterranean, as well as in the Pacific and the Atlantic. But, when due weight has been given to these considerations, it must be apparent that an adequate force can be maintained at a relatively modest expenditure. Possessing as we do a great accumulation of ships of the most modern types, it will be unnecessary for several years to come to lay down a single keel; we can afford to let the Americans do the spending for a time. If there is to be a new phase of naval competition throughout the world, we can at least forbear to lead the way.

There is a measure of truth in Lord Fisher's condemnation of our newest ships. Judged by the standard of the fleet which we *might* build in knowledge of all the lessons of the war and recent developments in physical science, there is not a ship afloat in any navy which does not bear the marks of obsolescence, in the same way as the youngest of us is growing old. But the British taxpayer is forced by every consideration to cut his naval coat according to his cloth. Until other Powers adopt new fashions, we can be well content to rely upon the best of the fine ships which the war has left us.

What is needed at this juncture in our fortunes is a policy of reasonable reduction and far-sighted consolidation. The country is rightly determined upon a policy of national economy, and that policy must apply to all the departments, not excluding the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Air Ministry. But there is one fundamental difference between these three forces. An army, as experience has shown, can be raised, equipped, and trained in about six months; an air force, to maintain supremacy in the

No. 2. There are 166 destroyers, 65 submarines, 9 mine-sweepers, 18 sea-going tugs, 26 harbour tugs, 12 oil tankers, and 65 Ford "Eagles" in various stages of completion. About 81 destroyers will probably be completed this year and the remainder in 1920. There are 12 destroyers and 10 submarines authorised, but not under construction or contract.

air, not in one theatre of war but in all theatres of war, can be created, as experience has also shown, with great rapidity. We need a small but highly organised army, and a small but highly organised air force, each to serve as the nucleus round which in an emergency a war land army in the one case, a war aerial navy in the other, can be created if the emergency should arise. But sea power is a plant of slow growth; it takes upwards of three years in normal circumstances to design and build a battleship or cruiser, and a destroyer or submarine cannot be completed in less than about half that time. It takes far longer to train officers and men than to build the ships in which they must fight, as Germany learnt after twenty years of concentrated effort.

The British Fleet has inherited the traditions of a thousand years, and we shall rue the day if by any hasty act of economy we break the spirit of this great fighting force, which is not only this country's main defence, but its principal instrument of offence. Our naval power constitutes the foundation upon which the whole Imperial structure rests. Napoleon was not wrong when in his day he declared that "the only way to prevent the Continental Powers from bridling you is for England to proceed in her proper sphere as an insular Power, possessing the command of the sea." . . . Many changes have occurred in the past hundred years which render these words even more applicable to present British conditions. We live by our foreign trade; we cannot exist without a supreme mercantile marine; we have responsibilities in every quarter of the globe. In the new circumstances which confront the British peoples, it should be possible, under wise and far-sighted guidance, to fulfil our naval obligations at a cost not exceeding that which we bore twenty years ago. Translated into terms of money, that means that, making allowance for the increased pay of officers and men and the higher cost of fuel and stores, the Navy Votes can be brought down to £40,000,000 or £50,000,000. There need be no considerable Shipbuilding Vote for several years to come. But any such scheme of reduction ought not to be carried out without due regard to the interests of the officers and men, to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude which can never be adequately repaid. Nor should the policy of economy be pressed with unreasonable haste, lest in the process we imperil the vital interests of the peoples of a maritime empire, world-wide in extent, and absolutely dependent upon the sufficiency and efficiency of its naval forces.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

THE ENGLISH IMPRESSIONISTS.

BENEATH a certain hospitable West of England roof of more or less academic associations during the early 'sixties there was expected a guest by whose side his introducer, a son of the house, said that the Admirable Crichton himself must pale. The visitor came from the other side of St. George's Channel, having been kept a few days back by stress of weather. A tall young man of strong, perfectly proportioned figure, with a head which a phrenologist, who happened to be of the party, pronounced the most perfectly balanced ever beheld on human shoulders.

This paragon, during his then incomplete undergraduate course at Trinity College, Dublin, had swept the board of all its prizes. On his first appearance he had impressed examiners, professors and tutors, as well as his fellow-students, by the extraordinary range and accuracy of his information. As a guest on the occasion now recalled, what struck us all were the vigour and vitality which he seemed to exhale. To hear of something accounted difficult to do was with him to do it. A tiny trout-stream rippled seaward past the house, so overhung by willows and brambles as to defy the successful cast of a "fly." On the late afternoon of his arrival before we sat down to dinner, the guest quietly went out with fishing-rod and fly-hook, to return in less than an hour bearing a basket filled with the speckled inhabitants of the "impossible" rivulet.

Such, when I first saw him, in his undergraduate days, was John Pentland Mahaffy, whose death withdrew from popular culture its most variously representative, as well as most indefatigable, promoter; for his learning was as real as his enthusiasm. Of that I witnessed thus early in my acquaintance with him a proof worth mentioning now. At this time the slightest suspicion of native brogue blended itself with, if it was not overcome by, the foreign accent so frequently noticeable in those who have been born abroad and whose ears have been attuned to French conversational sounds even earlier than to those of their mother tongue. Mahaffy knew literally every inch, not only of the Vevay region, his birthplace, but of all Switzerland, together with its history and traditions, in which, as a child, he had been trained. He could illustrate them from the modern reading that had kept pace with his classical, and point them by unfamiliar quotations from the whole range of literature. He did all this pleasantly, and even modestly, enough, as easily

and naturally as if he had been talking about the weather. The cyclopædic display became a challenge to one of our company, of whom it might have been said that knowledge was his forte and omniscience his foible. This gentleman was observed to be taking mental notes, from time to time attempting a surreptitious record of some name or date. He could not believe, as it afterwards turned out, that so much variety and volubility could possibly be combined with accuracy. Too cautious to venture on a casual contradiction he missed none of Mahaffy's startling generalisations and ancient parallels to modern experience.

Surely in this miscellaneous lore he would detect some fallacy vitiating the argument, run off so glibly, some figure or fact differing from that given in the reference work he secretly consulted; he constantly awaited such a discovery to bring back the conversation to the necessary point. Those of us who were in the secret were constantly wondering whether Mahaffy would be demolished by the circumstantial exposure in cold blood of the views and statements to which he had committed himself across the walnuts and wine. Nothing of the sort happened. If the then scholar of "Old Trinity" had been holding forth for effect it was certain he had not stepped outside the limits of his own honestly acquired, easily flowing, exact knowledge, for in Mahaffy's youth short cuts to miscellaneous learning and cosmopolitan culture were comparatively few. Many of them had still to be discovered, not a few by Mahaffy himself.

Periodical literature, even of the graver monthly or three-monthly kind, had not yet taken all learning for its province; Mr. Andrew Lang had not instructed his generation in totems, the Homerids, in Greek pottery or aboriginal hieroglyphics. There might seem, as one looks back upon it all, to have been just then the same opening for a new departure in thought and scholarship as had been discovered by a writer and thinker with whom Mahaffy had little in common some twenty years earlier. In 1844 Benjamin Jowett paid his memorable visit to Germany; he brought back with him the materials for that history of Greek philosophy which was to leave its mark upon the Oxford Schools. So Mahaffy, before he was thirty, condensed into his discourses on primitive civilisation such a wealth of political, social, national and personal detail, then so entirely unknown or universally forgotten, that they seemed like the opening of a new Pierian spring. Popular audiences demonstratively admired, academic hearers could not but admit the conspicuous skill with which cohesion and unity were given the whole amalgam by its setting in a Greek frame.

As regards age only a twelvemonth separated J. P. Mahaffy from

J. A. Symonds. Helping forward the same movement, the two worked and wrote independently of, though not in a spirit of rivalry to, each other; while the most versatile and varied of nineteenth century Irish scholars, beginning with the *Iliad* and ending with Menander, produced a text-book that prepared the popular taste for Symonds' studies in the Greek poets. On that taste he consistently exercised a wholesome and elevating effect. During the earlier 'seventies the general reader, steadily advancing with a re-created interest in the thought and letters of ancient Athens, had no turn for deep inquiry into their mysteries. There were few isms or ologies that Mahaffy might not have easily picked up, had he chosen, and written concerning them as attractively, as Dean Swift was told by one of his lady admirers, he could if he wished write about a broomstick.

So it was throughout. His tact and cleverness never failed to co-operate with his industry, and in everything he undertook ensured that he would turn to the best account the intellectual fortune he had found for himself.

Here Mahaffy mahaged his resources more wisely and to better purpose than was done by one among the most distinguished of his contemporaries, the centenary of whose birth was the subject of interesting and picturesque celebrations. Rather more than a quarter of a century has passed since, at the age of seventy-four, J. A. Froude was appointed by Lord Salisbury E. A. Freeman's successor in the Oxford chair of modern history; his initial discourse might, it was anticipated by those who imperfectly understood the man, contain some more or less personal criticisms on his predecessor. The new lecturer, of course, avoided anything of the kind. At Cambridge, in a similar position, his friend and connection, Charles Kingsley, a generation earlier, had showed less discretion. On mounting the Cambridge rostrum in 1860 the author of *Westward Ho!* might have profited by the perfect courtesy and taste which four years before Froude had shown at the Royal Institution when dealing with other labourers in his own field. Instead, Kingsley made a violent onslaught on that school of historic interpretation, Buckle, Comte, Darwin, Mill, whose doctrines he bluntly confessed he had not thought it worth while thoroughly to master. His contemptuous disbelief in the so-called "Inexorable Sequences of Nature" got him into trouble with the law of gravitation itself:—"If I chose to catch a stone, I can hold it in my hands, and it will not fall till I let it"; for a parallel to this, as one of Kingsley's hearers said at the time, one must surely go back to Dr. Johnson's proof of the reality of matter, when supping with Boswell at "The Mitre." The Australian novels of Charles Kingsley's

younger brother, Henry, carried on with more variety of vigorous illustration the colonial tradition established in Victorian fiction by *The Castons*, *The Hillyars*, and *The Burtons*, created or deepened the interest in our overseas empire to much the same extent as *Midshipman Easy* had made boys feel as they read it that there was no life worth living but the sailor's, or as had persuaded youths nurtured on a diet of Charles Lever that the profession of diplomacy or arms could alone tempt a lad of spirit or parts. Before this, Charles Kingsley had enabled readers by the thousand to realise, as they had never done before, nor but for him would ever have done at all, the stirring movements of Elizabethan England and the adventurous vicissitudes that were the heritage of the Spanish main. These are the writings that will make the rector of Eversley a living force long after his polemical experiments in philosophy and faith have dropped out of his biographical record.

He had done with history professing in 1869 and began to clothe in strong, clear English thoughts that thus presented became commentaries on the higher aims and interests of his time. During the early "fifties" he had worked with F. D. Maurice in the Christian Socialist movement; his discourses about "popular politics" disposed his countrymen to hear him gladly on other subjects. The spirit of serious speculation filled the air. Kingsley's picture in *Hypatia* of primitive Christianity warring against Greek thought seemed to many a reflection of their own spiritual unrest. All this time his mind and pen were being more and more finely touched to fine issues. Midway between fifty and sixty years of age he put the impression of his West Indies tour into a volume which seemed, by its matter and manner, the opening up of a reputation entirely new. Hitherto Kingsley had shown his power as a teacher of the unlettered masses. *At Last* (1870) had no sooner appeared than the most educated of his readers recognised in it an addition to the single volume masterpieces which had delighted an earlier and more fastidious generation in *Kothen* or *The Crescent and the Cross*. The same department of letters had been adorned by Laurence Oliphant. After that the growth of the scientific temper in writers and readers secured for it no single successes save those presently to be mentioned.

Some time before Provost Mahaffy's death our national "Belles Lettres" became the poorer for Mr. G. W. E. Russell's loss. Philanthropy, popular religion and literature had no more intelligent, earnest and sympathetic student, as well as few more capable performers. A friend of the masses, Mr. Russell had drunk his original inspiration from the fountain of Maurice and

Kingsley. Influences still more enlivening and fruitful were found by him in the faiths of his childhood and the more stimulating doctrine of his later years. With his own ears he had heard Kingsley recite to the little girl for whom they were composed the lines beginning "Be good, sweet child!" . Butler of Wantage and King of Lincoln supplied the motive power, transforming Russell from the mere cadet of a great Whig house into a fellow worker with the ritualists who, he held, had done so much towards making the Church of England the church of the poor. "Once," he thought, "sever the unnatural alliance with the State, and the communion, that at the same time held Pusey, Jowett, Lord Halifax, Lord Shaftesbury, Canon Christopher, Father Stanton and Mr. Mackonochie, would become the greatest power for human righteousness and happiness that the world had ever known." Zeal for the great causes they had at heart left Russell and his fellow-workers little time or thought for purely literary effects. It was with them as it had been with Charles Kingsley during the first half of his life. The pen, seldom unskilfully handled, was a sword with which to cut down the evil growths of the time, from Edward Denison, who overflowed alike with penetrating force and grave humour of expression, to Arnold Toynbee and those who have followed since. Russell was always the reformer first, the litterateur afterwards, and that in the face of some domestic discouragement. He could scarcely hope to have been taken for a prophet in his own house, whose ducal head, after reading his kinsman's criticism of the Whig tradition, thus addressed him: "You must now be making such a pretty penny by your pen that you will scarcely wish to draw on me for your election expenses."

Side by side with the literary masters of the Victorian age were writers who had steeped themselves in the terminology of the laboratory or workshop; such were the disciples of George Eliot, who enriched her diction with phrases drawn from her scientific studies, in much the same way that the Athenian dramatists gratified the maritime taste of their audience by copiously using the similes of seamanship. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce knew enough of natural philosophy, in all its branches, to hold his own against Huxley or Tyndall, and his capitally written and widely read lay sermons on these matters were not without their effect upon the thought and phrasing of periodical authorship.

The Victorian contributions to the little series of pocket classics opened with the greatest of its number, Kinglake's *Eothen* in 1844. The same year also produced another little masterpiece in the same vein, *The Crescent and the Cross*, by Kinglake's oldest and

closest friend, Eliot Warburton, who started soon afterwards on a political mission to the isthmus of Durian, but perished among the passengers on board his ship *The Amazon*. In 1848 came another product of our earlier impressionism, Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, whose theological offence to the Oxford of his day was aggravated by its inimitably terse and mocking irony. To the same order of writing and about the same time belonged, in virtue of its chastened humour and graphically suggestive touches, Borrow's *Bible in Spain*. These men were none of them great scholars; they had each appreciated the best old-school, altogether literary education of their time. Like Lady Duff-Gordon, afterwards, in her *Letters from the Cape*, they had no thought of instructing but only of not boring the society they addressed. In *Eothen* Kinglake had described his old headmaster, "the terrific Keate," as "Napoleon in a widow's cap quacking like an angry duck." Similarly the Kinglakeian association peeps out in Warburton's *Crescent and the Cross*, where the houris are said to be a sort of "angels of doubtful character." So, too, one reads in the same pages, of "a Mussulman, D.D.", who thought the chance of female immortality chiefly rested on a certain traditional dialogue. An aged widow had importuned Mohammed for a good place in Paradise. 'Trouble me not,' was the answer, 'Old women are impossible there'; to which words, however, presently came the diplomatic supplement, "Because all the old will then be made young again."

The rector of Eversley had not caught the tone of the writers now recalled, but he lived, thought and worked long enough to recognise, as in his volume of West Indian travels he practically did, the effectiveness of the impressionist method. That, too, was the case with probably the most fertile as well as famous family known in English letters. The Palgraves were contemporary with the Wordsworths; and it was a Palgrave who selected the description of Hadrian's villa in "Pictorial Greece" as a word-perfect prose specimen. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's polished simplicity was reproduced some fifty years ago, in some newspaper letters about Corsica and Sardinia by a clever young Irishman named Hartford who had come under the bishop's influence. No book, however, perpetuating that older tradition appeared till *A Wandering Scholar in the Levant* (1896). That latest feat of English impressionism is not only an undesigned tribute to the vitality of the earlier masters of the cult, but is suffused with the earlier quietly patriotic spirit. Kinglake and Warburton personified in their tone and temper the nineteenth century establishment of Greater Britain. Mr. D. G. Hogarth has shown himself their heir, not only in skill of pen but

in the unpremeditated evidence of sympathy with and legitimate pride in that imperial reaction which filled the years between 1880 and 1901. The later masters of nineteenth-century prose with scarcely an exception have shown the influence of Flaubert's most powerful predecessor. Mr. Hogarth is no exception to the rule, but, unlike some others, in thought or cadence he is never the echo even of the greatest and most inspiring among the French masters, whose English vogue began just half a century ago. The popularity of Quinet in this country, or at least the study of his masterpiece, *The Genius of Religion*, roughly speaking corresponded with, and probably helped forward, what a German philosopher, Baumeister, seems to have been the first to call the æsthetic movement. Pre-Raphaelitism and the subdued tints associated with the Grosvenor Gallery school in general, and the Burne-Jones maidens in particular, went together with much reading of Quinet, or at least talk about him. Gradually this was superseded, or reinforced, by the artistic products of Japan. The combination took Quinet for its prophet, with the result that by 1881 æstheticism had become sufficiently compact and conspicuous for burlesque in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Patience*.

Meanwhile the æsthetic gospel, according to W. H. Pater, was finding its expression in a series of literary effects as yet new to English prose. The *Wandering Scholar* goes back upon none of these, nor owes anything to them. He writes as a scholar must and should write; but he is in the line of literary succession which opened with the men already mentioned more than once, which was continued by Laurence Oliphant in *Piccadilly*. To the same order of "Belles Lettres" belonged not only Kingsley's *At Last*, but his far too little known literary essays. After Oliphant, there came no impressionist monograph with any assurance of vitality till Mr. W. H. Mallock's *New Republic*. The reception given to *The Wandering Scholar* may well justify the hope that other pens will produce fresh contributions to English letters in the same purely literary vein. Nor are signs wanting that for this we may not have long to wait. Newspaper letters from the various theatres of war and books reviewing the whole struggle exemplify for the most part a marked improvement in twentieth-century prose to the newspaper style which was with us with the beginning of the world-wide upheaval.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

CURRENTS CALAMO.—X.

If posterity does not know all about the Great War it will not be because of any lack of documentary evidence. The historian's difficulty will be not so much to find his material as to sift and weigh it. In the campaigns of the past many years usually elapsed before the chief actors, the generals and statesmen, began to issue their memoirs and commentaries. Sometimes they never issued them at all, leaving the record to conscientious private secretaries, and industrious students of their despatches and correspondence. Our modern leaders are less reticent. One after another they are rushing into print and telling the world the story of their achievements, aspirations and difficulties. Ludendorff, French, Jellicoe, Lord Fisher, Count Czernin, Russky have written books, and Hindenburg and Bethmann-Hollweg are understood to have volumes in preparation. There are rumours that the ex-Kaiser may oblige. If he does so, whatever may be the character or the veracity of his confessions, he will at least have the satisfaction of producing one of the biggest literary booms on record. One hesitates to suggest the fabulous sum which an enterprising publishing firm would offer for the exclusive copyright of the work, or the amount which some newspapers would bid for the serial rights.

All the volumes are interesting; but they have to be examined with caution. They are gigantic pamphlets, *ex parte* statements, contributions to the literature of controversy. The writers are too close to the events, and too intimately concerned in them, to be impartial or judicial. They are more anxious—naturally—to vindicate their own policy, to explain away their own failures, or to clear up misunderstandings of their actions and projects: sometimes to put the responsibility for ill-success or incomplete success on other shoulders. No one can blame them for this, and it is useful to have the great man's point of view defined in his own terms; but an *apologia* is not a history, particularly when the apologist is eager to prove that he might have done more, or might have done better, but for the remissness or error of those with whom he was associated. That suggestion is conveyed, with more or less directness, by the generals and admirals, and perhaps the reader is more conscious of it than the author in some cases intended him to be. I laid down Lord Jellicoe's "The Grand Fleet" feeling that the writer meant us to understand that the magnificent armada he directed would have gained even greater

and swifter triumphs but for the ~~loss~~ of Admiralty administrators and parliamentary politicians who ~~at~~ his squadrons inadequately equipped. I finished Lord French's "1914" thoroughly impregnated with the view that a superb strategic conception, which might have led to brilliant and comparatively speedy victory, was nullified by General Staffs with divided aims, and Cabinets with clouded vision. I can see that Ludendorff is bent on diverting the blame for Germany's collapse from the German Army to the German Governments and those who controlled their foreign and internal policy. As for Lord Fisher, he makes no secret of the fact that he is engaged in demonstrating the perfect righteousness of his own ideas of naval organisation and construction, and in revealing the "damned messes" made by the "damned fools" who did not properly handle the great instrument he had created. The last word on all these controversies cannot be said, while the smoke of battle has barely rolled from the horizon, and while there is so vast a body of facts which has not yet been, and perhaps cannot yet be, disclosed. But few of us can read these books without emotion; for they bring us back to the hopes, the fears, the expectations, the suspense, of those dark and crowded days which those who lived through them are never likely to forget.

It all tempts to that most futile and fascinating of pursuits, speculation on what might have been. If only some things had been done which were not done, or some things which were done had been done differently! Lord Fisher, in his own restrained and refined language, tells us how easy it would have been to have set the great battle-cruisers of the Mediterranean Fleet to "gobble up" the *Goeben* and her consort, even as Sir Doveton Sturdee afterwards gobbled up Von Spee's squadron. Perhaps it might not have been so easy; perhaps the "damned fools" and "congenital idiots" who let the German ships escape had more reason for their action or inaction than their breezy critic allows. We do not know; for this is one of the mysteries of the war that remains a mystery still. But if the *Goeben* had been headed off before she reached the Dardanelles, or if she had been followed through the Straits and sunk within sight of the towers and minarets of Stamboul—how different would have been the entire history of the past five years! Turkey would not have come into the war, nor would Bulgaria. There would have been no Mesopotamia campaign, no fighting in Palestine and Syria, no Salonica expedition, no over-running of Serbia, above all, no Gallipoli with its deplorable failure and its gigantic waste of men, money and material. All the life and treasure and energy expended on those distant fields could have been reserved for France and Flanders,

and given the Allies on the Western Front in 1915 that preponderance of force which they did not acquire till three years later. Germany might have been compelled to sue for peace in 1916. There would have been no Russian Revolution, no Bolshevism, no break-up of all Eastern Europe and South-Western Asia, no unrestricted submarine war, no intervention of the United States, no economic collapse of civilisation; some millions of lives would have been saved and some thousands of millions of pounds. Also Lord Fisher presumably would have remained at the Admiralty, and might have been allowed to carry out his project of fighting a way into the Baltic with monitors and "blister" ships, and, under the protection of British naval guns, landing a mighty Russian army on the Pomeranian coast four days' march from Berlin. That is what Lord Fisher says he would have done, though Mr. Asquith and his colleagues in the War Cabinet did not think he could have succeeded. But in any case the gobbling-up of the *Goeben* would have averted terrific losses and years of calamity. It might have been!

Reflections equally poignant (and equally vain) are awakened by some of Lord French's pages. I did not find much to linger over in the earlier chapters, largely occupied with personal controversy, on which a good deal remains to be said. But Chapter XV., "A Review of the Allied Plans in the West at the close of the First Battle of Ypres," is full of painful interest. In these pages the great soldier, who commanded the "British Expeditionary Force" in the first critical months of the War, reveals his plan of campaign and explains why it was not carried out. He gives the answer to questions which were torturing the minds of thousands of civilian onlookers in Great Britain in those anxious weeks after the Battle of the Marne, when the Germans were settling down in their fortified trench line from Switzerland to the North Sea. We pored on maps and plans, puzzled over the meagre official despatches, read with increasing bewilderment the comments of the "military experts" of the newspapers, and waited and waited for that new development of Allied strategy which seemed so obvious and yet never came. We thought that the prime object of the British High Command must be to prevent the Germans from seizing the Belgian coast by occupying it in force ourselves up to the Dutch frontier, and thereby establishing a position on the enemy's right flank from which we might advance, and gradually compel him to fall back along his whole line. In these operations it appeared that our naval superiority might have been used to the greatest advantage. Ostend and Zeebrugge lay open to us. Daily we expected to hear that an army

had landed at the Belgian ports, under the guns of British warships, and was moving forward towards Liège, Ghent and Roulers. When we surveyed that immovable black scrawl on the map, which marked the German front in France, we comforted ourselves by reflecting on the change that the movement on the Flanders flank would speedily produce. We used to tell one another that Kitchener had something up his sleeve, and the something was this. I remember a distinguished man of letters saying to me as we were looking gloomily at the war map: "You will see; he will jump on their backs," meaning the German backs, with the jump made from the only possible taking-off place.

But what force had we for such manoeuvres? The Old Army was locked fast, and half used up, at Mons, Le Cateau, Ypres, the Marne, and in the great Retreat; the New Army was still drilling in bowler hats; were the Territorials and the Reserves sufficient? If not, where could the Army of Flanders come from? Often I pondered over the question, and sometimes wondered whether the French could not perhaps spare us a hundred thousand men from their garrisons and depôts, who might be placed on shipboard at Bordeaux or Havre, and carried round in our transports to the harbours of the dunes. And that brings me to another recollection, the recollection of the famous "Russian" myth. Everyone remembers the story of the Russian host that had been secretly carried to Britain to reinforce the Western Allies. The legend spread like wildfire, and nine people out of ten believed it. I know now why we found the preposterous tale so easy to accept. It responded to the popular instinct, and to those vague hopes and expectations so widely cherished. It confirmed our intuition that something was going to be done where we felt it ought to be done. True we had no large visible reserve immediately available for service abroad. That was why the "Russians" had come; it was with this quarter of a million of trained soldiers from the East and North that Kitchener was going to "jump on their backs," to plunge into Belgium, push through the hostile flank, and reach behind the enemy or compel him to withdraw. It was not hard to credit a rumour that seemed so natural and plausible. So we believed in our "Russians," and spoke joyously of them, and awaited the great coup.

Presently we had to learn that the "Russians" were only an army of phantoms. The great *coup* was not made. The Germans were allowed to come down to the Straits of Dover, and the Belgian coast was lost. We looked on with dismay at this, to us civilians, incomprehensible abandonment. But we could only

conclude that it was inevitable, that there were technical and strategic reasons which rendered the suggested plan impossible of execution, and we held our peace, puzzled still but afraid to criticise. After all, we were only laymen, amateurs, and we should merely reveal our ignorance if we set up our crude judgments against the deliberate decisions of the responsible professional soldiers. The men at G.H.Q., above all, the Commander-in-Chief, could estimate the conditions and probabilities as we could not. If Sir John French had not adopted the project which looked so promising from the club armchair, that must be because there were obstacles and difficulties we did not see; we who knew so little, and surveyed the campaign, then and for long after, through a glass darkly. It seemed a fine chance missed; but no doubt the generals were right.

And now we turn to Lord French's Chapter XV. and find that all the time, though we knew it not, we were in agreement with the general who was leading the British armies in the field. It was precisely this plan of an occupation of the Belgian coast to which General French turned after the First Battle of Ypres. He did not think it visionary or fantastic; he considered it feasible, necessary, and fraught with the most important consequences. "The paramount thought in my mind," he writes, "was that the British and Belgian forces, *co-operating with the British Fleet*, should constitute in themselves the left flank of the Allied line in the West." Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, agreed with him. On November 22nd, 1914, Mr. Churchill wrote to the Commander-in-Chief in hopeful and confident mood:—

"If you push your left flank along the sand-dunes of the shore to Ostend and Zeebrugge, we would give you 100 or 200 heavy guns from the sea in absolutely devastating support. For four or five miles inshore we could make you perfectly safe and superior. Here, at least, you have their flank, if you care to use it; and surely the coast strip, held and fed well with troops, would clear the whole line about Dixmude and bend it right back. . . . We could bring men in at Ostend and Zeebrugge to reinforce you in a hard south-eastward push. There is no limit to what could be done by the extreme left-handed push and swoop along the Dutch frontier. . . . In a few hours I could have fifty 12-in. guns and seventy 6-in. bring on the enemy's right and rear."

French's weighty argument, and Winston Churchill's enthusiasm, temporarily carried away the Asquith Cabinet. They sent a strong despatch to the French Government, urging the proposed redistribution of forces on the front, and the transfer of the British troops to the extreme left. They called attention to "the very strong opinion held by his Majesty's Government that

British troops should be so placed in the line as to advance along the coast in immediate co-operation with the Fleet." They pointed out that the Belgian coastal positions if held by Germany must be regarded as a menace to Great Britain. "British public opinion will demand that the menace shall be removed, for the forts on the coast of Belgium are being prepared as a base of operations by sea and air against Great Britain especially, and this may in time hamper the safe transport of troops from England to France. . . . His Majesty's Government consider it most urgent and important that this step should be taken."

Urgent and important it was, but the French Government would have none of it. They referred the proposal to General Joffre, who coldly and absolutely rejected it. The French Generalissimo and his staff cared very little about the Belgian coast, regarding operations towards Ostend-Zeebrugge as "secondary" movements which must not be allowed to interfere with "the main objects." These were, in the first place to prevent the Germans breaking through on the Somme or Aisne; and secondly, to accumulate a strategic reserve behind the French battle-line with which in due course the offensive could be resumed, and the enemy pushed back across the frontier. The menace to England from Belgium seemed, one infers, a remote and minor danger compared with the more imminent and deadly menace to Paris. That must be averted at all costs; for in the winter of 1915 the French temper had not steeled and set as it did later, and the Cabinet and its military advisers evidently feared that a German rush upon the capital might put a breaking strain upon the nerve of France. So the fine and promising strategic conception of the British Commander-in-Chief was bluntly, and almost contemptuously, dismissed.

The British Cabinet accepted the rebuff, and turned elsewhere—to the Dardanelles; and they informed French that the seizure of the Belgian coast-strip "would not be an adequate return for the heavy losses likely to be incurred in the operation." The excuse was disingenuous and unconvincing; it would have been simpler and fairer to say that the enterprise could not be undertaken in the teeth of the determined opposition of the French General Staff. The English Ministers can hardly be blamed for declining to enter upon a quarrel with the Allied Government at that critical stage of the campaign; nor, perhaps, can the French Ministers be censured for yielding to the representations of their own General-in-Chief, who had made up his mind for an "engineer's war," a slow war of positions, and was quite unable to rise to the bolder and more brilliant scheme of his British colleague. French's

plan was abandoned. It is another of the might-have-beens. If it had been adopted the whole course of events might have been different. There might have been no air-raids on Britain, no submarines issuing from Zeebrugge and Ostend to prey upon British and neutral commerce, no unrestricted "frightfulness" at sea; the German retreat might have begun, and the war ended, within the first eighteen months. The best vindication of Lord French's proposal is the terrible Passchendaele struggle of 1917. We spent that red summer and autumn in an unsuccessful attempt to recapture the Belgian coast. We failed, with appalling loss, to accomplish the object we might have attained at comparatively slight cost, with the active and effective co-operation of the Navy, two years earlier. "Divided counsels," is Lord French's laconic comment, "lead to half-measures and indecisive action. Such counsels have always had, and always will have, the most deterrent and disadvantageous effect on any vigorous prosecution of a war, great or small."

The history, alike of the war and of the confused post-war period, illustrates that fragment of elementary moralising. Where our commanders and administrators had a clear view and a free hand they did magnificently. London is, as I write, giving its welcome to Allenby, the conqueror of Palestine and Syria, the leader of the Last Crusade. No victories in the war—not even the great German triumph at Tannenberg, over which Ludendorff justifiably exults—were better planned or better deserved than those won against the Turks; and no army that ever took the field under the flag of Britain showed higher fighting qualities or was directed with more consummate skill. Lord Allenby will hold his place beside the most brilliant of our leaders in the field, beside Clive, Wolfe and Marlborough, a soldier who could devise a great strategic operation, and had the tactical skill and talent for command in action to carry it into effect. The student of the Great War, in the future, will turn with relief from the task of unravelling the tangled threads of the Western campaigns, with their long, slow, involved siege-battles and interminable bombardments, to those swift, Napoleonic movements of the British Army of Syria, and that final battle on the plain of Armageddon where the Turks were broken, surrounded, pulverised, and destroyed. It was one of the most complete victories ever won; and the whole story of its preparation and execution is an epic, worthy to be told in immortal verse by another Tasso or Camoens. Poetical epics are out of date; but one may hope that some prose historian will do adequate justice to this splendid record of British genius and valour.

Associated with it is the wondrous tale of the Arab rising against the Turks, the recovery of the Holy Cities of Islam, the creation of the new Hedjaz kingdom, and the march of the desert warriors upon Damascus—led by a young Oxford don. That strange romance has not yet been set forth in detail, nor is it yet fully appreciated how much was done by a few British administrators and officers, who thought it advisable, for political and patriotic reasons, to keep their own share of the work in the background while the peace negotiations were in progress. Egypt and the Sudan were the bases both for the Syrian and Arabian operations; and how much we owe to a few capable Englishmen and Scots, who controlled the Nile lands and kept them firm and safe behind the armies in the field, how many difficulties they overcame, and what courage, judgment and resource they exhibited—these things we shall know when the full story of the splendid Middle Eastern "side-shows" can be, and is, told

It is depressing to turn from these achievements to the confusion and disorder of Middle Eastern politics which are their unwelcome sequel. While affairs were in the hands of the soldiers and local administrators they went fairly well. Now Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, are swept into the maelstrom of the peace negotiations, and all is uncertainty and indecision. Allenby has come over, not to receive congratulations, but to help a perturbed diplomacy to arrive at definite conclusions on the future of Syria and Palestine. We have countered the German *Drang nach Osten*, and thrust the Turk from the lands he has blighted for six centuries, and that is much; it remains to dispose of the emancipated territories without setting up new quarrels among their deliverers. We ourselves are more interested in Egypt than in Palestine or Syria; and after the tranquillity and good order maintained in the Nile basin during the most critical phases of the war, it is disconcerting to find Egypt seething with revolutionary "unrest." What are the causes and conditions of this very unsatisfactory situation? So little information has been given us that we cannot speak with any confidence. For myself I cannot profess to know anything beyond what has been disclosed in official documents and newspaper despatches, and that is little enough. If one may hazard a conjecture, it is that Egypt has been suffering from alternate neglect, and intermittent over-attention, on the part of the authorities of Downing Street and Paris who, in the other preoccupations of the War, forgot the new Sultanate, after they had discovered it from Turkey and declared it a British Protectorate.

"We are not loved in Egypt." That was what I said when I wrote a book about the country some years before the War; and nothing I have heard since disposes me to alter my opinion. A population predominantly Mussulman would prefer not to be under Christian and Western tutelage. But I think that till recently a majority of sensible and thinking Egyptians, though they might be, and probably were, Nationalist in sentiment, recognised that they could not as yet run quite alone, and that on the whole the control and protection of Britain would be ill-exchanged for those of any other civilised Power. Therefore we were tolerated and respected: for, uncongenial as we might be in many ways, it was admitted that Cromer, and his disciples and successors, had conferred financial stability and material prosperity on the Lower Nile valley. Meanwhile Kitchener and Sir Reginald Wingate had redeemed from barbarism the neighbouring Sudan territory, from Wadi Halfa southwards, a territory peopled by powerful Arab tribes who had been the soul of the Mahdist movement; and they had brought order and settled government into the vast equatorial regions, and by a paternal and sympathetic rule of the wild black population of the Upper Nile and Bahr-el-Ghazal regions they had made the whole amalgam of savagery and fanaticism tranquil, contented, and secure. Through the War these Arabs and Africans were faithful to Britain; a deputation of their leading sheikhs and religious chiefs was recently in London to assure the King of their loyalty. The eldest son of the dead Mahdi was in the party, and he came to present to King George his father's sword, the Holy Sword of Victory. We gave them something in return; for Parliament has sanctioned a loan of several millions, raised under an imperial guarantee, for the development of cotton cultivation and railway extension in the Sudan. "Unrest" does not disturb the administrators of Khartoum. In Egypt itself, widely spread as the Nationalist tendency was—I daresay everybody, from the Sultan to the fellah, had a certain sympathy with the idea—it remained too vague and amorphous to give opportunities to the Extremist and Separatist group, and so caused little trouble during the War.

Then came the Armistice, and all the League-of-Nations talk, and the announcement that the emancipated peoples were to have the fullest rights of self-determination. The Egyptian Home Rulers, led by Saad Zaghlul and his friends, became articulate and insistent. They made energetic claims which were doubtless inconvenient, but were not, in the circumstances, unnatural. "If," they urged, "all these half-baked, new-minted, artificially compounded communities are to govern themselves and control their own destinies, then why not also we, an united, self-conscious,

people, the heirs of one of the oldest civilisations in the world? Are we, then, with our traditions and education, and after we have had the inestimable advantage of forty years of British tuition, politically inferior, not merely to Serbo-Croats and Syrians and Caucasians and Armenians, but even to the semi-savages of the Arabian deserts? At any rate let us be allowed to go to England and lay our case before the British Government; and let us be allowed also to lay it before the Peacemakers, the Great Council of the Powers in Paris, which apparently is willing to listen to delegates from peoples and nationalities quite insignificant compared to ourselves."

The demand, even under a British Protectorate, does not seem unreasonable, and it might well have been conceded. The Egyptian Extremists could have blown off their steam, and found their level, in discussing their grievances with statesmen and under-secretaries in the Western capitals, and would have returned chastened and sober. I should have thought that in the great orgy of debate no harm would have been done if the voice of Egyptian Nationalism had been able to get in a few aggressive whispers—tempered, as they would have been, by the more moderate claims of the Egyptian Prime Minister and his colleagues, who had also asked to be received and heard.

However, Paris and Downing Street would not consent. An embargo was laid upon the proposed voyage of the Nationalist spokesmen, and they were told that they would not be allowed to come to Europe. It was decided to sit upon the safety-valve, always a risky proceeding unless the pressure is irresistible and continuous. In this case it was not. The safety-valve blew off, the country was convulsed by a furious and threatening agitation, murderous outrages occurred, and there was something like an organised rebellion against the British control. Our Government at home—I find it difficult to believe that the responsible men on the spot, who know Egypt and the Egyptian character, were parties to the transaction—yielded to violence, released Naeed Zaghlul and his associates from internment at Malta, and actually permitted them to come to Paris, though with no official recognition. Lawlessness and intimidation have scored a distinct success, with the natural result that the Extremist Party is neither satisfied nor conciliated, but is opening its mouth wider, and repudiating anything short of complete autonomy. Concessions, which would have been received with gratitude a few months ago, are now regarded with contempt. So the revolutionary movement goes on, and the new Prime Minister, Mohammed Said, has been the objective of a bomb outrage. Our

Cabinet has at least, if somewhat tardily, shown its sense of the gravity of the Egyptian situation by deputing its most statesman-like member to investigate the question. Lord Milner will be traversing ground with which he is already acquainted. It was in the Finance Ministry at Cairo that he first came into close contact with the problems of Empire; and it was his famous book, "England in Egypt," which made his name familiar to the general public, and gave some hint of those great qualities of intellect and character which have found their fullest scope during the past four years on the largest stage of all. Let us hope that he may succeed in drafting a plan of settlement for Egypt which will be consistent both with British interests and with the reasonable aspirations of patriotic Egyptians. It will be no easy task.

Another coal strike on the largest scale, perhaps assisted by a strike of railway and transport workers, is the pleasing prospect held out to us for the coming winter; since the Trade Union Congress has decided, by a "block vote," to "compel" the Government to nationalise the coal mines. But a block vote of the Congress is not always implicitly obeyed by the rank and file whom the delegates are supposed to represent. I did not notice in the speeches of the trade union politicians any recognition of that approaching and inevitable decline of the British coal industry, from natural causes, discussed by Jevons in the notable book to which I referred last month. Sir Charles Parsons, in his arresting Presidential Address to the British Association, did touch upon the subject, and reminded his hearers that the British coal-fields are not inexhaustible, and at some, perhaps remote, era may be worked out. The era is less distant than the great inventor, looking at the question from the scientific side, assumes. It may even be near at hand. Our collieries may not be exhausted, but they will cease to be worth working, when coal can no longer be extracted from them at a profit. Seeing that American coal can already be put down at Cardiff cheaper than Welsh coal, we are obviously not far from that stage. With another year or two of strikes, *ca' canny*, minimum wages, and the seven-hours day, we shall be perilously close to the period when it will be better business to burn imported coal than to buy the native product. In that event British coal-mining will be in a bad way, and nationalisation could not save it, unless nationalisation were combined with conscripted labour. This might happen. The nation, having taken over this huge asset, might insist that it should be developed and exploited upon profitable terms. "Wage-slavery" and communal ownership are complementary to one another, as the Russian Bolshevik Government has discovered.

SIDNEY LOW.

A CITY AT NIGHT.

(1)

O! city sleeping 'neath the moon,
Your dreaming houses every side
Seem children's castles built at noon
To last no longer than a tide :
And all your daylight pomp of spires,
The night engulfs for all their pride.

(2)

O! city sleeping 'neath the stars,
Through every street strange winds do move :
And ever through your closest bars
Come free as air both Death and Love ;
And with them all infinities
For you to grasp, for you to prove.

(3)

O! sleeping city 'midst the vast
Great soundless ocean of black space :
Your builded walls, how shall they last ?
What bid Time's fingers not efface ?
Nay ! all shall pass, save for thy part
In man, who wast man's dwelling place.

ARTHUR E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

the exchange value, i.e., the purchasing value of the pound in the exporting countries. In the United States it has lately fallen as low as 17s., and if such an abnormal rate were to continue importers would have to pay 3s. in the £, or something like 15 per cent. more for their goods. Consider what such a loss would mean on a large volume of transactions. For the months of July and August our imports, less re-exports, were £274 500,000, and 15 per cent. on £274,500,000 would amount to £41,175,000, and the total, assuming for the sake of illustration that such a ruinous rate were maintained, would be close on £217,000,000 a year. And this, remember, in addition to the ordinary *c.i.f.* charges. No doubt a low exchange is equally unwelcome to the creditor countries. It puts a check on their exports. Some American bankers think that the fall of the £ threatens ruin to the greater part of their export trade. At any rate when our merchants realise that they may have to pay as much as £1 3s. 6d. for every pound's worth of American commodities they import, they will naturally cut down their purchases to the lowest possible point.

These figures, looked at from the most favourable point of view, are alarming. It is clear that the exchange can only go up when we are exporting in quantities, and when the automatic falling in imports, if any, is supplemented by a national resolve to abstain altogether from foreign luxuries. Until a few weeks ago extravagance, not to say prodigality, was rampant. Both the classes and the masses seemed to think that as there has been a prolonged and terrible strain and we have escaped the agony of defeat we ought to sing a *publita* from the house-tops, let ourselves go and "hang the expense." This is what the nation with few exceptions has been thinking and how it has been acting, ever since the Armistice was signed. Nor can its conduct be greatly wondered at when we see what sort of example the Government spending departments have set. Never in the world's history has there been such a scandalous orgie of official extravagance. If the bureaucrats who have been allowed control had shot sovereigns by the cartload down some fathomless pit, or made huge bonfires of Treasury Notes, they could not have got rid of the taxpayers' money more quickly or less usefully. Fantastic and foolhardy schemes of great cost have been mulishly defended and persisted in, notwithstanding expert criticism and popular rebuke; swollen, overpaid and half-employed clerical staffs have been retained long after there was any use for their services; stores have been given to contractors and then bought back from them with the nation's money; and there are lots of instances of Government officials having sanctioned the payment of wages at three times the pre-

war rates to workmen who never did a third of a fair day's work. These are a few of the ways in which the public money has gone; and the Lotus-land spirit has been further encouraged since the war by indiscriminate employment doles. It is no exaggeration to say that in some thousands of cases the Government have, in effect, been bribing people *not* to work.

The public long waited in vain for a Ministerial utterance that showed the Government to be in earnest in battling with this ominous carnival of national waste. Not until very late in the day was authoritative utterance forthcoming. Even on that afternoon preceding the adjournment of Parliament, when the Prime Minister reviewed the situation, he excused rather than censured the departments. There was nothing, it was suggested, upon which the economist could beneficially go to work except the War Office estimates, and as the strength of the post-war army had not been yet decided, these were, so to speak, sacrosanct, and no profane fingers must be suffered to touch them. If it were suggested that other departments, for example that of Munitions, might be open to a little rebuke, we were reminded by the Prime Minister, with a note of protest in his voice, of the enormous saving for which it was responsible. It is not a new theory that a little good counter-balances a lot of evil. If we mistake not, some of the erring, pseudo-philanthropic trustees and company-directors who have now and again got themselves into financial trouble, have pointed, with tears of remonstrance in their eyes, to the chapel corner-stones which they have laid with silver trowels and the charity subscriptions wherein their names have magnificently figured. If a Government department has peradventure saved the country some money, it has done no more than its bare duty, and the discharge of an obvious duty cannot be pleaded as a set-off to a more obvious neglect. In the good old days the gallant, befrilled highwayman robbed the rich in quite the grand manner, and salved his conscience by giving tithe of his booty to the poor; nevertheless if he chanced to get caught he was strung up just as promptly as if he had been the meanest and flintiest curmudgeon on the road. It is satisfactory, however, to note that at the end of August there was a big shaking up in Government circles. The outcry of an indignant public could no longer go unheeded, and the Prime Minister addressed a letter in strong terms—somewhat tardily, no doubt—to his colleagues pointing out the urgent need for effecting all possible economies and telling them plainly that heads of departments must either retrench or resign. As a natural result there was consternation at Whitehall and in other spendthrift quarters. Notices of dismissal were rained upon the redundant staffs. All this deathbed repentance is good as far as it goes, but it does

nothing to put back into the pockets of the taxpayers the money recklessly squandered in indefensible enterprises such as those at Slough, Dorchester, Didcot, Richborough, Barnboro' and Gretna. Nor can we be confident that the panic of amendment is going to last. Past experience has taught us that it would take dynamite to move some of the Tite Barnacles, and we have yet to see if there is any genuine determination to carry out the necessary reductions.

So long as the prodigal outpouring of money by the Government and by individuals goes on and the fountains of production are dried up, manufacturers are losing contracts, other countries benefit, and the vital work of repairing the shrinkage of our own national wealth is not begun. If we were asked to name the most puissant twin-devils that could drive or lure the country over a financial precipice one could give no better answer than Extravagance and Slackening Industry. The one complements the mischievous work of the other. One makes a leak in the cistern, the other stops up the springs and prevents any water from flowing in. Slackening industry means decreased output just when there is an urgent need for increased output. It is impossible, therefore, to regard the conditions in the industrial world without a feeling of dismay. In nearly every quarter the demands for higher wages and shorter hours are too frequently supported, and sometimes preceded, by strikes. These demands, in view of the cost of living, may be reasonable; in many instances they probably are. At least half of the strikes that have taken place during and since the war need never have taken place at all if the employers, whether joint-stock companies or Ministers of the Crown, had conceded at first what they had to concede in the end. It is unfortunately one of the incurable propensities of human nature that the man who has to pay wants to pay as little as he can, and the man who has to receive wants to get the most he can. Although a large proportion of the advances that have been given—more or less reluctantly, it must be confessed—have been warranted by the increased cost of necessities, it is none the less a disconcerting circumstance, of which Labour does not take sufficient note, that the remedy applied in one direction has aggravated the disease in others. When the wages in a particular trade are raised because food and clothing are dearer, the products of that trade are automatically made dearer for the rest of the community. And so the wage-increases act and react, and the appetite grows by what it feeds on. It follows that the real remedy lies in a lowering of the cost of living, not in increasing wages.

A speedy settlement of disputes and the removal of all possible excuses for dispute are the paramount needs of the day. It will

provoke no dissent if we say that the incessant strife between Capital and Labour is paralysing industry and ruining our chances in the coming trade competition. With industries held up here, there and everywhere, with the coal supply seriously reduced, with recurring threats of paralysing the country's transport, the outlook for increased exports is not characterised by much in the way of promise. But even Labour is beginning to realise the desperateness of the situation. No more significant warning has been issued than that of the Management Committee of the General Federation of Trade Unions in their last quarterly report. Here at last is plain speaking from the right quarter :

" In view of the national situation and the possibility of a grave shortage, it is imperative that trade unionists should face the facts. The outstanding ones are that the war is over; that competitive laws as between nations are now forcefully operating; that food and raw materials required for the sustenance of the men and women of Britain must be bought from countries over whose merchants our Government has no control; and that these commodities must be paid for with goods and not paper. November, 1919, to May, 1920, will be fateful months; unless sanity returns and production increases they will be tragic months."

This manifesto was immediately followed by a letter from Mr. J. T. Brownlie, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, to Mr. C. W. Bowerman, Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, pointing out that there is much misapprehension on the question of production, and that responsible Labour leaders must take action themselves to relieve the " very grave " national situation. A similar note was struck by the Chairman of the Glasgow Congress, when he said that Labour must co-operate in the work of securing a larger output. Even Mr. Robert Smillie seems concerned and anxious to dissociate himself from any suggestion that the production of coal should be wilfully diminished.

The Federation of Trade Unionists condemns political strikes, root and branch. " Political strikes must either fail or end in revolution." It will be something to the good if Labour—straightforward, conscientious, non-combative Labour—is made alive to the fact that unless it takes care it will be devoured by the extremists who are striving, not to improve the conditions of the workers, but to get the reins of power into their own hands and shatter society in order to build it anew after some wild Utopian model of their own. The financial stress of England, it cannot be too often repeated, must mean, primarily and emphatically, the ruin of Labour, and the continuance of acrimonious quarrelling between the workers and those who employ them spells the ruin of England in capital letters. If we are to live at all it can only be

by means of our foreign trade. We can do nothing without it. Kill it, by lack of initiative, by an obstinate conservatism of method, or by industrial disagreements which hinder production, and you kill the nation. Without export trade we cannot pay for our imports; without our imports of raw materials we cannot continue to manufacture goods for export, and without our food imports millions of the population would have to starve. In vivid characters the handwriting on the wall tells us with clear, pitiless candour that if Capital and Labour do not compose their differences, live together in amicable co-operation, and put their backs into the task before them, the already appallingly adverse balance of trade will become more adverse, until our credit will be gone, our bills dishonoured and our commercial glory but the pale, sheeted ghost of a tradition.

It will not be disputed, then, that the first essentials are to reduce expenditure on all unnecessary imports, and energetically to stimulate production for export. What sort of a hand are the Government taking in the work? The secret of their proposals, such as they are, was long kept with sedulous care. There were frequent references to a "locked box," in which was deposited the treasure of political wisdom that was to put trade on its feet again. Any inquiring member of Parliament who sought for guidance on our future trade policy was so persistently referred to the mysteries of the locked box, that one began to think of Madame Humbert and her invisible millions. At length, however, on a memorable afternoon, the Prime Minister unlocked the box, and at great length described the contents. That there was a clear, definite and practical trade policy wrapped up somewhere in the swaddling clothes of his rhetoric, it would be profane to doubt. But the puzzle was to disentangle it from the intricate wrappings. Put into a nut-shell, the intentions of the Government are to assist export trade to European countries to the extent of £25,000,000, provided the individual cases of assistance have had the approval of local bankers; to establish maximum hours of work throughout the country; to provide for all workers a living wage; to see to "humanising" industry by carrying out to the fullest extent the principles of the Whitley report; and to recommend that workers shall be given a more real financial interest in the success of the works wherein they are employed. All these are excellent ideals, but so far they are vague. Who, for instance, can decide what is a living wage? Who can devise a system of profit-sharing that shall be both equitable and satisfactory? It is something, perhaps, to know that the Government intend to tackle these subjects, and the public are already anxious to learn the details of the various schemes by which Labour is to be placated,

Capital encouraged, and trade made to hum. In the absence of such details, however, we can only congratulate the Premier on the confident hope with which from the Pisgah heights of optimism he surveyed the Promised Land.

For the moment there is a wider interest in, and a more vigorous controversy waged around, the question of imports. It all comes back to the ancient dispute, *Free Trade versus Protection*. During the war imports were regulated by means of Government licences, but since September 1st this system has been abandoned and foreign goods, American, Japanese, and German included, with the exception of those already dutiable, can come into the country without any restriction. Provision is, however, promised to prevent the dumping which might otherwise follow this re-opening of the Free Trade door, and also to protect the "key" industries. No one will lament the demise of the licensing system. It was made necessary by war conditions, and its purpose, although more or less protective, was cunningly devised so that it might be swallowed by Free Traders without their having to make wry faces. It may be that some of them afterwards had cause to believe that what they supposed was a soothing draught was really a liniment. With regard to the policy to which a return is now partially made, the trembling hand of indecision is again in evidence. The licence does not disappear altogether. Although nominally evicted, it still retains possession of some of the rooms. Take a pantomime sprite it goes down one trap only to pop up through another. Dumping—defined as putting on our market foreign manufactured goods at lower prices than they are sold at in the countries of their origin—is to be prevented, that is, the goods are presumably to be kept out by means of a tariff. Key industries are to be protected, and those that are classed as "unstable" (a classification by the by that may be stretched to include a wide range of industries), defended against foreign imports by means of licence fees graduated according to the values affected. Could not the desired end have been attained by the direct way of a tariff, instead of by the indirect expedient of a licensing fee? Are they not practically the same thing—as like as Tweedledum and Tweedledee in Tenniel's familiar illustrations? It is the conflict of principles in the Cabinet that is responsible for all this letting of "I dare not" wait upon "I would." On the one hand you have an apparent *redintegratio amoris* with Free Trade—a relenting mood of renewed relations and "making it up"; on the other you have reservations and licensing fees which seem to suggest that the Government while in a hurry to be on with the new love do not want to break with the old. The fees, which are capable of an indefinitely wide application, will act in

much the same way as an *ad valorem* duty, and it is their avowed object, as it is that of an *ad valorem* duty, to protect our home industries by penalising competitive imports. The motive may be good, but the method is a little uncandid. You may pour water from a gold-foiled bottle and call it champagne, but it is water all the same. This comment must not be taken as an advocacy of indiscriminate protection; nor must it be taken as being hostile to the principle of cheapening goods for the people. Some trades are for special reasons entitled to protection against an irruption of rival productions, particularly productions from the late enemy countries. The real point at issue is whether it is better to have cheap markets of foreign imports or to keep out those imports and give our own manufactures a chance. Surely this is a matter that can be justly decided only by dealing with the different trades individually and legislating according to their special circumstances and necessities. The home metal "toy" trade, to take one instance, is severely handicapped by its inability to bring its factories and machinery into action without some months of delay; and it fairly contends that during this interval, and until it can compete on equal terms, rival German goods ought to be kept out by a prohibitory tariff. Every trade, in short, ought to be judged on its merits. It is probable that there are many in which the interests of the consuming public are of more importance than those of the manufacturer and his employees, and in such cases a tariff would do more harm than good. Cannot the leaders of the two parties get together and, divesting themselves of prejudice and discarding their ancient shibboleths, construct a scheme based upon a careful examination of the practical side of the subject. We have to remember that we are living in new conditions-- that the old order has changed and the old principles of guidance, however useful in their day, have changed with it. We want cheap markets, low prices, everything that will lower the cost of living; but we also want thriving industries and prosperous labour. Cannot the two aims be reconciled?

On one point of prime importance the Government policy is explicit, although it cannot be said that its explicitness has served to make the confusion of the Labour question less confounded. There is not to be a Government Bill to nationalise the coal mines, but there is to be a Government Bill for the State purchase of mining royalties. Taken together these proposals please nobody. They are opposed by both owners and colliers; by the former because they regard the purchase of royalties as the thin end of the wedge, and by the latter because it is not the whole wedge. For the principle of nationalisation there is something to be said, but all the arguments in its favour are outweighed by the enor-

mous financial risk involved in the experiment and by the certainty that Government ownership would mean Government management, and Government management would probably mean national disaster. There is overwhelming warranty for this belief in the loss on the railways, the muddle of the telephones and the disappointing results of everything that is under the dead hand of State control. If the coal mines were under the permanent direction of a Government department not only would industry suffer but the taxpayers would suffer as well. The Government evidently realised that the rejection of nationalisation would be gall and wormwood to the section of the miners represented on the recent Coal Commission; therefore they threw the royalties as a sop to Cerberus. Whether their hermaphrodite policy will break up the agitation of the advocates by showing them that even a sponge has its limit of squeezability remains to be seen. The proceedings at the Trade Union Congress do not seem to favour such a belief.

Speaking generally, the Ministerial programme has not been received with enthusiasm by the country. After the Premier's picture of lurid skies and seismic rumblings, the measures which he puts forward to restore prosperity and tranquillity are very much in the nature of what John Bright called a pill to cure an earthquake. The air is full of portents, yet counsel is darkened and the "pull devil, pull baker" policy which makes the decisions of the Coalition so flabby and invertebrate is impotent to grasp realities and greatly dare. Faith in the sane judgment of the English democracy has been partially clouded over by the foolish developments of Labour unrest. There is a widespread feeling of uneasiness, even of apprehension. But downheartedness will not make things any better. There are, as has already been pointed out, signs that the public, and especially the working-classes, are waking up to the dangers of the situation. Everything really depends upon the courage and common sense of the average working man. If he shows himself strong enough to combat and overthrow the pernicious teachings of the comparatively small anarchical group, and to make Trade Unionism subserve the true and permanent interests of Labour and the country, and the Government back him up with a bold and comprehensive trade policy, we shall emerge from these trials before the danger is beyond control.

H. J. JENNINGS.

CHANGING MASTERS

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF DAMASCUS DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE BRITISH OCCUPATION, 1919

THROUGHOUT its long history Damascus has changed masters many times, and generally without battle or siege. Strong as it must have been in early times, to which the old wall still testifies, its rich merchants preferred as a rule to surrender their city to the conquerors and buy freedom from pillage, rather than stand a siege with its almost inevitable consequences of massacre and plunder when the city fell. Consequently, succeeding waves of conquering nations have passed over it leaving it untouched, its ways unchanged, its great commerce unharmed.

Perhaps the city owes its distinctive character in large measure to this fact, a character that sets it apart from all the other great cities of the East at the present day. Its inhabitants are singularly proud, exclusive and jealous of outside, especially Western, interference. It is said that no Damascene ever leaves Damascus, or if fate or business compel him to leave it for a time, he will always return to die there.

The one great change in the character of the city has been due to the penetration into it of the Arabs. This began at a very early period, long before the introduction of the Moslem religion and has been going on ever since. But it was from the day when Mahomet first looked down upon the fair green plain from the harsh desert hills to the east that Damascus has been the earthly paradise of the Arabs. That the Prophet himself realised the fascination it would have for his people is evident from the fact that he refused to enter it. He sent his followers in to take possession of the city and to obtain food, but he himself, with that sure dramatic instinct which was characteristic of him, remained without in the desert. "For," said he, "were I to enter Damascus I fear lest I should lose my right to Paradise."

From that time down to the present day the city has been the focus and centre of Arab life. Countless Arab poets have sung its praises in extravagant terms. It has been constantly both reinforced and kept at the same level of civilisation by intercourse with Arabs from the desert, till to-day they form about four-fifths of its total population.

Perhaps the fascination it has always held for desert eyes and desert life may be summed up in the two words, **water and trees.**

The plain and city lie on the very edge of the desert. No mountain range bars the entry, and all the long desert trails lead at the end to its gates. To the wild sons of rock and sand, accustomed only to the scanty shade of their ragged, black tents, hoarding the bitter water of the desert wells as most precious liquor, the great city, with its ninety square miles of trees and cool, green gardens and its abundant water, must seem, indeed, like Paradise. Especially the water. Water everywhere, running in clear streams through the streets, and in the old, stone-lined Roman aqueducts under them, springing from hundreds of public fountains about the city, brimming over and running to waste from the marble basins in every mosque and khan.

Damascus is one of the very few cities of the Turkish Empire whose water supply is above reproach. The drinking-fountains, of which there are about 250 in the city, are supplied by a pipe line from the pure spring of Ain Fije, about eleven miles north-west of the city, which also serves a big reservoir on the hill of Salahiye, the north-western suburb. This system was only built a few years before the war. Before that time all the drinking-water of the city came from the Nahr Barada, the River Abana of the Bible, and Chrysorrhoas of the Greeks. This beautiful mountain stream emerges from a wonderful gorge north-west of the city, and immediately divides into seven branches, which spread out like the ribs of a fan over the fertile plain of Damascus. The main branch, with two canals, passes through the city itself, while the remaining branches, dividing into hundreds of canals, serve to irrigate the great forest of orange-trees, figs, peaches, apricots, pears, almonds and walnuts, and the vineyards of the great plain. The surplus waters, passing eastwards, finally lose themselves in a series of marshy lakes called the *Bahret el Ateibe*, about eighteen miles east of the city. Another stream, the Nahr el Awuj, or "Crooked River," the river *Pharpar* of the Bible, rises on the eastern slopes of Mount Hermon and flows through the southern portion of the plain.

Now at last the old dream of an Arab State, centred on Damascus, has been realised, and it was the writer's fate to assist at that realisation, and to witness the last of the many changes of masters that this old city has suffered.

The first of the British troops entered Damascus on the evening of September 30th, 1918, and on the following day more British soldiers and the advanced troops of the Sherifian forces arrived, to find the whole place in a state of utter chaos and anarchy. There were about 12,000 Turkish soldiers in the town, most of whom had reached it in a starving condition on the two previous days. They had seized all the food they could lay hands

on, and stuffed themselves to repletion, with the natural result that they became very ill. The whole Turkish force was already undermined with disease, mostly malaria. The existing hospitals had long ago overflowed, and most of the better class houses in the western suburb had been requisitioned as temporary hospitals. Finding all these full, the sick and wounded had dragged themselves to the big barracks, which they filled, and overflowed into the barrack square. Here they had died in hundreds, and there was no one to bury them. The living and the dead lay together all over the barracks in filth and misery indescribable.

The great plain of Damascus is cultivated by Arab *jellah* villagers of the same truculent and exclusive spirit as the people of the city itself. There is also at all times a considerable floating population of tenting nomads of predatory tendencies, who come in from the desert to trade, and pitch their tents awhile amid the green trees and the running streams of the oasis. Both elements of this rural population combine to make the environs of Damascus less safe than the desert. In and about the suburb of Salahiye are many Kurds, Algerians and Cretan Moslems, who have caused the habit of a solitary evening stroll to fall into disuse among the inhabitants of that neighbourhood. In the last few days of the Turkish retreat these evil elements of the population, released from all control, had broken out. Aided by the convicts in the jail, which they had opened, and armed with Turkish rifles, they spread through the city in bands, pillaging and murdering. All shops were closed, and business was at a stand-still. The Christians and Jews huddled trembling in their own quarters of the town, hourly expecting a massacre, and scarce dared show themselves out of doors.

Such was the state of affairs on October 1st, and as the Sherifian forces were quite unable to cope with the situation, and, indeed, contributed in some measure to the disorders, it became necessary at length to station one of the Australian cavalry regiments in the city to police the streets and restore order. This had an immediate effect. The disorders ceased, public confidence was gradually restored, and, at the end of a week, affairs had resumed more or less their normal course.

Owing to its position on the edge of the desert, and on the old trade routes from Europe and Mesopotamia to Palestine and Egypt, Damascus has always been, and still is, one of the great markets of the East. It is connected by rail with the port of Beirut, and imports from Europe Manchester goods, hardware, cutlery, woollen goods and many other things, which are retailed to the surrounding districts and re-exported to more distant places. It is also the market for all local goods such as wheat, especially

the famous white wheat of the ~~Mauran~~ ^{Mauran}; wool; dried fruits, as apricots, raisins and dates; nuts, olives and olive oil. Vast quantities of poplar trees are grown on the plain, and supply the building timber for the whole of Syria. The city is also one of the chief manufacturing centres for the beautiful Syrian silks, for cotton and woollen cloths of a rough quality, for the well-known inlaid brass, Damascene ware, and for inlaid furniture. "Damascus blades" are still eagerly bought by the unwary tourist, but they are all worthless imitations. The famous steel has not been made there since the days of Tamerlane, who removed all the craftsmen to Samarkand, where the trade is carried on to this day.

During the war, practically the whole of this great trade was at a standstill. Denied the use of its port by the British Navy, and connected with Europe only by a single line of railway, which was taxed to its utmost, carrying troops and military stores, the city was unable either to import Western goods or to export its own products and manufactures. Thousands of tons of fruit rotted for lack of a market; dust gathered on the idle looms; the craftsmen hungered and died.

When the British troops took possession, it seemed as though the city stirred and woke from its long sleep, at first slowly and cautiously, and then more quickly, as public confidence was restored. Within a month, though of course the Western import and export trade was still closed, most of the industries were at work again. The troops, especially the Australians, had money to spend, and good money too. The city's market was within her walls. Once more the shuttle flickered in the looms, the wood-workers' bazaar was full of the sweet scent of fresh wood shavings, and the street of the metal-workers resounded all day long to the blows of hammer and chisel.

It was remarkable what a lot of merchandise of every kind came to light as soon as the merchants were convinced that the Turks and their German masters were gone for good. There was a shortage of silver, and still more of brass, for the making of the famous Damascene ware, and some shortage of silk, due, in part, to the fact that the Turks had cut down many of the mulberry trees in Syria, on which the silkworms feed, for use in field works and for fuel. Other commodities, however, seemed to appear like magic. The beautiful khan of Asad Pasha, the produce market of the city, was empty when we first arrived. A week later it was stacked high with bags of coffee and sugar, and bales of hides, silk and wool.

As regards stuffs, Jemal Pasha "the Big" had, according to the natives, assisted in producing the shortage by buying up all

the good carpets he could lay ~~down~~ on, and great quantities of silks, at prices fixed by himself. These he had then exported to Switzerland, whence an agent re-exported them to America. Those were fat times for the members of the Committee of Union and Progress. I heard the same story later on at Homs, one of the chief towns of the Syrian silk trade.

All the shops seemed to be well stocked, and the only shortage that was seriously felt was the lack of gold and silver money. The Turks had issued paper money down to as low a denomination as half a piastre—about one penny. This the inhabitants had been compelled to accept at a value far above the true one, with the result that they were thoroughly distrustful of all paper money. Even after making allowance for this, however, it came upon one rather as a shock to find that one could buy £100 in perfectly good Bank of England notes for 55 sovereigns. This was probably due, in part also, to a systematic campaign carried out by the Germans to depreciate the paper money and securities of both Allied and neutral countries. As an instance, the bearer bonds of a certain neutral country, quoted in the London market at the time at about £98, could be readily bought in Damascus for £50 in either English or Turkish gold. The sudden and unexpected influx of real money caused a great revival of trade, and the inhabitants assured us that never since the beginning of the war, nor for many years before that, had so much business been done. "The great days of Damascus have come back again," they said.

The bazaars presented a scene of great animation and colour at this time. All through the day, till about three in the afternoon, they were packed with a throng of people that shifted and changed before the eyes like the colours in a kalendoscope. Here a group of grey-bearded merchants, seated in front of the shop of one of them, or in one of the khans, discuss business over a bubbling *argh*. Up a side street swings a little party of cadets from the Turkish military school, in their brilliant blue uniforms, marching as smartly as a regiment of Guards. These boys and their teachers accepted the British occupation very philosophically and continued their drills and studies much as though nothing unusual had happened. They range in age from about twelve to sixteen years, and in drill and appearance would be no discredit to Woolwich or Sandhurst.

A tattered-looking ruffian walks up and down, displaying for sale a stolen German revolver, and hawling "*Myah u sittayn erah mishan hat tabanja kurayia. Myah u sittayn bass!*" ("A hundred and sixty piastres for this fine pistol. Only a hundred and sixty!"). Men stop him from time to time to look at the

pistol, and perhaps to make an offer, which is refused. They pass on, and come back a little later to offer a little more, in the manner of the East. Patient donkeys pick their way among the throng, carrying great loads of scarlet chilies, or crimson pomegranates, or bunches of purple grapes. Water carriers, and the sellers of sherbet, with their big polished brass bottles on their backs, and their tinkling cymbals; vendors of sweetmeats, *mulabbas* and *hamd u hilu* (sour and sweet, i.e., lollipops) ply their trades among the crowd. And, through it all, there runs an indefinite note, of reawakened interest, of excitement and of relief. One thinks of a covey of partridges, that have long remained frozen into immobility in the stubble while the hawk circled above them, beginning to move about again and seek their food when he has gone.

The city was much wilder and more picturesque than in peace time. In the first place the European element had almost entirely disappeared. Indeed the Spanish Consul seemed to be the only European of any standing left. Of the many different kinds of natives there, practically all wore native dress. A few only of the Christian shopkeepers in the so-called Bazaar of the Greeks still sported European clothes with a fez; but in all the time I was living there I saw but two people in complete, ordinary European dress, and one of these was a native.

The Arab soldiers of King Hussein struck everywhere a new and picturesque note in their uniforms of grey or blue jacket, with red facings, grey breeches, and black knee-boots. For head-dress a dark purple or white silk *ketāya* and green cord *uqdl* with gold thread binding and tassels. The *ketāya*, or *hatta*, is the square head cloth worn by desert Arabs from Morocco to Baghdad. It is folded across a diagonal and worn draped over the head, with the corners hanging down behind. The ends may be wrapped round the neck in cold weather, or one end can be drawn across the whole of the lower part of the face and tucked into the *uqdl* or head-band on the other side, leaving only the eyes exposed, so as to protect the nose and mouth from dust, in the manner made familiar to all by many pictures. The *uqdl* is the loop of rope, generally made of camel-hair dyed black, which encircles the head twice, keeping the *ketāya* in place.

Hordes of desert Arabs had joined the standard of King Hussein and followed his troops into the city. These strolled about the streets or rode up and down the bazaars, not slinkingly as is generally the case with the desert-bred in a city, but swaggering mightily, each with rifle slung over his shoulder and sword or dagger displayed in his belt.

The British Government was paying King Hussein a monthly subsidy in gold, as his wild tribesmen did not understand paper money. Some of this he paid to these irregular followers, who wandered about the city, buying anything that took their fancy till all their money was gone. Then they either asked for, and generally got, more money, or went back with their gaudy spoils into the wilderness.

The shopkeepers were not slow to take advantage of the unsophisticated children of the desert. On one occasion I was engaged in a long and patient argument with a merchant in the Suk et Tawileh, the "Street that is called Straight" of the Bible, over the price of some silk 'iby, the long inner cloaks worn by men. Just as I was on the point of striking a bargain, one of these sons of Ishmael, attracted by the bright colours displayed in the booth, came up and squatted down on the step. He looked at a very bright blue one, and asked the price. The merchant cast an appealing look at me, and named eight pounds, a perfectly monstrous price. Without a word the Arab counted out from his leather belt eight English sovereigns, and walked off at once with the perfectly useless purchase.

With so many fat pigeons asking to be plucked, it was not long before the merchants put up the prices of commodities to a prohibitive level, and it was a little galling to realise that the very gold which we, as taxpayers, were providing, was the means of raising prices to a level at which few among us could afford to buy the many beautiful things offered for sale.

It was in the bazaar of the leather-workers that one saw more of the desert dwellers than in any other part of the city. Good leather seems to attract the menfolk of all nations, and the Arab is no exception to the rule. Like children in a toy-shop, they wandered up and down, fingering the gaudy saddle-trappings, and the belts and knife-sheaths and pistol holsters, which hung in front of each booth, unable to make up their minds what to buy. Much of the leather was very poor stuff. Sheepskin for the most part, dressed to look as much like cow- or horse-hide as possible. A marked reminder of the times was the absence of the small, shy, Bedouin women, who are generally to be seen flitting about the bazaar of the jewellers, or in the women's bazaars, where are sold articles of women's wear, stealing along unveiled and feasting their eyes on the cheap, flashing jewels and the bright silks, displayed temptingly in the shops. Their lords and masters were here in force, but they had come on the warpath, leaving their womenfolk behind.

The Emir Feisal, son of King Hussein and commander of his army, dispensed his gold, or rather ours, with a lordly hand.

One of the Turkish hospitals had been taken over for the use of his men by one of the English army doctors lent to him by the British Government, and Feisal used to visit it from time to time. On the first occasion, at the end of his visit, he asked the doctor if there was anything he needed for the comfort of the men. The doctor replied that milk and eggs were needed, but were very expensive. Whereupon the Emir handed him a bag containing two hundred sovereigns, and told him to get what was needful, and ask for more money when he required it. "And here," he added, "is a small present for yourself for the good work you have done." And he handed the astonished and embarrassed officer another bag containing fifty sovereigns. On another occasion he insisted on giving him a similar present.

The native merchants and shopkeepers were well aware of the source of Feisal's wealth. All of them, Moslem as well as Christian or Jew, were very anxious that the English should remain in actual control of the city, and they constantly asked for an assurance that we would stay. "The Emir," said one of them, a Moslem, one day, "is of the desert. He has no money." When I protested that at any rate he seemed to be paying his way royally, the man produced a handful of English gold, and pointing to the King's head on one of the coins, unconsciously quoted the words of Christ, "Whose image and superscription is this?"

Nevertheless, though they were shrewd enough to understand that the Arab forces were maintained and controlled by the British, they entertained a very wholesome fear of them. Nearly every shop and house in all the city sported the Sherifian flag conspicuously, and many of the inhabitants wore a rosette of the colours, black, white and green, with a purple triangle. There seemed to be a scarcity of purple dye, for nearly all the flags had a red triangle. The correct colours were to be seen in the two big standards that hung from the balcony of the Emir's headquarters in the old Governorate.

These headquarters were a never-ending source of interest. But for the two or three cabs generally standing near the entrance, and an occasional lean Australian trooper taking snapshots, they might almost have served for an illustration to the Arabian Nights. Round the doorway lounged the soldiers of the Sherif, in their picturesque uniforms, chatting and smoking, and on the steps of the porch, and about the open space in front of it, there was always a large and motley crowd. Grave, fierce-looking desert Arabs in long camel-hair cloaks, all armed to the teeth. Portly, turbaned merchants seeking the great man's custom, and ready with bribe or "sweetener," given with the

simple formula, "*Hada mishan finjan qahwe*" ("Here is something for a cup of coffee"). Shifty politicians looking for jobs. Citizens with grievances to air or wrongs to be redressed. And, squatting along the wall of the big building with outstretched hands, innumerable ragged beggars chanting their monotonous invocation. "Oh ye who believe in one God, show mercy to this cripple by a loaf of bread, a little coin. May God not let you see dark days, nor headache, and may He not let your little ones become orphans, nor shut any house against you. Show mercy to me, and may God show mercy to you, and raise you up, oh ye who raise up the poor. Oh God, my God, may He be with you in adversities and troubles, and may you not see dark days. By the truth of this Worshipped One, oh ye who show mercy to this cripple, may He give to you from His gifts, and make you rich from His riches, oh ye who show mercy to this cripple. May God increase your youth and preserve you for your families, oh ye who show mercy to this cripple. May my God not let your family go hungry, oh ye who show mercy to this cripple." I recommend this incantation to the notice of our professional beggars. It is certainly effective in the East. That there should have been so many beggars about was another significant sign of the hard times through which the city and the country had passed, for Damascus as a rule has remarkably few beggars.

Though educated in Constantinople and Paris, Feisal had spent some years in living in the desert with his father, as a nomad, and seemed to have acquired many of the views and characteristics of his brethren of the black tents. For about a week after we had evacuated our prisoners to a concentration area outside the city, and until the rest and good feeding began to take effect, the mortality amongst them, due to the privations and fatigues they had endured, was very high. On one of Feisal's periodical visits to the commander of our Cavalry Corps, the latter deplored this abnormal death-rate amongst our prisoners. "But why worry," said the Emir, "it saves such a lot of trouble when prisoners die."

By a strange irony of fate, these same prisoners, the last remnant of the broken Turkish armies, were led out of the city by a road which crossed the Barada Gorge just beneath the monument known as the Kubbet el Nahr, or "Dome of Victory." Shortly afterwards it evidently occurred to the Emir, that he might help the British out in this matter. The arrangement that had been made was that he was to have (nominal) control of the city, but that all prisoners of war were to be handed over to the

British, who would arrange to feed and guard them, and eventually evacuate them to Egypt.

There were at this time in the city a considerable number of German and Turkish officers and men, who were in hiding, disguised as natives. To the Emir's forces was allotted the task of ferreting these out, as it was realised that no native would dare run the risk of sheltering one of them from the much-dreaded Arabs, though he would probably have done so quite cheerfully had the British been after them. In this manner about five hundred had been collected, but instead of handing them over to the British as arranged, the Emir shut them all up in the citadel, under a guard of his own soldiers, and refused either to surrender them to us or to give them any food. It required all the tact and diplomacy of our political staff to induce him to give them up.

As nearly the whole of the population was illiterate, Feisal's orders were promulgated by criers, who went about the city armed with a stick, as a sort of wand of office, and accompanied by one or two of his soldiers and a small crowd of hangers-on. Every thirty or forty yards they would stop, and chant the proclamation in a high, sing-song voice. "In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful. Hear the order of our Lord Feisal, Emir of the Faithful, Son of Hussein," etc. Then followed the order, ending with "In the name of God," etc., again.

Nearly everyone in the town was armed, and the Arabs were never parted from their rifles. Even quite small children were to be seen in the streets playing with pistols. The desert-bred Arab has a happy custom of firing off his gun into the air whenever he happens to be in particularly good spirits. As a rule, he refrains from doing so in a town; the crowds and the noise seem to cow him somewhat. But they had entered this town as conquerors, and were anything but cowed. They rode about, singing then high-pitched, melancholy songs, at all hours of the day and night, and firing their rifles recklessly, especially in the covered-in bazaars. They seemed to take a childish pleasure in piercing holes in the roof. When the proclamation of Arab independence was read, on November 10th, the whole city appeared to go mad. Bands of Arabs galloped through the streets, shouting wildly, amid a perfect fusillade of shots. Dense crowds surged along the bazaars, yelling, and shooting through the roofs, while a native band marched about, making a noise that would have drawn tears of envy from a pack of wolves. All the women were going about with their veils up, a strange sight indeed in this fanatical Moslem city. Tons of sweetmeats and hundreds of gallons of sticky sherbet were consumed, and the celebration

us again we bid you a kind farewell. We give our best regard to the victorious British nation. God be with you wherever you go, or whatever you be. When we received the message of your coming from your air fleets in the lovely atmosphere of beautiful Syria, it reminds us of the Prophets. All of us shouted in a happy voice the brilliant of your light lights the whole world. What a good judgments and what braveries you have shown. You are the victorious army which has no equal and by your occupation of this country is the change from darkness to lightness and as the heat of the sun passes through the clouds and the lovely light fills the world without noticing the revolution that is the way your sudden beautiful presence saved us from the treachery of the enemy. God save you from all future trouble and we are happy under the lights of your lovely sun forever. We must date the time of your joyful occupation of this country in golden letters in our hearts and be singing in a happy voices forever "

And now that the old dream is realised, and the Arab is once more master in the Arab city, what is to be the future of that city?

There are in the new and as yet undefined Arab Kingdom some 300,000 true Arabs who are nomadic or semi-nomadic, and perhaps 100,000 who are settled. The former are divided into about 150 tribes and sub-tribes so far as is known, though there are probably many more subdivisions of which we have no knowledge. These sub-tribes, some of which number no more than one or two hundred souls, are as a rule loosely knit together into larger tribes, but each remains under its own chief, and will not tolerate any interference in its own customs or manner of life. It can be said only that such sub-tribes do not as a rule rob one another, and that they generally hang together when there is any fighting to be done. The larger subdivisions, which may number anything from 1,000 to 70,000 souls, are continually at feud one with another, and many of these feuds date back for centuries. The only common cause they have is that they are all Sunni, i.e., orthodox, Moslems. For the first time in many centuries, tribes that have long been at feud with one another have fought side by side against a common enemy, the Turk. That enemy has now been defeated and the tribes are free, and ready, to take up the old feuds again. Moreover, not a few of these tribes found their hatred or fear of their neighbours, or else their cupidity, greater than their dislike of the Turk. They accepted Turkish gold and fought in the Turkish army, and are now consequently in disgrace among the adherents of King Hussein.

But in addition to this large and lawless tribal population, there are other races in the new kingdom hardly less lawless, in some of their elements at any rate, and much more sharply divided by religious and racial differences. Of these, the most

important because the most ~~unlike~~ is that strange and interesting people, the Druses. They are only partly Arab by race, and they have a religion of their own, a curious mixture of Christianity, Paganism and Islam. They hate the Arab as they do the Turk, and there are probably not less than 100,000 of them to be reckoned with. They like the British, but will have nothing of other European rule, or of the Arabs, and they have recently frankly announced their intention of raiding Damascus at once if the British withdraw from Syria. The third great subdivision of the new King's people is also both racial and religious—the Metâuli. These number about 200,000 in Syria, of whom about half are within the presumed boundaries of the new Arab state. They are of Iranian extraction, and Shi'ah (heretic) Moslems. They hate, and are hated by, the orthodox Moslems with that fervour that is only to be found in the East. Lastly, there are the Christians and Jews. Their numbers in the new State are insignificant, but they are the masters of nearly all the trade and commerce of Syria, and are hated not less for this reason than for their religious.

It will be seen that the future Government of Albania is a mild and simple problem compared with that which faces King Hussein. But on the solution of this problem depends the prosperity or ruin of the great city of Damascus, the heart of the whole Arab State, the centre of Arab aspirations.

It would be unprofitable to discuss here the nature of the future Government of the new State, but one fact may be laid down with certainty. It is that the Arab Kingdom cannot stand alone. It must at first, and probably for a century or more, be under the protection and influence of one of the great European Powers. And that protection must be exercised, by the luckless Power that undertakes it, at the same time with the greatest delicacy and unobtrusiveness, or it will not be tolerated at all; and with that firmness which can only be attained by means of a substantial armed force, in the background, but near at hand and ready for instant use.

R. M. PRESTON.

IRELAND'S PSYCHOLOGY: A STUDY OF FACTS.

"Don't beat that horse!"

"Av I didn't bate him, he'd run away, sure!"

"He's not thinking of running away!"

"Ah, y'd want tibbe inside him to know what he's thinkin' of!"

The above genuine retort of a Dublin carman is pregnant for all who would understand the psychology of Ireland and the Irish. It is only to be studied from within.

That Ireland is plural, and the Irishman in himself as various a creature as the duck-mole, is the first fact necessary in grasping the Irish situation. To what A. M. Sullivan, Irish historian and patriot, formulated as "Ireland's indestructible vitality," are doubtless due the parallel existences of the many Irelands called into being throughout history. It is a frank Irish bull to remark that those very racial cleavages have saved the country as a whole. Ireland married by capture to England, year of grace 1171, effected in her turn her more subtle invasion, that of the *ego* of her invaders.¹ "The English born in Ireland" ("settlers," or less politely, "degenerate English," Westminster styled them) assumed the burden of nationality when Irish Ireland was practically outlawed by "penal codes of race"; when by mid-reign of William III. Catholic Ireland was done for (or Protestantism hoped so!). Anglo-Ireland had, it appeared, to be reckoned with in the subsequent warfare transferred to the battlefield of commerce and fought out in close columns of profit and loss; when Catholic and Anglo-Ireland alike had been betrayed into the Union with Great Britain of A.D. 1800, the Ireland conceived and born on that *Via Dolorosa* of history—in which the names Tudor, Stuart, Cromwell, Orange, are as stations of a passion—Ireland in Exile, had reached adolescence, ready to claim her birthright of individual representation.

It is among the ironies— which in things Irish come before fancy as a fatal sisterhood, weaving every unsuspected thread into a weird of ill-luck—that this quality of vitality in Ireland's racial elements should make for disunion in herself. The many Irelands in Ireland have lost her as often as they have saved her; more than once politicians have found their advantage in existing circumstances. "It is worth turning in your mind," wrote a correspon-

(1) Ireland has always had a spell to transform foes to friends, to graft herself on stranger stocks; many of her champions have borne Saxon or Norman names, and deemed the blood in their veins none the less true for the intermingling of the kindly Irish drop. *Ipse Hibernia Hiberniorum.*

sent to Pitt, "how the violence of both parties might be turned on this occasion to the advancement of England." No wedge manufactured in Westminster, however, is answerable for Ireland's curse of cleavage, from the fifth century possibly witnessing the Milesian settlement and the subsequent division of population into free and unfree clans, through the ages in which the shifting of the equations of political generations is of interest,¹ down to the twentieth which has seen Sinn Féin croqueting Nationalists to the four corners. Save for a fugitive moment here and there throughout her history, Ireland has fatally uncomprehended the power of corporate resistance; William Drennan, coining the phrase "Emerald Isle," coined another as true when he wrote:—

"Hapless nation! hapless land!
Heap of uncementing sand."

As plural as Ireland is the Irishman. A legion of submerged personalities dispute him—Milesian, Scandinavian, Norman, Puritan, Spanish, French, all fused or confused by the subtle Celtic influence which dominates and asserts, creating in the end a type. To-day kind, genial and mystical as the ancient Greeks found Ierne; to-morrow ruthless as the Spaniards to Mexico; cherishing Protestantism or Catholicism as Cromwell's lottery-winners or Catholics under the penal laws cherished their faiths; Celtic melancholy iridescent with French gaiety; Irish ideals pursued with the Northman's pride of race. Saxon, Dane, Norman had amalgamated into the Englishman, while the Irishman, whether "wild Irish" or "degenerate English," was yet being adjudged by England "a brute beast," for no better reason than that ignorance always belittles what it does not understand.² The Irishman was the more incomprehensible since each strain in its turn to this day presents him in a varying aspect. Yet that the Celt in him has the last word was from earliest days testified by the very fact that his superior English neighbour should "degenerate," should adopt his forbidden dress, language and literature,

(1) The political evolution of Ulster is amusing in this connection. As Presbyterian Ulster of the eighteenth century made no bones over beckoning French Jacobinism to aid them and their astonishing allies the Irish Catholics in an apprehended struggle with England for an Irish Parliament, so gun running Ulster (of guns obtained from Krupp) did not hesitate on the eve of August, 1914, to declare her readiness to summon German assistance in her stand against Home Rule and control by Ireland of an Irish Parliament.

(2) The like insular intolerance as is to-day blatant in two-thirds of the English population in India, was from the twelfth century the official attitude of each fresh generation of Ireland's invaders, Westminster rulings from the first breathing a curious antipathy to the Irish in Ireland. The bargainer's tactics of deprecation were promptly instituted; the manoeuvres of party politics deployed in all social departments to hinder mutual comprehension.

share his commercial ventures in Italy and Russia as well as his fifteenth century journeys of exploration in Egypt and China, should employ his goldsmiths and scribes, wed his gallant sons and fair daughters, should, in short, in the Englishman's word, turn "brute beast."

Not content with the Irishman as he is, England, however, from the first superimposed another personality upon him—the Irishman as England conceived him. Giraldus Cambrensis was pioneer in this adventure of fancy. Like other mythical monsters, this one is composed of features borrowed haphazard from various sources, and the result is gratifyingly abnormal. He has two heads the one labelled "Irish-Papist-and-Murderer," the other "Wild Irishman," and while one is everlastingly sharpening its teeth, the other displays its own in a perennial grin. His chief characteristics are thirst for blood and whiskey; love-making and extravagance; his favourite occupation is doing nothing; his only talent is making a fool of himself. (Giraldus Cambrensis attributed an occasional tail to him!) He speaks a jargon chiefly composed of *d* and *h*, resembling his own brogue as closely as Tommy Atkins' "Wipers" resembles the French name for the town in question. Writers from Stensser to Thackeray and Charles Kingsley have adopted him, and England has believed in him as devoutly as in her railway carriages of Russians in 1914. That Ireland should refuse to accept the type, on the ground that it was never seen on sea or land, is, according to one of the most irritating books ever written, "The Soul of Ulster," by Lord Ernest Hamilton, her own death-warrant: its author stating, "When a country is not only ignorant, but incredulous of its own inferiority, that country is doomed by the gods to destruction!" England has done her best to prevent the Irish hurling themselves to doom in this fashion: the corrosive conviction that Irish were despised in England, which played its part in the political making of Charles Stewart Parnell, has assuredly had full justification. Miss Edgeworth, looking on over her writing-desk, impaled the Englishman-in-the-Street of her day for her pages:—

"As to the matter of his being an Irishman," cried Mr. Hill, "I have nothing to say to it . . . for I know we all are born where it pleases God; and an Irishman may be as good as another. . . . Ireland is now in His Majesty's dominions . . . and I have no manner of doubt, as I said before, that an Irishman born may be as good, almost, as an Englishman born."

Yet, after all, it is true that England largely, though unconsciously, has through the years contributed to the creation of the Irishman.

"He was 'turbulent' with traitors; he was 'haughty' with the foe;
He was 'cruel,' say ye, Saxons? Ay! he dealt ye blow for blow;

He was 'rough' and 'wild'—and who's not wild to see his hearthstone raised?

He was 'merciless as fire'—ah, ye kindled him—he blazed!

He was 'proud'—yes, proud of birthright, and because he flung away Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does mocking spray.

He was 'wild,' 'insane for vengeance'—ay! and preached it till Tyrone Was ruddy, ready, wild too, with 'Red hands' to clutch their own!"

Shane O'Neill was not the only one of his countrymen made what they are by English influences. Perhaps one of the most salient features of the Irish, their racial assertiveness, comes from the policy across the Channel which, from the days when mail-clad barons of Henry II. mocked at the saffron mantles and buff doublets of other fashions than theirs, has made a stupid sneer of Irish nationality. Branded as "so very Irish," the Irishman has never been allowed to forget that he is one; small wonder that in self-defence he should maintain that to be Irish is rather a matter for pride than for shame; if outsiders knew more about him and his country, he could afford to say less.

From this supercilious policy in part may likewise be derived the elusiveness which is the Irish atmosphere. Reserve distinguishes the nation of the readiest speech in Christendom and beyond: an Irish tongue is capable of talking all day and telling nothing. Irish laughter does not always betoken mirth; Irish smiles sometimes may be significant as English scowls. The Irish habit, woven through centuries beset with enemies, of keeping oneself to oneself, has doubtless many a time made for guile, treachery, the dissimulation that is the natural outcome of tyranny; but the tyrants, in Ireland's phrase, "have her as they r'ared her." W. B. Yeats expresses the spirit of Irish reserve:—

"... each within himself hath all
The world, within his folded heart
His temple, and his banquet-hall."

His *Tír na n'Og* also, the Irishman's own country of glamour haunted by shadows of the past and visions of the future, all alike large, fair and improbable. In the stronghold of thought the Irishman, driven inside, learned to defy outsiders.

Perhaps he has too long tarried in it; certainly its dream-twilight has distorted his sight. What psychology terms "the After-image," the persistence of a sensation after the actual stimulus has been withdrawn, is one of the characteristics as enduring in the Irish as the Jewish in the Jew:—

"Tim Malone still renews upon English ground his feud with the O'Learys commencing not within the memory of man; and some Bridget O'Rafferty pays Ellen O'Connor for evidence given by her grandfather against the rebels of '99."

Such vitality of memory ~~has~~^{has} brought forth many touching instances of gratitude and fidelity; it has ministered to pride of race and love of country clinging as the brogue; yet it ministers no less to that Irish abiding sense of wrong which England terms vindictiveness in her. To the Irishman only capable of grasping the abstract by visualising it as the concrete, to whom imagination is an absolute fourth dimension of being—King Conchobar mac Nessa dying of grief and anger at the tale of the crucifixion is symbolic of this trait—the past is an abiding present. Tudor "pacifications" by a "sword and flay" policy; Cromwell's massacres and breaches of faith; the Penal Laws; the "kultur" of the *Hessian* regiments (but he only knows them as soldiery in English pay!) in Wicklow and Wexford after the '98; the Famine Years, thrill him to-day as though they happened yesterday. More so, indeed. As rays of certain stars take a thousand years to reach our earth, so the Irishman's inability to realise the present would seem in direct proportion to his apprehension of the past. The genius of the moment is seldom his.

Lecky on Ireland observes, "A traditional religion strengthened retrospective tendencies." The remark is suggestive in many directions, among others that of the factor of faith in the Irishman's psychology. He indeed is mainly exemplified in his religion; national endurance and reserve, national emotionalism and swift historic vision, all alike illustrated in it; the national sixth sense for the unseen enhanced by centuries of injustice, persecution and a sheer inexplicable doom of misfortune, till Heaven appears to him sanctuary, home, another Ireland, where, it is to be feared he hopes sometimes, no Saxon may enter. Whether Pagan or Christian, it has always been easy for the Irishman to believe; but, simple and lovely as is this faculty in him, saving Ireland from the blight of materialism withering as a curse, yet, as it has been handled by circumstances, it has its penumbra of drawback. The ignorance first imposed by the Penal Laws forbidding education to Catholics, and later exploited by the Roman popular policy tacitly echoing the Puritan mother's prayer, "that the children of my womb shall *never learn to think*," has resulted with Ireland's faith, as elsewhere, in a certain arrest of development, the childishness of outlook which would deny facts, and makes the child's conception of a truth the truth itself. "Sure God would never suffer His holy nuns to be tr'ated that-away: the like o' that can't be true at all at all!" declared an old wife, on being told of the devil-deeds of the Hun in a Belgian cloister, and Mephisto himself must have laughed in the background!

Perhaps nothing in Ireland's psychology is so vital to England's comprehension of her as this quality of arrested development.

Ireland has always appeared incapable of grasping that there is another side to every question; the sympathetic fibre which renders her the natural prey of oratory is twinned with the fact that whoever first gets her ear is likely to keep it. To this hour England refuses to borrow the tip; wily agitators in the guise of half-breed patriots and pro-German agents pervade the land unscathed, and no single English effort is made to adjust the Irish point of view on national or international questions. An instance of this was furnished by the lack of counterblast to German propaganda during the war. In vain was Westminster besought, in the phrase of Archer Shee, "to carry the Fiery Cross" through the Irish Ireland where, it should never be forgotten, *tradition is paralysing*, rather than inspiring as in the England born to a goodly heritage:—

"Here and here did England help me, how can I help England, say!"

No hair of the Pacifist is in Ireland's coat (that pack belongs to a cross-Channel breed), but he is immortally young and his psychology incurably romantic. His sympathies must thrill before he can translate them into action.

"He is incurably ignorant!" snorts John Bull. Truly; but the ignorance is not all on his side. The psychology of Irish unrest is, like that of his history, important to him who would understand the makings of an Irishman.

From the outset of what some who prefer a phrase to a fact allude to as the Conquest of Ireland under Henry II., mutual ignorance had marked the situation. Irish chiefs, knowing nothing of the Norman feudal system, swore oaths of vassalage and military tenure, a Norman king knowing less of Brehon and the system of land-ownership in which the fee-simple of the soil was vested in the sept, guaranteed native authority, rights and liberties; and the results through the centuries have been as logical as those of a football match between two teams, of which one should play Soccer, the other Rugby. The evils of the method of government by post, never more forcibly illustrated than in Ireland, took up the running. England heard nothing but what the Westminster of the day meant her to hear; Irish protests, whether by burning word or cold steel, against such grievances as the policy of absorbing one nation by another inevitably imply, always represented to the Englishman at home as rank rebellion. Elizabethan England knew as little of the "decanting" of the "Wild Irish"—whether to the Plantations or Hell, lay between Bristol slave-merchants and Saxon soldiery—of Mountjoy's systematic destruction of crops, of forests cut down, of poets and historians slaughtered, as Victorian England knew of "the Famine-

times," when "from 1846 to ~~1850~~ over a million lay dead with hunger, while in a year foodstuffs for £17,000,000 were sent to England for the charges due there." Wm. O'Brien's words in 1917 to the House of Commons set flying the "wild echoes" of history: "You know more of what is happening in Mesopotamia than in Ireland . . . (till) some new bombshell explodes under your feet!"

"Wherefore dost thou knock and clatter in this wise?" demanded the sonnambulistic Friederike Hauffe, the *Scherin* of Prevorst, of the unseen spirit harassing the Württemberg household, and was answered—

"It lightens my condition, because then folk call me to mind!"

The Earthbound's demonstration of itself through the medium of sound is exact parallel of Irish unrest finding outrage the one sure means of attracting English attention. Mountjoy's and Carew's wholesale deflowering of Ireland might never come to the ears of England, but the Red O'Neill's stand in Ulster did, and was answered by the Treaty of Mellifont. Cromwell's massacres brought no tears to eyes across St. George's Channel, but a century later the enrolment of 10,000 Protestant Volunteers, largely supported by Catholic subscribers, sufficiently startled the eyes of the contemporary English generation to bring about the transitory freedom of Ireland in law as in commerce. My grief! that her freedom was but transitory: had it been otherwise, the crystallisation of a patriotic party in College Green which had backed the Irish Volunteer Movement would in all probability never have been supplanted by the element of organisation that one seems to perceive from the middle of the eighteenth century, coming into what before had been but local demonstrations of Irish unrest. A like origin of species is to be traced from Whiteboys and Hearts of Oak of their day, down through the nineteenth century, inaugurated by Robert Emmet's rising, marked midway by "the Fennan scare," and culminating in Charles Stewart Parnell's subtle three-fold strategy of the Land League, the Plan of Campaign, and the obstructive tactics of holding up Empire business in Parliament, which perhaps more than all the rest has bred dislike of Ireland to-day in the Englishman-in-the-Street—must the Flying Dutchman be shunted on a siding till the Irish turfcart goes by?

"It lightens my condition, because then folk call me to mind!"

It must be owned that the logic in this philosophy of the disquiet spirit in Ireland has been proved up to the hilt by results. An Irish Unionist once declared in the House: "There is no use in

any Irishman approaching an English Minister on Irish questions unless he comes with a landlord's head in one hand and a cow's tail in the other!" The Catholic Emancipation Act, 1829, begotten by O'Connell's agitation; the Commutation of Tithes, 1838, by the Tithe War; the Reform Bill, 1867, bringing in what some have termed "a new era of concession and conciliation" and others a policy of sops, were only the beginnings. It seemed indeed as if the worse Ireland behaved the better England respected her. The development under the Land League, in the country invariably singularly free from private crimes¹ of a cold-blooded atrocity-power equal to any ever generated in the *Bête Humaine*,² was nearly rewarded (or shut off) by a Home Rule Act, when in 1890 that phase of affairs Irish was ended, as Balzac or D'Annunzio might have ended it, by a story, sordid enough in details of guilty intrigue, but of a great passion. Parnell, strong, daring, subtle as ever, was in a thunderclap of time disowned by all but a loyal few among his party and allies; once more Ireland's curse of cleavage, rather than Gladstone and his Liberals, defeated herself.

Yet the 'condition' was 'lightened.'

Anna Parnell, in verses not formally entitled "Billingsgate on Parnassus," might refer unkindly to "the English crocodile":—

"One hand you reach to help, the other stuns with blows"—

But the fact remains that from 1867 a healing spirit, if perhaps spasmodically, still moved over the face of Ireland. (The pendulum has indeed swung to the opposite side. Ireland, "in 1880 owned by the landlords," from 1881 on has increasingly come to

(1) "The English ruffian murders for money. . . the Irishman marders patriotically." W N Trench, quoted in the *Nassau Journals*.

(2) The situation was grotesquely complicated by apparent resurrection of Ireland's Brehon Tradition, of which Miss Eleanor Hull writes: ". . . law was executed in Ireland without recourse to courts of justice, and always without the aid of police. The injured man carried out his own punishments, even in cases when the Brehon was called in to arbitrate." Stock were recognised pieces with which disputes between debtor and creditor were fought out under the Ancient Law; social ostracism—that "shunning like a leper" advocated by Parnell as "more Christian than shooting"—had of old been an accepted national punishment. In modern Ireland, however, the shooting was not long left out, the story of a Roman Catholic priest anouncing to his flock, "'Tis a crime to shoot at a landlord, but, boys, 'tis a sin to shoot and miss him'" whether fact or not, has passed into proverb. The people who were a law to themselves regarded those siding with the law of the land as outlaws; a verse of the day satirically expressing the situation:—

"The difference between moonshine and moonlight

All people at last understand,

For moonlight's the law of the League,

While moonshine's the law of the land."

be "owned by the tenants.") Social economics were brought into play, from freedom of local administration and taxation to educational liberty and housing legislation both for town and country; "a peaceful revolution," as no less a witness than the late leader of the Home Rule Party, John Redmond himself, frankly acknowledged, has, within the last twenty or thirty years, come about in Ireland through ameliorative measures from Westminster. Ireland began once more to find herself. The Irish language was called back from its dying gasps in mountain cabins by Dr. Douglas Hyde and his Gaelic League. As an old woman in the picturesque black cloak of the South remarks, 'The childher in the schoo's do be slapped for not sp'akin' Irish, when in rue day they'd be slapped for sp'akin' it!' With the looming of the tongue that is unconscious poetry came a literary renaissance of Ireland ancient and modern, forming an inspiring contribution to the world's literature; Irish music once more rang, the old harp industry is even reviving in a corner of the South. In spite of furious resistance from Ulster does not Kipling declare the N.E. England's storm-quarter? 1914 saw within reach the Home Rule Act that should restore entire control, legislative and executive, of Ireland to an Irish Parliament; and what happened next is matter for Irish pride. At the crash of the torn "Scrap of Paper," black Protestants and scarlet Romans, Unionists of the Pale and Nationalists of Cork and Connaught, forgot feuds and creeds, remembered nothing but that they all were Irishmen.

"What did the Irish people do when Belgium was plundered? Nationalist Ireland, through Mr. Redmond, in addition to the 80,000 Irishmen already serving, offered the immediate aid of 170,000 Irish National Volunteers already partly trained. (Though this offer was refused) the Nationalists of Ireland in one year raised and trained two new Divisions the Tenth and the Sixteenth, while Ulster raised the Thirty-sixth. Before the first year ended, there were already 130,000 men raised and trained in Ireland, and another 100,000 who though born in Ireland, were at that time working in England."

But a lie put into circulation gains currency. It suits party politics on both sides of the Channel to refer to Ireland as "The Island-That-Wouldn't-Play."

Once again let us acknowledge a fatal weaving

"Stupidities," owned Lloyd George, "were done which some times looked like malignities." Party play discouraged recruiting, objecting to the enlistment of Nationalists and Roman Catholics, because "it removed the main argument against self government. Lest Ireland should obtain credit by a free gift . . . these enemies refused the gift to make it appear that force was necessary." She was not to give, and then she was reviled for not giving.

(1) *An Englishman Talks it Out with an Irishman*, A. R. Orage.

Yet what she might, she gave. "On all Allied battlefields gallant Irish regiments have upheld gallant traditions; Brigadier-General W. B. Marshall but voiced military opinion when he wrote from the Dardanelles: "Though I am an Englishman, I must say the Irish soldiers are the cream of the Army. Ireland may well be proud of her sons."

"It is well that these things should be appreciated in England," wrote Colonel Maurice Moore. "It is better that they should be appreciated in Ireland."

For students of the psychology of Irish unrest have been slow to realise that Ireland's temporal well-being, her honour, her very self, are absolutely immaterial to her political extreme left. From the mid-eighteenth century, when agitators set themselves to attain political aims camouflaged as personal ends, the Grievance was formally stamped as the best Irish asset; its removal would mean a fall in party stocks. And to the majority of that party the Grievance meant the Grudge. Grattan, like many another prophet, builded better than he knew when he cried, "What you trample on in Ireland will sting you in America." Irish-American Fenianism had old scores to pay off against England: hate of her, not love of Ireland, was its inspiration. Fenianism split in the inevitable cleavage, but her hate was her legacy to that latest offshoot of Irish unrest, Sinn Fein, to which "all things English, down to games and dress, are taboo." But Sinn Fein is more than a reincarnation of Ireland in exile. Its attitude recalls some adventurer who should insist on identifying himself with an ancient family, bragging of its honours and achievements, laying loud claims to its possessions. "In Ireland," Lecky observes, "only an infinitesimal portion of the soil belongs to those who possessed it before Cromwell"; but Sinn Fein talks as though "it wore the terriers" of every perch of Irish soil since the Deluge "next its skin"; its family tree is of the faked order, with Fionn and his companions near the root, branching out right and left into every Irishman of every Ireland ever worth naming, and Sinn Fein blossoming adventitiously at the top; it would almost persuade the world that the Irish language and literary renaissance are solely due to the sweat of the Sinn Fein brow. Yet what Sinn Fein has of Ireland are her chief weaknesses—the warped outlook, the immaturity of judgment, the Mede and Persian fibre of prejudice; what it has of its own—the "absence of standardised religion and allegiance to any fixed creed," the trend towards Syndicalism and Communism, show it at once to be no longer Irish, but of that cosmo-revolutionary spirit for which the Ten Commandments boil down into "Thou shalt not worship any god but thyself, and thou shalt take from thy neighbour anything and

everything that thou hast not." Irish atmosphere, mental and physical, possesses a glamour often enough transfiguring at a distance unlovely realities. *Sinn Féin patriotism is the glamour cast over Bolshevism.*

More. As Wolfe Tone's United Irishmen saw in France of the Terror but a magnificent object-lesson of the ease with which all property could change hands, were there hands strong enough to take it, so even by the light of Belgium is Sinn Féin incapable of seeing what German policy is out for; that moral myopia of it equally displayed towards the history of its tragic Easter week gamble in human lives, 1916—viewed now by Sinn Féin as a martyrdom because the luck went against it—as in its incapability of grasping that from the pre-war Dublin strikes financed by "its gallant allies," the Hun, to the present outrages staged by pro-German managment, it has been and is but the cat's-paw of larger diplomacies. As United Irishmen took for law, Prophets and Gospel the declaration of one of the *Directoire* that "France would never grant a peace to England on any terms short of the independence of Ireland," so Sinn Féin swallows open-mouthed promises of an Irish millennium "made in Germany." The Berlin blunder of supposing that Dublin's telephone system centred, like Berlin's own, in the General Post Office, which shattered that red Easter's insurrectionary programme, could not shatter Sinn Féin's belief that an all-conquering Germany is the Codlin for her, as little as common sense can implant a suspicion that Codlin's the friend, not of Ireland, but of Ireland's geographical control.

The faults and perils of Irish psychology find their compendium in Sinn Féin.

"On the turf that the saints' tears water,
On the innocent fairies' mead—
Ye have knelt as the madman's daughter
Went sowing the poison weed,
And its stem is the spear of slaughter,
And its seed is the devil's seed!
Ye traitor to Erin, traitor to man!
Ye traitor some day to your own mad clan!
Sinn Féin!"

The hopeful aspect of the situation is that it is from Ireland, and not from the England which even to-day hardly realises that Sinn Féin is no more than a party, that Sinn Féin finds its resistance. And the unhopeful one is in that dogging curse of cleavage a-mutter in recent Orange celebrations, which threatens to over-tone the master-word of magic to "lay" the vexed spirit of Irish

unrest. As has been hinted, that word was first pronounced in August, 1914. The formation of the Tenth (Irish) Division was epoch-making. Irish of every shade of political opinion as of social grade for the first time formed a body instinct with *esprit de corps*, to fight for England, and "never was the green more splendidly carried." Mishandled, little decorated, the Tenth Division nevertheless may well be the cornerstone of the building up of a new spirit in Ireland of nationalism. The new spirit shows itself most hopeful of all in that it has touched Ireland's soul with fellowship, —Church of Ireland, Roman Catholicism and Presbyterianism out in Gallipoli, "all sportsmen and all friends," their tacit motto:—

"*Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too!*"

Appreciation, mutual and just, is the master-word, for England as for the many Irelands in Ireland. For the conclusion cannot be avoided that the Irish is a contribution of no little value to the psychology of the British Empire. The passion of its patriotism, the purity and fleshly control bred by Catholic discipline—the unmarried mother is still hidden to blush in Ireland, the satyr assaulting virginity does not haunt Irish thickets—the standard of values that puts the invisible above the visible and declines to make money lord of an Irish world, might well be incorporated in the spirit of Imperialism. The Englishman-in-the-Street who upholds to the Irish face his desire that Ireland could be put under the sea for twenty-four hours—his forbears have made the experiment often enough in seas of blood—might learn something from the tact and courtesy which, whether deriving or not from Ireland's necessity of feeling her way among centuries of oppressors, contrasts agreeably with the modern temper of democracy that considers incivility a badge of superiority. The Irish instinct of pleasing might ameliorate the English traditional starch in its dress manners as in its dress shirt-fronts; that the heart beneath both may be as kindly as an Irish one is apt to be a discovery on the Irish side, as on the English one the fact that the smooth word is not invariably the untruthful one. Perhaps the dislike of the Irish tongue to give the unwelcome answer may lead to "terminological inexactitudes," but an Irish roadmender's response to an enquiring traveller, "Sure I couldn't be afther tellin' yez rightly, unless I was to tell your honour a lie!" is surely as admirable in its way as the most sincerely growled "Dunno!" Irish family affection, her seat at the hearth for "God's poor," her deep religious sense, may be withdrawn from the fringes of country tainted with world-diseases of the lower socialism and commercial ideals; but they are still to be found in fuchsia-set cabins and rambling Georgian houses, as well as in many a home overseas—assets to

add to the wealth of the British Empire. The gaiety foreign to a graver England, the wit that flings a word instead of "a 'arf-brick," her romance, her quick sympathies, all mark the island "dreamed of a God," as the predestined correspondence and counterpart of an England, male as Ireland is essentially feminine.

Once more a sibylline moment for Ireland has presented itself—its teaching that there are several Irelands, expressed by one of the most original Irish thinkers of the day, "John Eglinton," with the emphasis of detachment that is his:—

"The Anglo-Irishman has been left a good deal out of account in recent years. . . . A less invidious name for him would now perhaps be the modern Irishman, the Irishman, namely, who accepts as a good European the connection with Great Britain and yet feels himself to be far more distinct from the Anglo-Saxon than he is from the mere Irishman. . . ."

"John Eglinton" goes on, in *Anglo-Irish Essays*, to point out:—

"(Our) open-mindedness serves us well in the parts which we accept all over the British Empire, and adds a useful and truly imperial tinge to the character of British rule throughout the colonies and dependencies. Akin to this open-mindedness is the generosity with which we have made a present to English literature of our considerable achievements therein, never having thought it worth while to keep a separate account of our share in it; just as we have made a present to the mere Irish of the stand which we made for our liberties in the eighteenth century. . . . Undoubtedly, if our race were to rouse itself as a new and *freshly compounded* race, the whole situation in Ireland would be transformed. Intellectual and political life would find its true centre, and a great many things and persons now appearing at the centre of Irish life would find their proper place at its outskirts. . . . (Our) political genius surely did not exhaust itself in the wonderful group of orators in Grattan's Parliament."

These are suggestive words. Once released from clashing loyalties and ideals, the country which has given leaders to England's Army, Navy, Civil Service and Press during at least the last hundred and fifty years, whose agitators have held up Westminster off and on for a half-century, whose intellect has resuscitated a literature, and whose vitality has fought its corner of national existence down the ages, may be safely, though always as a good European, trusted with itself. No doubt mistakes and to spare would at first be made, but a principle of healthy growth would counter the element of arrested development which at present constitutes a danger alike to England and Ireland. In time, also, old grudges would be scrapped in the task of re-learning to be a nation, the task to which only a United Ireland could bring innate comprehension, for she would be "inside, to know what she's t'inkin' of!"

K. L. MONTGOMERY.

THE EMPIRE AND ASIATIC IMMIGRATION.

THE raising of the question of racial equality by Japan at the Peace Conference has revived, in an acute form, the problem of Asiatic immigration into the Dominions. On the surface the terms of the Japanese motion were abstract and unaggressive. In reality they were designed with a definite political end. That, at any rate, was the way in which they were regarded both in the Dominions and Japan, and their non-acceptance has let loose a flood of feeling in the latter country, directed particularly against Australia. It has been made a political question in Japan, and the Japanese delegates have been blamed for weakness in not getting their motion carried.

What has caused some disquietude in the Dominions is the lukewarmness of the support they have received from the British Government in their resistance to the motion. They were forced to depend largely on the United States and Poland. There are good reasons, of course, why Britain should not offend Japan, but, still, it is a pity that British statesmen have not realised how important this question is to the Dominions. In Australia, for instance, it is the one external problem that matters. A fear of inundation from Asia has been present with her all through the war, inspiring her efforts; and now after an immense expenditure of blood and treasure she finds herself no more secure than before. While all other countries are occupied in making their boundaries safe, she is being asked to open her gates. With the other Dominions the matter is not quite so vital, but it is still important.

To grasp the urgency of the problem the position immediately before the war must be realised to the full. Canada had just turned back a number of British Indians who had set sail for Vancouver in a ship chartered by some of their fellow-countrymen to test the reality of the Canadian law which enacted that only those immigrants who came directly from their native country, without disembarkation, should be allowed access. That the law was ingenuous, and intended for the exclusion of Asiatics alone, was openly admitted, there being no direct steamship line between India and Canada. The definite action of the Canadian immigration authorities, however, was made the occasion of an outburst in the Indian vernacular Press, and a propagandist activity among the native leaders that would have been the prelude of grave trouble if the war had not intervened.

For the tide of feeling against the immigration laws enforced against them had been slowly rising in India. In South Africa the problem had become acute and apparently insoluble, lasting over a number of years. There it was not alone the question of restriction, but also of the treatment of British Indians already domiciled in the Union; and the demand of the native leaders that British subjects should have the same rights throughout the Empire had previously been met by the reply of Mr. Winston Churchill, then Under-Secretary for the Colonies: "It should be understood that His Majesty's Government has no power to protect British Indians against the operation of a law in force in the Colony." The numberless deputations of Indians to the Colonial Office returned home in succession to report that the authorities in England had turned a deaf ear to their grievances and the apparent futility of formal protest strengthened a secret agitation which was all the more formidable in that it formed a bond for uniting Mahomedan and Hindu.

In Australia alone there was no immediate trouble. The stringency of her immigration laws, practically refusing the Asiatic races access to the country, had removed the possibility of petty frictions arising out of differential internal treatment, and had stamped the question as one of fundamental principle. The administration of the law was such that educated Japanese or Indians travelling through the country had no cause to complain of indignities thrust upon them by officials, and the fountains of wholesale immigration were sealed at their source. There was, indeed, a recognition that the smooth working of the law might be only temporary. There was a feeling that Japan might some day demand that her citizens should be given the same rights as Europeans, but on the surface there appeared nothing to disturb the settlement.

Yet in the East, and particularly in India, the problem of emigration had aroused an interest and intensity of feeling the depth of which has never been adequately realised in England. There were many causes contributing to this. The spread of Western education, and the development of nationalism and political unrest had reacted on one another and helped to awaken the Indian to a pride of race that was stimulated by the military success of Japan. It must be admitted, too, that some agitators used the grievances of the emigrating Indian for their own ends, finding it easier and more politic to direct their propaganda against other parts of the Empire than to court punishment by stirring up insurrection against local laws and institutions.

But the chief thing to take into account is the fact that the British Indians have become a migratory people, spurred on by

the same impulse as the people of Japan. The coming of industrialism has loosened old roots in the East, and home ties have not the same strength as a generation ago. The man who leaves his native village to work in a factory a hundred miles away has by the very act become a member of a mobile proletariat. He has cut himself adrift from a condition of life that was perhaps haunted by insufficiency, yet stable and secure, and has entered one where the standards of living are higher, but where insecurity is always present. In a short time he comes into contact with other natives who have travelled and acquires the impulse to wander further and further afield and increase his earnings.

All over the East this loosening of the roots is taking place, and a large mobile proletariat is increasing its numbers daily. It is an inevitable product of the new industrialism, almost a necessary condition of its development. But the result is that the interest in emigration is intense, and modern facilities for travel have made it possible almost for the meanest coolie. The man whose father never went a day's journey from his native village returns from a five-years' sojourn as an indentured labourer in South Africa to set out for some of the islands of the South Seas. It is Indian labour that sustains the important sugar industry of Fiji, and they have obtained a monopoly of hawking in the Transvaal. Moreover, in Japan, where the home-keeping impulse was even stronger than in India, the acquisition of Corea let loose a tremendous flood of emigrants who have been pouring into the new territory at the rate of 250,000 a year. It is estimated that nearly two million Japanese have made their homes there since the Russo-Japanese War.

This migratory fever, spreading through the millions of Asia, is the problem the Dominions have to face, and though their point of view has been put often it has rarely been put with unbiassed plainness. The average Englishman is apt to regard their attitude as that of overbearing "colonials," who, informed by no tradition of toleration, are moved by a feeling of superiority to the coloured races and a desire to keep them down at all costs. "The economic question is also insisted upon, and the jealousy with which the white working man regards the thrifty Asiatic.

Perhaps this point of view might have some reality as far as South Africa is concerned, for there a rather cosmopolitan population of white people come into close contact with a variety of coloured races, with the result that there is an unpleasant strain on the tolerance of both. It is also a fact that the white trader, whether of British or Dutch extraction, resents the com-

petition of the Indian hawker. But with regard to Canada and Australia the economic question has little reality, and the attitude to coloured races is much the same as in any European country. The New Zealanders, indeed, have given the world a lesson in their treatment of a coloured race, and there is no colour-bar to prevent a Maori entering the Civil Service, sitting on the Bench, or rising to the highest position in the State. In this connection it is enlightening to contrast their attitude with that of the Colonial Office which, in 1904, without consulting the British Parliament or local legislatures, made a regulation depriving all non-European British subjects in Hong-Kong, the Straits Settlements, and the Federated Malay States of the right they had enjoyed of sitting for the entrance examination of the Civil Service. Even this was not drastic enough apparently, for realising that some Eurasians might still enter the service a new regulation was issued in 1911 making it necessary for candidates to prove pure European descent on both sides. And meanwhile the Queen's Scholarships, which had allowed clever Eurasians to furnish themselves with the required education, were abolished.

It is not a fact that in Canada or Australia there is any contempt for the coloured races as such. The two countries are faced with the problem of keeping their civilisations intact and their blood pure while huge migratory populations are knocking at their doors. Their political systems are democratic, giving the same rights to every citizen, and they have made no allowance for the incorporation of an alien labouring class such as is to be found in South Africa. If immigration were to be allowed without restriction they would be submerged entirely in a few years by the mobile proletariat of Asia, people who have no intimate acquaintance with political institutions in their own countries, and who have a marked tendency to coagulate in large masses that disturb the social balance. And inevitably there would be the racial feuds, embitterments, and exasperations which destroy all the felicities of life wherever the two races live freely side by side.

No country can complacently face the prospect of being involved in the same problems which disfigure the social life of the Southern States of America. The continual friction seems to bring out the worst qualities of both races, developing a harshness and brutality in the one, and an aggressiveness in the other. The New Zealanders have lived in harmony with the Maoris because the latter are a passing race: moreover, they are native to the country, settled on the land, and surrounded by all the restraining ties of family life. The Asiatic proletariat, on the

other hand, is generally without ties, and the impulse which set him wandering in the beginning persists in the new environment. He is inclined to migrate to wherever money is most easily earned at the moment, living in whatever fugitive hovels he can find, and building no permanent home. Very often, too, he has lost hold of those traditions which kept his life sweet and sound in his own country. The Asiatic "quarters" of such towns as have mixed populations are the despair of those people who aspire to a homogeneous civilisation, with a common standard of living and a uniform ideal.

"To think," said a Japanese, looking at a colony of his countrymen in Hawaii, "that my own people could come to this in so short a time."

A new environment and a loosening of traditional restraints is apt to produce worse results among Asiatic populations than among the more adaptable races from the Occident. It is the experience of some of these results that has made the will of the white Dominions inflexibly set against any development that would immerse them in internal-racial problems. The purpose of keeping their countries "white" is pursued with a devotion that is almost religious in its intensity. It is not the policy of a political party: it is something that statesmen trying to solve the problem must reckon as a fixed, immutable factor. For it has been vigorously supported by even those classes that might be expected to succumb to the strong temptation of a cheap, inexhaustible supply of labour to exploit new sources of wealth.

Yet a way out of this grave dilemma must be found now, and some definite principle accepted. It is an intolerable strain for isolated countries, such as Australia, to live under the continual threat of inundation. One cannot help remembering that it was during the stress of war, when Australia had sent most of her able-bodied men abroad, that she received an intimation from Mr. Harcourt, then Colonial Secretary, that a relaxation of her immigration laws would be welcomed. It is not hard to guess the quarter from which the original pressure came. Is it too much to hope that a settlement can be arrived at that would not infringe the ideals and security of the Dominions and yet would be consonant with the dignity of India and Japan?

Certainly mere restriction of numbers does not provide a way out, but rather opens a path for further agitation and friction. The Oriental who emigrates to one of the Dominions naturally wants his friends to follow him, a desire which they share to the full. It is the same with every kind of people, no matter what their nationality. A conversation with any batch of white emigrants will soon show that the migrating impulse has come

to them because they knew of friends they could join in the new country, stories of whose prosperity has made them discontented with the old life. And so the Scotch go to Canada and the Irish to America, each emigrant being the forerunner of half-a-dozen others. A channel of intercourse has been opened which tends to widen automatically, and the difficulty of checking it will become more and more intense. Moreover, the fundamental principle has been waived and the argument revolves round the question of numbers. If a thousand can be assimilated yearly, why not ten thousand? There is no end to the possibilities of exasperation and rancour, leading, perhaps, as in South Africa, to repressive internal legislation and consequent riots.

A truer solution will be found along the lines adopted by Mr. Roosevelt when the treatment of Japanese in California threatened to embroil him in international trouble. For some time the number of Japanese passing into Hawaii and the towns of the Pacific coast had been very great, and an agreement was arrived at between the Governments of the United States and Japan that the latter should only issue passports to such of its subjects as were non-labourers, or labourers who had already been domiciled in the United States, or those who were intending to assume active control of a previously-possessioned interest. The arrangement was almost entirely successful. Immigration fell off remarkably during the next few years, and there have been practically no grounds for dispute ever since.

Much the same solution was adopted by Canada in 1908. An arrangement was made by which the Japanese Government agreed to limit its issue of passports to settled agriculturists, parents, wives, and children of resident Japanese, and those resuming residence or control of businesses. The solution would have been entirely successful also had not some mischievous persons of both nationalities arranged for a sudden large influx of Japanese coolies from the neighbouring islands of Hawaii and stimulated fears of an Asiatic inundation. Several petty restrictive laws were passed which roused the resentment of the Japanese, but they ultimately became more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and the principle of the agreement still holds good.

If, however, it applies to Japan, why should it not apply to India? The Indian would find it consonant with his dignity to accept what the Japanese described as a "gentleman's treaty," and the purposes of the Dominions' present immigration laws would be served. The Indian Government could issue passports with the same discretion as the Japanese, and the educated

Indian would find no colour-bar preventing him from travelling freely about the Empire. An arrangement like this would be facilitated if the Indian Government had some direct channel of intercourse with the Dominion Governments, and was not forced to conduct its negotiations tortuously through the Colonial Office.

This is the real solution of the question, a solution that would give satisfaction to all the parties concerned. There remains, however, the real need for emigration which the loosening of roots in Asia has brought into being. With Japan the question for the last few years has not been so much one of necessity as of dignity. The colonies she has acquired so rapidly, Formosa, Southern Manchuria, and Corea, can absorb all her surplus population, indeed, more than she can give, and naturally she wishes to keep her people under her own flag. For the next few years she will have an enormous scope for her national endeavour. The fall of Tsing-tao marked the departure of her only real rival for the valuable Chinese trade, and made her the Great Power in the East. The rich granary of Manchuria remains practically undeveloped, and will be a field of emigration for many years to come. Moreover, the Republics of South America are competing keenly for such of her emigrants as wander further afield. Brazil has exempted Toyo Kishen Kaisha (the Japanese Steamship Line) from harbour dues and poll-tax; the Argentine gives land away free to Japanese; Chili allots 100 acres to each immigrant and gives away implements and grants of money. Everywhere in South America the Japanese is regarded as a desirable settler, approximating closely as he does to their own national types, and the Japanese who leave the shelter of their own flag in the future will more probably be attracted there than anywhere else.

With India it is different. When seeking to emigrate the Indian is confronted by a world that either wants him as an indentured coolie or not at all. Yet it is evident that there are many parts of the British Empire that are climatically suited to him, and where he would be welcome in the capacity of settler, labourer, or middleman. If the Soudan is ever to be developed thoroughly it will require more labour in works of construction than Egypt can supply: in Uganda there are broad acres of fertile land that are waiting for the plough and will wait in vain for white emigrants: the British West Indies can still offer many attractions to the Indian immigrant. The main necessity, therefore, is a central authority in India concerned with the question alone, and empowered to open up avenues of emigration. Once the stream is set in motion it will flow automatically

in the directions marked out for it, and the real pressure in India will be relieved.

As far as South Africa is concerned the trouble is due less to the restriction of immigration than to the treatment of Indians already domiciled there. It is pointed out by Indians that both Lord Selborne and Lord Crewe instanced the grievance of British Indians in the Transvaal as one of the chief causes of the South African War, and yet since the incorporation of that country with the British Empire their lot has been even less happy than before. South Africa is not averse from using indentured labour, and yet is hostile to the free settlement of Indians whose contracts have expired, requiring them to register and pay a poll-tax of £3. There are other causes of discontent, the hampering of Indians in their efforts to secure trading-licences, their segregation in bazaars, the barring-out of priests and preceptors, and the refusal of the Union Government to recognise the legality of marriage contracts according to Moslem, Sikh, and Hindu rites.

A few years ago the trouble seemed to have been brought within an ace of settlement by an agreement entered into between the late Mr. Gandhi and another distinguished Indian on the one hand, and the Transvaal Government on the other. By this it was arranged that if the Transvaal Government relaxed its compulsory registration laws the two signatories would use their influence with their countrymen to get them to register voluntarily. For awhile it appeared that the atmosphere had cleared, and the British Government even gave the Indian authorities an assurance to that effect, but the agreement finally broke down. Mr. Gandhi did not have any official authority and consequently his influence was only partial, and the Transvaal Government was dilatory in enacting legislation that would have proved its good faith. Since then there has been perpetual unrest, and aggressive protests on the part of the Indian community, which in Natal outnumber the white population.

Yet it is evident that the whole question is one that is particularly capable of diplomatic settlement, having reached an exasperating pitch of intensity only because of the lack of proper mediatory agents. There is no real moral question involved. South Africa cannot afford to take an unbending attitude towards Indian immigration, for the structure of her social system depends on an adequate supply of coloured labour, and her right of restricting the number she admits has never been questioned. It is entirely a matter of grievances in regard to legal indignities, and the position of the Indian would be greatly strengthened if he had some official representative on the spot to voice his

claims and look after his interests. The structure of the Empire is not so devoid of plasticity that such small adjustments would be impossible, and if a man like the late Mr. Gandhi were made the Agent-General for India in the Union the status of the Indians would be improved both materially and spiritually.

But, taking the question as a whole, no settlement will be possible while all discussion in England is terminated by an admission of the right of populous countries to expand as they please. No such right can be recognised, or the world would be at the mercy of mere fecundity. It has been easy for England, hitherto, to look at the question from a remote height, but the recent coloured riots in different parts of the country should have brought home to her some of the realities of the question. Only a few weeks ago a negro was lynched by a crowd in Liverpool. If the juxtaposition of white and black can arouse such passion in an English town, where there is no possibility of the coloured race becoming predominant, what would be likely to occur in Australian or Canadian towns if Asiatic immigrants were admitted in large numbers?

An acceptance by the League of Nations of their right to choose the constituent parts of their future populations is the only thing that will satisfy the Dominions. That is a fundamental principle, a condition of their very existence, and British statesmen should recognise it. Afterwards there is room for the diplomatic adjustments I have suggested here.

VANCE PALMER

LABOUR'S MISTAKE.

LABOUR, like every other section of the community, has its grievances. Having said so much we are bound to admit that there the general similarity ceases. Labour comes into the market to sell the most perishable of all commodities; for by no possibility can the labour unsold to-day realise a price to-morrow. Labour's method of altering prices and readjusting conditions of sale differs from that of every other section of the community, while Labour's lack of rest is greater than that from which other large groups of the people suffer, hence the oft-repeated and delightfully paradoxical newspaper headline "Labour Unrest." But most remarkable of all perhaps is the fact that Labour is vested with great Parliamentary power which remains unused.

Labour, in short, is a condition apart, suffering from aloofness which in days gone by could not be thrown off, and which to-day is fostered by one serious and all-embracing error essentially Labour's own. The position is quaint. This mistake is exclusively Labour's, and is the one fault to which all other failings of Labour are attributable. Consciously or unconsciously the working men of this country are perpetually setting Public Opinion at defiance. Forgetting how very much Public Opinion has done for them in the past, they tacitly ignore that great power at times, and again, at other times, take every opportunity of openly flouting it.

There is perhaps enough boldness about some of the foregoing statements to justify their examination in detail.

I. It has been said that Labour has its grievances. Labour would not be human if it had no grievances. The rest of the community would be super-human if none of Labour's grievances were real. Many members, indeed many sections, of the public are no doubt perfectly honest in asserting that they do not know anything of which Labour can reasonably complain. Such honest ignorance is the direct result of Labour's one fundamental error, the neglect of Public Opinion.

II. The statement that Labour is the most perishable of all commodities needs no elucidation. The day's work not done to-day will fetch no price to-morrow. It may be urged that all professional men and artists are at a similar disadvantage. The similarity is, of course, admitted, but the conditions are far from being identical. The operating surgeon taking a rest runs no risk of losing his job. The operation not performed to-day is

little likely* to involve a reduction of next week's diet. Public Opinion deems periods of rest necessary for surgeons, and consents to their payment on that understanding. Much the same may be said of the artist, with the addition that his rest may be a period wherein he seeks and finds inspiration. The workman is almost invariably called upon to obey the jow of the bell, the tick of the clock, and the shriek of the hooter for six days out of every seven—if he be fortunate.

III. It is well known that Labour's method of obtaining new conditions differs vastly from that of other vendors. All too often Labour has found it necessary seriously to injure its own nasal organ not merely to spite its face, but to make good to some extent its own past neglect of Public Opinion. Consider any big strike we may, we find that ultimate success or failure has been the outcome of action neither by masters nor by men; but rather the direct result of an aroused public feeling on the matter in dispute. When a body of strikers is in a position to make it clear to the public that their lot needs amelioration the strike succeeds, the amelioration follows. To consider this matter justly attention for the time being should be confined to occurrences in any one industry where we can point to strikes which have succeeded and to strikes which have failed. Where the strikers were in a position to make public real grievances, those grievances have been redressed. Where the ventilated grievances have been trivial or imaginary, such redress has not followed. In dealing with this and kindred subjects one is always placed in a curious difficulty; arguments based upon generalisations are apt to be brushed aside, while the selection of instances has its own peculiar danger, for the charge of having made invidious selection, or sophisticated choice, may be incurred. Obviously, a complete list of industries in which strikes have arisen cannot be dealt with. If for our present purpose we consider dock labourers and their strikes it is because the industry is a big one, and there have been many strikes which, together with some of their details, will be remembered by persons who do not usually give attention to such matters. The dock strike of 1889 was embarked upon in the teeth of a very hostile Public Opinion. The public generally was at first concerned only with the inconvenience inflicted, and likely to be inflicted, upon its many-headed self. For a period both masters and men were reaping nothing but loss in the matter. But facts leaked out. One or two public-spirited members of the professional class had seen for themselves the barbarous method of "taking on" at the dock gates, and knew that even the threepence halfpenny or fourpence an hour which the fortunate could earn was not entirely theirs. A

dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church compelled the public to listen to some dreadful detail culled from the Police Courts. Public Opinion was influenced, forgot the inconvenience; and declared in favour of the strikers. Since then there have been several dock strikes, but none so definitely successful. That of 1912 is noteworthy in the present connection. The men had, of course, some ground for complaint, though their principal point (an honest belief among one section that certain authorities were making determined effort to smash the men's unions) had its root in misunderstanding. But the men were guilty of definite and indefensible breaches of agreement, and further made the grave mistake of attempting to call out the workers at all the ports about our coast. On balance, Public Opinion was heavily against them; as a consequence their defeat was severe. They returned to work unconditionally, having lost not merely trade union funds, but also the right of choosing where the "taking on" should be done. Moreover, the Lightermen's Charter was gone.

Now, changing the field of observation as completely as possible, consider an entirely different industry, its strike in war time and its strike since the war. The Police strike of 1918 was remarkably successful, the men had a good case to submit to Public Opinion. Their strike in 1919 was just as completely a failure, because they had no case, and, as a natural result, the general opinion was entirely against them. Before quite leaving this aspect of Labour's one grave error, it cannot be too strongly insisted that the great tribunal which is so determinedly neglected is really most honourable in its dealings with strikers. Inconvenience or loss thrust upon the public by the action of strikers does not bias the matured opinion of that tribunal. Hence the great importance of seeing that the strikers' case is made clear. If the essential thing for Labour is the correct informing of the public, the question naturally arises, Is the strike the only means of forcing home such information? If it is not the only means, is it the best? We know on excellent authority that it is not necessary to burn down the house in order that pork may be roasted.

IV. The statement that Labour's lack of rest is greater than that of any other section of the community is not generally believed. This unbelief is based upon ignorance of working-class conditions. In pre war days many men who were generally deemed well paid were literally unable to provide more than twopence a day for the food of each of their children, where the children numbered four. Ignorance of this and similar facts, due to Labour's one great error, compels men to toil at other or

subsidiary industries when they are popularly supposed to be at leisure. It is constantly asserted in the Public Press that the professional man who continues to work (taking no account of time) till the business in hand is completed works longer than the labourer. Labour should make all possible effort to enlighten the public on the truth of this matter. Our Reviews not infrequently contain articles, usually the work of well-intentioned ladies, in which the struggles of working-class mothers are dwelt upon. Such articles say not one word of the extra hours which the man puts in on a plot or at some laborious work throughout the much greater part of his spare time! A week's holiday for the working man is a thing unknown. For his very Bank Holidays he loses pay. The "eight-hour day" would be more accurately described as the nine-hour day; while to the forty-seven hour week another twelve hours should generally be added for travelling. Labour continues to overlook the necessity of making these facts public.

V. Labour makes no good use of its Parliamentary power. Parliamentary representation proved itself absolutely useless to the working classes in pre-war days. The Labour Party came into being in 1906, thus having eight clear years before the war wherein to accomplish something of real benefit to Labour. At its inception its main objects were generally supposed to be but two in number, the increasing of real wages and the shortening of working hours. It did neither of these things. Throughout the war few matters of home interest were much more noticeable than Labour's marked falling away from its accredited leaders. The critics of Labour were particularly severe in this connection; while at the General Election of 1918 perhaps no feature was more salient than the lack of support given to candidates who avowed that they stood definitely in the Labour interest. Since the beginning of 1919 we know that Trade Unions have not merely discussed the advisability of withdrawing their members from Parliament, but have actually arranged to circumscribe the activities of those leaders. Slack representation and misrepresentation have engendered bitterness. All this trouble and waste of opportunity has been due to the working man's under-estimate of the value of Public Opinion. The conditions which have thus grown up are clearly unjust to the men. They understand this fact, but do not realise the use it would be to them were they to explain the position to the public. The whole truth of the matter is simply that Labour leaders are generally lost to Labour when they attain a certain eminence. Particularly is this the case when the workman's representative is returned to Parliament. Every elector in the country knows that a Member fre-

quently retains his seat long after he has ceased to represent his constituents, but it is only electors of the working class who understand how frequently and for how long seats may be held while the occupants are acting in opposition to the best interests of their constituents. Here, then, is more Labour trouble, more real injustice to Labour, largely due to Labour's own fault, the consistent neglect of Public Opinion. This, like all other matters mentioned here, is really one of national importance, for no real injury can be done either to or by Labour which does not militate heavily against the nation's prosperity.

VI. To assert that Labour is a condition apart may seem no more than the reiteration of an obvious truth, which has no more than superficial importance to the condition of either Labour or of the community at large. Yet the intangible barriers which have been erected, and which in other cases have grown up, are ever present to make a real "getting together" impossible. Take one example: under the Whitley scheme we have had mixed conferences, and we shall have more such assemblages. Masters and men are to meet and discuss matters with a view to the avoidance of friction. It is hoped that thus a great deal of trouble may be nipped in the bud. Now there is no new principle involved here. The novelty lies only in that the setting up of machinery for such meetings is compulsory for both masters and men, and, further, in that decisions must be in many cases more promptly acted upon than might formerly have been the case. But no such symposia will tend to break down Labour's aloofness. On the contrary, the position of unhappy isolation will in many cases be accentuated. It is a fact long since recognised by working men that when their delegates attend any such meetings with the masters the bulk of the men run one very well-known risk. On assembling at the round table a few courteous words addressed by a tactful master to the most determined of Labour's representatives will go far toward reducing the strength of Labour's position at that table. Whenever masters and men meet, the men are very heavily handicapped by the feeling that they must pick and choose their words, while the masters are in no such difficulty.

In considering all such meetings there is nothing to be gained by a wilful closing of the eyes to dominant facts. The interests of the parties are not identical, though they have certain common interests. The position comes to this: buyers of Labour meet sellers of Labour at conferences where the vendors are in a curiously difficult position owing to their isolation. There is no one present who really understands both sides of any question which may arise, no one able, as it were, to extend a hand to

each party in the discussion even before it has become a dispute. Admittedly it is not possible to find men singly, much less in sufficient number, to act as thoroughly equipped mediators. Many a master's son has "been through the shops," but can never be accepted even for a moment as one who understands working men. This is simply because he has never been compelled to live on a workman's pay, working exactly as they work, living exactly as they live. It is peculiarly necessary to live with the working classes if one wishes to understand them, because of that very aloofness now under consideration. No really useful information can be "acquired" by the accepted methods. The "making of inquiries" invariably ends in the perpetration of some absurdity. Before the war the present writer pointed out that if a body of competent arbitrators was sincerely desired, steps must be taken for the training and accrediting of such a body.¹ The suggestion then put forward was to the effect that suitable men should undergo a two or three years' course of training, actually living on their pay throughout the entire course. It was then urged that "the mere fact that such a body, however small, was making the sacrifice, undergoing the necessary training, would do much for Labour." The crying need for male district visitors has been hinted at above. The idea does not seem quite so absurd, nor is its fulfilment utterly impossible, when considered in conjunction with this scheme which was first put upon paper in 1913.

In the small matters of daily routine Labour's aloofness is very plainly shown. For instance, the man who loses one minute must pay for at least fifteen, this though his time is valued at the lowest possible rate, while men who are much more highly paid may lose half-hours daily and never be called upon to pay for minutes. Moreover, the workman who occasionally loses a minute is soon looked upon as a bad character. One finds, too, that the honesty of working men is often called into question for no better reason than that they are working men.

Workmen are often accused of travelling in public conveyances while in a condition of quite unnecessary dirt. It is now pretty generally admitted that the man has a right to washing accommodation at the works. But there for all practical purposes the matter ends, because, while there is always a rule against stopping work before the appointed time, there is usually another against remaining on the premises after that time. Such illogical injustice is reserved for Labour. Labour is a race apart. The men

(1) *Quarterly Review*, April, 1915, "Strikes from the Workman's Point of View," p. 501. The date here given seems to suggest error of which the explanation will be found on p. 503 *ibid.*

are doomed to remain in this unhappy position till they work out their own salvation, first by appreciating the power of Public Opinion, next by making it their business to check those of their own number who think it in some way grand to defy or disgust that opinion, and, finally, by seeing to it that the public generally is furnished with accurate information concerning matters pertaining to Labour. In short, Labour must, for its own sake, overcome its one great error.

Labour's aloofness from the rest of the community is clearly demonstrated by the fact that it is Labour, and Labour alone, which is compelled to be constantly on guard against the incursions of competitors who would undersell it. Nothing akin to so-called free Labour is ever likely to attempt practice in the medical or legal professions, while the shopkeeper who seeks to undersell his rivals not infrequently finds that manufacturers withhold supplies. Yet Labour's efforts to maintain a reasonable standard wage are still deemed iniquitous by a large section of the public whose information concerning these matters is incomplete—Capital is not anxious that the community at large should understand them, while Labour fails to realise the importance of making such knowledge the property of the public. The war was to do wonderful things for Labour; but in the summer of 1919 we find the Capitalist Press giving free advertisement to an association whose avowed object it is to undermine Trade Unionism.¹ The term "Free Labour" is in itself an absurdity, and was probably introduced by someone writing on behalf of Capital.

Even so brief a reference to the very wide subject of Labour's aloofness would be incomplete without definite reference to one aspect of the matter which differs from all others in that, though it is of paramount importance, neither authority nor Labour recognises it, while, strangely enough, the public long since, and quite unaided, formed its own just opinion. The education offered to, or thrust upon, the children of the working classes is a complete absurdity. The three R's are woefully neglected, while great effort is being made to erect an imposing superstructure upon foundations which are not there. Education Acts deal with anything and everything save education. Strife rages around the "Psychology of the Child Mind," and valuable space in our journals is occupied by interminable wrangles as to the motive which induces a child to crawl upstairs. Beautiful avenues are constructed which end clearly enough at the gates of universities, but which, unfortunately, seem to have no real entrances save for

(1) *Globe*, August 30th, 1919. "To Support Free Labour."

the very few who could undoubtedly accomplish the whole distance without elaborate aid at the wrong end. Here let Labour learn from the public, let it listen to an experience beyond its own and be content with the knowledge that patience is needed. The highest and best education can never be given to children whose parents have not found sensible reading one of their chief recreations. The condition is unfortunate, but by no possibility can it be altered in a single generation. The whole-hearted support of the public has long been waiting to help Labour to help its children and its children's children here. Labour need but take the initial step by insisting that really sound elementary education shall be given to each child, then, naturally, as day follows night, will come the well-marked road from elementary school to university, with its entrance as useful as its exit. The educational experts must either be replaced or compelled to admit that there is no royal road to learning, even though it can be conclusively proved that a child picks the paper off the wall because its remote ancestors were monkeys. One need not insist upon the gross injustice which has been done for so many years, is still being done, by the withholding of elementary education from working-class children. The public understands: and signs are not wanting that the working classes will not for much longer consent to educational arrangements which involve the sacrifice of the many for the problematical advancement of the few, together with the aggrandisement of pedagogues and pundits.

If it be true that Labour has undervalued the power of Public Opinion, what is to be done?

First, let a check be put upon the noisy few whose one idea of asserting their independence is based upon the notion that any objectionable behaviour in a public place is good for their class. Collective Labour is not satisfied with the right to expectorate and blaspheme in public. The sensible majority understands how to deal with blacklegs: let them now take this much simpler but equally important matter in hand so that the public may be left in no doubt as to the real mannerliness of working men and women.

Let organised Labour see to it that when a dispute is in progress the public at large shall be given a full account of Labour's side of all questions involved, so that Public Opinion may be based upon the simple facts rather than being as at present misled by Capitalist statements or disgusted by agitators' exaggerated views. Finally, let working men see to it that there shall be no camouflage about the education given to their children.

Labour's only error lies in its complete neglect of Public Opinion. That great power has won many a victory for Labour

in the past—in spite of Labour's ingratitude. The public is eager to believe that collective Labour is clean in every sense of the word. Let the few irresponsibles who strive to prevent this, and who would have all their mates judged by themselves, be brought to see reason. Let the Capitalist Press be compelled to accord Labour as much justice as it already gives the Capitalist; and, as the necessary preliminary to real education, let the elements be insisted upon. On this last point at least Public Opinion is waiting to help Labour to help itself.

A SKILLED LABOURER.

HAZLITT AND "BLACKWOOD'S."

I.

WHEN Tom Moore sent Hazlitt his *Fudge Family*, and found soon afterwards that the gift had not sufficed to secure high praise for "Lalla Rookh" in the *Lectures on the English Poets*, he thought, being a poet and not a critic, that he had just cause for complaint. "At the time he sent me that very delightful and spirited publication," says Hazlitt, "my little bark was seen 'hulking on the flood' in a kind of dubious twilight, and it was not known whether I might not prove a vessel of gallant trim. Mr. Blackwood had not then directed his Grub Street battery against me." The early history of *Blackwood's Magazine* is inclined to be notorious, but the manner and degree in which it affected Hazlitt among English writers is not so generally known, and it may be of interest to trace the story here in rather fuller detail than Mr. Whibley permitted himself the other day, and from a somewhat different angle.¹

In telling the story of the magazine as it affected Hazlitt, it will in some degree be necessary to tell the story of the magazine as it affected others besides himself. And one starts with that celebrated seventh number, for October, 1817, in which the strange trimvirate of publisher and authors let themselves loose upon what was, on the whole, a justly astonished world. Wilson, we know, on the evidence of Lockhart, to have been "afflicted with much despondency as a literary man, having never been able in anything to apply his mind so as to produce satisfaction to his own judgment"; Lockhart, also, we know, thanks to Mr. Andrew Lang; and upon the character of Mr. Blackwood, as a shrewd and ambitious publisher, there is sufficient illumination to be found in the pages of Mrs. Oliphant. But the mystery of the triple personality and its works remains and will remain.

The article on Coleridge with which the number opened, amazing as it is and differing so subtly in style and motive from the worst that Hazlitt ever found to say against him, is merely the discharge of one of those "thousand sore places" dating from Wilson's "earlier years" in the Lakes which Lockhart notes,

(1) In *Hazlitt v. Blackwood's Magazine*, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, 1918.

and need not detain us. It leads us to nothing, alas, save to subsequent equally curi-ous praises, and to Coleridge being pleased to write for the magazine for the sake of the twenty guineas a sheet. But the next article is different: it is "On the Cockney School of Poetry, No. 1," and with it we are fairly launched upon our course of quotation:—

"All the great poets of our country [we read] have been men of some rank in society, and there is no vulgarity in any of their writings; but Mr. Hunt cannot utter a dedication, or even a note, without betraying the *shibboleth* of low birth and low habits. He is the ideal of a Cockney poet. . . .

"Mr. Hunt is not disqualified by his ignorance and vulgarity alone for being the founder of a respectable sect in poetry. He labours under the burden of a sin more deadly than either of these. The two great elements of all dignified poetry, religious feeling and patriotic feeling, have no place in his mind. . . . The poetry of Mr. Hunt is such as might be expected from the personal character and habits of its author. . . . His poetry is that of a man who has kept company with kept-mistresses. He talks undelicately like a tea-sipping milliner's girl. Some excuse for him there might have been had he been hurried away by imagination or passion. But with him indecency is a disease, and he speaks unclean things from perfect manhood. The very concubine of so impure a wretch as Leigh Hunt would be to be pitied [sic]; but, alas! for the wife of such a husband! . . . How such a profligate creature as Mr. Hunt can pretend to be an admirer of Mr. Wordsworth is to us a thing altogether inexplicable.

"The founder of the Cockney school would fain claim poetical kindred with Lord Byron and Thomas Moore. Such a connection would be as unsuitable for them as for William Wordsworth. The days of Mr. Moore's follies are long since over; and, as he is a thorough gentleman, he must necessarily entertain the greatest contempt for such an underbred person as Mr. Leigh Hunt. But Lord Byron! How must the haughty spirit of Lara and Harold condemn the subaltern sneaking of our modern tuft-hunter. The insult which he offered to Lord Byron in the dedication of *Rimini*—in which he, a paltry Cockney newspaper scribbler, had the assurance to address one of the most nobly born of English patricians, and one of the first geniuses whom the world ever produced, as 'My dear Byron'—although it may have been forgotten and despised by the illustrious person whom it most nearly concerned, excited a feeling of utter loathing and disgust in the public mind, which will always be remembered whenever the name of Leigh Hunt is mentioned. . . .

"The shallow and impotent pretensions, tenets and attempts of this man, and the success with which his influence seems to be extending itself among a pretty numerous, though certainly a very paltry and pitiful, set of readers, have for the last two or three years been considered by us with the most sickening aversion. The very culpable manner in which his chief poem was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review* (we believe it is no secret, at his own impatient and feverish request, by his partner in the Round Table) was matter of concern to more readers than ourselves. The masterly pen which inflicted such signal chastisement on the early licentiousness of Moore should not have been idle on that occasion. Mr. Jeffrey does ill when he delegates his important functions into such hands as those of Mr. Hazlitt. It was chiefly in consequence of that gentleman's allowing Mr. Leigh Hunt to pass unpunished through a scene of slaughter which his execution might so highly have gratified that we came to the resolution of laying before our readers a series of essays on the Cockney school—of which here terminates the first."

This article was signed "Z," and the writer who showed such tender solicitude for Mrs. Hunt was Lockhart.

Leigh Hunt took notice of it. He wrote to Jeffrey: "I trouble you with this, to say, that since my last I have been made acquainted with the atrocious nonsense written about me in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and that nothing can be false than what is said respecting my having asked and pestered Mr. Hazlitt to write an article upon my poem in the *Edinburgh Review*. I never breathed a syllable to him on the subject, as anybody who knows me would say for me at once, for I am reckoned, if anything, somewhat over-fastidious and fantastic on such matters." And, through his brother, John Hunt, he made representation to the London agent for the magazine (not yet Murray) that the article was objectionable, and demanded the name of the writer. Mr. Blackwood, in reply—"like an astute publisher," as Mrs. Oliphant says, like the astute publisher he was, as we should prefer to put it worked off his celebrated trick of disclaiming responsibility for the actions of his Editor, and asserted that the article in question was "sent from London by a writer of great ability." In the meantime we have Wilson writing from the Lakes, whither he and Lockhart had repaired after *their* fashion: "You should consult Cranstoun or some other first-rate man about Hunt. No doubt that is actionable."

Hunt did not take action, but inserted a notice in the *Examiner* instead. Whereupon Mr. Z found his courage again, although courage this time of the second degree. "Mr. Blackwood's Editor has thought proper," we read, "to soften some of my expressions in the Second Edition of his *Magazine*, so as to prevent the possibility of the misconstruction into which it appears you [Hunt] have fallen. I suspect, however, that in truth you are the only person who has mistaken my meaning, and that it would be a difficult thing for any disinterested individual to comprehend in what way you have committed such a blunder. *When I charged you with depraved morality, obscenity, and indecency, I spoke not of Leigh Hunt as a man. I deny the fact.* I have no reason to doubt that your private character is respectable; but I judged of you from your works, and I maintain that they are little calculated to support such a conclusion. I am willing to confess to you that there are few absurdities of which I do not believe a most affected and tasteless rhymester to be capable, even though his morals should have no share in the base qualities of his intellect." The italics are ours, and, if we turn back to what he *had* said, may well denote admiration.

Having now observed, from a suitable vantage point, the opening salvo of Mr. Blackwood's battery, we need not follow

further for its own sake the exposure of this Z's moral and religious scruples in regard to the poem "Rimini": The battery was about to change target, although not before (if Hunt can be seriously taken) its earliest victim was believed up and down the country by Mr. Blackwood's innocent readers to have been guilty of the crime of incest in his own person. And one gun—if we may so express ourselves—was still to be kept on him.

II.

The earliest mention of Hazlitt's name in Mr. Blackwood's pages, as we have seen, was as the reviewer in the *Edinburgh* of Hunt's unfortunate poem. He was, as a matter of some certainty, only part-reviewer of that poem, Jeffrey having found it as impossible as he frequently did wholly to delegate those important functions of which we found Hunt's stern censor speaking. But that is by the way. We must now notice another characteristic of the early *Blackwood's*—the quite unusual facility with which its young men blew hot and cold. Just as Coleridge was at first insulted (the real motive for that attack, Mr. Lang says, being "too childish"—or too discreditable—"to be revealed") and afterwards bepraised, so Wordsworth was at first bepraised and afterwards insulted. It is no surprise to us, therefore, to find Mr. Blackwood's eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth numbers

(1) I really cannot leave the subject, however, without reproducing the brightest flower in Z's bouquet for the month of May, 1818. It occurs in "Letter from Z to Leigh Hunt, King of the Cockneys," and is as follows:—"There is not a man or a woman around us, who venerates the memory of a respectable ancestry, or the interests of a yet unpolluted progeny, that will not rejoice to see your poison neutralised by the wholesome chemistry of Z. There is not a single mother of a seduced daughter, or a single father of a profligate son, or a single repentant victim of sophistical vice, that does not lavish the foulest of execrations on your devoted head. Even in those scenes of wickedness, where alone, unhappy man, your verses find willing readers, there occur many moments of languor and remorse, wherein the daughters of degradation themselves toss from their hands, with angry loathing, the obscene and traitorous pages of your *Rimini*. In those who have sinned from weakness or levity the spark of original conscience is not always totally extinguished. To your breast alone, and to those of others like you, the deliberate, and pensive, and sentimental apostles of profligacy, there comes no visiting of purity, no drop of repentance. Your souls are so hardened, that the harlot deity, who is worshipped by others with their senses alone, claims and receives from you the prostration and slavery of intellect. Alas! that where pity is so much the predominant feeling, I should be forced, by the stubbornness of the offender, to array myself in the externals of severity. Confess only that you have done wrong—make a clean breast of it—beg pardon of your God and of your country for the iniquities of your polluted muse, and the last to add one pang to the secret throbbings of a contrite spirit shall be Z." Lockhart ought to have finished up as a great jury-moving counsel, possibly Lord Chancellor, and not merely editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

devoting respectful attention, as Mr. Whibley points out, to the *Lectures on the English Poets* then being delivered in London. Our surprise is, if possible, lessened when we remember that the reports were written by Patmore, the father of the poet and a young man of many jobs, among them being at this time that of London theatrical correspondent, under the signature A. Z., to the newly-established magazine. He has left us, as a matter of fact, an account of the transaction (in *My Friends and Acquaintance*):—

"My reception was not very inviting; and it struck me at once (what had not occurred to me before) that in asking facilities for criticising William Hazlitt in *Blackwood's Magazine* I had taken a step open to the suspicion of either mischief or mystification, or both. However, I soon satisfied him that my object and design were anything but unfriendly. To be what he called 'puffed' in so unlooked-for a quarter was evidently deemed a godsend; it put him in excellent humour accordingly; and the 'Lake Poets' being mentioned, and finding me something of a novice in such matters (and moreover an excellent listener), we talked for a couple of hours, without intermission, on those 'personal themes' which he evidently 'loved best,' and with which, in this instance, he mixed up that spice of malice which was never, or rarely, absent from his discourse about his quondam friends, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey..

"This first lengthened interview of mine with Hazlitt ended by his promising to let me have the MS. of his lectures to do what I pleased with, and we parted on a better footing than we had met."

This arrangement, while it may have suited Mr. Blackwood (who might quite conceivably be going to handle the Scottish end of the printed *Lectures*, as he afterwards handled the *Table Talk*), did not for long suit somebody else. As a matter of fact, the very number which contained Patmore's second report was prefaced by the following verse among its "Notices: done into Metre by an Ingenious Friend":—

"Of pimpled Hazlitt's coxcomb lectures writing,
Our friend with moderate pleasure we peruse.
A.Z., when Kean's or Shakspeare's praise inditing,
Seems to have caught the flame of either's muse."

"Why pimpled, Mr. Blackwood, why pimpled?" Hazlitt was, as a matter of fact, anticipated in that natural inquiry, for the embarrassed Patmore, realising perhaps the bitterness of the odd-job man who serves unlikely masters, had been reduced to the expedient of adding at the end of the third and last of his respectful summaries a note to ask:—"By the bye, what can our Editor's facetious friend mean by 'pimpled Hazlitt'? If he knows that gentleman's person, he cannot intend the epithet to apply to *that*; and how 'pimpled' may be interpreted with reference to *mind*, we are not able to divine."¹

(1) Byron was. In his Journal under date January 29th, 1831, we find him writing of his brother reformer and future fellow-writer in the *Liberator*:—"I

We move forward a couple of months (passing on the way the tremendous effort against Hunt whose chief beauty we have assigned to a footnote), and find the number for June, 1818, enlivened by the same pleasing inconsequence. While the body of the magazine contains a serious article on Jeffrey and Hazlitt—"He and Mr. Jeffrey being at present the two most eminent speculators on literary topics, one is naturally led to compare their merits"—the front of it celebrates "Hunt and Hazlitt, Haydon, Webb and Keats" in an imaginary forgathering at Hampstead, a place that for some reason which has never been explained seemed so ineffably ridiculous to Edinburgh. Another month, and the two voices are becoming appreciably one. The late "most eminent speculator on literary topics" is now plain Bill Hazlitt, "that foundered artist." It is still Hunt, and not Hazlitt, who is being addressed; but the address direct is promised. "For the present we have nothing more to add. Leigh Hunt is delivered into our hands to do with him as we will. Our eye shall be upon him, and unless he amend his ways, [*sic*] to wither and to blast him. The pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, we are confident, are henceforth shut against him. One wicked Cockney will not again be permitted to praise another in that journal, which, up to the moment when incest and adultery were defended in its pages,¹ had, however openly at war with religion, kept at least upon decent terms with the cause of morality. It was indeed a fatal day for Mr. Jeffrey when he degraded both himself and his original coadjutors by taking into pay such an unprincipled blunderer as Hazlitt. He is not a coadjutor, he is an accomplice. The day is perhaps not far distant when the Charlatan shall be stripped to the naked skin and made to swallow his own vile prescriptions. He and Leigh Hunt are arcades ambo," etc. We can hear the bewildered reader asking, What is all this about? The answer is that it is about nothing in particular. There was somebody who "knew

have been reading Frederick Schlegel (brother to the other of the name) tall now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt, in English, who *talks purple*—a red and white corruption rising up (in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humours." Such was the unrivalled power of Mr. Blackwood's young men in disseminating broadcast their happy critical impressions.

(1) It need hardly be stated in such a connection that the review in question did nothing whatever beyond accepting the poem as a harmless metrical version of the Paolo and Francesca story—as it has not occurred to any sane person to do anything else ever since. Whoever wrote most of it, Hazlitt or Jeffrey, it is a good discriminating piece of criticism. "We see no sort of beauty in such absurd and unusual phrases as 'a clipeous waist,' 'a scattery light,' or 'flings of sunshine,' and a hundred others in the same taste," is a fair example of the reservations with which the poem was praised.

something," and he intended to make use of it, that was all. His friend Z was employing his forensic powers, unemployed otherwise, unfortunately, in working the jury into a suitable condition to receive the disclosure.

III.

Wilson did not know Hazlitt. His period of residence at the Lakes, as a young man of fortune and poetical ambitions (a fortune which he had now lost, and poetical ambitions which he had not realised), did not begin until four years after Hazlitt paid his last visit there. This visit, in 1808, when Hazlitt was in his twenty-fifth year and was painting portraits, ended in a breach with Wordsworth which was never healed. Partly, it was a matter of incompatible sympathies; partly, of an amatory scrape into which Hazlitt undoubtedly got, and which Wordsworth resented. We have only Wordsworth's side of the story, and we know that this was treasured and, under the influence of political feeling, was given to at least two persons twelve years after the event—to Lamb after Hazlitt's review of "The Excursion," and to Crabb Robinson in Waterloo year. We cannot have much doubt that, under stress of similar emotions, it was given to others, and to John Wilson among the number. Hence Bill the Painter; hence "that foundered artist"; hence these terrible forewarnings of the wrath to come.

When Mr. Blackwood's young men were on "a good thing," they did not beat about the bush about it. By an extraordinary stroke of good fortune the same month in which Hazlitt was to receive his "terrible scraping" (Mr. Blackwood's phrase) brought Lockhart, through the accident of a country-house meeting, some exclusive information regarding the base origin and former employment of Keats. Sir Sidney Colvin has told the story in his *Life*. It is to this circumstance we owe the fact that Keats and Hazlitt were flayed together, and Mr. Blackwood had his bumper number.

The seventeenth number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, for August, 1818, has so often been turned to for the sake of its fourth article on the "Cockney School," on that "still smaller poet," Mr. Keats, that we need not let that article detain us here. We turn over a few pages and come to "Hazlitt cross-questioned":—

"Mr. Editor,—In the course of your practice as a critical sportsman, you have already had the merit of discovering, winging and bagging some new kinds of game. Upon one of these, your additions to the sphere of amusement, I beg leave heartily to congratulate you. I mean that wild, black-bill Hazlitt.

"You do not, I perceive, know what a paltry creature this is, otherwise

you would either have said more or less about him than you have done. . . . He is a mere quack, Mr. Editor, and a mere bookmaker; one of the sort that lounge in third-rate bookshops, and write third-rate books."

Then follow, presented with a tremendous appearance of formidability, eight queries, of which this is the second:—

"Is it, or is it not, true that you owe all your ideas about poetry or criticism to gross misconceptions of the meaning of his [Mr. Wordsworth's] conversation; and that you owed your personal safety, perhaps existence, to the humane and firm interference of that virtuous man, who rescued you from the hands of an indignant peasantry whose ideas of purity you, a cockney visitor, had dared to outrage?"

Others of the queries are as follows:—

'In an essay of yours on the 'Ignorance of the Learned,' do not you congratulate yourself, and the rest of your Cockney crew, on never having received any education?

"Do not you, who cannot repeat the Greek alphabet, nay, who know not of how many letters it is formed, pretend to give an opinion of the literary character of Professor Porson?"

"Do you know what is English, or what is not English, any more than you know that Latin is not Greek?"

"Did you not insinuate, in an essay on Shakespeare in the *Examiner*, that Desdemona was a lewd woman, and after that dare to publish a book on Shakespeare?"

"Do you know the Latin for a goose?"

The letter concludes: "As soon as Mr Hazlitt answers these eight simple questions, other eight of a more complex nature, and worded more gravely, await his attention," and it comes from "An Old Friend with a New Face," whose residence is at "Greenwich." The interest of what, if it were not for Keats, might be termed Mr Blackwood's Hazlitt number, is completed by two other articles. The first is on Shakespeare's Sonnets, and is by way of being a notice of Hazlitt's *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. "To him," we read, "truth and falsehood are indifferent. He cannot write one syllable on any subject, unless he has an opinion before him, and then he very magnanimously and intellectually contradicts that opinion. He stands with his back turned on the whole writing world, and need not therefore be surprised to get an occasional kick or two." The other is on the Works of Charles Lamb. "Mr. Lamb is, we know, a man of virtue, and, we doubt not, a man of religion. . . . Once, and once only, he alludes to Hunt, in some very beautiful verses, addressed to the child of that person when in prison with his unhappy father; but to 'pumped Hazlitt,' notwithstanding his 'coxcomb lectures' on Poetry and Shakespeare, he does not condescend to say one syllable. Mr. Lamb's Parnassus is not in the kingdom of Cockaigne."

Hazlitt may or may not have been surprised at his kick or two; but what is certain is that his "Old Friend" was never heard of again with his promised further questions. For things had been happening, and were about to happen.

IV.

Murray had taken over a share in the magazine. On the blowing over of the Hunt affair, he had written to Blackwood: "I cannot congratulate you on your victory. . . . I will venture my existence that you are injuring your character in the opinion of every one whose good opinion is worth having. I cannot perceive your object in literally running amuck at every one; and I would not undergo your feelings for any worldly advantage." After the August number he now writes—in the course of an eleven-page letter, says Dr. Smiles, "all to the same effect"—"I have delayed writing for no other reason than that I was desirous of gathering from all quarters the opinion respecting our magazine, and you will believe how great my regret is at finding the clamour against its personality almost universal. . . . My hands are withered by it. I cannot offer the work without encountering the dread of reproachful refusal; and as to obtaining contributions from men of character, I might as soon ask them to let me stab them in their backs." He requests that some change shall be made, or that his name shall be removed from the title-page. And thus, it must be remembered, was from the publisher of the *Quarterly*.

In the meantime Hazlitt had done two things (in addition to preparing his lectures on the English Comic Writers): he had instituted proceedings for libel, and he had written that reply to his cross-questioner's questions which Constable (who was a timid editor) did not print, and which Mr. Whibley quoted from in his article the other day.

On September 21st Keats writes "I suppose you will have heard that Hazlitt has on foot a prosecution against Blackwood? I dined with him a few days since at Hesse's—there was not a word said about it, though I understand he is extremely vexed." Hazlitt, as we know from the Constable Memoirs, had already secured Jeffrey to act as his counsel. The source of our information becomes once more the Murray-Blackwood correspondence.

Mr. Blackwood began by bluffing. "I suppose this fellow merely means to make a little bluster, and try if he can pick up a little money. There is nothing whatever actionable in the paper. . . . The article on Hazlitt which will commence next number will be a most powerful one, and this business will not

deprive it of any of its edge." At the same time: "I perfectly agree with you in all you say about personality in expression. I have always been doing as much in this way as I can, and to-day I communicated to my friends what you say on the subject." A few days later: "Mr. W[ilson] has called just now, and I have the happiness of enclosing you a most admirable letter which they have written this morning, and which, in fact, leaves me nothing almost to say."

The admirable letter from Wilson and Lockhart (printed at length in Mrs. Oliphant's book) cannot be here altogether passed over. They express much regret to Mr. Murray, they are willing to take his opinion on the matter as decisive, they admit "that something out of the common order has been done, and that something of an outcry does exist," and are only inclined to question whether that outcry has not been exaggerated.

"With respect to Hazlitt there is no doubt that your observations are just. There is a seeming ferocity in the tone that must disgust many, and on reflection disgusts us. With those to whom Hazlitt is an utter stranger¹ such an article must have seemed execrable. To those who know the truth of the worst things that can be said of him, the principal fault of the article will appear to be confined to its manner and expressions.

"On this part of the subject allow me to remark that, with the exception of this last article on Hazlitt, the articles on the Cockney school are little if at all more severe than those in the *Quarterly Review*, and that they gave more offence to the objects of their severity only on account of their superior keenness²—above all, that happy name which you and all the reviewers are now borrowing, the Cockney School. Hazlitt and Hunt conceived that they could crush an infant work³, and knew that they were powerless against the

(1) That this is exactly what Hazlitt was to both of them we can say with some certainty. There is not the smallest suggestion that Wilson had ever met him. And as to Lockhart, we have Mr. Andrew Lang's statement that it is "conspicuously apparent" that he knew "nothing of Leigh Hunt, nothing of Hazlitt." Mr. Lang goes so far (for a Scotsman) as to suggest that if Lockhart had been lucky enough to have been a Londoner, he would "very probably have been in the set of Keats, Rice, Reynolds, his own friend Gleig, Bailey, and the rest. He might even have been found inditing sonnets to Leigh Hunt, and supping with Lamb, Haydon, and Hazlitt."

(2) Hazlitt himself found another name for it. In giving an account of the contemporary state of the English Press to a resident of Paris (*see Notes of a Journey*) he was disposed to contrast "the malice, the lying, the hypocrisy, the sleek adulation, the meanness, equivocation, and skulking concealment of a *Quarterly Reviewer*" with "the reckless blackguardism of Mr. Blackwood."

(3) Mr. Whibley appears to endorse this statement, in a passage of his article that I think is somewhat ambiguous. "They adopted the fashion [of controversial abuse]," he writes "from their opponents, and in self defence. They were determined not to leave all the advantages to the other side. When the magazine was some five years old, and had been assailed with all the volubility of *Radical rhetoricians*, the Editor explained: he did not apologise for—his policy in a preface." Against the phrases I have italicised ought to be set the facts, I think, that the *Examiner* did not mention *Blackwood's Magazine* until the attack on Hunt, and then only in the most formal manner (in its issues for

Quarterly. Therefore against us did they pour their hottest phials. Give yourself no uneasiness about this, however, as if the action is brought at all, it will be brought here. But do not condescend for a moment to think of giving Harlitt either answer or satisfaction of any kind. Let him fret on; in the end he will do nothing. . . .

"Henceforward nothing reprehensible shall appear."

Mr. Blackwood and his young men were not yet, however, out of the wood. Mr. Murray's view of their activities was not peculiar to London. We have been unable, in this survey, to spare attention to what may be termed their activities on the home front, from the "Chaldee Manuscript" onwards; but their nature and inveteracy will be sufficiently indicated when we say that one reason—possibly the sole reason—why Harlitt was selected for attack was that he was contributing at this time some of the best of his essays to Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine*, the magazine to which Mr. Blackwood's ejected editors (who made room for Wilson and Lockhart) had gone over. That, at any rate, was the opinion of the author of the independent pamphlet which made its appearance in Edinburgh in October, under the title of *Hypocrisy Unveiled, and Calumny Detected: in a Review of Blackwood's Magazine*. "All the venom which these malicious creatures could generate or collect," he says, "has been spitefully thrown upon Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Playfair, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Harlitt, Mr. Napier, Mr. Murray [afterwards Lord Murray], and others who have been guilty of writing for the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or the *Edinburgh Magazine*."

"The libeller of Mr. Harlitt avows himself to be an old friend with a new face—a face which certainly, whatever features it may have at one time displayed, exhibits now only those of a demon. We pretend not to know what Mr. Harlitt is as a man, but we know that this vilifier of Mr. Harlitt cannot be a good one. The facts which he invidiously recalls and publishes, whether true or not, are facts which he must have come to the knowledge of under circumstances that either imposed secrecy or implied trust and confidence. The office of cross-questioner was here entirely gratuitous and uncalled for. . . .

"The attack on Mr. Harlitt comes with a worse grace from these persons, inasmuch as they praised him warmly in the outset, holding him up as the first poetical critic of the day, and afterwards devoting an article to a parallel between him and Mr. Jeffrey; but the secret of all is, that Mr. Harlitt furnished several very able articles to the *Scots* or *Edinburgh Magazine*—articles which display more original thinking than all that has yet appeared in Blackwood's work. . . . Harlitt is an abomination in their sight because he is rising into consequence."

November 9th, 1817, and April 12th, 1818); and that the *London Magazine*, being a three years younger publication than *Blackwood's*, said its first word against them, and only its second word about them, in its eleventh number for November, 1820.

A pair of challenges to mortal combat were promptly delivered, through his publisher, to the author of this pamphlet—which was just what he wanted for an appendix to his further editions; so that in future, with the names of John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart duly set out there, the Veiled Editorship of *Blackwood's Magazine* was not quite the mystery it had been.

Hazlitt's action, in which he claimed £2,000, was settled out of court in December—for what sum we do not know. Mr. Blackwood says "the expenses and a trifle to Hazlitt himself privately." Southey expressed to Murray, Dr. Smiles says, the belief that Hazlitt would not run the risk of having *him* subpoenaed upon the trial. However this may have been, the effect of Hazlitt's action in the matter is to be clearly read in some agitated correspondence and in the pages of the magazine itself. "The Late Hot Weather" and "Is the *Edinburgh Review* a Religious and Patriotic Work?" are Mr. Blackwood's most dangerous matter for several months to come.

V.

It is indeed a sort of epilogue that remains to be written. No prominent mention of Hazlitt's name is made again in *Blackwood's* until March, 1822, when he was in Edinburgh for his divorce, a circumstance which to a certain modified extent let loose again the tongue of the Professor of Moral Philosophy. Do not let it be thought, however, that Mr. Blackwood's battery was as silent towards others as it was towards him. The gunners soon crept back to their guns, and Mr. Murray severed his connection with the *Magazine*, deciding that Mr. Blackwood's young men were incorrigible. And they were shortly joined by a new recruit. Writing to Maginn in September, 1820, Mr. Blackwood says: "Christopher says it is quite astonishing how you enter so completely into the very spirit and essence of Maga." It was Maginn who wrote to Mr. Blackwood on the death of Keats, "We are unlucky in our butts"; but who on reviewing *Adonais* said, "the canoniser is worthy of the saint," and printed a parody entitled *Elegy on my Tom Cat*. Maginn, we are told, was "continually suggesting renewed attacks upon Hazlitt"; but even throughout the duel with the *London Magazine*, ending in February, 1821, in the death of its editor, John Scott, his hand was restrained. It was not until the publication of *Liber Amoris* that Mr. Blackwood really plucked up courage again, and that Hazlitt took a new lease of life in his pages in the person of Pygmalion. The quips henceforward are few and somewhat far between (for he promptly renewed his threat of proceedings), but they lack

nothing of the old quality when we light on them. Once he is "branded on the forehead with the name of blockhead"; more than once the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* is asked "why Pygmalion is not kicked out of the concern"; while someone in a *Noctes* (perhaps the poor Shepherd) is told that he has "the face of a satyr . . . absolutely getting like Hazlitt's." In March, 1829, Wilson, reviewing Leigh Hunt's *Byron*, takes occasion to inform Hazlitt that he is "excommunicated from all decent society." But Hazlitt by this time was in Paris, collecting materials for his *Life of Napoleon*, and able to take, when he remembered him, a view of Mr. Blackwood and all his works which on the whole was philosophic. "Suppose an individual," he writes in *On Public Opinion*, "of whom it has been repeatedly asserted that he has warts on his nose, were to enter the reading-room aforesaid in the Rue de la Paix—is there a single red-faced country squire who would not be surprised at not finding this part of the story true—would not persuade himself five minutes after that he could not have been seen correctly, or that some art had been used to conceal the defect, or would he led to doubt, from this instance, Mr. Blackwood's general candour and veracity? On the contrary, the gentleman would be obliged to disbelieve his senses rather than give Mr. Blackwood the lie, who is read and believed by the whole world. He would have a host of witnesses against him: there is not a reader of Blackwood who would not swear to the fact. Seeing is believing, it is said. Lying is believing, say I."

P. P. HOWE

QUEENSLAND AND THE AUSTRALIAN LABOUR MOVEMENT.

At the close of the war Queensland was conspicuous amongst the Australian States for two reasons, first as being the scene of certain notorious acts and utterances of a disloyal type; and secondly as being the seat of the only Labour Government then in power in Australia. The two facts are probably not unconnected. The fact that a Labour Government holds office would naturally give to the less desirable elements in the Labour movement a certain sense of security in making themselves articulate.

Of the character and extent of the disloyalty it is difficult to speak with any exactness. The word has been applied with considerable looseness to cover a wide range of utterances and actions of very varying degrees of culpability, and it would be a task beyond the scope of the present article to attempt to analyse and classify this complex of unpopular speech and action. It is not possible to do more than offer anything but the most general comments upon the observable facts.

These undoubtedly included a considerable amount of genuine and indisputable disloyalty, *i.e.*, of tendencies in speech and action which were definitely prejudicial to the State and required rigorous suppression in the public interest. Whether such disloyalty was more widespread in Queensland than in the other States, or only more articulate, it is impossible to say. But it can be said with certainty that there was a not inconsiderable section of the population which was not interested in the successful prosecution of the war, and not averse to saying and doing things which would hinder it. To what causes can this be attributed?

The easiest and most tempting explanation of all such phenomena is to suppose the existence of propaganda carried on in the enemy interest and financed by enemy money. But, though the existence of such a conspiracy has more than once been hinted at, it has certainly not been proven. Another very attractive hypothesis is suggested by the nationality tables in the Commonwealth Year Book, from which it appears that Queensland shares with one other State the distinction of having the largest immigrant non-British European population. This discovery might be hailed as a more than sufficient explanation of the phenomenon we are seeking to explain were it not for the further discovery that the State with which it shares this distinction is Western Australia, which has a great reputation for loyalty and voted "Yes"

by a clear majority at the Conscription Referendum. It is a fact that Queensland, particularly in its northern parts, contains a "foreign" element of a most undesirable type; it is also true that Queensland contains a large number of disaffected Irish, and that the influence of these is increased by that of a certain number of Australians of Irish descent and anti-English sympathies. There are also to be found in Queensland, as in every other country, those mysterious individuals who are affected by the bias of anti-patriotism, and who are incapable of believing anything but the worst of their own country, or anything but the best of the countries with which it is in conflict. The influence of this bias is constantly to be detected in the Labour Press.

Under normal circumstances and in a normal community these facts would not by themselves be sufficient to account for the disloyalty we are now investigating. But neither circumstances nor community are normal in Queensland just now, and it is the abnormality of both which seems to constitute at once the explanation and the menace of the situation we are seeking to explain.

Briefly it is the case that class-consciousness and the class-war have been preached with greater visible success in Queensland than in any other part of Australia. Queensland has a daily newspaper run in the Labour interest, and the policy of that newspaper is frankly and explicitly to foster class-consciousness and to foment the class-war. Queensland is also the only State having a Labour Government, and the appeal of such a Government is directly to class-consciousness; it offers itself as the champion of the people against the class which, on the class-war theory, is its hereditary foe; much of its legislation is inspired more by motives of revenge for past injustice than from any dispassionate survey of the facts of the present. The result of this is to extend and exacerbate class-feeling, and incidentally to provoke the phenomena of disloyalty which we have now under investigation. The class-conscious worker sees everything in terms of the class-war. To him the employing and property-owning classes are his natural and inevitable foes. The antagonism between his class and theirs is analogous, let us say, to the antagonism between France and Germany, but deeper and more fundamental. The employing class has robbed him, so he is taught and so he believes, of something that rightly belongs to him, the full product of his labour, and there cannot be, and there ought not to be, social peace until that injustice has been put right. The parallel is perhaps worth pursuing as helping to envisage the situation as the class-conscious see it. Just as Germany was able to rob France because she happened to possess the things essential to victory.

and the greater skill in using them, so the capitalist has so far won the class-war because he controls the land and the other means of production, and so has always the last word in any struggle between employer and employed. As Germany attempted to secure peaceful and stable government in the Reichland by a mixture of cajolery and force, so the capitalist class has attempted to secure social peace by a similar mixture of concessions and force. It attempts to cajole the workers by means of concessions and improved conditions which it is willing to grant so long as they are not such as to interfere with its permanent economic dominance; and in the last resort it can always quell the workers by force; when the police or the military are called in to settle an industrial turmoil they are always called in on the side of the masters, never on that of the men. Moreover, just as Germany employed in her own interest an elaborate system of espionage, so it is believed that the capitalist class has its secret agents and agencies. It is significant that in Queensland the Workers' Educational Association has definitely fallen under the suspicion of the Labour Press as representing an attempt to "pull wool over the eyes" of the workers, and has been denounced by a visiting Labour lecturer as an organised attempt to capture the workers in the interests of capitalistic imperialism. The workers are taught to fear the Greeks, even, perhaps most of all, when they bring gifts.

Such is the world as seen through class-conscious eyes, and it is easy to perceive the influence of such a vision upon the industrialist's attitude towards the war. Why should he, he argued to himself, take any interest in the war? It was started, so he believed, by the capitalists presumably in their own interest. Its continuance was being urged by Labour's hereditary foes, the wage-paying classes and the Church. Profiteers were making huge fortunes out of it. What was there in it for the worker? It is true that the daily Press spoke of great moral and political issues at stake, and of the enormous disaster which a German victory would represent; but everybody knew that the daily Press was in enemy, *i.e.*, capitalist control. The idea of President Wilson and his like making "the world safe for democracy" was continually being held up in the Queensland Labour Press as one of the best imaginable jokes. The class-conscious industrialist saw no reason why he should take a hand in the war, and every reason why he should not. And every effort to convince him to the contrary was foredoomed to failure because it proceeded from enemy sources and was inspired by enemy motives.

Such, it is suggested, is the explanation of the disloyalty in Queensland during the war. To what extent and in what direc-

tions does it still constitute a menace? In order to answer that question it will be necessary to examine the organisations of the Labour movement in Queensland, and the elements of conflict within it.

The issue being fought out in the Australian Labour movement, and notably in the Queensland Labour movement, is the world-wide issue between the political and the industrial sections—between those who think that social salvation and economic justice can be won by political action, by capturing the State in the interests of the workers, and those, who, believing the State to be an incurably bourgeois institution, look to "direct action" and to the suppression of the State by industrial organisation; between those who believe it possible for the workers to control the State, and those who are convinced that the State, so long as it exists, must always control the workers. The political section directs its efforts to putting and supporting Labour Governments in power. The industrial section tends to class Labour Governments with all other Governments in the same category of condemnation. The industrial view of political action may be illustrated by some quotations from a paper called *Solidarity*, the official organ of the Industrial Labour Party, published in Sydney and circulating fairly widely in Queensland. In its issue of October 19th, 1918, occur the following passages:—

"Labour Governments have unfortunately obtained the reins of government in Australia at times with disastrous effects on the workers. Immediately Labour descends so low as to allow members of its class to occupy the benches in the capitalist's Government, immediately the fighting spirit of Labour vanishes, and the individuality of the workers is sunk in their parliamentary representative, who has never yet done anything beneficial for the workers he claims to represent. The history of Labour Governments in Australia is a history reeking with hypocrisy, betrayal and persecutions. . . ."

And in another column of the same issue we read:—

"Parliament is purely a capitalistic institution—a product of capitalistic society—which must mould and administer capitalist law and authority. Parliament is not a free institution. Within the hollow of their hands the financial magnates of the world hold parliaments and legislatures. They dictate constitutions and statutes, and Governments must do their bidding. We look for the result of 25 years of Labour politics in Australia, and naught but intrigue, corruption and disgrace is to be found as the result."

This issue is becoming increasingly clear in Queensland. On the one hand there is the industrial section of the Labour movement, represented by the craft unions with their focus at the Trades Hall, and with the Industrial Council (composed of representatives of the unions affiliated with the Trades Hall) as their

organ of expression. On the other hand, there is the Australian Workers' Union, which so far has stood for political action, and is probably the most influential single factor operating in the Labour interest at elections. It should also be mentioned that the Trades Hall section own and control the *Daily Standard* newspaper, and the A.W.U. section own and control the *Worker*.

The study of the interaction of these two sections in the Labour movement necessitates a description of the political organisation of the Labour Party. In every electorate in Queensland there is a Workers' Political Organisation (W.P.O.), which most usually has many lesser branches. The branches send delegates to the Central Council in proportion to their membership, and the Central Council controls the election for the particular electorate. In addition to this each W.P.O. sends one delegate (elected) to the triennial Labour Convention, which is held some time before a general election. The Convention also contains delegates from a certain number of unions. These latter constitute the industrialist section. The chief business of the Convention is to appoint a Central Political Executive (C.P.E.) chosen from amongst members of Convention. The real business of the C.P.E. is to control an election or matters affecting the electorate. It tends, like most similar bodies, to regard itself as permanently constituted, and consequently is often engaged in an attempt to dominate the Caucus, *i.e.*, the Labour members of Parliament. The C.P.E. recently declared, for example, that the Caucus must not make appointments to the Legislative Council without its consent. This attempt to dominate the politician is probably industrialist in origin, as is certainly also a rule passed by the 1916 Convention that politicians, sitting members, must never be in a majority on the C.P.E. Upon the whole the politicians and the W.P.O.s still have a majority upon the C.P.E., but the industrialists are very active and have other ways of frightening the politicians.

There are certain aspects of the political organisation of which it is important to take note. Membership of the W.P.O.s is open to anyone who is prepared to vote Labour, whether a member of a union or not. A prominent Labour leader once said disgustedly to a friend of the writer that many of the members of the W.P.O.s are not true Labourites at all, but only humanitarians. This is probably still very largely true. The existence of a large humanitarian, and not specially class-conscious, element within the Labour Party is made apparent at times by cleavage over some national question, such as the split over Conscription which took Mr. John Adamson, a former Labour Minister, and his followers out of the party. The W.P.O. takes women as

members; it also takes the small employer, the man who employs no one but works for himself, and so on.

The W.P.O. constantly occupies itself with the organisation of dances, euchre parties, "socials," picnics and the like. It does this primarily to raise funds locally for local needs, but it has the effect of bringing all Labour supporters in constant relation to one another in amusement and discussion. Politicians and industrialists always appear at these functions and make themselves agreeable. In the country districts the W.P.O. attracts many people thus. More important still, it gets hold of the young people, and by simply assuming that they must vote Labour makes it very difficult for them to vote otherwise.

As against all this the industrialist is definitely dissatisfied with his control of politics and the politician, and is using the W.P.O.s as a means of spreading his particular propagandism. The industrialist is endeavouring to turn the politician's flank by converting the W.P.O.s to belief in the industrial domination of politicians (and of everything else). It is this influence which gives the industrial section its power and frightens the politician.

The A.W.U., which is by far the largest union, stands apart from all others by reason of the fact that, until recently at any rate, it was more "political" than "industrialist." At one time it used to admit politicians to its membership (they were classified as unskilled labourers), which shows how strongly political it has been. On the other hand, the fact that it no longer admits politicians shows that here, too, the "industrial" ferment has begun to work. The A.W.U. includes unskilled workers, all workers in country districts, miners, sugar workers, shearers and so on. The various sections have a large measure of autonomy conceded to them, but the A.W.U. is over all. The A.W.U. is not affiliated with the Trades Hall. One reason for this is that the Trades Hall will not allow sectional representation to the A.W.U. If it did the A.W.U. would have at least seventeen times the voting strength of the ordinary Trades Hall Union and would capture the Trades Hall in the "political" interest. The A.W.U. members represent, as has already been said, a main part of the support of Labour politicians, and a large part of the resistance to the "industrialist" movement. It would seem, however, that the industrialist notion is increasing its hold amongst members of the A.W.U. But it is still true to say that the A.W.U. believes in politics and the politician. It dominates the W.P.O.s more than any other union, and is more difficult to handle owing to its varied and scattered membership. The A.W.U. is still socialistic and on the whole moderate. It has a good recruiting record and is so far loyal. Not all its members are immovably of one political

colour. Some of them voted Nationalist at the last Federal Election.

The Trades Hall group of unions are the kernel and centre of the "industrialist" movement. Their influence in politics is at present small. The last appointments to the Legislative Council by the Caucus, for example, included A.W.U. members and representatives of the W.P.O.s, but no "industrialists." But none the less the most vigorous thing in the Labour movement at present is the active, Trades Hall, propagandist, "industrialist" section. It is both clever and persistent. It is now organising an "Industrialist Propaganda Committee" (the outcome of the recent Labour Congress in Brisbane), and it sends representatives to all W.P.O. meetings. As a result, the W.P.O.s are beginning to develop class-consciousness to a more marked extent, and this new factor in Labour political organisation gives weight and importance to the opinions of revolutionary members who, a few years ago, would not have been listened to. The politicians dislike all this extremely, but they are disinclined for meetings with the "industrialists." An attempt was recently made in Brisbane to organise a debate between three industrialists and three members of Parliament. At the last moment the politicians refused to appear, saying that there was no difference of opinion, which, of course, was nonsense. The "industrialists" do not risk an open breach, but they are making great efforts to capture the W.P.O.s.

Such is the struggle within the Labour movement, and it is perhaps not so easy as might at first appear to say what issue of it is to be desired in the interests of Queensland and of Australia. As has been said, the numbers and general character of the unionists composing the A.W.U. are at present a safeguard against any general disloyalty in the sense which that word acquires in war-time. And from that point of view it would seem obviously desirable that the attempt of the extremists to "industrialise" the Labour movement should be frustrated. But there are reasons for doubting whether the A.W.U. and the views it represents should remain the dominant influence in the Labour movement. The A.W.U. stands for permanent social cleavage. It has practically no conception of the social character of industry. The securing of shorter hours and higher wages seems to represent the limit of its political aspiration. Motives of revenge and the desire to make the employing class "squeal" bulk far too largely in its political outlook. The permanent domination of the Labour movement by the A.W.U. type of thought would mean the perpetuation of the class-war with all the evils which that war entails. On the other hand, it is at least debatable whether the capture of the Labour movement by the Industrialist extremists

would not indirectly have a beneficially clarifying effect upon Australian political life. It might serve to precipitate the disloyal element in the movement, and to leave the rest free to seek another and a saner combination. There are those who think that this is the issue most to be desired in the interest of political health. The "industrialists" are, of course, dominated by a deeper and fiercer class-consciousness than that of the A.W.U. The practical outcome of their teaching is Bolshevism. The success of their propaganda would mean social disruption and disaster. But it may be that only along this perilous road can we travel to a better and saner world in the days to come.

W.

FIELD-MARSHAL ALLENBY'S CAMPAIGNS.

THEIR POLITICAL EFFECT.

THE decision reached in the summer of 1917 to undertake an offensive on a considerable scale against the Turk in Palestine was, from a political standpoint, one of the most important decisions of the war. It may well prove to have been one of the most momentous steps recorded in the history of the British Empire. For whatever the immediate compromise may be, it cannot be final. The issues raised by the deliverance of Palestine and Syria from Turkish rule, by the opening up of Mesopotamia with its immense economic possibilities, by the artificial resuscitation of Arab ideas of Domination from Damascus to Mecca are far too complex to be disposed of by a handful of mandates and a discussion or two in Paris or London. The profoundest depths of racial and religious feeling have been stirred; the most venerable and austere of the traditions of the old world have been dragged into the political arena. These are matters that cannot be lightly or ignorantly handled. By virtue of the fact that we, to put it bluntly, did the job, we have to realise that new and great responsibilities have become ours in the Middle East, an area in which we have hitherto played but an inconsiderable part. British foreign policy must of necessity be vitally modified. For Egypt a new era opens.

It is highly improbable that all this was realised by those directly responsible for this fateful decision. Pre-occupied with military considerations, which it is not our present task to discuss, they sent out General Allenby to take over the command in Egypt. This he did on June 28th, 1917. He had been instructed to look into the situation and "to report on the conditions in which offensive operations against the Turkish Army on the Palestine front might be undertaken." At that time the primary object of our collecting and maintaining a considerable force in Egypt had been attained. The Suez Canal, which it was essential to protect, had been reached by the Turks in 1915, and, although no hurt was done to it, it was thereby made clear that despite the difficulties of transport and shortage of water in the desert, the enemy had sufficient endurance and energy to cross the Sinai Peninsula. By the summer of 1917 all danger of this was over. The Canal, which earlier Lord Kitchener had bitingly observed was rather defending us than we it, had been protected by a chain of strong and well constructed defences from Port Said to Suez. The enemy had

been driven out of the Sinai Peninsula as the result of the steady advance of our troops during the autumn and winter of 1916; an advance which had been punctuated by various successful encounters such as that of Romani in August, and had been backed up, and indeed rendered possible, by the laying down of a military railway and pipe line eastwards from Kantara on the Canal. Thus, in our turn, we surmounted the difficulties of transport and water supply inseparable from desert operations. El Arish and Rafa, relatively important places, had fallen at the tail end of the year. Penetrating a little way into Palestine, General Murray, then Commander-in-Chief, had launched attacks against Gaza in the spring of 1917. These had proved unsuccessful. Had General Murray driven the enemy out of Gaza at that time it is doubtful what further movement he would have considered feasible. He was certainly not in possession of resources sufficient to enable him to undertake prolonged or extensive operations in Palestine. It could, however, be said, when General Allenby arrived, that Egypt and the Canal had been made safe.

That was a great deal to be able to say. Many thought at that time, and doubtless many think still, that, given the increasing pressure in other theatres of the war and the impossibility of estimating future requirements there of men and material, we should have remained satisfied that in Egypt enough had been done and have stood on the defensive on the Palestine frontier for the rest of the war. This would have been a monotonous but not a difficult or expensive business. Our positions extending from the coast before Gaza inland to Beersheba could have been strengthened. Had the natural desire to avenge earlier disasters been allowed to prevail, or strategical considerations rendered it advisable, Gaza could have been taken and our permanent positions established on the higher ground which the Turks had been able in the first instance to choose. With a commander of the marked skill and abundant energy of General Allenby this could have been accomplished without difficulty. It was for some time considered possible that the Germans might order and contribute to a really important offensive on the Palestine front. A strong defensive line, such as General Allenby would have known well how to contrive, could have met such an offensive without flinching. The desert railway from the Canal, a masterpiece of plucky and resourceful effort, was working admirably, and together with the system of supply could be counted upon to cope with any emergency. The probability was, too, that the Turk would have accepted not without relief a defensive policy on our part. Proportionately he had expended his resources at Gallipoli very much more heavily than ourselves. For him, prematurely exhausted, a

campaign in Palestine, amid the turmoil of a great war, was by no means an easy thing to equip and handle. Palestine was a long way from his principal sources of supply, the Baghdad Railway was unfinished, Arabia was in revolt. For us, on the other hand, Alexandria, our large and by then well-equipped Middle Eastern military base, was within easy reach. Port Said was a still more accessible auxiliary to it, and resources of many kinds, food, forage, animals, clothing could be brought safely to Suez from Africa, Australia, New Zealand, India, Japan, or even the United States. The Turk had, like ourselves, a military railway system leading to his Palestine line, but it was extremely ramshackle and short of rolling stock. Whilst we could command adequate supplies of coal, the enemy was largely dependent for fuel on local supplies of wood. As he ruthlessly cut down the olive trees of the Palestinian, the Turk saw his future resources steadily decreasing while the popular hatred of him grew. Even with our generous and prompt organisation of supply we found a campaign in Palestine sufficiently arduous. To the Turkish soldier, badly fed and clothed, unpaid, tyrannised over by mediocre and incredibly selfish German bullies, the hardship was infinitely greater.

Moreover, it may with good reason be urged, the adoption of a defensive policy would have worked out greatly to the advantage of Egypt itself. When in March of this year the violent spirits of the El Azhar University in Cairo and the "Egypt for the Egyptians" party sent out their emissaries throughout the length and breadth of Egypt in an endeavour to induce the "fellahin" for the first time in Egyptian history to revolt against British rule, the argument they successfully used was that much local injustice had been done in connection with recruiting for the Egyptian Labour Corps and with the purchase of camels. There was a good deal of truth in this. Both operations had been extensive. By 1918 the Egyptian Expeditionary Force was working with a total of skilled and unskilled Egyptian *personnel* which exceeded 185,000, and of these 100,000 belonged to the Egyptian Labour Corps. These men, the great majority of whom were peasants, were engaged on six months' contracts, thus affording a total annual turnover of some 270,000 men, apart from replacement of casualties. The number of camels in use may be said to have maintained an average of 30,000 over the period covered by General Allenby's campaigns. Both recruiting and purchase had to be made practically compulsory. The War had drawn out of the Egyptian Administration many of its best and most energetic men, some for general, others for specialised service, and while the Army benefited greatly the efficiency of administration in Egypt was undoubtedly impaired. Especially in the provinces, where

the recruiting of men and the purchase of camels was chiefly in progress, it became impossible to maintain the former standard of supervision. Left largely to themselves, the "mudirs" and other local authorities reverted gladly to hereditary habits of bullying, and corruption, and the unlucky "fellah" suffered accordingly. The agitators, far from disclosing the real cause of his sufferings, sought to convince him that the Englishman, who before the establishment of the Protectorate had of necessity walked warily in Egypt, was now showing his hand, and was proving as unscrupulous a tyrant as ever Turk had been. Had the invasion of Syria and Palestine never taken place these heavy demands for labour and animals would not have arisen and the "fellahin," most docile of mortals, would in all probability have remained quiet. Apart from the general intellectual restlessness inseparable amongst native races from prolonged warfare near at hand, other influences directly attributable to events in Palestine and Syria combined to increase discontent in Egypt. Had a defensive policy been adopted on the Palestine frontier the Egyptian disturbances of this spring would probably never have occurred. It would be a bold man who could even now maintain that all danger of their repetition is past.

An advance into Palestine was decided upon, and, given the conditions, no better man than General Allenby could have been chosen to carry it out. He had informed the Army Council of his requirements in July, 1917. On October 27th he began the bombardment of Gaza. Beersheba was captured on October 31st. Gaza fell on November 7th and Jaffa on November 16th. On December 9th Jerusalem surrendered. For this brilliantly conceived and almost bewilderingly rapid campaign General Allenby had a force of some 267,000 British and Indian troops. The following autumn a further move was made and the operations undertaken which, to use General Allenby's unassuming words, "resulted in the destruction of the enemy's army, the liberation of Palestine and Syria and the occupation of Damascus and Aleppo." The dates are significant. On September 19th, 1918, the advance began. Haifa fell on September 23rd, Damascus on October 1st, Beirut on October 6th, Tripoli on October 13th, and Aleppo on October 26th. Aleppo is over 300 miles from our former front line. Meanwhile the war itself was everywhere collapsing. The Armistice with Bulgaria was signed on September 29th, that with Turkey on October 30th, that with Austria on November 4th, that with Germany on November 11th. At the Armistice with Turkey General Allenby's forces comprised some 341,000 British and Indian troops, together with 138,000 Egyptians. The extent of the area thus conquered, apart from its extraordinary variety of

race and natural condition, is not perhaps always realised. Further advance was made in Cilicia and towards the Euphrates valley. The construction of the Baghdad Railway was vigorously taken in hand. By the present summer the area under General Allenby's control may be roughly described as extending from Konia, in the heart of Asia Minor, and the Baghdad Railway, eastwards to the upper waters of the Euphrates, thus linking up with Mesopotamia, and southwards through Syria and Palestine to Egypt and the frontier of the Soudan! Economically this immense area may be most simply considered as consisting of three parts—Egypt, Palestine and Syria. Each will doubtless find its separate salvation, but, at any rate for many years to come, their economic and social development must be closely interwoven. .

On June 15, 1918, in the railway station at Jerusalem the writer witnessed a scene which he considered historic. Sufficiently dilapidated on the surrender of the city in the previous December, the station was now cleanly and better ordered. By its solitary platform stood a special train of the Egyptian State Railways. A group of eminent personages gathered to enter it. This was the first train in history to proceed direct from Jerusalem to Cairo. The military railway which had been constructed from Kantara on the Suez Canal across the Sinai Peninsula to supply the needs of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force had crept forward into Palestine as our troops advanced and had climbed the arid Judæan mountains to the Holy City. A swing railway bridge had been placed across the Canal at Kantara, that astonishing military city of some 120,000 souls which had sprung into existence on the bare and desolate Canal bank. The railway link between Egypt and Palestine had been forged—between Africa and the Middle East! Even if the Kantara bridge be not maintained and a tunnel substituted for it, perhaps at some more convenient place, direct railway connection between Palestine and Egypt has become an economic necessity for both. Haifa is the only seaport Palestine possesses, and, even when Haifa becomes the second Bombay into which we have already begun to transform it, the need for railway communication between Egypt and Palestine will not be notably diminished. Hitherto in its economic life Egypt has remained markedly isolated. Inscrutable, complex, such outside commercial relations as had been established had been chiefly with the Western European nations, whose representatives in Cairo and Alexandria had come to dominate and exploit Egyptian industry. Egypt had no neighbours. It is not possible here to enter fully into the changes which these last years have brought about in Egyptian affairs. They penetrate far below the decorative surface which is all the average Englishman sees or cares to see. The War has

brought an immense access of wealth to Egypt, wealth in cash rather than credit, but it is idle to pretend that this wealth has fallen into English hands. Many who study Egyptian progress, halting though it be, are convinced that Egypt stands to-day on the threshold of a large industrial development. Everywhere new gateways have opened through which Egyptian caravans may pass. The eyes of the peoples of the Middle East have turned from Smyrna and Constantinople to Alexandria, and their glance will not lightly be diverted. Egypt has rich neighbours now. Yet more significantly than ever the paradox stands out that, whereas the Englishman has saved Egypt from bankruptcy and governs Egypt well, his industrial stake in the country is a very minor one. He rules, but reaps poor reward for his toil. Throughout the Middle East it is he, more than other Europeans, who is associated with the new and refreshing doctrines of "self-determination," of the rights of smaller races, that the War has evoked! It is he who in the eyes of the Arab world, from the Euphrates to Morocco, most generously endorsed the "fourteen points" of President Wilson which became a chief pretext for the recent Egyptian disturbances and are spreading distrust and restlessness throughout Northern Africa and the Levant. Shallow idealism, pedantically phrased, is very welcome to half-awakened minds, many of which the Englishman himself has taken pains to educate. These things we must consider. It is not enough to hold the reins of government in Egypt; we must control social life and social ideals and with fair competition greatly strengthen our hold in commerce and industry. Amongst educated Egyptians there are few real separatists, and the prospect of increased prosperity will lessen their number. Two views prevail. Some are content to leave the higher offices in European hands, but desire that more of the subordinate posts should fall to Egyptians. That was Cromer's policy, and should be pursued, although there are many difficulties to contend with. Others urge that the time is now ripe for Egypt to be left in Egyptian hands with the Suez Canal, geographically quite distinct from the Nile delta, remaining for the European, to whom it is clearly a vital possession. A "safety belt" might accompany it consisting, on the east, of the Sinai Peninsula and, on the west, of an area so adjusted as to avoid interference with any big delta towns!

In Palestine and Syria Lord Allenby established a provisional government which is called the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration. This organisation, working, of course, under reference to martial law, became finally divided into four areas, East, South, West and North. O.E.T.A. South is Palestine. O.E.T.A. North and West have a French administration, and comprise a

district extending from the Palestine boundary for some distance westwards and northwards of Alexandretta. The Lebanon crest forms its eastern frontier, and Beirut, Tripoli and Alexandretta will remain its principal commercial centres. O.E.T.A. East, with its Arab Administration under the astute Emir Feisal, reaches from well to the northward of Aleppo and from the Upper Euphrates southwards to the Hedjaz kingdom, following the line of the Medina railway. The Lebanon, the lake of Tiberias and the Dead Sea mark its western limits. Damascus is its capital, but Aleppo is destined to become the most important railway and trade centre in Northern Syria. Northward of the O.E.T.A. areas a belt has remained under direct military control. Railway administration has remained hitherto in British hands.

As a temporary measure and, indeed, as constituting a useful basis for any subsequent administrative structure, the Occupied Enemy Territory Administration deserves high praise. It has suffered throughout from the lack of available men with a knowledge of administrative methods, but of the few who had such knowledge a high percentage were really able and all were immensely keen. Their task was no light one. The countries "had suffered from centuries of neglect and the passage of contesting armies." The people "were impoverished and ill-nourished as the result of exhaustive Turkish requisitions and the blockade to which the country, while under Turkish rule, had been subjected by the Allies." The writer can testify to the tragic exhaustion of Palestine. In Syria, with far greater natural resources, the situation was scarcely less grave. But much of the work done by the O.E.T.A. men was conceived and carried out in the happiest vein of the old English colonising spirit. Generations of prosperity and peace had not extinguished that. Much was crude. Many mistakes were doubtless made. But nothing was timid or merely negative, and throughout the whole system fair play and common-sense ruled. This impressed the liberated communities to an almost unbelievable degree and established British prestige so firmly, and set up so high a standard of social justice in the public mind, that these things must be most carefully estimated as a political factor in any future programme. It will take generations for the peoples of Palestine and Syria to forget that not only was it the British who freed them from the Turk, but it was the British also who started reasonable life for them once more, ensuring them safety of property and person and acting always with honesty and singleness of purpose. Postal facilities for civilians were restored. Commerce revived with the introduction of the stable Egyptian currency. The financial and judicial systems were set on their feet again. Schools were re-opened.

Policing was re-established. In Palestine, where perhaps the need was greatest, the transformation thus effected was little short of marvellous.

Under no circumstances should Palestine be allowed to pass under any one *régime* because of sentimental reasons. A country can only prosper under conditions of full economic freedom, and to allow Palestine to become artificially an organised "spiritual home" for a certain section of the Jewish race would be both cynical and reactionary. There are many Jews in Palestine who are broad-minded and useful members of the community, and these might well be added to by thoroughly scrutinised immigration, having regard to the cardinal fact that Palestine wants capital more than men at the moment. For all of us Palestine embodies reverent associations, and pilgrims will go there in increasing numbers as transport facilities develop. For all such every consideration should be shown. But no country can live on tourist traffic and the sale of relics and souvenirs. There are certainly good openings in Palestine for intelligent and up-to-date agriculture, and probably in metals and chemicals. Towns are lamentably few. Gaza will probably never be resuscitated, and Jaffa has no harbour worthy the name. Jerusalem is a city apart; it exists on charity and pilgrims; its inhabitants toil not, neither do they spin. Haifa will become the commercial capital of Palestine. And if its future rulers, without sectarian bias, work steadily for the industrial and commercial progress of the country, there is no reason why Palestine should not eventually take its place among the prosperous smaller nations of the world. The resources are there, but as yet largely untapped. Capital is wanted and brains to use it wisely.

In comparison with Syria, the condition of Palestine is rudimentary, and its social problems simple indeed. Diplomatic verbiage about mandates is not likely to create much impression in Syria. The prosperity of the country will be the test of administration, and the intelligence of a great part of the population is such as to make the test sufficiently exacting.

Overshadowing everything in Syria is the problem of the Arab. This goes far deeper than any discussion of past obligations, public or secret. For the problem of the Arab is the problem of the East. As the East is one and unalterable, so the Arab is one and unalterable; at heart he is the same man, whether he come from the Hedjaz, Damascus or Tunis. It is not our task here to judge, or describe, our military action in connection with the Hedjaz. Already in 1916 guns, ammunition and stores had been sent there. In the following year these consignments assumed considerable proportions. They included

captured Turkish guns, German machine guns, explosives and some 70,000 rifles. The Sherifian Army became our ally, and the right flank of our long line of communications through Palestine and Syria was secured. Politically, forces were thereby let loose over which it will take many years and much labour for civilisation to regain control. Yet it is necessary to do so. In the emergency of the hour the Arab was brought in to co-operate with us in the work of civilisation; yet, profoundly reactionary in creed and habit, civilisation means much less to him than to the Turk. The Arab has been deliberately intoxicated with visions of territorial aggrandisement and the resuscitation of Arab Empire as a reward for his co-operation. But the Arab is incapable of governing a modern civilised State as it should be governed, and to entrust such a State to him would be a measure of the most callous political cynicism. For centuries the Arab has not changed in thought or method, and those who in Damascus or its neighbourhood have seen something of Arab administration during these last months know well into what a turmoil of misgovernment, corruption, pillage and economic paralysis a modern artificially constructed Arab State would quickly slide. Facts must be faced because human lives and human hopes cannot indefinitely be played with. For us to establish Arab authority in Syria or Palestine, under whatever panoply of mandates, would involve the loss of all our new and hardly won prestige in the Middle East, would ruin our immense commercial prospects there, and would nullify the great achievement of Lord Allenby and his men. And we should assuredly lose Egypt for ever.

LINDSAY BASHFORD.

THE WOMAN'S PART.

WHAT to do with our women is a problem vexing the heart of man even more acutely than the scrapping of warships, the washing of dirty and clean Government linen, and the recasting of the mould of theatrical touring managers.

Without envy and with all deference, men have been exalted as the best tailors, the best cooks, the best launderers and the best designers of dresses, and in recognising them as supreme in these arts we have tempered our justice with no economy of praise and no condensation in patronage.

But competition with us in the labour market places will never be accepted amicably by them, and whilst being convinced that those women who can, will gladly and gratefully adopt or return to the more primitive posts of wife and mother, it may be emphasised that there is no danger that feminine legislation would lead inevitably to a compulsory Marriage Act; albeit Divorce without Tears could well be the title of a popular handbook published in the feminine cause, and signed to fictitious convention George X.—.

The army that is not amenable for active service in the maternal ranks should have its allotments clearly indicated. Although it is not difficult to follow the old hard rule that physical industry is pre-eminently suited to man, it must be conceded that the unarmed multitude may be replaced adequately by the strenuous female now well trained by war's alarms. Equally certain it is that he who can work manually and manfully should be granted his own job on reasonable terms, but, despite the rebuke of Rothermere and the bellow of Bottonley, the military forces are not unanimous in declaring it wise to exclude the Waacs, Wrens, Wrafs, and the Woman's Legion from intimate work on their behalf, and the V.A.D.'s are permitted perennial existence.

Women have bravely endured, even cheerfully enjoyed every opportunity to help, equipping themselves to the best of their ability and concentrating their energies in the righteous causes, and if in a few athletic or more idle moments they have yielded *inter alia* to the blandishments of photographers, and been exploited in the public Press in duly becoming attitude and costume, what matters it and where's the offence? Have not the well endowed, from the most noble and high-minded downwards, suffered the slings and arrows of outrageous portraiture in print;

and are the sternest ethics of morality respected more rigidly by one class than another?

How difficult, by the way, the most noble appear to find it to take up once more the loose end of leisure and comparative obscurity! They are feeling very lonely and dull, these industrious rich, who have revelled in the committee habit which is so easily acquired, so importantly fostered, and so faithfully recorded.

Happily the "Committeers" have yet much scope for their energies, and amongst feasible propositions to be seriously considered are the bureaux of general information and the advisory boards of ladies to supplement and assist actively all municipal managements in the lengths and breadths of the kingdom. Members of these miniature parliaments are to be without emolument, and it is safe to prophesy that they may not be sure of escaping for their institution a justly accusative talking-shop label.

Feminine judgments, directed by sympathy inspired by experience allied to instinct, will prove as satisfactory as most, allowing for slight prejudices in favour of marriage and dogs, and against drink. Nearly every woman is at heart a teetotaler for her husband at least, and dogs, with drink and conjugalty, should remain for ever outside the arena of her unaided verdict. Whatever the Minister of Health may decide to apportion to his selected Boards, he must permit no women absolute power to vote about dogs or drink. Their horror of excess in others and their passion for pets will overleap discretion to the personal discomfort and to the public danger. They are special pleaders for "only a little one" in animals and will sacrifice themselves gaily in the canine cause. Many a dog-devotee has limited her holiday within the licensed area, and many a Jill Horner is possessed by the notion that she is usefully employed when she sits in a corner alternately rubbing the chest and the head of her unusually intelligent pekinese or griffin. Every dog has every day and all day with the mistress who adores it, and her name is legion.

But to return to my muttons, and the simplicity of solving the industrial question now. There is so much that woman may do, even should she be no longer allowed to cook and clean for the soldiers, fetch and carry tabbed officials, conduct the tramcar and the 'bus, and sow tame or wild oats in further fields.

It may be agreed that in many circumstances labour in the near vicinity of the masculine may be more inspiring than the best paid post marked Women's Welfare in the factory, or the crèche. The superabundance of women in need of the living wage must be provided for, yet the law of the survival of the fittest will be sure to survive if given time enough to develop.

Women remain at sixes and sevens or even eights, restless, unwilling to re-range themselves exclusively on the domestic side, and finding it no mean task to meet the income tax with their reduced income, while having no opportunity to increase it to mount the pre-war standard of comfort. Pending the downfall of the profiteer, and the re-establishment of international commerce, money is hard to come by for the majority; it is a pity that no official recognition could be granted to a money-shop where frankly we might buy five pounds for six pounds when necessity drives us to such bargain counter.

Servants, food, clothes and amusements are procurable only at the prices prodigious, and however willing we may be to practise self-denial, we would all indulge our young, our old, and our sick.

"You ought to invest all your savings in War Loan" is the common cry accorded the attentive ear, and it would be unpatriotic to mention that those who did this some three years ago find themselves now with less profitable investment, or a store less easily convertible to its original value, than the property of the heedless, the reckless, the prodigal, who, regardless of national advice, even exhortation, spent on silks and satins and furs and clothes. Seventy-five per cent. profit is the minimum you need take on a sable tie dated 1916, or on a length of silk from France 1915, but it would be improper to labour even to reveal any advantage to the individual which should outvote capital at the Government's demand.

In Mr Alfred Sutro's signs-of-the-times play at Wyndham's Theatre we have an admirable presentment of the society girl who danced through the war and took her hospital duties as decorously and decoratively as might be, and we may guess that she nearly always lunched at Claridge's and invariably looked beautiful whilst selling flags and doing crazy, casual subtraction with accounts at charity bazaars. Begging as a duty was her hourly joy, and she held high revels on the Marts and Exchanges from five o'clock in the morning, and was quite fresh and trim for the tango and the camera before three p.m.

Earlier periods discovered the philanthropists in different mood, but no less earnest.

Stunning was their practical expression, and the truly benevolent can never find themselves with their occupation gone, let building authorities achieve their comfortable ambitions ever so wisely. The personal aid and counsel will be as readily received in the tenement with bath complete as in the doorless cellar where the crumpled rag accentuated the broken window.

Those able members who have directed welfare in the Services may well turn their attention to the factories, and others less

meticulous in method may occupy themselves with family life in the social below-stairs, while, as ever, some may advisedly spare time for devotion to their own and the State's business of babies. Never again will woman's existence be bounded on the north by shopping and gossip, and on the south by sports and dancing, while Marriage lights the whole horizon.

Domestic service will continually offer as a refuge for the destitute of other interests, but it can be questioned whether a well-ordered household would be glad to welcome immediately those girls who have been in Government or military service circles, not so far off the confines of Bohemia. Even with discipline well enforced, much laxity has prevailed, and although no one can grudge the workers the joys of public bathing and prouetting, and a supreme satisfaction at being interviewed and pictured during such diversions, the whole spirit of the women's war jobs would be alien to the atmosphere of the servants' hall. Some interval must elapse before these girls will again consider contentedly the confines of the kitchen, even when indulged with the two days a week freedom and the two hours' daily idleness of the demand of their not yet authorised union.

Incidentally, the Registry Offices should be accused of hampering the popularity of domestic service, and mistresses might be well advised if they would combine themselves to protest against the doubled wages and the curtailed duties.

The Registry Offices are responsible for many deficiencies and disabilities. Their fees are based on percentage, and the regular labourer proves less advantageous to their receipts than the temporary help. Daily charwomen now securing 5s. will, if only engaged for three days, bring promptly to the till of the Registry Office 7s. 6d.; and a guinea and two guineas are summs not only exacted but cheerfully yielded for the servants who condescend to accept ordinary terms of monthly service and notice. (One servant tells another of the remarkable prices she secures in irregular employment, and the conditions of comfort, ease and freedom are exaggerated so that those would-be employers with fair offers find it impossible to get the useful help of their demands and necessity. Arithmetic is rarely consulted, and there seem few reckoners ready to teach the superior charm of clean beds, fires, lights and regular food and care during illness, when contrasted with those alluring evenings spent at the cinema with the chance of a new male acquaintance lurking in every shadowy corner.

It is all very well to say, "Let the Waac daughter return to help mother in her servantless, suburban home," but Waac daughter knows this is a slow business compared to others she

may profitably pursue, and Wasc daughter helping mother with an unwilling hand and a distant heart is not always an unmixed joy to mother.

"Come and talk to me," the proprietor of ten thousand or fewer of the best journals will command. "You are one of my contributors who has not the Golders Green or the Hammersmith outlook." With others, he has the lenient outlook on the literary woman, and that stricture was flattering long before Everyman Theatre loomed upon the horizon and Abraham Lincoln had mounted to Olympus.

Perhaps the attitude of man towards woman will alter in the far-off ages; but as yet the more it changes the more it is the same jealous thing; but it is odd reading that Horace once wrote: "Don't be excited at my praising your best girl's arms and ankles. Don't dream of being suspicious of one who is just closing his fortieth year." Ye gods and fishes! old age must have come early in those days and climes. With us at least senility is not previous, and the wallflower fades as indicative expression of the ignored and unwanted. By the way, Lady St. Helier hopefully assures us of the return of the chaperone; dreams, idle dreams of ball-room walls redecorated by wearied fragments of the ancient fair playing the policeman's part in the intervals of being propitiated by worthy and anxious swains with regular incomes. "Policeman's part," ejaculates the alertly observant, "in these free and easy times a whole vigilance committee is required."

The facile critic always on our hearth resents the feminine advance in all directions. "Women are so material," he discovers, and is convinced She should be satisfied that he is with her spiritually whilst he follows without falter his own ambitions and inclinations. It is seldom that sincerity dares to risk interference in happy relations between any man and any woman.

"Genius," he will reproach, "is never yours," and argues, "was there ever a great woman artist or poet?" And he hums at the prompt suggestion of Rosa Bonheur, of Elizabeth Butler, or Miss Kemp-Welch; and he haws at the hazard of Mrs. Meynell, Dora Sigerson, and Laurence Hope; he will grant more readily glory to Sappho; possibly he is less instructed.

But, encouraged or discouraged, in every arena we gain steadily, and it is patent that the adapted may resume their careers in the polite arts of the stage and the studio, or the politer of the dress-maker and the milliner—with Lady Templeton as Commandant—and many may tread, in golden slippers from Shoe Lane, the path of secretary and clerk, and a few can mount the platform even unto the pulpit heights under ecclesiastical auspices. Our

hard-learnt lessons in administration are valuable assets; we need not re-enter the Old land of modest pretence; tolerance at least may come to readjust the old grievance—"as weak as a woman"; gravely, temperately, we give thanks to the authorities who accord us so reluctantly the prerogative of power. Let us bring to the mill some wit and imagination, trying to teach that dilatoriness is not the better part of deliberation, and remembering not to mention that we know sex jealousy is eternal and that the upper hand must be hidden, if its velvet glove registers no more than six and three-quarters in size

E. ARIA.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE TWO HOURS' TRAFFIC OF OUR STAGE."

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SIR,—In commenting on the omissions in Miss Doris Keane's version of *Romeo and Juliet*, presented at the Lyric Theatre—notably Juliet's soliloquy, "Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds," and the following duologue with the Nurse—Mr. William Archer attributes this drastic excision to the modern (?) taste for spectacular Shakespeare with the necessity of getting the performance within the three hours limit. But the late Mr. Ernest Carpenter, in his production of the play at the Lyceum in 1908, retained the scene in question, also the usually omitted Banishment scene, and finished with the reconciliation of the "two households." So the Lyric "cut" was clearly unnecessary in respect of time. But it is quite possible that an actress-manageress, more concerned with retaining the full sympathy of the audience than a faithful interpretation of the poet's ideas, would find some difficulty in reconciling the youthful Juliet's passionate soliloquy with her previous day avowal that she had not so much as dreamt of marriage! Truth to tell, the impetuous heroine's "too sudden" contract scarcely makes for favour and prettiness, which points the moral of this tragedy of uncontrolled passions—of persistent hatred and love that is self-consuming:—

These violent delights have violent ends
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder."

It will be found in most instances that it is not scenery so much as the "star" system that is responsible for "cutting" Shakespeare and obscuring his meaning. The "star-crossed lovers" do not "bury their parents' strife" because the curtain is rung down on Juliet's suicide. And in *Hamlet*, when the principal actor has ceased speaking, so "The rest is silence" becomes a stage direction!

Mr. Archer writes—"It is difficult to believe that the folio text of *Romeo and Juliet* could ever have been acted at full length in less than three hours and a half! What, then, did Shakespeare mean when he spoke of 'the two hours' traffic of our stage?' The phrase need not be taken literally."

But "two hours" occurs in more than one instance, so we must speak by the card, and there is no apparent reason why we should not, for in all probability the Prologue was written for the Globe Theatre performances which were given in the summer months from three to five o'clock in the afternoon. So when Shakespeare's plays were performed—in turn with others—they were necessarily "cut" to the prescribed time, hence the necessity of Prologue and Chorus to bridge the gaps thus made in the story.

"The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,

Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend."

(After Act II, *Chorus* does not again appear, presumably because the manuscripts have been lost.)

The Prologue to *Henry VIII.* is still more precise:—

"Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours."

We have here a clear contract that deficiencies in the text "the play" will be compensated by the richness of the "show." In both instances the Prologue is an apology for abridgment. The phrase "two short hours" is an admission that the time is too short for the play.

I am, yours faithfully,
CORDELLA LEVERTON.

September 9th, 1919.

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COUNT WITTE. (II.).

By ALEXANDER ISWOLSKY.¹

COUNT WITTE'S Manchurian undertaking, useless and even harmful as it was *per se*, was particularly fatal from the point of view of Russia's foreign relations, and it may be considered as the primary cause of the Russo-Japanese War. If the Government had been content to use the extremity of the Liao-Tong peninsula as a base for its Pacific fleet (although the Russian port of Vladivostok was amply sufficient for that purpose), it is probable that Japan would have accommodated herself to the situation in time; but the occupation of a part of Manchuria, in addition to the peninsula, gave rise to apprehensions that soon grew into serious complications, and finally brought about the collision between Russia and Japan; for it was the attack of the Boxers on the Chinese Eastern Railway which led to the occupation of Manchuria by the Russian troops in the year 1900, and this, in turn, became one of the chief points of the Russo-Japanese dispute.

When, not long afterwards, the Manchurian mistake was supplemented by the mad adventure of Messrs. Bezibrazoff, Abaza and Company in Corea and on the Yalu, the hour for the settlement of accounts between Russia and Japan was merely hastened thereby; for, I repeat, the germ of the Russo-Japanese conflict is to be found in the imperialistic policy of Count Witte. The Korean adventure, nevertheless, was the immediate cause of the war. Count Witte, as well as his friend Count Lamsdorff, openly opposed the band of courtiers and irresponsible schemers who succeeded in drawing the Czar into it and in playing the rôle of an occult governing power, which for the time being ousted both the Finance Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs from the command of Far-Eastern matters. But while recognising the farsightedness shown by Count Witte and Count Lamsdorff in the premises, it is impossible to absolve them from all responsi-

(1) Ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs in Russia, and before and during the war, until the overthrow of the monarchy, Russian Ambassador at Paris. The first portion of this article appeared in the October number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

bility for the outcome. It is pertinent to call attention, for the second time, to the fact that, in any country possessing a well-organised Government, Ministers finding themselves in a similar situation would have presented their resignations, and would not have remained in office unless they received satisfaction. Instead of this, we see Count Witte staying tranquilly at his post and watching, as a disapproving but resigned spectator, a policy that he was powerless to prevent. As for his *alter ego*, Count Lamsdorff, he not only did not resign, but when criticised for remaining in power under the circumstances, he advanced the stupefying theory that in Russia the Minister of Foreign Affairs could not quit his post until dismissed by his Sovereign, and that his sole function was to study the questions pertaining to the Empire's foreign relations and present his conclusions to the Emperor, who, in his quality of autocrat, would decide for or against, and his decision would thereupon be obligatory for the Minister. Count Witte's ideas were certainly too advanced to permit of his sharing such an opinion, so it must be concluded that his anxiety to remain in power overbalanced all other considerations and prevented him not only from resigning his portfolio but even protesting to the Emperor in a sufficiently vigorous manner against a policy which he knew must end in catastrophe.

This lack of firmness of character, which marked certain phases of Count Witte's career in the period preceding the war, brings out in all the clearer relief his energy and statesmanlike qualities as they were displayed during the disastrous progress of the campaign. Dr. Dillon includes in his book a letter addressed by Count Witte to Emperor Nicholas, under date of February 28th, 1905, in which are set forth with a frankness and exactitude worthy of the highest praise the reasons why it was imperative to make immediate overtures for peace with Japan. In the same letter he insisted, with still greater courage, upon the necessity for not delaying any longer to calm public feeling in Russia, profoundly disturbed by its defeats, by taking up sincerely and resolutely the question of constitutional reform. With untiring perseverance he sustained this argument against the Czar himself as well as against the majority of his advisers, both civil and military, and from that moment until the treaty was finally signed Count Witte displayed a firmness and sureness of vision that place him in the rank of the greatest Ministers.

In the course of the *pourparlers* at Portsmouth he showed not only extraordinary talent as a negotiator, but also an elevation of character and a self-forgetfulness which did not distinguish him at other stages of his career. Toward the end of the discussions there was a supreme moment when, although he realised that he

would have to face his compatriots on his return, bearing alone all the responsibility and perhaps all the odium of a treaty resulting from an unfortunate war and necessarily onerous to Russia, he had the moral courage to override orders from St. Petersburg that were often contradictory and sometimes bore the marks of insincerity—accepting on his own authority a compromise more favourable than Russia had any right to expect, but even so of a nature that well might subject him to bitter reproaches later.

The conditions of the Peace of Portsmouth, in view of the circumstances, bore very lightly on Russia; the Japanese renounced all demands of a nature that would affect the vital interests or the dignity of the Russian Empire; Russia paid no war indemnity, retained her fleet and lost not an inch of her national territory. It is true that she ceded to Japan the southern part of the island of Saghalien, but that island had only been acquired at a comparatively recent date and hardly any use had been made of it, while the Japanese had always maintained certain pretensions to its ownership. The Treaty of Portsmouth, then, may be considered as favourable to Russia in itself, but that which gave it especial value was its opening of the way for a resumption of normal relations with Japan, and more than that, a veritable *rapprochement* and even an alliance between the two countries. Count Witte deserves great credit for having foreseen this possibility even before he went to Portsmouth and for having made indirect overtures, through Dr. Dillon, to the Japanese Ambassador at London. While nothing was accomplished in that direction at the time, Count Witte had not lost sight of his objective when it became time to define the conditions of the treaty, and it was that which gave me an opportunity later, when I was Minister of Foreign Affairs, to pick up the thread of his ideas and to bring about an understanding with Japan which, in its development, bore results so beneficial to Russia and to the entire Triple Entente.

It was a bitter disappointment to Count Witte, on his return to Russia, to see how unappreciative his countrymen were. The Emperor conferred upon him, it is true, the title of Count, a recompense which was accorded by established custom to the negotiator of a treaty of peace, but the reception he gave him was rather cold than otherwise. Public opinion and that of the Press was distinctly hostile; some humorous person dubbed him the "Count of Half-Saghalien"; in short, the triumph which he expected and to which he had an indisputable right was not forthcoming, and he received little else but attacks and ridicule.

I believe that I entered into sufficient detail, in my previous

article, with reference to Count Witte's activity at the head of the first Constitutional Cabinet. What were the causes that checked his activity and to what extent could he have given a more favourable turn to events? This is a problem that future historians of this troubled period will have to solve, and regarding which I hesitate to pronounce an opinion: but does it not seem that in such critical circumstances Count Witte failed to exhibit all the firmness and consistency of character that were requisite for the occasion? How are we to explain his choice of M. Dournovo for Minister of the Interior and the latitude he gave that Minister for the exercise of a blind and brutal repression, which forced into conflict with the Government the most moderate elements of the country and contributed to the victory of the most radical parties? And, above all, how can we justify his electoral law, whose effect was to give to the peasants the predominance in the first Duma and so cause its eventual shipwreck?

It is difficult to attribute such errors to a lack of foresight on the part of a statesman of Count Witte's calibre, and one is forced to admit that he allowed himself to be guided by considerations affecting his personal interests rather than the permanent success of the work of reform which he had undertaken.

Count Witte, as a financier, was inclined to seek in purely material sources the dominating motive of all politics, whether foreign or domestic, and to neglect the *imponderabilia*, to which even so positive a mind as Prince Bismarck's assigned a rôle of the highest importance in the life of nations. The result was that Count Witte often committed grave errors in his diagnosis of the international situation. A striking instance was his absolute failure to comprehend the nature of the relations between France and Germany and the psychology of the French people; obsessed by the Utopian idea of a Continental coalition, he was convinced that no real obstacle stood in the way of a participation by those two nations in such a coalition. I have already mentioned that when Count Witte was Minister of Finance he had under his orders a veritable diplomatic service, composed of so-called financial agents, attached to the Russian embassies and legations of the two hemispheres. These agents, most of whom were extremely active and intelligent, performed their duties in complete independence of their nominal diplomatic chiefs, corresponded in cipher with the Finance Minister without even exhibiting their reports to their superiors, and did not scruple to adopt and maintain political ideas that were opposed to those of the official Russian diplomacy. It was on these agents that Count Witte relied to obtain support for his project of an alliance between Russia, France and Germany, based upon a community of

material interests and aimed against the preponderance of England in the domain of finance and commerce.

In the last years of the period preceding the world-war, when I was Ambassador at Paris, I had occasion to discuss this question several times with Count Witte, who used to stop at Paris on his way to Biarritz to join his family. In the course of these discussions he expressed the conviction that France had lost all remembrance of its ancient warlike virtues; that the immense majority of Frenchmen cared not a whit for the lost provinces, which were only of interest to a handful of Chauvinists, possessing little or no influence in the country; and finally that the French nation, imbued with the ideas of international socialism and the pacifist propaganda, would always shrink from an armed conflict with Germany, especially if it grew out of oriental affairs. Ascribing an exaggerated influence to certain financial groups in Europe, he persuaded himself that with their aid great business affairs of common interest to France and Germany could be built up and so prepare the way for a political *rapprochement*. He had no doubt that, if he were Ambassador at Paris, he could bring about that result.

Having been an attentive observer of French national life, I was far from sharing his opinions. Soon after my arrival in Paris, at the end of the year 1910, I witnessed on the occasion of the Agadir crisis the awakening of the patriotic spirit in France, in resistance to the brutality of Germany's foreign policy. I was convinced that the French nation, in spite of superficial appearances, had lost nothing of its attachment to the great principles of justice, liberty and progress which had made France the beacon-light of the world. In my despatches, while noting the pacific tendencies of the French Government, I repeatedly affirmed that an unjustifiable provocation on the part of Germany would disclose France as ready to take up arms at the side of Russia and England, not only for the defence of her territory and the return of her patrimony, but also to assure the triumph of her ideas of right and independence in the world. Moreover, I knew too well the overbearing spirit that governed Germany's foreign policy, the constantly increasing power of the pan-Germanists, and the determination of the Kaiser to impose the German hegemony on the world, to have any faith in the possibility of an alliance in which Germany would consent to enter on an equal footing with Russia and France. Accordingly, I founded my objections to Count Witte's arguments upon my firm conviction that in pursuing the chimera of his proposed alliance we should be running the risk of weakening our position with France and England and so destroying our only protection against the monstrous growth of Ger-

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many's military power. I maintained that it was imperative to hold ourselves ready against the day when Emperor William, impelled by the war party, would let loose the aggression that had been prepared so long in advance; in short, that the only way to avert that danger was to fortify by every possible means the political, military and economic power of the Triple Entente. As for France, I was convinced that we could count upon her loyalty and that at the supreme hour the French people would rise as one man against the aggressor, regaining in a moment their patriotic *elan* and their traditional valour. I may add that I was called upon to defend this belief not only against Count Witte but against a group of Russian diplomats who looked with favour upon a *rapprochement* with Germany, among whom figured his colleague at Portsmouth—Baron Rosen, the Russian Minister at Lisbon—M. Botkine, who was in high favour at Court, and others. My last conversation with Count Witte took place some months before the outbreak of the great war; I never saw him again, and I know not if he recognised, before his death, how he had been mistaken about France and how the moral factor often is of much greater importance in the life of peoples than elements of a purely material nature.

When Count Witte yielded his place at the head of the Russian Government to M. Goremykine, there was no little curiosity as to the attitude that he would assume toward the new Cabinet. Nicholas II., as well as his new Ministers, were not without some anxiety on this point, and with good reason, because in his capacity as a member of the Council of the Empire, or Upper House, Count Witte, author of the Manifesto of October 30th, could easily become the leader of the Liberal party in that body, and gather about him the enemies of the bureaucratic Cabinet of M. Goremykine. This was what everybody expected, and it was with great surprise that he was seen to renounce that *rôle* and to join in a rather conspicuous manner the reactionary group in the Council of the Empire, at the head of which he found his former colleague and adversary, M. Dournovo. He maintained this attitude throughout all the vicissitudes that followed the opening of the Duma, and in the last years of his life it became so exaggerated that there was good reason to believe that his intellectual faculties had been affected by an old malady. It has even been said that he humbled himself to the point of seeking the aid of Rasputine in the hope of regaining the favour of the Czar and being recalled to power. I can hardly believe in such an aberration; but I recall a remark which he made in the course of a conversation during one of his visits to Paris at the time of the Balkan war, to the effect that, if Russia was not drawn into the war, it was not

due to any effort of M. Sazonoff, whose policies he violently attacked, but thanks to the influence exerted upon the Emperor by Raspoutine in the direction of peace; and I remember how astonished I was at the time to hear so extraordinary a statement from him.

Personally, in spite of my repugnance to admit such a conclusion, I do not hesitate to attribute his changed attitude to motives of selfish ambition. Accustomed for fifteen years to the exercise of a power the extent of which I have described above, Count Witte was unable to become resigned to the loss of his official position, and all the strength of his great will was concentrated upon one object—the regaining of his former prestige. Knowing the tendencies of the Emperor and those who enjoyed his favour, he considered that the surest way to attain his end was to put himself at the service of the reactionaries, and so, abjuring his faith and abandoning a rôle in which he could still have rendered brilliant service to his country, he became the follower of such men as Donrnovo, Stirmer, and other reactionary leaders, losing thereby the respect of the Liberals without even gaining the Emperor's favour or the confidence of the reactionary party. It was a lamentable spectacle to see his fine intelligence and his superior gifts as a statesman consumed in the thirst for power and in the vain hope of regaining his former rank in the official world; especially so because it was evidently not due alone to his desire for political power but rather to enjoy anew the external attributes of power. Owing to his not having attained high rank in the bureaucratic world until rather late in life, and so not having succeeded except at the cost of great effort in making a place for himself and his wife at Court and in the high society of the capital, this man of genius, but of awkward manners and aspect, attached an exaggerated importance to the social advantages which he had acquired with so much difficulty, and was conspicuous for the puerility of his social ambitions and for the eagerness with which he pushed himself into the first rank of the oligarchic caste which surrounded the Emperor. To attain this end he did not hesitate to make use of his position as Grand Treasurer of the Empire, and it was no secret that in order to force the doors of certain ultra-exclusive *salons* of St. Petersburg he employed a golden key, in the form of loans and State subsidies to personages of social prominence who happened to be afflicted with pecuniary troubles.

Count Witte's enemies have charged him with being venal, and have cited facts and figures in support of their accusations, but I have never believed them to be true; he always seemed to me to place much greater importance on the honours of official

position than on money. He left power without any evidence of having acquired a great fortune, and in order not to lose his chances of returning to office he declined offers that were made by one of the greatest financial establishments of Russia which would have assured him a most brilliant position from a pecuniary point of view, but would have been incompatible with his remaining a member, on the Emperor's appointment, of the Council of the Empire, by virtue of which he had access to the Court and belonged to the official world.

The facts related in the foregoing pages explain my assertion that the character of Count Witte was not always equal to his intellectual gifts: but, at the same time, he possessed certain traits that were extremely sympathetic and attractive. He was a faithful and devoted friend, and inspired the warmest friendships in return. His devotion to the memory of the Emperor Alexander III. was almost passionate in its fervour, and he preserved for the Sovereign who had distinguished him and elevated him to power a pious gratitude. He also knew how to hate, and could be a redoubtable enemy and adversary.

A very lovable trait was his affection for his family: it was touching to see this giant, who was accustomed to bend the most unruly to his will, transformed into the slave of his little grandson and giving him the tenderest care. And when he sought with such insistence the outward show of power was it so much for his own personal gratification as, perhaps, to secure a more brilliant career for a wife and a daughter whom he passionately loved?

My personal relations with Count Witte were never on an intimate footing as I have already said, and for a considerable time his attitude toward me was a hostile one, possibly because he feared that I might acquire an influence over affairs contrary to his. Dr. Dillon mentions in his book the opposition made by Count Witte to my appointment to the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs after the death of Count Mouravieff; distrusting my spirit of independence, he persuaded the Emperor to name Count Tamsdorff, whom he was certain of managing and so was confident of becoming the absolute master of the Government's foreign policy. Dr. Dillon adds that Count Witte made a mistake, and, precisely because of my independence, I would have seconded him much more effectively than did Count Tamsdorff, for I would not have tolerated the formation behind my back of an occult power composed of adventurers, and would either have resigned or obliged the Emperor to dismiss M. Bezobrazoff and his friends. Inasmuch as Dr. Dillon was told this by Count Witte himself, and because it tallies with what I have heard from another source, I have every reason to believe it. That which is certain is that

he failed to appreciate the homely truth that one cannot lean upon something which gives no resistance, and so voluntarily deprived himself of a collaborator quite as strongly opposed as he himself was to the Korean adventure, and who would not have hesitated to fight it in the most vigorous manner, instead of following Count Lamsdorff's stupid doctrine of passive obedience to the will of the Sovereign.

I am not sure if I have succeeded in tracing, as I planned, *sine ira et studio*, the portrait of Count Witte. His character was most complex, made up as it was of qualities which reached a veritable grandeur, mingled with others of surprising weakness; but, take him all in all, it would be difficult to define him in better words than those which Shakespeare put into the mouth of Anthony when eulogising Brutus:

" . . . the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.' "

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Turning now from Count Witte to Count Lamsdorff, Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1900 to 1906, one cannot help being impressed by the absolute contrast between the two men, which, however, never interfered with their close personal friendship and their intimate political relations. In contradistinction to the rough, unpolished man of genius, Count Lamsdorff was a type of the most finished courtier; brought up, one might say, on the steps of the throne, he had inherited, from several generations of high functionaries at the Imperial Court, the manners and ideas of another age, quite out of date even in the artificial environment of Nicholas II. He was a little man, extremely young-looking for his age, with light reddish hair and diminutive moustache, always dressed, prinked and perfumed with the utmost care, and whose affected manner and falsetto voice gave no little chance for pleasantry. By the coquetry of his dress, the affectation of his speech, his habits of retirement and his little quasi-feminine vanities, he recalled the portrait which the chroniclers of the eighteenth century have handed down to us of the Prince of Kaunitz, when that famous Austrian diplomat was Ambassador at Paris. Possessing only the instruction acquired at the Corps de Pages, he lacked the advantages of a complete education, but he was gifted with an *ensemble* of qualities which made him from the start a functionary of the first order. Prodigiouslly industrious, discreet, never letting his work be interfered with by the usual distractions habitual to young people, he succeeded in making himself indispensable, as a confidant and intimate collaborator, to four Ministers of Foreign Affairs in succession: Prince

Gortchakoff, M. de Giers, Prince Lobanoff and Count Mouravieff. During the tenure of Count Mouravieff he became the veritable mainspring of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and, by his industry and knowledge of its details, made up for the indolence, ignorance and flippancy of that astonishing Minister, but up to that point his work was done entirely in the shade; he avoided systematically all direct contact with the foreign Ambassadors, who sometimes almost doubted the existence of this Grey Eminence, whom they never saw but of whose hidden influence they were conscious. As we have seen, it was due to the intervention of Count Witte, who counted upon having in Count Lamsdorff an instrument entirely obedient to his will, that, after the death of Count Mouravieff, his industrious and influential subordinates became the real head of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

From that moment Count Lamsdorff, whose vaguely defined character yielded to the vigorous personality of Count Witte, let himself be dominated in all matters by his great friend, and thereupon the two Ministries of Finance and Foreign Affairs were merged, so to speak, in one and the same person, Count Witte furnishing the motive and directive force and Count Lamsdorff placing at the service of the combination his great experience and perfect knowledge of diplomatic technique. No one was better versed than he in all the subtleties of diplomacy; the least important *billet* which he addressed to a foreign Ambassador, always on gilt-edged paper and delicately perfumed, was a model of style and elegance; he had at his fingers' end all the minutiae of the protocol, and took as much pains in arranging an exchange of decorations as in drawing up the project of the most important international convention. In all the chancelleries of Europe it was well known that any error with regard to the exact ribbon he was to receive after an exchange of signatures would forfeit the goodwill of the Russian Minister for all time, but it was equally well known that no negligence in the framing of a diplomatic instrument could possibly escape his practised eye. His memory was prodigious, and he was never at a loss for a precedent or an argument drawn from the archives of his department.

Had Count Lamsdorff a definite plan of a general foreign policy, and did his mind grasp the international situation of Russia in its entirety? I confess that I have always doubted it. By family tradition, being of German origin, and by his turn of mind, he was rather inclined toward Germany, and as a thorough partisan of the autocratic *régime* he felt ill at ease with democratic France and constitutional England; but, on the other hand, he had been in intimate collaboration with his predecessors in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who negotiated, at first the *rapprochement*, and

afterwards the alliance with France. Having become Minister in his turn, he continued to maintain and conduct with scrupulous exactitude and, as we have seen in the Bjerkoe affair, with intelligence and ability, the system of the double alliance, to which the Emperor gave his unreserved adhesion; but, in view of the strange idea he had of the functions of the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Russia, there is every reason to believe that he would have devoted equal care and conscience to any other system from the moment that it might be adopted by the Emperor, to whose will he considered himself bound to render a blind and passive obedience.

Count Lamsdorff's conduct of his department had an unfavourable effect upon the composition and efficiency of the central services of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs as well as of its services abroad. He was almost inaccessible to the majority of his subordinates, and shut himself up with a circle of personal friends, who were bound to each other by elective affinities of an extremely intimate nature, and among whom he distributed the most desirable positions at his command. This sort of "round table," to employ an expression often used at the Court of Berlin, dispensed favours, promotions and appointments to such an extent that when one had no protector there, as was my case, one must needs give up hope of agreeable places and be content with remote posts and those which were little sought after. As it happened, the scant favour which I enjoyed in that *cénacle* turned out to be very useful, for it is to that circumstance that I owe my experience at different posts in the Balkans and the Far East, which were not prized by diplomats but where it was easier to acquire a practical knowledge of affairs than in the most brilliant Embassies and Legations of Europe. When I succeeded Count Lamsdorff as Minister of Foreign Affairs I had a great deal of trouble in replacing the *personnel* of my department in more normal conditions, and some of the measures of purification that I was obliged to take gave rise to animosities and enmities which made themselves felt in the field of politics later.

Translated by CHARLES LOUIS SEEGER.

INDUSTRIAL NATIONALISATION: A CONTINENTAL LETTER.

A MONTH or two ago the most remarkable of Europe's State institutions, the Supreme Council of National Economy, which is the highest executive and legislative organ over the nationalised industries of the Russia of Lenin and Trotsky, published a half-yearly Budget—the third since November, 1917—showing losses of considerably more than five thousand million roubles. These losses constitute part of the deficit of thirty thousand millions shown in the State Budget for the same half-year. As, owing to the continuing devaluation of the rouble and apart from other causes, all Russian financial figures double every half-year, one may guess that the Supreme Council's losses for the whole of 1919 will be about fifteen thousand millions, a sum nominally more than the annual expenditures of all the Great Powers on the eve of the war. For its imposing figures, even if there were no better reason, the great nationalisation experiment of Soviet Russia would invite as close a study as can be made on the basis of the very meagre information which the Government of People's Commissaries, whose latest act is to put an embargo on newspaper export, allows to leak out.

But the experiment is worth studying for other reasons. Having finished two unprofitable stages of development, Soviet nationalisation lately—against great difficulties and opposition, yet with a certain success—entered upon a third. Passed away for ever is the initial local communistic anarchy which had above it no directing State organisation; and passed is also the second stage, the directing State organisation which could not cajole into efficiency the local industrial anarchy underneath. The third stage is a directing State organisation with enforced industrial discipline underneath. This improvement in the productive mechanism of nationalised industry was attained by throwing ruthlessly overboard all the old anti-capitalistic catchwords which were the food of the industrial revolution, and by substituting more than capitalistically sharp supervision, compulsion and economy. The Bolsheviks, that means, have not been above taking lessons. Private capitalism has indeed not been re-established—during the last few months the war against it has been waged harder than ever—but the methods of capitalism are to-day the methods of the Supreme Council. Soviet Russia, that means, is moving towards a system which in many features recalls the militarist-industrial dreams dreamed

by the German Kathedar Socialists before and during the war. Instead of the idealistic, free, disorderly, unproductive local communism which the honest enthusiasts among the Bolsheviks believed would yield an Earthly Paradise, is growing up a centralised, despotic, disciplinary, exploiting State-Socialism. That this change of ideals should overtake the inflexibly doctrinaire Bolshevik magnates is not surprising. In politics Bolshevism has been forced to borrow and improve on—that is, to aggravate—the methods of Trepoff and Plehve; and its Red Army has all the despotic malpractices of Tsarist militarism, and more. It is natural that nationalised industry should show the same spirit. Its course of development, apart from the historical interest, has a very instructive bearing upon the movement towards nationalisation or State monopolies in Western Europe and in England to-day.

Probably the notion of learning from Soviet Russia's experience will displease those who hold, with our own innocent admirers of Tsarism, that Bolshevism is not primarily murder and robbery, but that it is incapable of creation and wholly contemptible as a governing force. However, after the whole world's surplus forces have for two years tried to get rid of the Bolshevik incubus and failed dismally, one may conclude that the popular judgment of the Soviets' organising unfitness is wrong: one may modestly remember that eighteen months ago Europe laughed itself hoarse at the notion of creating a disciplined Red Army out of the anarchical Red Guards and the doubly anarchical fragments of the Tsarist Army. In fact, the Bolsheviks are not at all stupid. They lack indeed the broad class of well-trained officials of average intellect upon which Western Governments rely: but they have quite as many competent, enterprising and creative men as the best-off Western European country: and they have half a dozen men—particularly in this industrial domain—of greater ability than is to be found in any country. If nationalised industry is to-day in a lamentable state, and almost, it seems, at its last gasp, the cause does not lie in inability to create, or in lack of personal energy by leaders. Possibly it lies in the inherent vice of the nationalisation system: but, apart from that, failure was predetermined by the material and moral conditions bequeathed by the autocracy to the Provisional Government of Lvoff and Kerensky: and by it—with much depreciation meantime—bequeathed to the Soviets.

There is another reason why industrial nationalisation as undertaken first early in 1918 was bound to fail. It was a hasty improvisation. That it was not carried through by stages, tentatively and on a well-thought-out plan, was not the fault of the

leading Bolsheviks, though it was the fault of the Bolsheviks as a whole. In this respect the industrial revolution hoped for by Lenin was far worse situated than the political revolution of February, 1917. When the Provisional Government of Prince Lvoff assumed power it had ready at hand—carefully planned and even drafted almost to the letter—all the progressive political reforms which the then dominant bourgeois Liberalism wanted. Bills enacting nearly all these reforms had been submitted to the first Duma; and these Bills, sometimes with amendments in more radical directions, were rushed out one after the other in the first months of the revolution, so that by June (except for the Land and Nationalities Questions, which were left to the Constituent Assembly) Russia's political reconstruction (on paper) as a modern State was complete. The conditions which faced the Bolshevik industrial revolution were very different. The fundamental theories of Bolshevism were developed well enough; but for the much harder organisatory problems the Soviet magnates had made no preparations at all. This fact ought to have been a warning against precipitancy. But the impatience of the ignorant masses of workmen forced immediate action; had the Bolshevik leaders, as the abler desired, tarried, the new Government, denounced as inactive and as having given false promises, would have been as speedily swept away as was the passive anarchy system of Kerensky. Conditions being what they were, the Bolshevik leaders were obliged to rush headlong into wholesale nationalisation; and one may conclude that had they not done so industry to-day would be in an even worse plight than it is.

This is shown by the early course of industry under Bolshevik rule; and indeed before it, for the workmen did not wait until Lenin's November *coup d'état*. Immediately after the February revolution were made many attempts at local communism. As no Trade Unions which could enforce common action in whole industrial branches existed, the workmen in individual enterprises met no opposition when they expelled owners, experts, and even foremen; and embarked on what they called communistic production and sale. Anarchy resulted. After the Bolsheviks seized power this system of "Savage Communism," as it came to be called, spread generally. Even transport was an object of local exploitation; on the railways the new system went so far that the Nikolai (Petrograd-Moscow) Railway's 400 miles were ruled by three committees at different points; each stretch of line had its own labour hours and pay. On East Russian railways no through trains could be run until the numerous employees' committees had concluded formal traffic conventions. Savage

communism had a brief but riotous history. Soon factories were derelict; unemployment was universal; and the mechanism of future production was threatened by the selling of machinery by hungry workmen. The Trade Unions, in the best way of Western Europe's Unions, denounced these excesses; but the Unions were new, their authority was weak, and agitators proclaimed that these "tame instruments of capitalism all over the world," as the Moscow communists' manifesto called them, were reactionary. Savage communism had to cure itself. Some concerns that tried it (*e.g.*, the big Sormovo works near Nijni-Novgorod and the Treugolnik rubber factories) learned so sadly from experience that they recalled their masters and experts; and some that did not try it (*e.g.*, the cotton-mills of Prokhoroff in Moscow) were so frightened by what they saw that their workmen later opposed the much more reasonable and systematic nationalisation measures of the Supreme Council of Economy. Everywhere home rule in the factory collapsed.

But its results were ruinous for the subsequent methodical nationalisation. The original Soviet plan, debated in December, 1917, was to nationalise banks as quickly as possible, but to nationalise no industries before June, 1918, and then to nationalise only seven important branches. Later, when it became plain that the seven branches could not be prepared for nationalisation in time, it was decided to defer all nationalisation, except possibly in two branches (metals and chemicals), until the autumn. But the Savage Communists forced the Soviets' hands. As Savage Communism could not be cured by a temporary return to private ownership, the one way to prevent irremediable ruin of factories and disappearance of the skilled workmen was to accelerate nationalisation. Nearly all the 486 factories and workshops nationalised by the first Soviet decree (June 1st, 1918) had been victims of Savage Communism, and in their choice their fitness by branch or condition for immediate State working played no rôle. Four weeks later, to forestall further local experiments, the Soviets published a greater scheme, which, in that it was based on considerations of branch of production and size of concern, showed more signs of methodical thought. This decree nationalised such of the mining enterprises, saw-mills, wood, metal, cable, electro-technical, soap and candle factories as were capitalised at over a million roubles; and such undertakings in certain other branches, including tobacco, paper and rubber, as were capitalised at over half a million. The 1,100 undertakings nationalised under this decree had an aggregate nominal capital of three thousand million roubles, which in the devaluated currency of to-day is at least sixty thousand million roubles. The

Soviets had already nationalised the banks and river transport; and next they nationalised advertising, exhibitions, and, last of all, insurance. Local natural monopolies, such as gas and water, were left to the local Soviets, which had replaced the Zemstvo and municipalities. After the nationalisation of insurance came a lull, which did not mean that the process was at an end, but only that the digestive organs of the Supreme Council of Economy were overloaded; and that, further, the branches and particular concerns which escaped nationalisation presented materially greater obstacles than those which had not.

Inclusion in a nationalisation list did not mean that State exploitation at once came into effect. It meant merely that private owners lost their property and control rights, which rights in most cases were already *de facto* lost. Every nationalising decree is followed by a process officially described as "Nationalisation," which consists in reorganisation, building, repair or adaptation of plant, and sometimes in wholesale transfer of plant and workmen to a more convenient centre. In these transfers fuel and raw material conditions play a great rôle. As late as June last the Supreme Council was still "nationalising" ninety important factories included in the decree of June, 1918. "Nationalisation" is extremely costly. The estimate of expenditure per factory in December last was 4,700,000 roubles; and to-day, according to the official *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, it is over 8,000,000 roubles, an increase which may be wholly due to rouble devaluation. The exact proportion of Russia's industrial and transport concerns which have effectively been nationalised up to date is hard to give. A recent official list comprises 1,700, classed as "of first-rate rank"; but in this, it seems, are counted as units the large transport, mining and industrial cartels formed under the Witte régime. The number of first-class enterprises actually carried on directly by the Supreme Council is probably not more than 700.

The present Chief Commissary of the Council of National Economy, Alexis Rykoff, lately made an instructive speech on the principles upon which this big nationalisation work was carried through. His analysis shows how much mistaken are those who think that the Bolshevik industrial system is entirely without refinements:—

"In determining its policy on the question of our Nationalisation organisation, the Government of People's Commissaries recognised three driving motives which were not necessarily moving in the same direction, and for which, therefore, a common direction—in other words a compromise—had to be found. There was the political motive or interest that nationalised industry, apart from its economical aspects, should be a buttress of the Soviet political system; there was the production interest, which required

that the greatest possible technical expertness and the greatest possible individual industry should be applied; and there was the labour interest, a matter of hours, pay and social policy. This last interest must be superficially in opposition to the second as long as the workman does not realise that he obtains neither more nor less than the greatest possible share of what he produces.

"It is in accordance with these dominant interests that the organisation of our Nationalisation system has been planned."

Taking only the paper facts, and leaving unanswered the question how much selfishness and how much altruism are behind the Soviet oligarchy's economical measures, one may say that the nationalisation organisation does fairly compromise between these three principles. The compromise is not so well shown in the Supreme Council of Economy as in the lower organs; but it appears also there. The Supreme Council of Economy, which is officially, according to the barbarous Bolshevik craze for neologisms and mutilations, called "Sovnarkhoz" (from *Soviet Narodnara Khozaiatva*), is in its origin largely an offshoot of the Trade Unions, and its membership bears their imprint. Soviet Russia's Trade Unions are very tame organisations. Long ago they embraced the official, and of course sound, doctrine that enhanced production is the dominant interest of every working man; and with few exceptions they have championed the Sovnarkhoz's coercive labour measures. The first Councils of Industry, which still exist as local bodies subordinate to the Supreme Council, were created by the Trade Unions as a remedy for Savage Communism; they attempted to reorganise and conduct on homogeneous lines over large areas the abandoned factories and workshops. The Sovnarkhoz, which now sits at the centre of government, is practically a Federal Parliament of Industry in which are united all the local industrial organisations.

The Sovnarkhoz ranks as a Commissariat or independent Ministry. It is, therefore, not subordinate to any other one Ministry; but it also cannot act against the will of the general political executive, the "Sovnarkom," as the Council of People's Commissaries is equally barbarously called. The Sovnarkhoz has a membership of sixty-nine. Of these the Trade Unions elect thirty, the local Councils of Economy twenty, the Central Executive of Soviets (*i.e.*, the political Parliament) ten, the co-operative associations two, and the interested Commissariats, or Ministries, seven. The executive work is conducted by a board of eight, with a Commissary, at present Rykoff, at the head. Naturally, following the present Bolshevik trend towards bureaucratic tutelage, the Commissary has in practice very great powers. The theoretical corrective to this is the fact that he and the rest of the executive board are elected by the Sovnarkhoz plenum.

But the representative value of that is impaired by the fact that not the mass of working men, but the well-tamed Trade Unions, have the chief say in the Sovnarkhoz's composition.

All questions of higher industrial policy, as far as they are not dictated by the Council of People's Commissaries, are in the hands of the Sovnarkhoz. With that its functions end. The technical and commercial side of nationalisation is organised in the form of so-called Centrals. Every branch of industry is organised as a State Trust, and the corresponding Central is on top. Wool is concentrated under the Wool Central (*Yakhtrosherst*), textiles under a *Tsentrotexstil*, paper under the Chief Paper Department (*Gluobum*), and so on. In the constitution of all these Centrals the three-fold division of interest expounded by Rykoff is followed. In a Central's directorial board of nine men three must be men with experience in politics and applied sociology, three must be industrial or commercial experts in their respective branch, and three must have had experience as workmen in the branch. Every Central draws up in advance its own budget and its own programme of work, showing amount of labour to be employed, amount of fuel and raw materials to be consumed, and amount of expected output. The Centrals do not directly manage factories. This work is left to factory or workshop directorates on the spot. According to size of factory or workshop, a directorate has three or six members. Here, again, the division of interests is recognised, in that one-third of the members are appointed by the Supreme Council, one-third by the specialist Central, and one-third by the workmen on the spot.

Nicholas Lenin is the real creator of the Sovnarkhoz, which indeed bears traces of his very able and refining brain. When reproached with being robbers and assassins, the Bolsheviks like to boast of Lenin's achievement, and seldom forget to ascribe the present industrial anarchy and the growing poverty to obstacles and difficulties which existed before they seized power. How the mechanism would have worked had it been established under the relatively good pre-war conditions is hard to say. As things were in the years 1918-19, it was doomed to failure if for no other causes than the lack of competent administrators, and the shortage of transport, raw materials and fuel. "Over-officialdom, unfit officialdom, and sheer thievish officialdom" is a characterisation of the first obstacle by the Chief of the Textile Central, Ragin. The official thieves—at least, in accordance with old Russian precedent, the smaller thieves—have of late been painfully thinned out by Dzerzhinsky, "the Lithuanian Robespierre," who presides over the Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution, Sabotage and Speculation. Bolshevik news-

papers of April and May contained names of over seventy bureaucrats who were shot for thieving or bribe-taking. Over-officialdom probably does even more damage. One official to four manual workers in several branches of industry is the figure given in the official *Izvestiya*. Of unfitness of the technical controllers of many concerns the best indication is the fact that output and production-cost in factories in the same branches, operating under identical conditions, varies as much as 800 per cent.; in the nationalised sugar factories as much as 500 per cent. Three months ago the Supreme Council pronounced for re-engagement of the dismissed bourgeois experts; and since then the technical management has improved. The general and commercial management is bad. A Bolshevik newspaper lately described how, though Soviet Russia is short of clothing of all kinds, 1,500,000 pieces of goods produced by the Lourier tricotage factories lay neglected—except by rats and thieves—for over a year; how though in Orel province wire nails cost 700 roubles a pound, and citizens tore down wooden houses because the nails, locks and hinges were worth more than the whole house had cost, in a neighbouring province 750,000 lb. of nails could not find buyers. Naturally, the accountancy of the whole nationalisation system is primitive. The Sovnarkhoz bureaucrats, a Bolshevik newspaper¹ lately explained, invented the doctrine, highly grateful to idlers, that "bourgeois book-keeping is the cause of dishonesty": and invented instead a system of "communist and Soviet book-keeping," which caused, it seems, even greater dishonesty: for when, at Voronezh, three officials of the local Council of Economy were tried by Revolutionary Tribunal for embezzlement (for which they were promptly shot), their defence was that "the book-keeping practised in accord with instructions from Moscow is so rudimentary that it encourages even the honestest officials to steal."²

The material obstacles which prevent the efficient working of the Sovnarkhoz and its local organs are themselves in great measure the result of such official delinquencies and unfitness. But the main factor, the collapse of communications, is a product of war, of the military and political conditions in the borderlands and of the anti-Soviet blockade. Every branch of transport has broken down. In Russia horse transport is very important. Soviet Russia's horses have disappeared; in Petrograd in March had survived 10,000 horses out of a pre-war 69,000; in some rural cantons only one horse remains for every ninety-seven acres of farmland: and in the Donetz coal centre

(1) *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, quoted in *Vremya*, June 19th.

(2) *Obnovleniia*, July 3rd.

90 per cent. of the horses are dead of starvation, and the living are being fed with bark.¹ The Soviets' Commission for Reorganisation of the Commercial Fleet reports that on rivers and lakes, other than the Volga basin, are working 1,407 steamers and 2,146 other vessels; and that of these 3,553 vessels, 1,440 need repair and 932 need radical repair. Against this, 188 are listed as damaged beyond repair, and 4,000 as sunken. Of shipping conditions on the Volga an indication is the report that petroleum deliveries to Volga ports in 1918 were 77 per cent. below peace figures, mainly owing to shortage of steamers. In its attempt to keep the railways going, the Council of Commissaries was obliged, in June, to decree the taking up of the second tracks on nine different lines; also of 50 per cent. of the new sidings tracks laid during the war; and later, if the War Commissary agreed, of the other 50 per cent. The percentage of locomotives awaiting repair, which in 1913 was sixteen, was lately reported to be 47.7. Another report says that of 8,971 locomotives in Soviet Russia 4,728 need repair. The percentages of cars awaiting repair were: 1913, 3; 1919, 16.6. The railway collapse is not due to financial cheeseparing; the expenditure rose from 705 (M), (M) roubles in 1913 to 7,300,000,000 roubles in 1918; and a profit of 470,000,000 roubles turned into a loss of 5,500,000,000 roubles. Thanks to the competent and indefatigable Leonid Krasin, production in the railway construction and repair shops lately began to improve; in the first three months of this year about thirty locomotives were turned out—a record, it seems, since the spring of 1918. Naturally, the fuel shortage is intense. In the Moscow coal-mining district the output has fallen since November, 1917, from a rate of 50,000,000 to 22,000,000 pounds a year; and on the Donetz, before the Whites regained control, output was declining about 10 per cent. each month. The coal mined could not be wholly transported to industrial centres. Speaking of the coal situation to the All-Russian Executive, Rikoff declared that "either a complete renovation and reconstruction of our labour system must be effected, or we must face a speedy, irremediable breakdown."

This prognostic was doubly justified three months later, on the eve of the reversion to capitalistic methods, upon which the Sovnarkhoz to-day bases its only hope. Regarded from all economical standpoints—volume of production, rate of employment, prices, and profits or losses—nationalisation had failed. From the political standpoint it had failed also, because it threatened the existence of the urban industrial class, which is Bolshevism's base. A Bolshevik newspaper² pointed out this last peril in the

† (1) *Vremya*, August 2nd.

(2) *Gazeta Prikladnikoff*, January 13th.

words: "If there is no industry there can be no proletariat." The figures of the Petrograd and Moscow Labour Bourses, which are sometimes cited to prove industrial activity, in reality prove the contrary; the low unemployment percentages are due not to industrial activity, but to flight of hungry workmen back to the villages from which they originally came. The Bolshevik newspaper, *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, estimates that since November, 1917, one million workmen (families not counted) abandoned the great industrial centres. After the February revolution Petrograd contained 400,000 workmen, of whom 250,000 were engaged in metal branches. On June 1st, 1918, after seven months of Savage Communism (but no genuine nationalisation), 120,000 workmen, among them 64,000 metal workers, remained. To-day the number of workmen actually engaged in Petrograd is put at 75,000—on May 1st the whole population, as shown by ration cards, was 1,151,186. The Moscow industrial district is better off. There, on January 1st, 1917, 800,000 men were at industrial work; in April last 600,000 were registered as working; but they worked fewer days a week and fewer hours a day. The conditions in smaller industrial centres are bad; the metal city, Tula, thanks to the munitions industry, is stated to be flourishing; but some other industrial towns, notably the textile centre, Ivanovo-Vosnessensk, are practically depopulated, and the populations of the government capitals, some of which are industrial and some merely administrative, have fallen off, an anti-Bolshevik newspaper¹ reports, from between 10 and 40 per cent.

The conditions in particular nationalised industries vary enormously. Of the greater branches, best off, at least as far as it is concentrated in Moscow, is the textile. This relative prosperity is mainly the work of Ragin. After six months of nationalisation, 447 Moscow district textile mills out of 532 were working; and over 400,000 men were more or less steadily employed. The Textile Central is short of cotton and wool; 10,000,000 pounds of cotton in Turkestan and large stores of wool in the country, particularly in the Kuban and Tera districts, cannot be moved. Ragin's achievement is the transformation of Moscow into the world's leading linen city. The nationalised metallurgical works are much worse off. In June seven-ninths of the furnaces were idle. The Metal Central reports that the big Dnieprovsk works, which once required the monthly movement of 12,000 railway cars for its supply, has now only 1,500 men engaged, though 7,500 more were until lately drawing full pay. Of the rubber factories all are closed except three. The paper-

(1) *Obozrenie*, May 3rd.

making industry is not yet fully nationalised; the pre-war consumption of 7 lb. a head has fallen off to 2½ lb.; and its Central, the "Glavbum," has declared that Russia can produce only one-sixth of the pulp necessary to ensure a sufficient paper supply. The sugar industry was nationalised—on paper and in State monopoly form—by the first Provisional Government. The official statement is that 25 nationalised mills in Tula, Voronezh, Orel, Tamboff and Kursk produced in 1918-19, 2,000,000 pouds, against 10,000,000 in 1914-15.

These figures are typical of nationalised industry generally. They do not justify the common statement of foreigners that munitions-making and rouble-printing are the only Russian State undertakings that have not ceased. But conditions are bad, even worse than is indicated by the number of factories closed and the number of workmen lost. By last spring the *per capita* productivity had fallen heavily, according to one estimate by 54 per cent., as compared with peace standards. The result is an unheard-of shortage of manufactured goods, and the joining of ends into a vicious circle; unable to buy industrial products with the paper money paid for his surplus food-products, the peasant refuses to sell, and ultimately to produce; the hungry industrial workman falls further off in efficiency, and migrates to the country; and the peasant is still less inclined to produce surplus food. An official statement published in April states that the urban population, the Red Army, and the peasants in some famine-stricken districts needed a minimum total of 7,500,000 pouds of flour per month; and that up to the second harvest of this year only two-thirds of this was available. The Sovnarkhoz conceived a heroic scheme of remedy; it resolved to establish in the country for every thousand peasants a retail shop, which would sell directly clothes, boots, glass, china, hardware, matches and oils. The grateful peasants, it was reasoned, would resume producing and selling food. This well-reasoned plan failed because of the persistent vice of Soviet nationalisation—failure to produce. Of 600,000,000 roubles' worth of goods to be distributed in the first month, only 75,000,000 roubles' worth were available; and only a fraction of the extra food expected was received. So the vicious circle continued, until Lenin, and the Krasins, Ragins and other competent and unshrinking men at the head of transport and of the Centrals resolved to break it in the one practicable way; by so-called capitalistic methods, in reality, by slave methods, some of which were abandoned in reactionary Europe long before these able organisers were born.

The impulse to such heroic measures was naturally not weakened by the burden which nationalisation laid upon the

already sufficiently burdened finances—or the sufficiently over-worked rouble printing press. This burden was not due to any excessive zeal for keeping down prices. The basis of retail under nationalisation prices is naturally the devalued rouble; but that scarcity also plays a rôle is shown by the fact that prices at Petrograd, where the supply is bad, are nearly always higher than at Moscow, which is still a relatively abundant production centre. I give a few prices on June 31st :—

	Moscow. Roubles.	Petrograd. Roubles.
Matches	4.75	6.0 a box.
Cotton thread	—	510.0 a doz. reels.
Boots	1,200.0	1,050.0 a pair.
Goggles	900.0	1,100-1,800 a pair.
Men's clothes	2,750-3,000	3,000-3,400 a suit.
Roofing iron	77.0	65.0 a sq. foot.
Wire nails	800.0	950.0 a lb.

Soviet nationalisation here presents a curious feature. The paper money hoard in working men's and peasants' hands is for practical purposes inexhaustible, and the scarcity of manufactured goods is so intense that, humanly speaking, any price can be obtained. Yet no single nationalised industry pays. One reason for this, says the Sovnarkhoz truthfully, is that whereas sale prices are calculated upon production cost *plus* distribution cost, vast quantities of goods turned out are never sold at all. The main cause of loss is that prices, high as they are, are based merely upon the wages of such working men as actually turn out work, however little they turn out, whereas the nationalised branches pay out vast sums in wages and allowances for which they get no return at all. A group of industries which received in wages 648,000,000 roubles between date of nationalisation in 1918, and the end of the year, produced goods sellable at 143,000,000. This was because the Sovnarkhoz pursued its charitable policy of paying wages to thousands of employees of undertakings which had stopped work pending complete nationalisation, or which could not work because fuel or materials were lacking. This is an exceptional case: a typical case of loss is the nationalised Petrograd printing trade, which though kept fairly well occupied, lost 13,500,000 roubles in the last half of 1918, an estimated 39,710,000 in the first half of 1919, and an estimated 47,608,000 roubles in the present half-year. The payment of wages when no work is done is not confined to nationalised industries. Private owners, having hoards of paper money and no hope except in the keeping of their enterprises intact for the—highly doubtful—restoration of capitalism, support their

more skilled hands; and once the Sovnarkhoz has planned to nationalise an undertaking, it takes similar measures to prevent the dispersal of the staffs. Lately, when the Chief Glass Committee advanced 110,000,000 roubles odd to non-working factories, it advanced also 10,000,000 roubles for payment of wages to a group of Moscow works which are not to be nationalised until next year.

Inevitably, the Sovnarkhoz as a whole works at an enormous loss. The first heavy liability is for "nationalisation." What "nationalisation" is I have already explained. The expenditure includes no compensation to owners—indeed, on this account the Sovnarkhoz starts with a bonus, for a recent decree declares that whereas debts incurred by concerns before nationalisation are void, debts due to them must be paid. For the first works of nationalisation (Budget of January-June, 1918), 2,000,000,000 roubles were assigned. Most of this money was not spent until the following half-year; and as result the fresh expenditure on nationalisation in July-December was only 800,000,000 roubles. For the first six months of 1919, the estimated expenditure on nationalisation rose to 5,813,951,000 roubles. The total expenditure on this account to date is therefore about eight and a half thousand million roubles. These sums are entered in the Budget side by side with recurring departmental expenditure; but properly they are a capital investment, and they form part of the general Budget deficit, covered by fresh note circulation, which since last spring has been treated as an interest-bearing debt to the Narodny Bank. The operating expenditure of the Sovnarkhoz in the three half-years (all Budget Estimates) was:—

	Roubles.
Jan.-June, 1918	14,882,000
July-Dec., 1918	1,674,908,000
Jan.-June, 1919	5,162,625,000

or a total of 6,852,360,000 roubles. The whole expenditure of the Sovnarkhoz in the eighteen months is therefore over fifteen thousand million roubles. The operating revenue in the first six months was *nil*, or practically *nil*; in the second six months, according to an estimate in the anti-Bolshevik *Vremya*, which roughly agrees with my own analysis of the tangled revenue estimates, 250,000,000 roubles; and in the last half-year (Estimates for January-June, 1919), 5,874,330,000 roubles. For the enormous estimated increase of receipts during the present year no explanation is given beyond a statement that several thousands of millions will be received from the Chemicals and Metals Centrals; and this is possible, for the war industries which are fed by these Centrals are hard at work—the half-year's estimated

expenditure of the War Commissariat is 12,149,770,487 roubles. If one gives the Sovnarkhoz credit for the whole six thousand millions of receipts claimed for the first half of this year, the minimum loss on nationalisation to date is, in round figures, ten thousand millions, which is a sixth of the admitted deficit in the three general Budgets of sixty thousand millions.¹

The Bolshevik magnates, armed as they are with the untiring printing press, are little perturbed by these deficits. In his Jan.-June, 1919, Budget preamble, the Commissary of Finances repeated his argument of the former half-year that the enforced printing of an additional thirty thousand million roubles is "a measure of relatively small importance in view of Soviet Russia's transition towards natural economy"; and his organ, *Ekonomicheskaya Zhizn*, after a laugh at "that traditional fetish form—the rouble note," adds, truthfully, that "on the road to Socialism, profits and losses are of no importance compared with the great question: Is something produced for division among citizens?" Unluckily, wild as Bolshevik State finance in its fetish form the rouble may seem, it, nevertheless, correctly registers the fact that very little is being produced for division: the admitted sixty thousand millions of deficit is no paper-rouble chimaera, but good evidence that the nationalising State produced so much less goods than it has consumed. Last winter the Bolshevik magnates, who are neither stupid nor ignorant of political economy, found it necessary to react to this truth. In the masses, they observed, still survived the dogma of Social-Democrats of all times, from Marx to Kautsky, that the distribution of benefits is more vital than their production; that the tribute exacted by the robber capitalist is the main cause of proletarian misery. Applied in concrete, and in thorough-going Russian way, this meant that because the noble and the capitalist lived without working, merely out of ownership of land and factories, the proletariat could live without working if it in its turn owned land and factories. Three months of savage communism did something to kill this illusion; but it did not do enough; and the original Sovnarkhoz sin of subsidising idleness, voluntary or enforced, kept the illusion alive. Only at the close of last year did the Bolshevik magnates set out to kill it with coercion, lock-outs, hunger (deprivation of ration cards), and the Red Army press gang; and with that was entered upon the third, and so far only hopeful, stage of Soviet nationalisation.

This transformation was heralded by Lenin's pamphlet *New*

(1) The real deficits on the three Budgets, if ten thousand millions of the mainly fictitious "one-time levy on the bourgeoisie," are deducted from the estimated revenue of July-December, 1918, is about 70,000,000,000 r.

Problems of Soviet Power. The pamphlet³¹ was at once published in German as a warning to Spectacists, and it might profitably be published in English. Lenin's basic proposition is that, "whereas up to now the working man has been complete master of the factories, to-day the Revolution, in its own interests and in the interests of Socialism, demands the unqualified submission of the working man to the directors of all undertakings." The object of such submission was to increase production; to compel, among other things, obedience to qualified experts, to whom Lenin, throwing the Soviets' 3,000 roubles a month salary maximum overboard, declared he would willingly pay 100,000 roubles a year. Lenin's programme was: better factory discipline; the Taylor system, with rigorous control over individual efficiency; a compulsory minimum individual output; piece payment; and premium payments for individual output above a certain reasonable standard. Strictly speaking, this was not the Bolshevik magnate's first essay in what the orthodox Communists are to-day denouncing as "Neo-Capitalism"—over a year ago strikes were forbidden. But the strikes went on; and it was only after the Lenin programme's publication that "Neo-Capitalism" was generally put into force. Put into force effectually it was; and though the system is bitterly resented, and is even denounced by the orthodox Communists as "industrial Tsarism," it is to-day the Sovnarkhoz's normal system of industrial exploitation; and it has produced a factory system which, wasteful and relatively unproductive as it still is, is better disciplined than the present industrial system of England or any other great State that has been through the war.

All last spring the process went on. In June the six hours' working day was formally abolished by decree; and a 48 hours' weekly work in Industry, and 66 hours in Agriculture, was decreed instead. Before June were introduced new rules for ensuring obedience, with a sharp schedule of punishments for neglect of work, late arrival and other delinquencies. The system of payment without work was limited to factories approaching nationalisation, and in a group of factories employing about 300,000 workmen, the piece payment or premium payment system—sometimes both—was made the rule. Sharp opposition was met with; but it was mostly newspaper opposition; the *Proletarskoe Echo* fiercely attacked Krasin for inducing men to work, it alleged, fourteen hours a day. But the workmen, possibly only because they were weakened by the hunger which is the ultimate salary of idleness, as a rule, took Neo-Capitalism tamely. Resistance where shown proved vain. When the Bogatyr rubber workmen threatened to strike, the Central met them in best capitalist fashion, by decreasing

a lock-out—indeed, improved on capitalism by depriving them of their bread cards; and when the Baltic Shipbuilding Works of Petrograd rejected piece-payment, the leaders were expelled from the city (a favourite measure under the Tsars); and a placard on the walls announced that, as a state of war existed with the Imperialistic Entente Powers, all strikers would be punished with the full rigours of martial law.

The Norwegian Socialist, Puntervold, who visited Soviet-Russia early in the spring, brought back reports of the success of this new coercion system which met with general incredulity. *Per capita* production in particular works had increased, he reported, 50 per cent. Since then the Soviet newspapers, including those Communist organs which severely condemn "Industrial Tsarism," have steadily reported similar changes for the better. In Tula, the individual output of cartridges was increased by 43 per cent. within one week of the introduction of piece-payment; and in the linen-weaving industry the increase was 62 per cent. To the Moscow Local Council of Economy was reported in June by Commissary Smidovitch that piece-payment had led to 22 per cent more work being done in the railway repair shops. "As a result of this genial compulsion, invented by Comrade Lenin, which is the essence of real Socialism," added Smidovitch, "our experiment in nationalisation may be counted as having passed its crisis and as being on the way to complete health." This view is, of course, much too rosy. The old human and material weaknesses, independently of Lenin's genial will, still check and shackle nationalisation on every side; and it is more than likely that the economical decay has gone too far to be stopped. If it stopped, and if Bolshevism continues on top, there is no doubt that recourse will be had to more and more rigorous capitalistic methods, while capitalistic ownership will still be repressed. Nationalisation will be pushed further. The Textile Central is to-day engaged in nationalising the Prokhoroff Works at Moscow; new Centrals are being organised; and even a partial nationalisation of agriculture is to be tried. A People's Commissaries' decree declared that derelict land, in area estimated at 12,500,000 acres (of which eight millions were seized from private proprietors) will be worked by the State; local bureaucratic "Chancelleries" will draw up a scheme of farming; and forced labour will be supplied by the local Soviets. A Commission of Enquiry which sat at Moscow in June recommended the—at present wholly impracticable—plan of electrifying the whole countryside; and the indefatigable Krasin forced through a resolution "to invite the collaboration of the leading German electro-technical firms." (Krasin was himself once a Siemens Schückert manager.) On this

followed a plan, at present also impracticable in view of the military situation, to electrify the Donetz coal mines ; thereby increasing production from 1,500,000,000 to 6,000,000,000 pounds ; making Soviet Russia independent of foreign and Polish coal ; providing fuel for the first-mentioned electrification scheme ; and raising agriculture to a level with that of the most advanced countries of the world.

One may safely conclude that if political Bolshevism endures industrial Bolshevism will endure also. What will be the fate of the system if the Soviet military despotism collapses is hard to say. The precipitate tearing down of the Sovnarkhoz and its ramifications would produce, at least for a time, even greater anarchy than Bolshevism produced out of the former capitalistic industry. Bolshevik nationalisation is only the system of the late Sergius Witte, greatly extended ; and it comes to resemble that system more and more closely in measure as it is backed by political despotism. Seen from a moral or hardship viewpoint, the uncompensated expropriation of banks, mills, railways and ships is no worse and no better than uncompensated expropriation of land ; and even the reactionaries among the anti-Bolshevik elements realise that the land seized in 1917 by the working peasantry will never be handed back.

ROBERT GROVER LONG

THE PROBLEM OF LIBERTY.

" 'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it."—COWPER.

ENGLISH literature, both poetry and prose, is full of apostrophes to Liberty; but neither essayists nor poets are invariably careful to define the term. A distinguished judge wrote to the *Times* a few days ago (October 3rd) a letter which contained this sentence: "Let there be two classes only—those who are and those who are not for freedom." Most people will cordially re-echo Lord Wrenbury's aspiration, but there may, nevertheless, be legitimate difference of opinion, even among men of good will, as to what precisely the word "freedom" connotes. No better illustration of the difficulty could be found than in the events which inspired Lord Wrenbury's appeal. Did the railwaymen strike in defence or in defiance of "freedom"? Nine Englishmen out of ten will have little difficulty in answering that question, at least to their own satisfaction; but the opinion of the tenth is, none the less, entitled to attention. Even assuming the accuracy of the diagnosis which finds the essential cause of the strike not in any question of wages or hours or conditions of service, but in a deliberate attempt to overthrow by the use of the industrial weapon the existing form of government and the present organisation of society, can we unhesitatingly assert that such action is the negation of "freedom"? It undoubtedly represents an attempt on the part of a small section of the community to impose its will upon the nation as a whole. Does such an attempt necessarily stand condemned as an infraction of the sacred principle of "Liberty"? In view of the present distribution of political power in this country the writer would answer this question with an emphatic affirmative, but it is relevant to recall the fact that revolutions have almost invariably been the work of highly organised minorities, and that no revolutionary leader, unless the "man of destiny" could be so described, has ever been willing to face the ordeal of a plébiscite or even to take the opinion of a constituent assembly elected on the basis of adult suffrage. An exception to this generalisation may perhaps be found in the Frankfort Parliament of 1848; but the precedent is not one to which any party will be eager to appeal. The written constitutions of the Common-

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wealth provided for a very restricted franchise; but, even so, Cromwell would never allow the Parliaments so elected to exercise constituent functions. He drew a sharp distinction between "fundamentals," as defined in the *Instrument of Government* and the *Humble Petition and Advice*, and the "circumstantial" on which his Parliaments were permitted to legislate to their heart's desire. Cromwell's Parliament, it will be remembered, declined to accept the inferior rôle assigned to them by the Protector, and were consequently, after brief session, dissolved with as little ceremony as ever a Stuart King exhibited towards the elected representatives of the people. Must we acclaim Cromwell as the champion of "Liberty"? Or does that appellation more properly belong to "wooden-headed Ludlow" and the other recalcitrants derided by Carlyle? If we plump for Cromwell, we shall find ourselves in difficulties with those unquestioned champions of Liberty—Sir John Eliot and John Pym—who would as certainly have withstood the "encroachments" of Cromwell as they did oppose those of Charles I. The dilemma is a painful one; yet on a broader review of the Revolution of the seventeenth century there are few who would now deny that the cause of "Liberty" was served by those who, like Eliot and Pym, insisted that the time had arrived when, in the slow and gradual evolution of the English Constitution the Legislature should assert and maintain some control over the Executive.

This is in truth the essential ingredient in Parliamentary Government as worked out in England, and copied from England by most of the progressive countries of the modern world. But not, be it observed, by all: not, for example, by the United States of America. When, in the *Grand Remonstrance* of 1641, Charles I. was invited to employ only such counsellors "as Parliament has cause to confide in," he was in fact asked to assent to the fundamental principle of the Cabinet system, of what the British peoples, both at home and overseas, understand by "Responsible Government." May we, then, identify "political liberty" with Parliamentary Government? If we do, we may find ourselves in conflict with two of the most democratic peoples of the world—with the Americans and the Swiss. Neither in the United States nor in Switzerland is the form of Government "Parliamentary" in the English sense. In America the Executive has no connection, except in relation to treaty-making and patronage, with the Legislature; it derives its authority direct from the people, and so far as it is responsible at all (in any technical sense) it is responsible to the people. In Switzerland the form of democracy is, thanks to the adoption of the *Referen-*

dum and the *Initiative* even more direct than it is in the United States.

It is pertinent in passing to inquire whether even in England indications are wholly wanting of a transition from representative government to direct democracy? On the one hand we have the undisguised though little understood movement towards political syndicalism, and the reiterated boasts of Labour leaders that the centre of political gravity is being rapidly transferred from Parliament to the Trade Unions; on the other the widening gulf between the Executive and the Legislature; the increasing power of the Press and the platform; the growing tendency on the part of Ministers to promulgate their decisions by means of the *communiqué* and to justify their policy through the medium of the Press rather than on the floor of the House of Commons—these are symptoms the significance of which may be exaggerated but cannot be ignored. Do the tendencies here discovered make for political liberty or against it? On which side shall those throw their weight who hold with Wordsworth that "our duty is, our aim ought to be, to employ the true means of liberty and virtue for the ends of liberty and virtue"?

What is the "end of liberty," and what are the "true means" by which it is to be attained? No simple answer will suffice to this question. It may, however, help towards an answer to examine the question as it has presented itself at certain critical epochs in our national life, and to indicate the means which have been adopted to achieve the end of "liberty."

In the context of the seventeenth century at least three great issues were at stake: first, whether political privileges could be claimed by Parliament and people "of right," or must be dutifully accepted from the Crown as "of grace"; secondly, whether the individual citizen could claim, as of right, liberty of person; and, thirdly, whether those who refused to conform to the ordinances of the established Church might nevertheless enjoy liberty of worship and equality of civil rights. Before the close of the century the first two issues had been decided in a sense favourable to what subsequent ages have decided with substantial unanimity to be the claim of freedom. The Stuart Kings were rudely taught that Parliamentary privileges are of right and not of grace, and a series of statutes culminating in the *Act of Settlement* made it difficult, if not impossible, for the Crown to "carry on" without a session of Parliament for any considerable time, without coming into conflict with the statute law.

The political victory was rendered the more complete and the more secure by the triumphant vindication of the principle of

personal liberty. The most eminent of contemporary jurists has indeed said that "a lawyer who regards the matter from an exclusively legal point of view is tempted to assert that the real subject in dispute between statesmen such as Bacon and Wentworth on the one hand, and Coke and Eliot on the other, was whether a strong administration of the continental type should or should not be permanently established in England." The strong administrations to which Mr. Dicey refers rested essentially upon the prevalence of the *droit administratif*. Personal liberty was secured in England by the establishment of the "rule of law." That "rule" may be resolved, according to Mr. Dicey's analysis, into three distinct propositions:—

(1) "That no man is punishable or can be lawfully made to suffer in body or goods except for a distinct breach of the law established in the ordinary legal manner before the ordinary courts of the land";

(2) "That not only is no man above the law, but (what is a different thing) that here every man, whatever be his rank or condition, is subject to the ordinary law of the realm and amenable to the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals"; and

(3) "That in England the rights of individuals are the source and not the consequence of the law of the Constitution."

It was with the establishment of the first of these three propositions that the seventeenth century was more immediately concerned. The issue was raised in an acute form by the case of Sir Thomas Darnel and four other Knights who, having been committed to prison by order of the Privy Council for refusal to contribute to the forced loan of 1626, appealed to the Court of King's Bench for a writ of *Habeas Corpus*. Relying upon a famous clause of *Magna Carta*—recently disinterred by the lawyers of the day—they urged that they were at least entitled to know for what cause they were detained in custody. The Crown lawyers contended that it was sufficient return to a writ of *Habeas Corpus* to certify that the prisoners were detained *per speciale mandatum regis*. The plea of prerogative was for the moment successful, but the triumph of the Crown, partial at the best, was of short duration. Nothing did more to move the Parliament of 1628 to enthusiastic acceptance of the *Petition of Right* than the doctrine affirmed by counsel and accepted by the judges in the case of Darnel and his colleagues. The *Petition* itself, after recital of the famous clause in *Magna Carta* and of subsequent statutes, declared that "against the tenor of the said statutes . . . divers of your subjects have of late been imprisoned without any cause shown" and demanded that "no freeman, in any such manner as is before mentioned, be imprisoned or

detained." Taken in conjunction with the abolition of the Prerogative Courts by the Long Parliament (1641) the *Petition of Right* did much to secure the liberty of the subject and to affirm the "rule of law"; but more was needed. The second half of the seventeenth century saw the completion of the process. The *Habeas Corpus Act* (1679) at last provided the necessary guarantees for the safeguarding of a principle which had long been theoretically accepted; while the *Act of Settlement* (1700) removed the judges from the control of the Executive by enacting that they should in future hold office *quam diu se bene gesserint*, instead of during the good pleasure of the King, and at the same time made them irremovable except on a joint address from both Houses of Parliament. Thus was the first "rule of law" definitely established, and the personal liberty of the subject guaranteed.

The *Habeas Corpus Act* affords an admirable security for "liberty" in tranquil days; in times of disturbance it imposes undue restrictions upon the discretion of the Executive; and, as a fact, the operation of the statute has been, on eleven occasions, suspended in Great Britain, and in Ireland on eight. Such suspension is regarded with grave suspicion by a people peculiarly tenacious of personal liberty; and very properly. So much so, indeed, that during the recent war there was no recurrence to the coercive expedients adopted during the great French war, though a regulation was made (No. 14 B) under the Defence of the Realm Act, empowering the Home Secretary to order the internment of any person "of hostile origin or association" when he deemed it expedient in the interests of public safety. But for this regulation the Executive would, as a former Home Secretary has justly observed, "have had no power to forestall espionage or to prevent outrage. It would have been limited to the detection, if detection were possible, of the authors of damage after they had done their work, and to securing their punishment in the rare cases in which their offence could be proved."¹ Few reasonable men grudged to the Executive their extended though temporary powers, or doubted that on the whole those powers were used with discretion and in a manner calculated to promote the greatest liberty of the greatest number.

As to the nature of personal liberty there is, however, little controversy. When we turn to political liberty we find ourselves on more difficult and disputable ground. Yet the early Victorian, if asked to define "liberty"—without epithet—would probably have identified it with the principle and practice of representative government. The Englishman who boasted of his "liber-

(1) Herbert Samuel: *The War and Liberty*, pp. 55, 56.

ties" thought primarily of the fact that he possessed a share in the making of the laws under which he was governed. So the Chartists interpreted "liberty." Their six points referred exclusively to political objects: manhood suffrage, annual Parliaments, vote by ballot, abolition of the property qualification for Members of Parliament, payment of members, and equal electoral districts. It was upon constitutional freedom that their thoughts were intent. The last ninety years have seen the almost complete realisation of the Chartists' ambitions. The Reform Acts of 1832, 1867, 1884, 1885, and 1918 have gone far towards establishing universal suffrage and equal electoral districts. The ballot has already been in operation for close on half a century; the duration of Parliament has been curtailed, its members are paid, and the property disqualification has disappeared.

Yet the achievement of the Charter has brought disillusionment rather than contentment. Is it that the attainment of "democracy" has failed to secure "liberty," or that "liberty" is not in itself the desired goal? We have the high authority of Lord Acton for repudiating the latter solution of the dilemma. "Liberty," he says, "is not a means to a higher end, it is itself the highest political end." But what does Lord Acton himself understand by "liberty"? "I mean," he answers, "the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion." And elsewhere: "The most certain test by which we can judge whether a nation is really free is the amount of security enjoyed by minorities. . . . It is bad to be oppressed by a minority, but it is worse to be oppressed by a majority." There is a touch of paradox in the last sentence, if divorced from its context: Lord Acton's meaning, of course, is that there are summary methods of dealing with tyrannical autocrats and oppressive oligarchies which are denied to the victims of overbearing majorities. In his general conclusion Acton was not far from the apostles of a philosophy with which he had little in common—that of the utilitarians. For did not J. S. Mill himself say "Protection against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough; there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling"? In Mill's view, therefore, as in Acton's, the protection of minorities would seem to be an inseparable adjunct, if not the essence, of "liberty." Mill, indeed, goes so far as to affirm that "it is an essential part of democracy that minorities should be represented. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it." How is that representation to be secured? Various expedients have been suggested, and more than one method has

been experimentally adopted. Mill strongly favoured the device of plural voting. He would, provisionally at any rate, have given two votes to employers of labour, foremen, highly skilled labourers, bankers, merchants, and manufacturers. Even more cordially did he commend the principle of increased electoral weight to education. "In any future Reform Bill," he wrote in 1861, "which lowers greatly the pecuniary conditions of the suffrage, it might be a wise provision to allow all graduates of universities, all persons who have passed creditably through the higher schools, all members of the liberal professions and perhaps some others to be registered specifically in those characters and to give their votes as such in any constituency in which they choose to register; retaining, in addition, their votes as simple citizens in the localities in which they reside."¹ Disraeli attempted, in the first draft of his Reform Bill of 1867, to give practical effect to Mill's over-ingenious suggestions, but the "fancy franchises," as they were termed, were laughed out of court, and Disraeli did not persist in the attempt. The device of plural voting found a place, however, in the Belgian Constitution of 1893.

Another device for securing some representation to minorities is that of the cumulative vote, by which, in constituencies returning three or more members, each elector has a right to as many votes as there are members, and may, at his discretion, either give all his votes to one candidate or may distribute them. Mr. Lowe advocated the adoption of this device in 1867. His proposal shared the fate of Disraeli's "fancy franchises," but the principle was adopted in school-board elections under the Act of 1870. The only safeguard which was ultimately embodied in the Reform Act of 1867 was that of the "restricted vote," whereby in large three-membered constituencies each elector was permitted to vote for not more than two candidates. The presupposition was that a minority would be able to secure the third seat. The device only applied to thirteen large constituencies, and it did not in practice work satisfactorily. In some constituencies the minority succeeded in securing the third seat; in others, where the majority was both large and highly organised, as in Birmingham, it did not. The experiment had one permanent result: it brought into being the party caucus. In the Redistribution Act of 1885 it was, however, abandoned in favour of single-member constituencies.

It was, then, argued, not without plausibility, that if the whole country were divided into constituencies, of fairly equal size, each returning one member, minorities would probably secure

(1) *Representative Government*, C. viii.

adequate representation. The result has not justified the anticipation. On the contrary, the nearer the approximation to equality of electoral districts, the more exaggerated the preponderance obtained by majorities. In the general election of 1859 the Liberals had a majority of 43; in 1866 a majority of 67; in 1868 of 128. In 1874 the Conservatives had a majority of 48 over Liberals and Home Rulers combined; in 1880 the Liberals outnumbered Conservatives and Home Rulers by 46. Out of five general elections, under the old system of distribution, only one resulted in a majority of over 100; three yielded majorities of less than 50. Far different have been the results obtained under the system of single-member constituencies. Leaving Ireland out of account, the Unionist majority in 1896 was 183; in 1895 it was 213, in 1900 it was 195, while in 1906 the Radical majority was 289.

That these results did not correspond even approximately with the actual voting strength of the two parties was notorious, and could, were it necessary, be demonstrated statistically. If the argument of Acton and Mill as to the representation of minorities be accepted, the present system stands condemned. Perhaps the most promising device hitherto suggested for the correction of an admitted weakness in the existing electoral system is that known as "proportional representation." Originally proposed by Mr. Hare in 1859, the idea has always possessed a powerful attraction for academically-minded politicians. The conference, set up in 1916 under the presidency of the Speaker, to draft the outlines of the last Reform Bill, recommended the adoption of this principle, but, except for university constituencies, the House of Commons refused to accept it. That there are grave practical objections to any proportional scheme thus far proposed cannot be denied, but they are trivial as compared with the anomalous results obtained under the existing system. Those anomalies might be ignored, or at least complacently endured, so long as there was a loyal and virtually unanimous acceptance of the principle of representative democracy; but that principle is now challenged. If it is to be vindicated, no means of securing the validity of its results can safely be left unexplored. Most of the State Socialists of the last generation shared the robust faith of Professor D. G. Ritchie: "As to the rights of minorities, it may be enough at present to point out that the most important and valuable right of a minority is to turn itself into a majority." That is a complacent doctrine, but the modern syndicalist refuses to accept it. Moreover, it rests upon a pre-supposition which is not invariably fulfilled. "The greatest revolution ever effected in human history was when men took to counting heads instead

of breaking them." But it would seem to be important to obtain some assurance, before counting heads, that there is something in them besides hot blood. Otherwise the more primitive method might perhaps be the safer.

The question as to the rights of minorities has recently been raised in another connection. The European settlement of 1919 is based avowedly upon the principle of nationality, the right of a nation to "self-determination." The formula is an attractive one, but, like most formulæ, is difficult of application to practical affairs. The crux of the difficulty lies in the selection of the self-determining unit. Italy is a classic example and sufficiently remote from current controversy. Did the right attach, in 1814, to Genoa or to Italy? Did it attach, in 1861, to the Southern Confederacy or to the United States? Does it attach to Ulster or to Ireland? The new Poland and the new Czecho-Slovakia, to say nothing of Roumania, are confronted by similar problems. What is the solution which the principle of "freedom" dictates?

Another aspect of the problem demands attention. If it still awaits solution in the sphere of government and in respect of nationhood, it is much more immediately insistent in relation to Industry. Industrial freedom is said to be at stake. Whence comes the menace? Is it from the interference of the State? Is it from the omnipotence of concentrated capital, or from the tyranny of organised labour? Are Trusts the pressing danger or Trade Unions? Has "free" trade more to fear from neo-protectionism or from "unfair" foreign competition? In no sphere is there greater perplexity of mind or confusion of counsel than in that of Economics. The teacher and the student of to-day may wistfully envy the robust and simple faith of their forefathers. For a full century the physiocratic formula exercised undisputed sway: *Laissez-faire, laissez-aller*. To a world enmeshed in the shackles of mediæval regulations and restrictions the doctrine of Turgot, popularised in Britain by Adam Smith, came as the evangel of liberty. In France it was feudal custom and guild regulations against which the Revolution declared war. Individual liberty, in the largest sense, was the ideal which inspired the legislation alike of the first Republic and the first Empire. Every form of combination and association was sternly prohibited.

Adam Smith had an equal suspicion of "corporations," and, at once, seriously underrated the advantages which mediæval society derived from guilds, and exaggerated the mischief incidental to "mercantilism." But he expressed himself with characteristic caution, and the modern "fair trader" or tariff-

reformer finds ample warrant for his' creed in the exceptions which Adam Smith admits and indeed emphasises to the general doctrine of "free trade." Still, the physiocratic formula dictated policy and inspired legislation in England during the half-century which witnessed the crisis of the industrial revolution. Pitt, Huskisson and Peel gave practical effect to the doctrine taught to the elect by Adam Smith and proclaimed from the housetops by Cobden and Bright.

Yet the Manchester school had hardly celebrated the festival of freedom before they were in turn attacked as the champions of industrial tyranny. The philosophers, like Carlyle, looked wistfully back to an age when social and economic relations were regulated not by a "cash-nexus," but by a "human-nexus." The wage-earning class created by the differentiation of economic functions resulting from the mechanical inventions and the factory system began to sigh for the protection of the guilds, and to demand the repeal of the laws prohibiting "combinations." *Laissez-faire* was denounced as "administrative anarchy," and an accumulating mass of legislation proclaimed its downfall. Factory acts, laws for the improvement of public health, for the provision of artisans' dwellings, for the protection of agricultural tenants, for the adjustment of the relations of employer and employed—to enumerate only a fraction—testified to a new spirit in legislation and to a weakening jealousy of State interference. Meanwhile Labour, after a prolonged struggle, wrested from the State the right to organise itself in Trade Unions, and indeed, by the Act of 1906, established for itself a position of privilege. Societies which came into being to secure mutual benefits and to protect the industrial interests of employees are now arrogating to themselves vastly extended functions. It is even claimed by some Labour leaders that the centre of political gravity has shifted from Westminster to the great Trade Unions. Among the younger workmen, saturated with teaching which is imperfectly assimilated, syndicalist doctrine grows apace, and the *Soriet* is preferred to a Parliament elected on the historic principle of the representation of localities. The questions at issue are no longer primarily economic: wages have been advanced, hours have been curtailed to a point which can only be maintained if production is correspondingly increased; the demand to-day is for a complete reorganisation of industry in the interests of those who contribute to the combined effort the labour of their hands.

Do these things make for liberty or tyranny? Are the demands now formulated by organised Labour merely the effervescence of a spirit of unrest incidental to a period of social and

political upheaval? Or are they the culminating product of an evolutionary process which has been long in operation and which no forces can permanently arrest? These are grave questions which it were premature to attempt to answer until the ferment of war has somewhat subsided. It is natural that fiery spirits should be eager to take advantage of the ferment to secure ends which seem to promise advantage to themselves without imperiling the interests of the community. But of these things the nation must judge: not any single section or class within it. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. St. Augustine dared to appeal to the judgment of the world. We need not fear, in our domestic embarrassments, to appeal to the judgment of the nation as a whole; but the tribunal must be seized of the facts. Let both sides and all sides lay their case, in detail and without reserve, before the only court which can ultimately adjudicate. Thus only can the truth be established; and only by the establishment of truth can the nation preserve the priceless heritage of freedom.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

FIFTY years ago the writer of this article, then a youth who had not yet reached his twentieth birthday, left Ireland for Japan. Though born in the South of Ireland, he had been bred in the sternest atmosphere of Belfast Protestantism, taught to shun Romanists as vermin, and Nationalists, who were then called Fenians, as criminals. He knew nothing of Irish history. That was a subject which was not taught in Irish schools or colleges, and its voluntary study was unknown. It was in his leisure hours in subsequent years in Japan that he began to read it, and the result was his conversion to Irish Nationalism, so far as it is consistent with the dignity of the Crown and the safety and interests of the Empire, while his association with the noble missionaries of the Roman Church taught him that he had not hitherto regarded their co-religionists in quite a proper light. He returned to Ireland in the present year and utilised a long visit to study directly the political conditions both of Ulster and the South. He had the opportunity of meeting persons of all degrees in life and of all shades of opinion, clerical and lay representatives both of the Presbyterian and Irish Churches in Ulster, and in the South dignitaries and priests of the Roman Church, as well as prominent journalists and other lay members of the professional and leisured classes of society. In Ulster he met Nationalists and in the South Unionists, and in both he talked freely and frankly, with tradesmen and women, with policemen, tram conductors, peasants, and workmen of various degrees.

Fifty years ago the first measure of Gladstone's remedial legislation was in progress, and the debates in Parliament on the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment were in full swing. On the one side, it was prophesied that the removal of this grotesque monstrosity would allay all Irish discontent and unrest; on the other, that it would ruin the Protestant religion in Ireland and pave the way for the subjection of the entire island to Roman domination. Ulster was ready to take arms against it. Just as to-day the Orange faction claim to possess the only voice that is entitled to speak on behalf of Ulster, so then did it claim the right of dictating, on behalf of the whole province, what the national policy of the entire nation should be in reference to the abolition of a crying scandal. Just as they declare now that they :—

"are not going to allow their freedom to be interfered with to the extent of one jot or one tittle without losing their last pound and their last man in the defence of the liberties they hold so dear,"

so then were Ulstermen ready to die in the last ditch and to the last man, with rifles in their hands, rather than that a single hair of the Church they all loved so well should be injured. If the injury was done, then the Queen's crown would be kicked into the Boyne and Ulster free herself from the fetters which bound her to an unjust and arbitrary Government. Such was the attitude of Ulster in those days, as proclaimed by peers and prelates, by commoners and laymen of all degree.

The Church was disestablished, but the prophecies of both sides were belied by results. National Irish discontent was not laid to rest by the removal of one burthen, even if it was the most glaring of all. Romanism has not been more prevalent, either in Ulster or in Ireland, than it was before the disestablishment. The Church has not been ruined. Not a single man died in the last or any ditch, with or without a rifle, and the Queen's crown continued to remain safe in the Tower of London till her death. It was not kicked into the Boyne. On the contrary, the members of the Church, keen, capable, organising men of business as they were, set themselves to the task of making the very best of the new conditions which had to be faced, and with such success that the emancipated Church speedily showed a new spiritual life of vigorous health that it had never previously known in all the three centuries of its existence. Its revenues were curtailed, but this has not proved wholly an injury. The indolent and wealthy pluralists, whose ministrations were often a mockery to their offices, disappeared and were replaced by earnest workers, qualified, both by their acquirements and their consciences, for their duties, fit to take their places in the very front rank of any clerical corps in the world.

"Increased zeal has been shown in home and missionary work—cathedrals and churches have alike been munificently restored. Clergy and laity have shown a generous self-sacrifice in building up the finances of the Church in its day of trial and it has passed unscathed through its trying ordeal. It had met adversity and found blessing." (*Patton's History of the Church of Ireland.*)

With memories such as these the writer was in the very heart of an overwhelmingly Orange district in the county of Derry on July 12th, the great festal day of all Orangemen, dearer even to them than is Derby Day to a Londoner or Doncaster Day to a Yorkshireman. Shop assistants, farm labourers, domestic servants, all alike share in it, and all eschew work for the day. New clothes are bought by both men and women. All cottages are

freshly whitewashed and made as bright as cleanliness and profuse displays of freshly-gathered orange lilies, in all the glory of their somewhat coarse beauty, can make them. Decorative arches, depicting the walls and gates of Derry, or William of Orange, on his white charger at the Battle of the Boyne, are erected on all main roads; and then when the great day comes, when all the surrounding country looks at its very best, with the ripening crops in full bloom, processions of the various Lodges are formed, and the "Purple Heroes" of one village, the "Orange Lads" of another, and the "Blue Veterans" of another, all decorated with gold- or silver-embroidered sashes of the colour of their Lodges, march in military order, with banners proudly flying and drums loudly beating, to a rendezvous, miles off, where speeches are delivered in which patriotic orators proclaim their determination to live in freedom as their forefathers did, or to die as they did under the walls of Derry or on the banks of the Boyne. Drums beating—drums thrashed should rather be the word. No drummers in the wide world possess one tithe of the strength and enthusiastic devotion of the Ulster Orangemen. Wrists and knuckles may be raw and bleeding, but their vigour never once slackens in a march of ten miles along dusty high roads, under the rays of a scorching July sun. It may be estimated from the fact that every Lodge carries with it half a dozen spare drum-heads for back drums in anticipation of casualties. Everyone seems good-humoured, out for a glorious holiday rather than for a glorious demonstration of hatred and ill-will to fellow-citizens of other ways of thinking. There is dancing as well as speech-making. There are songs too, though neither Orange music nor Orange poetry is of a high order. There is no drunkenness. The refreshments are very substantial huns, ginger ale—an excellent drink as made in Belfast—and tea boiled in huge coppers, and all are as merry as happy merry-makers can be. A maid-servant, in the mansion of a county magnate, unable to get a "lift" home when the long day is over, walks thirteen miles, and considers that a cheap price to pay for such an outing.

Such is Orangeism in its social side. Its political side was exemplified in Belfast on the same day. There were processions and drums and banners and sashes, more numerous and more ornate, as became a great and prosperous city, and a triumphant march of six miles to the meeting-place, "accomplished with swing and precision to the music of bands and drums," where the Orange faith was publicly reaffirmed and the determination renewed to "maintain unimpaired the priceless heritage of civil and religious freedom bequeathed to them by their ancestors."

The chief spokesman was Sir Edward Carson, who had crossed from London on the previous night.

The history of Orangeism shows that it is minatory, dominant and aggressive, but that its votaries have seldom failed in common sense or in a keen regard for their own material well-being and personal safety. The society did not exist in the time of William III., and we may therefore leave out of account the exploits in his day of Ulster Protestants, well equipped in every detail, well drilled, supported by the Dutch veterans of many continental wars, under the leadership of the bravest and most capable general of his day, and come to more recent times. Orangemen claim to concentrate in themselves the apotheosis of loyalty to the Empire as well as to their religion, and to-day it almost seems as if they believed that the Ulster division (with, it may be remarked, a very substantial element of Nationalists and Romanists in its ranks) had won the Great War and saved Europe and the Empire. What is their historical record? In 1798 Belfast was the very focus of disloyalty. Belfast Orangemen were the initiators and instigators of the rebellion. They fought two costly skirmishes against the Royal forces, but, with that exception, they left everything to their unhappy fellow-countrymen of the South, who had to pay the bitter penalty to the last fraction. The Orangemen withdrew in time. When they came face to face with the stern realities of action :—

"the whole army melted away like snow off a dyke. . . The mercantile leaders, who were appointed to places of trust in the directory, and to posts of danger in the military organisations, were not forthcoming when their services were required. Some became doubtful of the issue. Others had large debts outstanding and were not inclined to act before those debts had been got in. Many were connected by ties of property with the other portion of the commercial aristocracy whose political views were opposed to theirs; and not a few, by their position in society and the prevailing passion for festive entertainments, were in habits of close communication with the authorities, civil and military, who were then more active in their proceedings against these societies and the subordinate leaders of them." (*Maxwell's History of the Rebellion.*)

This was in 1798. Thirty years later Orangeism had assumed the imposing character of a National Institution and displayed the very same methods as it does to-day in the city of Belfast under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson.

"Commissions and warrants were issued under seal: office bearers deputed, in the language of royalty, as 'trusty and well-beloved': large subscriptions were collected: peers, members of the House of Commons, country gentlemen, magistrates, clergy and officers in the army and navy were the patrons and promoters of this organisation; the members were admitted with a religious ceremony and taught secret signs and passwords. Their loyalty was scarcely exceeded by their Protestant zeal until the Government's

suspicion and alarm were aroused by their violence and folly. Then loyalty was thrown aside and treason lurked among their follies. Plots were formed to set aside the claims of the Duke of Clarence and of the Princess Victoria to the throne in order that the Duke of Cumberland, who had been inaugurated Grand Master, might reign as a Protestant monarch over a Protestant people, and it was shown that both the administration of justice was interfered with and military discipline endangered." (May's *Constitutional History*, condensed.)

As in the case of the Church, all ended in talk. Both the Duke of Clarence and the Princess Victoria succeeded to the throne in due order. The Grand Master betook himself to Hanover, and when the Orange societies were suppressed by new legislation all quietly submitted without another open murmur.

We can now come to our own day, when, on the marriage of the Queen of Spain, King Edward was sternly warned to think of the fate of King Charles; and still later to the eve of the Great War when the standard of hypothetic rebellion was raised in Belfast; when the military were seduced from their allegiance, and it was openly declared by responsible and prominent leaders that "rather than submit to Home Rule, the allegiance of Ulster would be changed right over to the Emperor of Germany." It was not Southern and Nationalist Ireland, but Ulster, under the leadership and encouragement of noted English politicians, that misled the German Emperor into the belief that England would not and could not fight. The blame has been most unjustly thrown on the Nationalists. There is not a particle of foundation for that, whereas the Ulster evidence is overwhelming.

Such has been Ulster loyalty—true as steel, but always contingent on Ulster having her own untrammelled will in every incident of domestic politics, even if all the rest of the world is of an opposite opinion. But the tiny buds of a better spirit have of late begun to appear above the ground, hitherto sodden with religious bigotry and political lunaticism. Orangemen and Nationalists fought side by side with equal bravery on many blood-stained fields in France. They learned to know each other, to be proud of each other, even to love each other. They enthusiastically shared manly sports and pleasures as well as fighting. They were all Irishmen, proud of their country and of themselves and free from every trace of political or religious antagonism. The same grass covered the graves of those who made the great sacrifice. Those who came back might and would have been the apostles of a new harmony and missionaries, as were St. Patrick and his followers, of the true spirit of Christianity which teaches charity and goodwill to all. But it was not to be. Many of the *pre-bellum* political instigators of Ulster rebellion have been placated with titles or offices, or both, and

are now silent, without any desire to shed their blood or risk their lives on behalf of Ulster liberty & Ulster tyranny. But Ulster's evil genius remains, still steeped in unscrupulous bigotry and saturated with arrogant pride. Once more he is prostituting all his great talents, his eloquence, his dominant personality which makes him an eminent leader of men, which, had it not been for this insane obsession, might have made him the leader of the Empire, fomenting bitterness and hatred where there should be nothing but sympathy and goodwill, and intensifying the difficulties of the solution of the most vital problem that now confronts the Empire, on which all its future existence depends. No one denies that the future of the British Empire, for weal or woe, depends on the continuance of relations of the closest friendship with the United States. That is a truism which brooks no contradiction. And yet on this fatal July 12th Sir Edward Carson went out of his way publicly to affront their Government and people.

'I to-day seriously say to America, 'You attend to your own affairs and we will attend to ours. You look after your own questions at home, and we will look after ours.' (Cheers.) We will not brook interference in our affairs by any country, however powerful. It was not for that that we waged the great war of independence which has just concluded.'" (*Belfast Weekly News*, July 17.)

Thus was not the message we sent to America when she fed us at the cost of much self-denial on the part of her own people: when she financed us in our time of need; or when, our whole front in France being threatened and our reserves exhausted, we implored her, in terms of agonising urgency, to help us with all the trained men she could send, to sacrifice her ambition of a great triumph under her own flag and fill up our depleted ranks. Whether it is viewed from the domestic or international aspect, there has been no more diabolically wicked incident in the politics of the world, since Bismarck forged his infamous telegram, than the campaign which Sir Edward Carson wilfully inaugurated in Belfast on July 12th and is still pursuing.

There are zealots and fanatics in Belfast who are quite worthy of their leader, but all the people of Ulster are not of their way of thinking. Many among them, who five years ago unreservedly followed Sir Edward Carson, were emphatic in their condemnation of the whole tone of the great speech, though they could only express their views in private. Many Ulstermen are now exchanging their membership of Orange for that of Freemasons' Lodges. Others, conscientiously believing the continuance of the Union to be in the best interests of both Ireland and the Empire, say that they will continue to resist Home Rule by every possible

legitimate means so long as there is one iota of chance that resistance may be successful, but once it becomes the law of the land they will loyally accept it and make the best of it. And may they not have the same success as they had when they adopted this course fifty years ago on the disestablishment of the Church? Can there be any doubt that Ulster Protestants, with all their strength of character, with all their industry, with all the confidence that political and industrial success, not once impaired throughout the generations of a century, confers on them, will be able to hold their own, to safeguard their own material interests, their religion and their civil liberties, even though it be not in a ditch with rifles in their hands? They have only to rely on themselves, not on the jackals of English party politics, and neither their liberty nor their prosperity will ever be in danger, and every man and woman among them knows that well.

Belfast and Dublin may be taken as the pivots of the two antagonistic political movements in Ireland and as concrete examples of North and South. They are separated by a short railway journey of less than three hours, but the atmosphere of the two places could not be more different if the whole Atlantic rolled between them. In Belfast, all is materialism. The pursuit of wealth leaves no leisure for sentiment, and there is none. It is not sentiment that gives Sir Edward Carson his followers, but anxiety as to their future commercial and industrial security and prosperity. The Ulsterman certainly loves his politics and his religion, but he loves his factory, his farm and his shop still more, and nothing that can imperil any of them will ever be done or left undone by him. He devotes himself to them body and soul. The gentle arts have no attraction for him. In Belfast, there are two good libraries, as good as can be found anywhere, but in the whole of this populous and prosperous town the writer saw only one bookshop. The most serious current literature that was to be seen on the bookstalls were the *Strand* and *London Magazines*. The great monthly reviews will be procured to order, if asked for, but are not exposed for sale. Art is principally represented by the portraits of former mayors inside, and by very glaring and ponderous statues outside, the City Hall. There is a river with reaches that rival the beauty of the Royal Thames. It is an artery for heavily-laden barges, but there is never a seat on its banks for summer loungers, and half a dozen skiffs that seemed to be open for hire would not have attracted a Thames party. Everything in Belfast is modern, practical and commercial, and its inhabitants have their reward in the possession of one of the most prosperous cities in the kingdom. Fifty

years ago its population was 174,000. It is now estimated at over 400,000. Land that, fifty years ago, was desolate swamp is now covered with miles and miles of avenues of handsome villas. Where in the city there were loathsome slums there are now wide, busy streets of well-stocked shops. Public buildings, factories and warehouses, educational and charitable institutions, are as imposing in their structure as they are in their moral lessons. The leading industries have had their full share in the enormous profits of the war. Belfast, though its life and spirit may not be very lovely, fully merits the vauntings of its people as to its greatness, and there need be no limit to its further growth if it is spared the horrors of Bolshevism and civil war. Japan has risen in fifty years from an insignificant and impotent Far Eastern principality into one of the greatest Powers of the world. It may not seem a very apt comparison, but the writer could not avoid the thought that as Japan has risen as a nation in those years, so has Belfast as a city.

Dublin has stood still while Belfast has progressed. In it all is idealism: the people are more absorbed in sentiments of the past and in hopes for the future than in the practical realities of present-day life. They are steeped in love for and pride in their land. In Japan, patriotism is a religion. So it is in Dublin, and in Dublin it is nurtured on a refined literary culture and on a knowledge of the national history that is shared by all classes, for a trace of which one may seek in vain in Belfast. In Belfast there is one book shop. In Dublin, with a smaller population and, it may be, less wealth, there are scores, and their trade is not in modern trash but in classical literature. The Fine Arts are eagerly studied and cultivated, and it is not a rash statement to make that the refinement of the soul is reflected in the spiritual faces of the people.

In Belfast, the avowed anxiety of the people, the ostensible qualification of their proposed rebellion, is the remote possibility that their civil and religious liberty may be interfered with by the Home Rule Government which is now in view. In the Southern counties civil liberty has ceased to exist. A military domination, to find a parallel to which we must go to Alsace before the war, when Zabern was notorious, or even to Belgium under Prussian rule, now presses the whole people beneath its iron heel and leaves scarcely a resemblance of constitutional rights or privileges. Militarism in its most arrogant form is all powerful. The civil courts are supplanted by courts martial, held in camera, the members of which are as destitute of legal qualifications of any kind or of the most limited capacity for weighing evidence as they are saturated with animosity against their victims. It would be

comical were it not tragic to read of the trials held by these satraps, of the sentences pronounced by them or of the alleged offences for which these sentences are inflicted. Neither women nor children are spared. The first woman member of the Imperial Legislature has spent part of her time, since her election, in gaol, and at the present moment there are seven other members of Parliament also in gaol. Another woman, the widow of the victim of an insane murderer, is now incapacitated by a fractured skull caused by the butt-end of a policeman's rifle. Innocent travellers on the high road are shot dead if the din of their motors prevents them hearing a sentry's challenge. Courts martial and gaols are not all. In Ulster, where the Military Governor was one of the most prominent of Sir Edward Carson's retinue in 1913, Orangemen may meet and say what they will, at public meetings or otherwise, march in militant processions, and hoard arms with the avowed intention of using them some time. In Southern Ireland, no meeting of any kind can be held without a military or police permit obtained in advance. A Member of Parliament may not meet his constituents, scarcely can a football match be held or a social gathering, or a dance or a concert, without the risk of police or military intervention and arrest for any of a score of offences that are entirely unknown to the law in England, but have been created under military rule in Ireland.

It is claimed that all this is rendered necessary by the treasonable organisation of the Sinn Feiners, who only require the means and the opportunity to break out into open rebellion, and some of whose members have retaliated on the police by deliberate and shocking murders. It is not a subject of wonder that people should talk of rebellion whose civil rights have been confiscated, who have at their fingers' ends all the details of the horrors of their past history under British Government, and who by long experience have learned the lesson that no redress is to be obtained from the British Legislature except by threat or actual force. Why should resentment at actual and existing wrongs be an infamy on the part of Southern Irishmen and a commendable exhibition of Imperial patriotism when it is openly avowed for purely hypothetic wrongs by Ulstermen? Why is it that in Ireland the sauce that is judged to be fit and proper for the goose is never applied to the gander, that there is so little equality in the administration of the law that, in the Irish mind, justice has become a mockery and delusion? And the irony of it all is that in all their political agitation the Sinn Feiners have followed the example of Orangemen, the only difference being that all the latter did was with the sympathy of the representatives, both military and civil, of the British Government in Ireland, while

the Sinn Feiners were shot, batoned, raided and imprisoned for what they did. They threatened rebellion. So did the Orangemen before them. They are said to have appealed to Germany. The Orangemen had undoubtedly previously done so. They imported arms. The Orangemen had already done so in much greater quantity. They established Volunteer Corps. The Orange Volunteers were already admirably equipped, drilled and organised under the direction and command of capable and experienced officers. And, finally, the Orangemen, with their absurd and impracticable threats of a Provisional Government, perpetrated on the credulous and ignorant public of Great Britain the most brazen bluff that can be found in political history. Sinn Feiners have again simply followed their example in their claims for a free and independent Irish Republic. Here again is another instance of the discrimination of the Executive Government. A proposed Republic in Ulster was hailed with acclamation by leading English statesmen. The advocates of an Irish Republic are considered worthy only of the scaffold or a felon's cell.

Sinn Fein and its Republic are like the Carson agitation and its Provisional Government—bluff. If the aspiration for a Republic is cherished at all, it is only in the hearts of a few youthful idealists whose experience of life does not entitle them to form any judgment upon the serious problems of government. An independent Irish Republic might be dangerous to England, just as an independent Korea was dangerous to Japan. There is no doubt in the minds of capable Irishmen, whether avowed Sinn Feiners or not, that it might be both dangerous and disastrous to Ireland. They want none of it, and they will continue in that frame of mind until they are driven into another by the continued and wicked maladministration of the Irish Executive and the contemptuous neglect of Ireland and her people by the Imperial Government and its Parliamentary supporters. History seems to be repeating itself. In 1798 Pitt and his satellites, Castlereagh, Lake and FitzGibbon, all of whose names are now, as regards their part in Irish government and reform, buried in historic infamy, deliberately provoked the Irish Rebellion as a means to the attainment of their political ends. Are not Lloyd George and his representatives in Ireland, stimulated by Sir Edward Carson, the present-day FitzGibbon, now following this precedent? Just as Pitt hastily recalled Lord FitzWilliam from Ireland in 1795, so did the present Premier recall the Chief Secretary, who knew Ireland well and had nothing but goodwill to it, and by so doing gave full play to the short-sighted reactionaries whom he has set up in his place. Public opinion would in the present day scarcely tolerate all the measures of

murder, rape and torture used by their predecessors in 1798, but those that are in their power, which they are now taking, may, if persevered in, be sufficient for their purpose.

Sinn Féin does not represent the true policy of national Ireland, nor is Valera the real Irish leader. Even Lloyd George, with all his indifference to Ireland, recognised its true leader when he appointed Sir Horace Plunkett chairman of the Convention, the true patriot, the capable organiser, the practical statesman, the courteous gentleman, who has done more for Ireland than all the politicians that have ever spoken for her, whose life has been one of utter unselfishness, of deeds not words. The solution of the Irish problem is to be found in his scheme of Dominion Home Rule for a United Ireland. There is not space enough left to expound his arguments in favour of it. It must be sufficient to say that the writer, who is not entirely wanting in experience and knowledge of men and affairs, considers them unanswerable, and that his scheme affords the one prospect that is now open to the British Legislature of founding an Ireland of peace and goodwill, a loyal unit of the Empire, and by so doing redeeming all the abominations of seven centuries of misgovernment. No stronger testimony of the correctness of the writer's assumption as to both leader and policy need be sought than is afforded in Sir Edward Carson's Belfast speech, when Sir Horace Plunkett and Dominion Home Rule were made the subjects of the most malignant venom of his jaborandic oratory. But if this solution is to be taken it must be done quickly and thoroughly. Reform in Ireland has had one characteristic that has never failed it. Everything that has ever been done has been too late. In every incident the story of the Sibylline books has been repeated. A few weeks ago the writer was sitting in company with a Catholic priest on Killiney Hill, whence there is one of the most lovely prospects of sea and land, with the mountains of Wicklow on the one side and the beautiful Bay of Dublin on the other, that can be seen in all the world, as fair even as any in the lovely islands of Japan. Naturally, we spoke much of Ireland and her plight, and both agreed in the feasibility of Sir Horace Plunkett's plan. But it must, affirmed the priest, be speedily made a concrete fact—no promises. "If Lloyd George, and Asquith and Balfour and Bonar Law were all to promise and swear upon a mountain of Bibles that they would keep their promises, we would not believe them." Such is the reputation which their faith to Ireland has given to British statesmen.

Ulster has to be placated. British statesmen have said so, and in this case there is to be none of the traditional *ades*

Anglicana, though Ulster affords the only instance in which minorities are permitted to dictate to the whole community, and Ulstermen are more favoured than either dukes or miners in England. It can be done. Let it be decided by county option as to the portion of Ulster that is willing to take its chance with a new Ireland, the votes of the six counties being taken not in the aggregate, according to Sir Edward Carson's preposterous demand, but county by county, with the city of Belfast voting as a separate entity. In two of the six counties there is avowedly a large Nationalist majority, and two others would almost certainly come in. The remaining two, Antrim and Down, might possibly. Belfast only would then remain, and it will be no infringement of a united Ireland if Belfast, even with considerably extended municipal boundaries, remains outside as a free city, financially and politically independent of the Irish Legislature, until her citizens ask for a better lot. Many years would not elapse before they did so, for the men of Belfast are Irishmen, and in whatever quarter of the world the writer has been with them they have been, with all their materialism, proud of their country and the foremost and most enthusiastic celebrants of its national festival. They would be so in Ireland as well if they ceased to allow themselves to be made the pawns of English politicians, who care nothing for them except in that ignoble rôle.

The foregoing are the conclusions which the writer formed on visiting Ireland after fifty years' absence, not hastily nor wantonly, in no spirit of antagonism to those who think otherwise, but after having given to the subject all the thought of which he is capable, and sought in every quarter the best guidance that could be found. When the Lord Chief Justice of England returned from his ambassadorial mission to America, he was entertained at dinner by his fellow-members of the Reform Club. He then concluded an eloquent speech with the following words, delivered with all the impressive solemnity that a great judge can command on a great occasion :—

"I wish to say that it is my profound conviction that unless we can make some settlement of the Irish question we shall never get completely in agreement with America."

This is the spirit—not that of Sir Edward Carson when he bade defiance to America—in which the Irish question must now be faced by the British electorate, and it is in the hope of emphasising it that this article has been written by an Irish Nationalist who is proud to be a loyal citizen of a great Empire.

JOSEPH H. LONGFORD.

PRICE FIXING BY LAW.

For several years the cost of living has been a theme of wide discussion in this country, but the remedies proposed for peace time were more or less academic. Since the Armistice, however, events have moved rapidly, and the Government have laid down a specific course of action for dealing with this problem. The topic has thus become of immediate practical interest, not only on account of the danger of mistakes from the hurried manner in which legislation was enacted, but also because by many persons the proposed remedy is regarded as unsound. It makes serious inroads upon the laws of supply and demand, and there is no reliable precedent in the experience of other countries by way of recommendation.

For some time the world has been subject to high wages and high prices, and to this situation several causes have contributed. It is the result in part of strikes which have achieved success by militant methods, partly of voluntary agreements, and in part of awards which have been delivered by tribunals for the peaceful adjustment of industrial disputes. Originally, these tribunals for regulating conditions of labour, in the Dominions at all events, were justified as being the means of obviating strikes and of ensuring to the worker what might be called a "living wage" as distinct from a minimum wage. At first, however, every employer resisted these wages claims: each urged that his business could not bear the threatened financial burden, and forecasted bankruptcy if such rates were imposed on him whilst his rivals escaped. The awards invariably were in favour of the workers, something less than the maximum asked being granted; but success became contagious, and all employers became involved; every trade union sought and obtained benefits; and as these increases became general and all industries were then placed on the same relative, though higher, basis, the employers then accepted the situation with equanimity and conceived the idea of passing on to the consuming public the increased wages bill in the form of an additional cost to their products. Times were good then, and the long-suffering public, being able to pay, submitted; but the workers soon realised that the extra wages thus secured to them were absorbed in meeting an all-round higher cost of living. They actually received no money benefit, and consequently pressed for a further increase in wages to overcome this rise in the household expenses. Thus new awards followed almost automatically.

granting further concessions to the workers, resulting in turn in a further addition to the cost of production, which was again passed on to the public. So easily was the cost passed on that some tribunals, less conscientious than others, and, indeed, some employers anxious for peace or popularity, would grant these demands and pass the cost on to the unfortunate public without a proper examination of the claims. Soon all trades had joined in the chorus of demands, and invariably the added cost was placed upon the consumer's back. Thus was established a vicious circle of rising wages and rising prices with no benefit to the worker and a greater burden upon the consumer.

The efficacy of either the strike or of peaceful methods as a means of really improving the conditions of the worker in such circumstances became exhausted, and a new demand was voiced by the trade unions that, whilst the worker should not be debarred from claiming further increases in wages whenever he wished it, yet a limit should be imposed upon the price to be charged to the great body of consumers of which he - the worker - was a member; that the manufacturer should be prohibited from adding to the price of the finished article the sum which represented the increased amount attributable to wages and material: whilst the employers' demands were to be limited, those of the employees were to be unlimited. Underlying this scheme, but not openly advanced, was a shadowy idea that if the article was, through adopting this idea, sold at less than its actual cost the State should step in and subsidise the industry to the extent of the shortage. In other words, the taxpayer should bear the burden of loss for the benefit of the wage-earner, who, as a rule, did not rank as a taxpayer.

War conditions emphasised this same trouble from other causes, viz., the stoppage of manufactures, the cessation of transport by sea, and the commandeering by the State of many necessary commodities of life for war purposes. Thus an actual scarcity was created and prices rose through the alarming excess and urgency of demand over supply. In some cases, moreover, the practice of deliberate "cornering" was suspected at the hands of those who held supplies, and some drastic action was evidently necessary in the interests of the community.

Thus the same result of high prices arose from totally different causes. What form should the remedy take? The view was held, and strongly urged in some quarters, that the unimpeded operation of the old laws of supply and demand would eventually prove to be a solution, and the only real solution of this passing trouble. That inasmuch as high prices generally indicate a condition of high profits, then new capital will be attracted to that

form of enterprise which yields the best results. Thus the production of profitable commodities will continue until, owing to the competition of the sellers amongst themselves to secure a market, prices will fall to the lowest figure consistent with a profit. Then in turn the profits will decrease and the attractions for capital will be lessened. The supply will eventually become unequal to the demand, prices will again rise, and then the process described above will be once more repeated. The adjustment of prices, however, by the above methods postulates freedom of trade, and full access by the public to both material and labour and transport and markets. If the use of any one of these factors is restricted it must cause a corresponding scarcity, prices will rise, and the value of these economic rules is at once impaired. Moreover, if by organised control freedom of trade is impeded, the nucleus of a combine or corner may be established; free competition thus becomes impossible, prices must rise, and the people are at the mercy of the trust or monopoliser. At the outbreak of war all of these causes were set in motion—to a greater degree in the United Kingdom and to a lesser degree in Australia. The War Office became the great monopoliser of commodities, trade prices soared upwards, and some drastic intervention became essential to protect the public, not only against the high prices which inevitably ensued when the demand exceeded the supply, but also against the unscrupulous traders who seized the opportunity to rob the public.

Special measures necessary for the special war conditions were introduced; in these most of us cheerfully acquiesced, feeling that no sacrifice would be too great which contributed eventually to an Allied victory. There are undoubted indications, however, that extravagant prices are still a danger, and it becomes pertinent to ask whether the conditions, to which we submitted during a period of stress and strain, will be suitable or acceptable as a permanent peace solution. The doctrine of "*laissez-faire*" and no State intervention is clearly inadequate. Three questions then present themselves for consideration:—

1. Is relief from high prices attainable under the system of private ownership of commodities, accompanied with State control and compulsory limitation of prices?
2. Will State ownership in conjunction with State control provide the remedy?
3. Is there another alternative?

The first course has been adopted as a means of checking the growing cost of commodities during the war in many countries, but as the surrounding circumstances were of an exceptional nature, I wish to enter a caveat, for reasons to be developed later,

against the drawing of any conclusions from war experience as a guide for times of peace. Generally speaking, what are the results of Governmental interference with the economic laws of supply and demand? Where trade or manufacture is carried on for the purpose of private gain, and a limit, arbitrary or otherwise, is placed upon the maximum price that can be obtained for an article, the producer will turn to the pursuit of other projects which yield a greater gain. The capital invested in the venture will be withdrawn, the plant will be disposed of, and the introduction of new capital to the industry affected will be discouraged. Consequently, production will decrease, and eventually a real scarcity of that commodity will be created. This has been the experience in many countries from time to time under various conditions. As long as the producer or manufacturer is his own master he will devote his energy to those operations from which the greatest profit is to be derived. The State may be able to limit the selling price, but under private ownership it cannot ordain the nature or quantity of the work that shall be carried out. To be an effective agency the State must, therefore, own the raw material and be able to compel and control the workers. In other words, the State must be the employer. Secondly, the policy of State ownership or control must extend to all commodities; for if some only are State owned and subject to price limitation, the tendency will be for private capital to gravitate to those occupations which are profitable but uncontrolled, and thus competition may be created against the State in a variety of ways. Theoretically, therefore, the State should own and control all avenues of production. Thirdly, not only must all manufactured commodities for sale be owned by the State; it is also necessary that all raw material and the constituents which at different stages contribute to the finished article be likewise owned and controlled; for the excessive cost of any one item may render the total cost of the completed product unreasonable and oppressive. Further, in addition to being the owner of all component parts, as well as the finished product, in all occupations which are necessary to the ordinary life of a nation, the State must also control and give orders to all persons engaged in any form of production as to the amount to be produced. In order to prevent a glut in the market from over-production and waste—especially of perishable products—the State as an economic employer must form an estimate of requirements from time to time. Moreover (to make allowance for the varying capacity of workers), not only must a minimum output be ordained, but a maximum must also be imposed, both in respect of districts and individual producers in each district; for one man may produce more than his allotted share

and disturb supplies. The State, it must be remembered, owns the instruments of production and bears the cost; its duty is to secure economic results, demand and supply must be carefully adjusted, and wasted effort must be avoided.

In theory, then, State intervention may adequately secure the control of prices; but in order to accomplish this we are driven to accepting State Socialism, which means the ownership and control by a centralised Government of the means of production, distribution and exchange. Is, then, such a system capable of being successfully handled in a modern democratic community? Let us picture the State as the owner of all primary products—agricultural, pastoral and mineral, as well as of the manufactured article and the means of transport. In practice the State is the sole employer of labour; the employees, in their turn, consist of a huge army of workers enjoying and ready to make use of the Parliamentary franchise. The Government of the day will be confronted with unceasing demands for higher wages, shorter hours, and improved conditions of life by the workers, who are also the electors. The pressure of such claims, especially at election time, will be almost irresistible; a refusal will imperil votes, acquiescence must, as we have seen, lead to an increase in the cost of living. The Government will next be met by united protests from the consumers that a limit must be placed to the rise in wages; whilst the workers will demand a limitation of selling prices, with perhaps a suggestion that, if the reduction in prices leads to a loss, the State may and should subsidise each occupation to the extent of its loss by a contribution levied from the general taxpayer. These varying interests are all conflicting—one section bidding against or inciting another, but all united in the determination to coerce the common employer, represented by the Government, or punish non-compliance at the ballot box. What Ministry could weather such a test? It is hard for the Government to resist, even to-day, the clamour which is directed against private ownership on account of the growing cost of living. I venture to state that the Ministry has not yet been created which is endowed with such a sense of public duty as to resist organised claims of this nature by the whole body of electors, when the alternative must mean political defeat. Public office and ministerial responsibility will be put up to auction amongst a body of constituents, bereft under this system of all laudable ambitions and strangers to efficiency.

What has been the history of other countries with regard to these matters? Does their experience tend to comfort us or to confirm the objections above-mentioned? The earliest modern example is afforded by the people of France during the end of the

eighteenth century. The disturbances in the early days of the revolution had led to a sad dislocation of trade, scarcity of provisions and an intolerable increase in the cost of living. Republican Committees were called upon to provide a remedy, and the people were insistent on limitation of cost. Maximum prices were, therefore, fixed which momentarily produced contentment; but the inevitable laws of supply and demand at once operated, commodities were withdrawn from circulation or were no longer produced, trade languished, with the result that the necessities of life were either unobtainable or to be purchased only at famine prices. The authorities struggled for some time to maintain their objective of limitation of prices, drastic penalties were inflicted for that purpose, but famine prevailed and public opinion was rebellious. In turn there arose a wide and insistent claim for the repeal of these restrictions and a return to freedom of trade; and in two years or less the law of maximum prices was abolished amidst general rejoicing.

It was in New South Wales that the first attempt was made to regulate the prices of necessary commodities in Australia. This policy was launched before a scarcity from the pressure of war conditions had arisen, and was the outcome of high wages and consequent high prices. The workers put forward a demand for the limitation of the cost of commodities, whilst they were to be permitted to receive higher wages. The Government yielded, and the test was first made in respect of butter. A period of dry weather in the dairying districts, which affected the pastures, had led to a reduction in the production of cream and an increase—consequent upon the scarcity—in the price of butter. The rise in the selling price was not in fact serious, but in response to a demand made by the public the Government appointed a Commission, who took power by statute to fix the price of any commodity necessary for the support of man or beast; and, *inter alia*, a maximum price was fixed for the sale of butter. At that time there was a prospect of large demands for meat for European countries and for the Allies who were engaged in the war, and prices were fairly firm. In these circumstances it paid the dairyman to sell his cows to the butcher, and to lease his land for pasturage purposes to those who desired to fatten stock for the export trade. In a short time the threatened scarcity became a reality; there was no help obtainable locally, for the adjoining States were unable and unwilling to place their produce on the New South Wales market at a figure which yielded them no profit. At this stage even the removal of price limitation could not secure redress, as the product was no longer being manufactured. The only alternative, therefore, in response to the continued demand,

was to import the commodity from overseas. In due course shipments of butter arrived purchased in America, but it was found that the cost per pound of the imported article, after paying freight and charges, was in excess of the maximum price previously declared for local sales. The Government were, in consequence, faced with the dilemma of selling at a higher figure which was commercially profitable (and thereby acknowledging that their previously declared maximum price was a mistake), or to sell at the fixed price and ask the taxpayer to make good the consequent loss: they adopted the latter course. This experience was repeated shortly after with regard to wheat. The dry season had affected the crops, and it appeared possible that importation from outside sources might be necessary to meet local requirements. There was also a danger of prices of bread rising in consequence of the reduced supply of flour. Here, again, the Commission stepped in and fixed a maximum selling price. The farmer found that it was more profitable to convert his growing crops into hay than to allow them to be harvested for the miller. Those, again, who held stocks were suspected of withholding them until the restrictions should be removed and prices should rise again; but so far as the public were concerned, the old story was repeated—an actual scarcity in the State was established; importations from adjoining States were discouraged by the insufficiency of the declared selling price; and the Government were again compelled to resort to importations from overseas to meet the urgent food requirements of the community. Large consignments of wheat subsequently arrived, but it was found that the cost of the commodity landed in New South Wales was per unit in excess of the fixed maximum local selling price, and the State suffered a heavy loss in selling at the figure previously decreed. An attempt to control the price of hay produced like results. Later on, when the stress of war conditions pressed upon the people, a limitation of prices was imposed in respect of many commodities by both Federal and State Governments.

There was no uniformity amongst the States of Australia in the matter of fixing prices. In New South Wales and Queensland control was rigorously maintained, and in Victoria it was only enforced for the prevention of undue inflation and the restriction of supplies. In South Australia very few prices were fixed, and in Western Australia legislation was virtually a dead letter, whilst in Hobart no action was taken. These facts give peculiar interest to figures published by the Commonwealth Bureau of Statistics in October, 1916, showing the purchasing power of money. The figures, relating to 46 items of food, including groceries, meat and dairy produce, indicate the amount required at the beginning of

1916 to purchase what would have cost £1 in the year 1911. They are as follows:—

					£	s.	d.
New South Wales	1	11	4
Victoria	1	10	2
Queensland	1	11	0
South Australia	1	11	0
Western Australia	1	10	1
Tasmania	1	11	10

These figures indicate that the increase in the cost of food was just as great when price fixing was rigorously administered as when trade was unhampered by regulations. It would seem fair to conclude that limitation by law is not the only factor which has a controlling influence on rising prices.

In New South Wales during recent years protests became frequent against the rents charged, especially against the owners of houses occupied by the workers and persons with small incomes. The awards of the Arbitration Courts had led to an increase in the cost of building materials and the labour required for construction. Inevitably, if the rents went up to a figure which left only a reasonable commercial profit, the rise would be substantial. The Government of the day met this difficulty in two ways. One was by erecting a number of houses at the expense of the State. The cost of the land was nominal, being Crown land; the houses were built on hygienic lines, and the rent asked was on a commercial basis: but it was found that the figures so quoted were quite beyond the means of the class for whom the buildings were intended, and they were occupied by a section of the community of a higher social grade. The other scheme was the establishment of a Court to regulate rents. The machinery was simple and intended to be expeditious, and for their guidance and the protection of the landlords, the tribunals were enjoined by statute to secure to the owner a certain minimum return upon money expended. On the whole this Court gave limited satisfaction, for although in some instances the rents were reduced, it was found that but a small percentage of claims which came before the Court represented an unfair rent by the landlord. The problem still remains unsolved. With the increased cost of labour and materials, if the builder of a new house cannot secure a reasonable return on his money, house-building will be discouraged, the demand will exceed the supply, and the scarcity will probably result in still higher rents. On the other hand, if the rent fixed is sufficient to encourage investment in house property, then the figure will be so high as to create disappointment amongst the working classes, and a clamour for further State interference. To-day, there is a scarcity of houses

throughout all the Allied countries on account of the cessation of construction during the war, and the emergency must be tided over. A proposal of the British Government to meet the present difficulty may help to solve the difficulties for the time being, but involves the taxpayer indirectly or directly in making good the difference between the fair interest upon the cost of the building and the actual rent charged to the occupant. This emergency treatment may solve the present house difficulty, but the policy is dangerous if made permanent, and may lead to extraordinary results, if the difference between the cost of production and the price demanded by the consumer for the finished product is to be always borne by the taxpayer.

In Queensland and Western Australia the State became the owner of certain State enterprises for the purpose of cheapening commodities to the public. In the latter State the financial results were not satisfactory, but the Queensland Government claim to have secured, through the agency of State butchers' shops, a substantial cheapening of meat to the community. That the meat in State shops was sold at a less price than demanded by butchers is admitted, but critics assert that whilst the Government purchased the stock of the State at a fixed price for export and war purposes, there was a collateral stipulation that a certain proportion should be diverted to the Government at a lesser price for home consumption. I cannot verify the charge, but it has been publicly made, and until disposed of, the success of State butcheries must be accepted with reservation.

In England during the war the Government intervened in the sphere of agriculture, and fixed a selling price for all staple products, made provision for a minimum wage by statute, and imposed on farmers an obligation to cultivate. The mercantile marine was commandeered by the State, who paid for the hire of the vessels and fixed the rates of freight. All engineering firms in the United Kingdom were controlled, prices were fixed for materials and for the finished product. The books of various firms were carefully examined and the cost of manufacture worked out in minute detail, and eventually practically all food products were controlled in respect of selling prices by the Government. In all these cases the ownership remained technically with the private individual or corporation, whilst the Government exercised control, primarily for the purpose of concentrating effort upon the successful prosecution of the war. It must be admitted that profiteering was checked by these measures, and there is no doubt that, without such control, the public at large would have been exploited to what extent it is hard to say; but, as I have already stated, extreme care must be exercised in drawing conclusions from this

unique experience. We should remember that the nation was engaged in a struggle for existence; it was not self-supporting; the issue was often in doubt; supplies from overseas were imperilled by submarine warfare; the claims of the soldiers were paramount; and costly mistakes were inevitable, in the endeavour suddenly to establish machinery which would protect the public from abuses; but the situation was cheerfully faced. The whole community was animated by a patriotic fervour; the producers were less restive than they are to-day; the workers loyally responded to the invitation to increase their output; the consumer submitted to many hardships, and even to the heavy increase in prices without protest, satisfied that it was no time to complain, and believing that indirectly he was thereby contributing to ultimate victory. But it must be admitted that there were many, too many, unscrupulous people who endeavoured to benefit themselves at the expense of the country; some even were successful in evading the drastic conditions of price limitation; and the question remains, now that the patriotic incentive to submission has been removed and the appetite for private gain is roused, whether such a scheme of price-fixing can be effective in times of peace.

Whilst we are prepared to admit this policy, in specially favourable circumstances, attained some measure of success, yet it manifested certain inherent weaknesses. It is the general opinion that, in spite of the above-mentioned favourable conditions, prices, when eventually limited, were unduly high. In the early days of soaring prices the Government, uncertain of the duration of the abuse, hesitated to take remedial action. In the interval the cost of living continued to rise in all directions—some persons in good faith had bought at excessive prices and were making only a legitimate profit—and, when the State eventually intervened, they were met with the alternative of severe reduction and a dangerous opposition from vested interests, or fixing a price so high as to leave the profiteer sufficient gain to disarm his active opposition. In the second place it was found in practice that the maximum almost invariably became the minimum. It has been admitted by the Food Controller that all grades or qualities ceased to exist and were impossible to maintain. In such circumstances there was no obstacle to the seller demanding for his commodity, whatever the quality, the highest price limit under the law.

We are now in a position to draw the following conclusions. Under a system of private ownership :—

1. It is impossible to prevent the diversion of capital if the price fixed is not satisfactory to the producer.
2. It is almost impossible for the State to fix a selling price which is fair to both the producer and the consumer.

3. Under a system of State ownership and control a scarcity of commodities may be prevented. A price can be fixed in theory which is fair to all interests concerned; but nationalisation tends to destroy discipline, to kill ambition, to ruin efficiency, and eventually to increase cost.

Some scheme, therefore, should be devised which will involve a minimum of interference with trade and commerce, will maintain freedom of competition, allow of combinations to increase output on lines of economy, but will prevent abuses arising from withholding goods and creating an artificial scarcity. In other words, it should encourage the honest man and deter the unscrupulous.

I confess that I know of no formula to cure the complaint of high prices solely arising from high wages. If goods cost more to produce the owner is entitled to his reasonable profit on the added cost. I cannot see any justice in depriving a manufacturer of a portion of the cost of production. On the other hand, if the worker earns more he should be able to pay more for his commodities. Employer and employee can to some extent relieve the position themselves, the one by economy in production, the other by efficiency of labour, contributing its part to economy of production.

As to high prices caused by "combines" and by withholding supplies, different considerations apply. One trader conceals supplies and takes advantage of the helplessness of his fellows to extract money from them. Such a person is the enemy of the community, and deserves scant consideration. We are all the victims of profiteering at present. We were told that prices would fall on the release of State control, but daily the position has become more intolerable. Prices are now higher than on the day of the Armistice. We are unable to say who is to blame, through want of correct information. In some cases high prices may be justified, and in others they are indefensible. In the meantime all producers and manufacturers are suspected, and the public who are suffering are very deeply resentful and nervy. The first step towards a change should be through inquiry into the cost of production. The profiteer and the trade combine work in secret, and they fear nothing more than a searching investigation of their methods. Publicity will disclose the truth, and public opinion can then be formulated on a sound and influential basis. This procedure will relieve many people from an unfounded suspicion; at the same time extortion will be publicly pilloried. As has been well said, "light is the sovereign anti-septic and the best of all policemen." The tribunals of inquiry should be carefully selected and be judicial in character, with full

powers of extracting information on oath; and any persons implicated should be entitled to be heard in defence. With its vast experience of costing, acquired during the war, the Government should be able, without delay, to check evasions and expose deceit, and very materially curtail the length of the inquiry. To prevent oppression the tribunal should only be set in motion on the initiative of the Crown. After a full investigation as to the cost of production and allowing for a reasonable profit, the tribunal should report whether the prices charged are reasonable or excessive, having due regard to all interests concerned—producer, employer and consumer. The finding should be made public, and if prices remain unchanged further proceedings may thereupon be instituted.

This machinery (which has been in part adopted by the Government in the recently enacted Profiteering Bill) should be potent to break down combinations to exploit the public. Traders, who are the victims themselves of high prices, should welcome an inquiry, whilst the fear of exposure and loss of trade and reputation will be a powerful incentive to everybody to reduce his price to a figure which will leave him only a profit which can be justified. Thus, much-needed relief can be at once obtained without dislocation of trade or penalising the public by fixing prices upon too high a basis. The wholesaler as well as the retailer must submit to the test.

The more unscrupulous, however, may still resist the people. Against such persons a public prosecution should be set in motion; such machinery should ensure expedition and effectiveness. A short measure would be necessary for this purpose, outlining the following points: A broad enactment that any person, who is a party to any contract or a member of any combination in restraint of trade or commerce, shall be deemed guilty of an offence, carrying with it a penalty of say £500 for each day during which the offence continues, with the alternative of imprisonment up to six months. The procedure should be simplified by a provision that a certificate of the finding of the tribunal of investigation shall be *prima facie* evidence or proof of the offence. This would constitute the case for the Crown. It should thereupon be incumbent upon the defendant to establish: (1) That the restraint of trade alleged was not to the detriment of the public; and (2) such restraint was not unreasonable.

These methods are no doubt drastic. They are so intended. In a prosecution the onus of disproof is placed upon the defendant, contrary to the usual rules of British jurisprudence, but he has already had an opportunity of presenting his case before the investigating commission. The prosecution converts the adverse

finding into a penal offence, and the accused is afforded another opportunity of vindicating his innocence.

I am unable to elaborate the scheme at present, but I am satisfied that the fear of exposure with loss of trade and reputation will in itself cause a reduction of prices in every instance where it is felt that they cannot be thoroughly justified. This will extend to every link in the chain of trade, and a reduction in respect of any one link must affect the cost of the whole, and in all probability a request for enforcement of the penal law would seldom be made.

C. G. WADE,
Agent-General for New South Wales.

POOCHBEHAR.

**THE LABOUR POLICY, THE MISTAKE, AND A
POSSIBLE SOLUTION.¹**

How far did occurrences connected with the railway strike confirm the views on the whole position of Labour as already expressed in these pages? Did the strikers consider the force of public opinion?

It has been suggested here that Trade Unionism should set its house in order, should see to it that its representatives in Parliament and elsewhere do really represent it, and, above all, that Labour should insist upon fair treatment at the hands of the newspaper Press.

Next it was contended that Labour's great mistake lies in its disregard of public opinion and that in consequence special treatment is reserved for Labour; and Labour suffers acutely under the aloofness thus imposed. To what extent has the progress of the railway strike confirmed or contradicted the views on the position of Labour generally as set forth in those two articles? In other words, we are to consider whether the conduct of the strike has made it clear that —

I Labour's own house should be set in order;

II That Labour is not represented by its accredited leaders;

III That Labour suffers from unfair treatment at the hands of the newspaper Press;

IV. That in this instance Labour has made the mistake of disregarding the value of public opinion; and

V. That as a consequence Labour has been subjected to a form of treatment such as would be meted out to no other section of the community.

Our first two questions concern themselves entirely with the internal affairs of Trade Unions. By the "setting of the house in order" is meant no more than the enforcing of a certain standard of general decency upon the individual member, that in fact the drunkard and the ruffian should not be lionised by a self-respecting body of men who have power to restrain black-legs. Apart from this, the only important matter of internal policy concerns itself with the wise selection of leaders who shall represent and continue to represent the majority of members.

I. Does Labour's house need setting in order?

The railway strike lasted nine days, and our first contention seems to have been refuted by the general trend of events. It is true that many police court charges arose out of the strike,

(1) The Editor thinks it right that full publicity should be given to the views taken in this article; but he in no sense identifies himself with them.

but the bitterest of the strikers' opponents are hard put to it to show that any of the accused, much less the convicted, were railway workers. We have read of magistrates saying to prisoners, "The strike has nothing to do with you," and we have found references in the Press to disturbances created by the hooligan element, but we have found only one instance where the criminal was a *bona fide* striker. In that particular case the magistrate, addressing prisoner, remarked: "Your mother ought to smack you and put you to bed." The police both in London and in the provinces state that the behaviour of pickets and strikers was good. Yet we find in an illustrated paper a large picture of "Strikers and their friends attempting to hold 'up a convoy - one arrest was made," but even here there is no evidence that railwaymen were involved in the disturbance. The worst accusation brought with even a remote semblance of truth against the strikers is the oft-repeated one which asserts that they left the horses to starve. Briefly, the actual facts there were as follows: at the last of the men's meetings when the strike was definitely decided upon, the men whose duty it is in normal times to tend the horses were unanimous in their request to be permitted by their fellow-unionists to continue feeding and watering their charges. They were prepared to do this without payment. Another section strongly resented the proposal, and it seemed that the men would actually be divided at the last moment on this point. Ultimately a compromise was arranged and the companies were given thirty-six hours' notice before the horses were "deserted." That is to say, while the majority of the workers downed tools at midnight on Friday-Saturday, the work of caring for the horses was continued till noon on Sunday. Speaking of the Union men in that connection, Colonel Sherwood Kelly said: "I want to emphasise my appreciation of the spirit they have shown."

From all this it seems clear that the personal behaviour of the men was distinctly good; so that our previous contention concerning the need for Trade Unions generally to set their houses in order breaks down where railwaymen are concerned. This will not be surprising to anyone accustomed to mingle freely with working men; for he will know that almost invariably the railwayman is a self-respecting person whose steadiness and acceptance of responsibility might with advantage be copied by other bodies of workers.

II. Is Labour represented by its accredited leaders so far as railwaymen are concerned?

Two names were very much upon the headline in connection with this strike: those of Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. Cramp.

When Labour matters or Labour men are under discussion the memory of the public is stirred by our daily papers, who direct that memory to just those points which newspaper proprietors think it good that the public should keep in mind. The test thus applied is far more searching than anything of the kind to which even a Prime Minister or a possible Prime Minister is ever subjected; for the exalted politician always has at least a portion of the public Press wholeheartedly supporting him. How, then, did these two leaders come through the very severe test? Where Mr. Thomas's personal conduct and plainly exhibited policy were concerned there can be but one opinion. Nothing was urged against him with any show of accuracy save and except the allegation that he was guilty of grave wrong in plunging the country into a "lightning strike" of such magnitude. The suggestion that no reasonable warning was given is certainly open to discussion. It is hoped to make this clear in a later section. The untrue statement concerning his purchase of a house need only be referred to here as furnishing another in the long list of gibes of a kind which are reserved for the annoyance of Labour. The Press generally has not thought it worth while to direct attention to the occasions on which Mr. Thomas has run risks serious to himself by opposing strikes which his followers advocated.

Mr. Cramp's passing of this very fiery ordeal was perhaps not quite so satisfactory. Unfortunately, he did once speak of "revolution," and newspaper men were not slow to dig up that speech, to give it great prominence, and to focus, as far as might be, public attention upon it. Holding no brief for any party in the colossal dispute, it behoves us here to say no more than that the speech was certainly unfortunate, but by no means the most unfortunate utterance made by any responsible person concerned in the matter. At least Mr. Cramp has made it very clear that even Labour leaders must not fly in the face of public opinion.

It is surprising that Mr. Bromley, of the Drivers' and Firemen's Union, should have come in for so little attention. He and his followers had nothing to gain by the strike. Their affairs had been previously settled. They were simply out in sympathy, losing pay all the time. Now it is possible to take either a very generous or a particularly bitter view of the sort of amnesty which the Press extended to this section of the workers. We may conclude that the sympathetic downing of tools was regarded in this case as such fine sportsman-like behaviour as to be above criticism, or, we may wonder if there was a sort of fear dictating the reticence—a dread sufficiently

potent to restrain the more virulent pens. Many railwaymen contend that in settling rates of pay with drivers and firemen the object was a peculiarly sinister one, namely, the keeping of these well-nigh indispensable men loyal while the railways could have been worked by hand-signalling and other forms of easily obtained military labour; so that the other railwaymen whose requests had not been fulfilled could be laughed at for striking.

Upon the whole it seems that the men's leaders do really represent them, so that the second of our contentions concerning Labour generally appears to lack foundation. It is comforting to reflect that the only grave charge brought against a leader is based upon a speech which the bulk of that leader's following would not endorse. Here, too, we must remember that we have been considering the case of railwaymen, a body in many ways superior to the general run of labour. The relations existing between leaders and rank and file throughout the entire working class cannot adequately be judged by those which prevail between railway leaders and their constituents.

III. Have the events of the railway strike endorsed or refuted the contention that Labour suffers from unfair treatment in the public Press?

Most emphatically they have endorsed that contention, and are continuing to endorse it. It is not easy to write with due moderation. Never perhaps was there a strike where the strikers' case was so cruelly mishandled by the newspapers; or that of the employers so fulsomely set forth. One is compelled to take a grip of things and remember that the public has been given no means of knowing the truth of these matters. Pre-conceived notions differ very materially from informed opinion where questions of importance to Labour are concerned. So overwhelming is the evidence of Press prejudice that it has defied all effort to keep the present questions in their separate watertight compartments, and has instead forced its tempestuous way into each section of this paper.

It is now generally admitted, even by newspapers, that before the war railwaymen on the lower rates were inadequately paid. They were given a war bonus. So far there is no point in dispute. The beginning of the trouble is to be found in the method adopted by the companies in paying that bonus—a matter to which no capitalist journal seems to have made reference. Each pay sheet set out on the left "wage," on the right "war bonus." Thus it was "rubbed into" the men each week that, inadequately though they had been paid in the past, yet the bonus was quite a separate thing, to be withdrawn at the pleasure of authority. Naturally the men became anxious to know how

much of that bonus they would be permitted to retain. This was their demand for higher pay. Has that point been made clear to the thousands of more fortunate people who constitute themselves judges of the men's action? Be that as it may, it is also a fact that the employers and the men's leaders had been arguing the point since March last. For six months negotiations had been going on, friction becoming more and more serious, until at last negotiations were broken off at the end of September and the "lightning strike" was declared. Authority and the Press asserted that the men broke off discussion, and that statement was widely circulated; yet a very strong case can be made out in proof of the men's assertion that the employers declined further argument. That contention has not been brought to public notice with anything like the insistence given to the case for the masters. Whoever may or may not be to blame for the precipitation of the unfortunate event, it is at least clear that events had been marching in that direction for six months. Rule that out if you will. The very papers which were loud in their outcry about the wicked suddenness of the strike published headlines on Wednesday, September 24th, concerning the "Threatened Strike," and other such lines on September 25th stating that the strike was postponed. After this, when the "lightning strike" was actually upon us, the Government boasted of its complete preparedness. It had been threatening for six months, it was definitely threatened, it was postponed, it came into being, the Government was fully prepared—yet the strikers were very wicked in taking such a step without due notice having been given—if we are to believe what we read in newspapers concerning strikes.

So much for Press comment on the actual fact of striking. Now what has the newspaper attitude been toward the strikers? Reference has already been made to insidious effort to throw blame for certain acts of violence upon the men, though there was no evidence in support of the suggestion that the offenders were railway strikers. Apart from this, one might read each day a thousand and one "Strike Incidents," "Stories of the Strike," and "Strike Items," of which much the greater bulk were *ex parte* statements calculated to throw discredit upon the strikers. Could the men have secured an equal share of space in our newspapers, there would have been no difficulty in reporting quite as great a number of occurrences to the detriment of their opponents which should carry at least equal weight with unbiased minds. For example, many railwaymen rent allotments from the companies for whom they work. During the strike they worked quietly upon these holdings, in spite of the very

silly little annoyances to which some of the higher officials thought fit to subject them. We read daily of more men returning to work, but nothing was published concerning the methods (generally abortive) which were adopted to get them back. For instance, a driver, who at the actual time of the strike was in disgrace concerning a little mishap with his engine, has in his possession a letter telling him that if he would but return all would be forgiven. Among those who actually returned there was at least one man against whom his employers had brought a criminal charge. But where Labour is concerned it is for the Press to decide what sordid detail should be published, what suppressed. Urge if you will that the rather trivial incidents cited here are without corroborative evidence; so, too, are the hundreds of strike items appearing in the Press while the strike was in progress.

Turn now to facts of which overwhelming evidence can be produced: the old story of cut signal wires was of course revived and repeated again and again. So sure is the average newspaper man that no one takes notice of what may be said on behalf of Labour as against the Press that he has no hesitation in attempting to stir up public animosity against railwaymen in this manner. Let us expose the meanness of this particular charge once more. In the strike of 1911 it was alleged that strikers had cut signal wires. Some wires were certainly cut, but there was no evidence to show that the cutting was the work of strikers. Directly this bald statement was read letters were sent to the editors of the various papers concerned pointing out that if this damage was the work of strikers they, as railwaymen, would know that by no possibility could accident result. Delay of traffic would be the worst that could happen, for should such a wire either break or be cut the signal rises to indicate danger. In 1911 no editor to whom this was explained had the honesty to publish the explanation. Has their notion of fair play improved with the passing of eight years? No. The bald statement, preferably on the headline, is the desirable thing, "Strikers Cut Signal Wires," and leave the public to form their own conclusion. And the public, knowing more of gravitation than of Board of Trade regulations, naturally supposes that the cutting of the wire means the falling of the long arm.

While on the subject of possible accidents it may not be out of place to mention that throughout the war railway companies dispensed with fog signallers and fog signals between the hours of 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. Thus a very great additional strain was thrown on the men in the signal boxes, while the risk to the travelling public was very materially increased. The excuse

made was shortage of labour. But does the excuse still hold good? Has the order yet been rescinded?

There is another instance of Press injustice which may be given here, because the truth has but to be stated to carry immediate conviction. On September 29th an evening paper published the following :—

"NO DOLES.

Precautions at Out-of-Work Donation Centres

To-day.

A keen watch is being kept to-day at the London Employment Exchanges to prevent any men who worked recently on railways and are now on strike from registering for the out-of-work donation."

This announcement was discussed by a small group of working men, and a letter, of which the following is a copy, was forwarded to the editor of the paper :—

"SIR,—In your issue of yesterday it is stated that keen watch is being kept at the Labour Exchanges to see that railway men do not apply for doles. How can this be necessary since the men's insurance cards are in the hands of the various companies, and every applicant for the dole is required to produce his card?"

No notice whatever was taken of this communication. The paragraph may have appeared under some mistake, but that seems hardly likely. Attention having been drawn to its gross injustice, still no step was taken by the editor to remove the false impression thus planted in the public mind. Statements of misrepresentation and cruel aspersion might be continued well-nigh indefinitely. Summing it all up, we are compelled to say that the behaviour of our newspaper Press was anything but sportsman-like in its selection of news. Persons of experience can often gather something of the tone which actuates the production of a paper by a study of the treatment given to advertisers. Indications of this kind throughout the strike were many and clear. One influential organ accepted the striker's advertisement and devoted its leading article to elaborate explanation and apology for having done so! If this means anything whatsoever, it means that the Union's case was only allowed a public hearing at the goodwill and pleasure of the newspaper proprietor. Another paper prints the strikers' advertisement, and, cheek by jowl with it, an article compact of reasoning in which it was attempted to show that the strikers had no case to go to the tribunal of public opinion. Ethical considerations aside, were not both these journals guilty of questionable practice here? May a landlord take rent for premises and use his best endeavours to prevent the occupant from gaining any benefit from occupation? If Labour is not above the law, there are certainly powerful

forces at work to render it outlaw. Such treatment is reserved exclusively for Labour. Yet *noblesse oblige* is not a phrase from a dead language.

We read much, too, of railways being guarded, yet the public was nowhere reminded that it is always necessary to guard railway lines, if only from the attacks of mischievous throwers of stones. Nor was much stress laid on the fact that in certain districts the inhabitants were asking for the withdrawal of the military guard, asserting that it was not needed. Again, one newspaper published a letter from a correspondent who stated that in future he would decline to "tip" railway porters, and that he hoped others would follow the suggestion. There may have been no particular harm in allowing this letter to be published, but surely as a simple act of grace it should have been explained that before the war railway porters received no wage—yet until a few years since had to pay for their uniforms. Is it unnatural that men thus situated should ask for a definite statement as to how much of the bonus (their only wage) it was intended to deprive them of? After all, that was the men's point, how much was to come off, not how much more were they going to receive.

Not until the strike had been in progress some days did authority deem it well to announce anything definite concerning the proposed rates. Even these definite announcements were ambiguous at best, and out of this another and very serious charge arises against the Press. In all the comment on these new rates of pay, how was it that not one paper had the courage to draw attention to the fact that signalmen were not mentioned? This silence, of course, set the men asking: "Where is the catch?" Our partisan Press was dumb.

The newspaper Press then was urging all that it could, more than all that it should, against the strikers, and saying infinitely little of the very many things which should have been said on their behalf. Moreover, where directly untruthful allegations were not made we recognise disingenuous suggestion calculated to arouse public feeling against the men. Small wonder that compositors grew restive, and in one instance wrote a newspaper proprietor that they "wished to enter a strong protest against the treatment that was being meted out to the N.U.R. in the columns of your Press." This produced an extraordinary reply, which it is not possible to deal with at length here, so we confine ourselves to one passage: "A known and respected Labour writer voices the views of Labour practically every day." Is comment necessary here? Two days later we find a pronouncement of the "known and respected Labour writer" started on more than

one of this proprietor's publications: "The only possible cure for the widespread mistrust of the Government among the working classes is the publicity of a full and free Parliamentary debate on industrial policy. To stop the strike and prevent its expansion into a state of virtual civil war the House of Commons should be summoned immediately." Now either this known and respected Labour writer does or does not know that matters of vital importance to Labour may be, often are, mentioned in the House of Commons, yet sternly suppressed by that section of the Press of which he is a correspondent. While we have a "Free Press," we may even have a highly reputable newspaper owning an anarchist correspondent; yet unless the copy he submitted accorded with the proprietor's views it would probably be severely edited.

It was pointed out in a former article that our Press generally keeps the public in ignorance of many things which are vitally important to Labour, and, as a consequence, grave injury is inflicted upon the entire community. When Labour is really injured, so, too, is the entire nation.

IV. Has Labour, as represented for the time by the railway-men, made the mistake of disregarding public opinion?

Like every other section of the working class, railwaymen have neglected public opinion for years, not in their particular case so much by stupid little unmannerlinesses in the individual as by their collective blindness to the necessity of securing reform either in the conduct of newspapers or in the law, which will not allow a Trade Union any protection against libel or slander. Speaking generally, the railway workers' underestimate of the value of public opinion has not shown itself in those individual acts which tend to disgust the public with Labour so much as in their failure to realise the importance of being allowed to communicate with the public. Before embarking upon the strike they did not make it their business to see that their then position, as well as the treatment they had every reason to anticipate, was understood. Moreover, they took a very serious step toward the alienating of public sympathy by striking without the customary seven days' notice. Yet even this was by no means the criminal wrong which it has been strenuously sought to make it appear; while the consequences of the blunder were far more serious to themselves than to anyone else. Probably a week's discussion while the notice was drawing to expiry would have enabled them to make even better terms than they have now obtained. Another aspect of the neglect or misunderstanding of the value of public sympathy is found in the fact that while the strike was in progress the strikers' publicity arrangements

were not well carried out. For example, at the commencement of the strike the Government was announcing that there had never been any intention of reducing the men's pay till December; and the men missed the opportunity of making a very telling retort, for the reductions had already begun in September, within a very short time before the declaration of the strike—platelayers' wages having been reduced by amounts varying from 6s. to 14s. per week. Again, when the Government had placarded walls and filled newspapers with its tabulated offer, why (instead of wrangling over obscure points and entering into any sort of controversial statement) did the men not content themselves with one terse question: "What about signalmen, they are not mentioned?" It is more particularly in ways of this kind that the railwaymen neglected public opinion.

Yet in spite of all this, in spite of the strike declared in the face of public opinion, we find that great power veering toward the strikers when facts enough concerning the industry have, in an accidental sort of way, leaked out. Public opinion must be accurately informed, later if not sooner. Is the strike the best means of accomplishing that end?

V. Has Labour been subjected in this instance to a form of treatment such as would have been extended to no other section of the community?

Most emphatically, yes! Here, too, so all-pervading is the evidence that it has made its way into each section of this paper. Statements have been published by authority and by the Press which were at best disingenuous. Many things which should in common fairness have been said have been rigorously suppressed. For many days a number of level-headed men were honestly at work "seeking a formula." Yet a very bad one had already been found and was being proclaimed from the house-tops. "Back to work first" was a suggestion which could have been applied only to Labour. Throughout the strike the men were constantly accused, at least by implication, of crimes which they neither committed nor thought of committing. They were libelled and slandered because they were neither a limited company nor to be regarded as private persons; but just a section of collective Labour for whom there is no remedy at law. The impressions of newspapers in which the news of settlement was announced could not be kept free from headlines calculated to irritate. It would be interesting to know whether a prosecution for "inciting to a breach of the peace" could be carried to successful issue in such cases. Through all the nine days, too, though more particularly at their commencement, the men were said to be demanding more, when as a matter of fact they sought

a clear pronouncement as to the reductions which they would be called upon to suffer.

The public has been very seriously inconvenienced for a period of rather more than a week. The railwaymen, their wives and families, had been inconvenienced in a precisely similar manner, but to a greater degree, for a period of years. The public has now been compelled to realise certain facts of vital importance to one section of the community. Is there no lesson to be learned here as regards the future of Labour generally? Is the public wise in its own interests to let itself be kept in ignorance until, a strike having upset things generally, some of the facts leak out?

If it be considered that there is bias here on behalf of our railwaymen, let it be remembered that their cause is now being upheld against the newspaper Press rather than against the community. This strike, like every other, could have been prevented, would have had its *raison d'être* removed before serious trouble materialised, if we had possessed but one widely read newspaper whose policy was dictated by really patriotic motives. Had the men been assured anywhere of encouragement and sound advice in the presenting of their case to the tribunal of public opinion there need have been no strike. "We have," we are told in an article dealing retrospectively with the strike, "every reason to be proud of our country." Have we reason to be proud of our newspapers?

The sound policy for Labour, the eradication of Labour's mistake, and the lesson of the recent strike all point to one necessary action: Our newspapers must be taken firmly in hand and prevented on constitutional lines from inflicting grievous injury upon Labour. Such injury is injury to the public—to the nation. It is the daily papers which have been at the throat of the nation—our daily Press which has threatened the country with starvation, which has put it to inconvenience and incalculable loss.

It may be easy to make such sweeping statements. Would any sane man dare so commit himself unless he had first made a close study of the questions involved, and made it at first hand over a period of strenuous years? Is it not obvious that the strike is a very clumsy and expensive form of that safety valve which is essential to the well-being of Labour—hence to the prosperity of the nation? Can there be any doubt that the strike is at present Labour's only hope of making its true condition and its reasonable aspirations known to the public? Make strikes impossible to-morrow, henceforth, and for evermore; what would happen? At first the community (differentiated from Labour) would gain, Labour would commence to suffer. This would react

upon the community even if Labour could be coerced or would consent to suffer in silence. Ultimately the nation would be brought low indeed.

But if with the abolition of strikes we could at the same time give Labour the outlet which human nature insists upon, then the problem might be very near complete solution. At present the ostracism of Labour is so thorough that Labour's only means of communicating with its fellow-countrymen is through the strike. If for these strikes we could establish instead the right kind of newspaper, would it not be vastly better for everyone concerned?

What would constitute the right kind of newspaper? How is that extraordinary journal to be conducted? We have actually had it in this country, but let it go. Some twenty years since Sir Douglas Straight was conducting it. What are the essentials? All much less difficult of attainment than might at first sight appear, and, most remarkable of all, the matter can be put to the test without expense, not even the services of a tame Labour man would need to be retained. Let any well-established journal of wide circulation publish either the following or any essentially similar announcement:—

"If in future we find it necessary to rebuke Labour, or to publish statements tending to set public opinion against Labour, we shall be prepared to give full consideration to any reasoned replies, and will, in later impressions, devote as much space to the sound defence of Labour as was devoted to the unfavourable comment complained of in such defence."

It has been suggested that many newspapers might, as they certainly ought, adopt the policy without announcing it. Unfortunately, years of such a course must elapse before Labour or the community would derive any benefit. The distrust has now gone too far. It is for newspaper proprietors to reflect that they have put themselves into a position of declining to give the public necessary information. Thereby they have deprived themselves of power to influence Labour on sound lines. Let this or some similar announcement be made (we have read much of the beauty of moral courage lately), and what will follow? At least Labour's attention will be drawn; then the carrying out of the policy thus outlined will mean giving the public that information which it is only just both to the public and to Labour that it should have. The confidence of Labour would soon be secured, agitators would be unemployed, and many other advantages would certainly follow.

What are the objections to the adoption of such a course?

A SKILLED LABOURER.

HIRELINGS OR PARTNERS.

A few years ago Earl Grey, whose services to the cause of labour co-partnership are well known, invited a co-operative gathering to Howick and presented to each guest a medal bearing these words: "From slave to serf, from serf to hireling, from hireling to partner."

Evolution leads to this consummation, even though the mills of God are grinding very slowly. They have ground more rapidly and audibly in the gas companies than in any other field of labour. Up to 1907 only five companies had adopted co-partnership and profit-sharing (sometimes one, sometimes both) schemes; thirty-three companies have now been added to these, with the desirable result (*pre-war*) that labour has been better satisfied.

Profit-sharing is undoubtedly gaining ground. Many firms have adopted a bonus system; even municipalities employ it to advantage. The Stafford Corporation paid in 1912 £743, being 11·2 per cent. on the wages of its employees in the gas and electricity department. Belfast has introduced a profit-sharing scheme into the tramway department; in 1912 every employee from manager to messenger received £4 1s. 2d. as bonus.¹ Contrast this with the failure of the Leeds Corporation² to satisfy its employees, who struck for a rise of 2s. on an average weekly wage of 25s. 4½d. The Government inquiry into the rise of prices declares that it now needs a sovereign to purchase what 17s. purchased a few years ago. I am ignorant of the rights and wrongs of the Leeds strike; be they what they may, Leeds threw some 800 men, for whose welfare and maintenance the city is still *somehow* responsible, on the streets. It is not a proof of our much vaunted capacity for government.

Of co-partnership productive societies proper, those whose members own at least some of the capital, and who assist, or whose representatives assist, in the management, sixty-two in England and Scotland have survived the war. Gas-works are not included, these being mainly profit-sharing. At best it can be said of co-operative production: *Eppur si muove*. Much of the movement resembles the storming of Badajoz: the trenches are filled with the dead bodies of the vanguard. To change the metaphor, the harvest is plentiful, but the (co-part-

(1) Disallowed by Local Government at audit of accounts.

(2) On March 19th, 1914, the Press announced a scheme of reform. The *Times* states that the strike cost the city £112,000.

nership) labourers are few. And this in England, the home of modern industry, the first country to apply steam to machinery, to marshal labour in great battalions, to summon the woman and even the child into the factory, whilst irrationally reprimanding the former for her presence—witness the utterances of the Rt. Hon. J. Burns. Evidently such censors are unaware of the fact that women worked hard in the cottage industries before the birth of the factory system.

It is not improbable that England, more than any other country, possesses the right conditions for establishing a truly human organisation of labour. The responsibility of building it rests on her. Despite the growing unrest of the labour world, the relations between employer and employed are better here than in any other country. In a taciturn, morose way, each respects the other, admires his capacity—it takes eleven Americans to do the work of ten Englishmen¹—and sympathises with his difficulties. Large numbers of employers are convinced that the present relations of labour and capital are unstable and unmoral. George Holyoake long ago observed that the right relation is for labour to hire capital, whereas the reverse obtains. The labour movement resembles the woman movement in being spiritual. So long as capital hires labour, the worker is deprived of the sense of responsibility, of possession, of freedom, the very conditions that develop the best in humanity; without them, it dwindles and degenerates.

Timid and profit-seeking as is much of our Press, omitting much of what is happening in the labour world, it has had to chronicle many violent outbreaks, smouldering fire has burst into the flame of shipping, coal and railway strikes; disastrous collisions have occurred between the police, occasionally supplemented by the military, and the workers. Un-English attempts were made at Liverpool to fire a great liner; the railway lines have had to be closely watched. The Board of Trade has rushed to the rescue, smoothed and straightened to the best of its great ability. But no Conciliation Board, no Trade Union with its policy of negotiations, of levelling down the capacity of the best workman to that of the worst, can ever effect what co-partnership can do. For it calls on each man to do his best, his utmost, in the pursuit of wealth and happiness.

The recent publication of the third and last volume of Jean-Baptiste André Godin's biography by the Association of the Familistery at Guise should interest all who seek a more fair and stable adjustment of the relations of labour and capital. Godin

(1) As worker, disregarding machinery. An American writer claims that, with scientific organisation and up-to-date machinery, the American worker doubled the output of the British.

founded in 1880 the greatest and most successful co-partnership scheme that the world has yet seen. The volume in question is in French, and for this reason will probably remain a closed book to many for whom its lessons would be valuable. It deals with the years 1877-80, when Godin founded the Association of the Familistery, preparing to work off all his capital into the hands of the men.

His life-story, wonderful in its consistency, is the fulfilment of a youthful vow. It can be so arranged, simply by the omission of circumstances that were very important to his happiness, as to read like the triumphant entry of a conquering general into a beleaguered city. In reality it contained the elements of a great tragedy, for, like most reformers, he paid a heavy price for the singleness of his aim, and the undeviating constancy with which he pursued it. The man who sacrificed a third of his fortune to aid a Fourierist scheme in the New World; half of a much larger fortune amassed at a later stage which French law commanded him to hand over to his wife and son; who parted from that wife and son because his and their aims were divergent; who sacrificed all for Labour, only to realise in his closing years that Labour can be selfish and unintelligent, even when its own interests are deeply concerned; the life of such a man has in it all the elements of a tragedy. Little wonder that as his seventy-one years rolled on to their close his face showed clearly that he was a man of sorrows acquainted with grief.

Godin was born at Esqueh ries (Aisne) in 1817. He was the only son of a locksmith, receiving a little education at the village school. At seventeen he and his cousin, Jacques Moret, started on their journeyman's tour of France in order to perfect themselves in their trade. It lasted three years, and neither young man ever forgot its hardships and miseries. The working-day was then fifteen hours, and the reward of their toil was low wages, coarse food, verminous holes to sleep in. Wherever they moved, the conditions were appalling: dirt, disease, immorality, degradation. Labour was accursed. Godin made the vow that if ever he became a master he would strive to make life more endurable and enjoyable for the worker; he would raise labour out of its shameful degradation.

He returned for a couple of years to his father's workshop, having learned and observed much. It was a part of the business to beat sheet-iron into stoves, the customer giving directions as to shape and dimensions. Young Godin hit upon this branch of his father's business as his own speciality. Being possessed of a quick, fertile, resourceful brain, he soon set up in business for himself, and taught the customer what kind of stove he should

ask for. He also patented his first invention, the use of cast- instead of sheet-iron. In all Godin made fifty distinct inventions in his business, contributing greatly to its success. At twenty-three he married a workman's daughter. His parents had given him £180 to set up for himself; his wife's parents gave an equal sum, and the pair began housekeeping on the plan of a common purse. The business flourished so well that he removed to Guise in 1846, taking thirty workmen with him. A neighbour remarked that he would find rivals there. "Yes," said Godin, "but I shall do better than they." And in truth he possessed the inimitable trade secret of being always ahead of the demand of the time. Loyal workers confided in his foresight and sagacity, thus enabling him to change plans rapidly where others halt and hesitate.

Even in these early days the master of the Guise foundry was improving conditions. Working hours were gradually diminished from fourteen to eleven; wages were rising; the periods of work were better arranged; fines and discipline were lighter.

Godin was not only an able captain of industry, but a social reformer of a pronounced and uncommon type. He was much attracted by Socialist schemes, and studied the work of Robert Owen at New Lanark Mills, as well as the extraordinary experiment at New Harmony, Indiana. The theories of St. Simon, of Cabet, Bazard, and Enfantin were well known to him. He had most in common with Fourier, of whose scheme of reform it may truly be said that much solid good sense is mixed up with a certain small amount of fantastic, impracticable non-sense. Posterity has chosen only to regard the latter, but Godin fixed his eye on the useful part of Fourierism, and long meditated how he could best apply it. He was free from the illusion that great advance can be made by way of legislation. Solid, durable blessings must be striven for; even paid legislators cannot secure them by Act of Parliament. Godin was personally acquainted with one of the most ardent and brilliant of Fourier's followers, Victor Considérant, whom he regarded as destined to achieve great things.

The times were troublous for reformers in every country, not least so in France. Louis Philippe had abdicated and fled; the reform party, Godin amongst them, demanded a Republic. But the Prince President had other views. The young Republic was quenched in blood, thousands of its upholders were slaughtered in Paris streets and by the *coup d'état* of 1861 the Second Empire began its course. The names of Communist, Socialist, Republican, Reformer were in evil odour, and many hundreds were deported to the French West Indies and*

Guiana by a jealous and vindictive Government precariously seated in power. Godin, well known to belong to the hated crew, twice suffered the humiliation of having his house searched by the police, and probably only escaped deportation because he was a considerable employer of labour. Crushed and spied on at home, reformers turned their eyes to the freer and happier lands of the West, much as English Puritans had done under the Laudian tyranny. Freedom there had not yet disgraced herself by trusts and political corruption generally. Considérant was to lead a faithful band to Texas, and found a great labour colony. Godin was made one of the directors in Europe, and subscribed £4,000, a third of his fortune, to help on the new venture. He followed the scheme with deep interest, and gave much admirable advice as well as a steam plough and other useful gifts. Reunion lasted from 1852 to 1855, and was dissolved amid a good deal of dissension. But Godin learned many valuable lessons: he realised that a theorist is not necessarily the best man to execute a plan; he grasped that a majority of the colonists wanted to take more out of the common purse than they put in; he saw that France, yes, his own foundry, under his own direction, was the best theatre for his reforming zeal. Caution and discretion were absolutely necessary. The foundry had developed; a branch at Schaerbeek, near Brussels, was started in 1852, which still exists and prospers. The patterns of stoves and heating apparatus generally are numerous, embracing some 900; they are for all kinds of fuel: coal, wood, coke, gas, paraffin, electricity. Other objects manufactured at the foundry are baths, lavatories, basins, irons, hot footstools, locks, knockers, sinks, everything for which metal is a suitable material in the fittings of a house or stable. The total number of designs is 2,000. From the first the employer interested the workmen in the success of the firm, rewarding them suitably for inventions and suggestions.

The wage a man earns depends on its purchasing power, and the shops of Guise gave little, and that little of a poor quality, in return for the worker's money. Godin was acquainted with the work of the Equitable Pioneers at Rochdale, and started Co-operative Stores for his men with his own capital in 1859; they have developed surprisingly, and have always been open to the whole town. Members must use a book in which the value of their purchases is entered; sometimes more than a tenth of their total value is returned to the purchaser, but he takes the bonus out in kind, not money.

The same year, the fruit of long meditation, the foundations of what is now the east wing of the Familistery were laid. His men were housed in wretched, insanitary hovels in Guise; if the

workers were to enjoy the equivalent of wealth, a beginning must be made with the home, which is at the same time the test and security of civilisation. The following sums were paid for the beautiful site and most imposing group of buildings which Godin erected one after the other as need arose and funds permitted :-

			£
Site about 15 acres	2,000
1859 East wing		...	12,000
1862 Central court	} The Familistery proper	..	16,000
1877 West wing		...	16,000
1869 Nurseries, theatre, schools, baths	10,000
1870 (circa) Various appendages	4,000
			£80,000

Fourier had given the name of Phalanstery to the building in which a phalanx of labour was housed; popular belief associated it with free love. Godin gave the name of Familistery to the magnificent group of buildings he erected for his men; it means the family home; Littré ascribes the invention of the word to him. The founder often spoke of it as the Social Palace; its elevation, extensive façade, the belvedere of the main court, which recedes the depth of the two wings, Godin's statue in the open space between them, form a dignified and harmonious whole, arresting attention and evoking admiration. Built of brick with substantial stone dressings, four stories high, the stately appearance of the Familistery is only one of many titles to approval; every detail has been thought out with scrupulous regard for health and comfort. Excellent sanitation, a pure, plentiful water supply, light, air, through draughts, numerous entrances, three wide balconies, running round the inner courts, which give entry to each flat, convenient, good-sized rooms, are among the advantages of these dwellings. Perhaps the visitor is most struck by the spacious park, the bridge across the river, the pleasure and fruit gardens which surround the workers' homes. No wall separates them from the rest of Guise; the inhabitants, having none of their own, are free to use the park. The Oise meanders through the grounds, among trees, arbours, and flower-beds, in two arms, meeting at a picturesque spot, Le Moulin Neuf. The workshops are not visible from the Familistery, being separated by ground, the river, and a street. It is significant that the fruit is left to ripen on the trees; when gathered, it is sold in the stores. The cleaning of stairs, balconies, and all that requires common usage costs £270 annually, and is defrayed by the firm. Had the flats not been appreciated, only the first wing would have been built; but "living in" is cheap and popular. Afterwards two other buildings were erected to meet the continued demand: the Pavillon André Godin, the largest of all, and a two-storied block

in the rue Sadi Carnot. In all, there are 487 flats, housing some 1,600 persons. Each building is an excellent example of solid and honourable workmanship manipulating the best materials obtainable. After being used and inhabited fifty years, the east and oldest wing looks as if it had been erected yesterday.

Godin's idea was not merely to erect workmen's dwellings, but in part to bridge over class distinctions, much as our settlements do. He himself lived and died there, and all heads of departments, including the present Director, are housed in the Familistery. Rents are low, having been based on those charged in Guise at the date of building; a workman and his wife can have two good rooms, a cellar, and a strip of garden for £6 per annum. For this sum they may use the nurseries, schools, and enjoy all other advantages the Familistery offers. Generally one room, the kitchen living-room, looks on to a glazed court, which is well ventilated; the other is commonly furnished as a bed-sitting-room, commanding a beautiful and appreciated view. It is easy to throw two flats into one for the use of larger families; payment is always made by the square yard and varies according to floor from 26 to 23 centimes as one ascends. The prices charged compare very favourably with those of the Peabody Donation and Guinness Trust buildings in London; one room costs annually over £5, and both bodies started housing operations with a great endowment, £500,000 in the case of the Peabody. The two-roomed flat I visited in the Familistery had a rental equal to one-thirteenth of the worker's wages; in London the tenants of "buildings" often pay a fifth, a fourth, or even more. The glazing of the courts allows housewives to reach their shopping dry-shod; mothers can also conveniently walk to the nursery or *pouponnat*, a school for children between two and four years old. The central court is used for the Festival of Labour on May 1st—Godin initiated Labour Day—and that of childhood in September. The Familistery at Guise yields £4,000 annually, being 3 per cent. on the invested capital. The Belgian branch demanded a Familistery too, and one was erected in 1887 to house seventy-two families.

In nothing does Godin's genius for detail show itself more strikingly than in the nursery and babies' school. He accepted without question the dictum of Fourier (1772-1837) that France was the adopted home of uncleanness; his journeyman's tour from 1834-37 confirmed it. Education in cleanliness must begin with the babe in the cradle and be carried right on, stage by stage. After much experimenting, and the recognition on his part that to put an infant on the same kind of bed as an adult uses was pure folly, he decided that bran, covered by a little cotton sheet,

is the best material. Three generations of Familistery babies have used it with the best results. They are taught to walk in the Delbrück cage, a low gallery on whose double rails a child leans his arms and pulls himself along. Infants are expected by the age of 28 months to have learned cleanly habits, to walk, talk, pass each other without falling or knocking each other down. There is no compulsion on mothers to use the nursery; if they use it, they are free to do so for the whole day or a portion, as wished. But the results are so excellent that it is largely used in the daytime, most mothers fetching the baby home in the evening. Children between 2 and 4 continue their education in the *pouponnat*, passing later into the kindergarten, and then into the elementary schools up to the age of 14. Co-education has been in vogue from the first; Godin was emphatically a feminist, holding that exaggeration of sex-distinction is anti-social and harmful. Few good schools were to be found anywhere when those of the Familistery were opened; in 1870 they were marvels. Light, spacious, charmingly decorated class-rooms receive the scholars; their work has been always based on the soundest principles of pedagogy. The child handles objects, proceeds from the concrete to the abstract, curiosity is stimulated, love of knowledge awakened and gratified: the teachers are capable, and inspire respect and affection. In all this pioneer work, the result of deep thought, inquiry in various directions and careful selection, repeated and incessant, the founder was aided by his secretary, Marie Moret, and by her sister, Mme. Emilie Dallet. The former showed organising ability and capacity of a high order; her gentleness, modesty, and ready helpfulness in smoothing over difficulties earned for her the title of "the good angel of the Familistery." Her father had long been head of a department in the foundry.

Shortly after the erection of the east wing occurred M. Godin's breach with his family. His wife, a workman's daughter, was deeply opposed to his socialistic schemes. The prophet is often without honour in his own country; it is perhaps correct to say that the enthusiasm of English and American visitors has helped to evoke French appreciation of Godin's work, at least in its early days. Probably not only the small town of Guise, but most of the Aisne department, regarded the Familistery as a strange and monstrous growth, destined to a speedy and miserable collapse, like the Indiana and Texas schemes. Hostility was fanned by the landlords whose wretched hovels had depreciated in rental, and by small local traders whose custom had diminished through their incapacity to supply a good article at a fair price. The Co-operative Stores taught hard lessons to unwilling learners;

that the Stores were open to the whole town can only have been an additional grievance. To the day of Godin's death, the local Press conducted an acrimonious campaign against the greatest citizen of Guise. Mme. Godin had a strong body of public opinion to support her hostility to the Familistery. Their only son, Emile, shared his mother's views, and once only appeared at a labour festival to pour contempt on it. Mme. Godin brought a law-suit against her husband to restrain him from using her share of their common fortune in a speculative enterprise. The Court decreed that he must pay half of his fortune, £100,000, to his wife and son before proceeding with his scheme.

In 1869 he was chosen President of the Commission of Guise. When the German Army entered the town, threatening to fire it and shoot the town councillors unless a large sum of money was paid, the President refused point-blank to pay a centime. The invaders withdrew, and afterwards it was known that Guise was one of very few places out of which a local sum had not been wrung in addition to the indemnity of £200,000,000 arranged by Government. For several years Godin was Mayor of Guise, as well as Deputy for Aisne; in the Chamber his experience of labours matters was valued.

These were years of extraordinary activity; at frequent intervals Godin published books and pamphlets dealing with Government and parliamentary reform, "Social Solutions," "Wealth in the Service of the People," "Sovereignty and Rights of the People," "the Republic of Labour." In a rare degree he combined the profound thinker on social questions, the highly successful business man, the organiser of exceptional capacity. There is scarcely one of his schemes that was not thought out beforehand so completely that little alteration of detail was required afterwards. His method was the reverse of *solvitur ambulando*, for the plan was based on the results of previous experiment, sifted and carefully adapted to new conditions. In 1886 he founded the French Peace and Arbitration Society, and the same year, his wife having died, he married his cousin, Marie Moret, who for many years had been his collaborator in the work dearest to his heart. Unhappily, the end of an exceptionally active, inspiring, and honourable life was very near; he died in January, 1888, and lies buried in the high ground of the Familistery, known as Le Calais. A handsome monument, symbolising the dignity of labour, marks the spot. According to the founder's directions, his tomb bears his final message to the workers, wise words impressing on them the need for union, peace, justice, forgiveness, love of humanity. The first sentence is a command: "Venez près de cette tombe lorsque vous aurez besoin de vous rappeler

que j'ai fondé le Familistère pour l'Association fraternelle." But though thirty years have elapsed, no disunion serious enough to require a pilgrimage to Godin's tomb has ever disturbed the general peace. In this respect the scheme differs from those bearing the melodious names of Harmony and Reunion. His wife and helper survived him twenty years; since 1908 she lies buried by his side.

Godin left his entire fortune of £124,000 to the workers. He had offered his second wife the same terms in marriage as his first one; she refused them, the separate purse was adopted, and the whole estate passed to the workers. Mme. Godin, on retiring from the management, busied herself with the publication of a magazine her husband had founded, *Le Decor*, and with the writing of his biography, of which the third volume appeared in 1911, having been completed by her sister, Mme. E. Dallet.

This volume covers a period of three years, 1877-80, during which time he drew up the whole working scheme of the Association of the Familistère. Gradually the men have become the owners of this great property, but only on condition that they accept the scheme and work it on the lines laid down by the Statutes of Association. The foundry was forty years old and highly prosperous; yet it required guidance, foresight, and capacity. The heritage was not to be dissipated by mismanagement. He invited his employees, then numbering over a thousand men and women, the latter chiefly employed in the Stores, Schools, and Familistère, to confer with him in the theatre as to the terms on which labour and capital should associate; master and men together were to formulate the scheme. As a follower of Fourier, Godin aimed at a democratic basis, and wanted the men to form themselves into Groups, Group-Unions, Councils of Direction, and General Councils. Every special branch of work in the foundry and Familistère was to have a separate group, and of these there were 116 and 46 respectively. They were to examine materials and conditions, study possible improvements, the cutting down of waste and expense, to make suggestions; methods of transit, markets, and changes in demand were to be observed. Groups were to be numerous rather than large; a man could join any group or several. They were not to amalgamate, but to unite in Group-Unions. Naturally, the field for each one was very limited; doubtless Godin hoped they would prove educative and develop interest in the general well-being. Suggestions were to pass through the four bodies named, finally reaching the General Councils for the works or Familistère; the decision of these bodies was final. Only a third of the men ever attended to hear the details of the scheme.

When urged to ask questions, so that difficulties might be discussed, they preserved a gloomy silence. Once or twice Godin received anonymous letters of disapproval. Several workers were found to be labouring under the mistake that because a notice convoking the meeting had been affixed to a gate of the Familistery, the scheme referred to it rather than the foundry; of course, it included both. Heads of departments and foremen, the most intelligent amongst the audience, were not enamoured of the idea that the men should offer advice and suggestions; to meet their wishes it was laid down that persons must never be criticised. Even so, they held that rejected advice might breed discord. There is little doubt that the reason so many men held aloof, not even attending to hear what Godin's intentions were, lay in the fact that the yearly money-bonus they had received on certain conditions for some time past had been withheld. They were sulking. During the three years the scheme was being elaborated the amount formerly paid as bonus was entered on a savings (or share) certificate, and counted as so much capital possessed by the holder. The discontented drew to their side a considerable number who failed to understand the scheme. These would only hear a distorted version with adverse comments. It was frequently said that all this prate about fraternity and love of humanity was a dodge to get more work out of the men at the money.

After much explanation and exhortation, about a fourth of the employees enrolled themselves in groups. The master spoke out very plainly as the work proceeded, but unfortunately only those who attended his lectures, thus giving some proof of personal devotion, heard his reprimands. "Up to the present, I have only found selfishness among you." He reminded them how several of his ablest workmen had left him during his business career, despite all that he had done for his men, and set up in business for themselves or joined his manufacturing rivals. They had brought down prices, thus making his work more difficult, and often entailing ruin on themselves and their families. The thought that he was thrusting on the workers substantial benefits which they completely failed to appreciate long rankled in Godin's mind. Even after the Association was formed he told them that he resembled Columbus with a mutinous, faithless crew, men more ready to turn back than to be guided to the New World of associated labour and capital. Behind his back they called the scheme Utopian, a dreamer's vision; but he energetically reminded them that at least the works, the Familistery and its developments were more solid than the stuff dreams are made of.

The groups functioned languidly from September, 1877, to

March, 1878, when they died of inanition. A few, nevertheless, did make useful suggestions: It was clear that Labour could not help its Saviour; he alone, or with aid such as he could select, must formulate the scheme. He summoned to his assistance great lawyers, specialists in the relations of labour and capital, from Paris, Valenciennes, Nantes, to help in drawing up the 172 Statutes of Association. One of them exclaimed at the strange sight of a wealthy capitalist seeking expert aid to divest himself of the powers conferred on him by the ownership of vast workshops, in order to transfer those powers to the workers. Godin was also helped by Mr. E. Vansittart Neale, whose valuable services to co-operative production have earned for him a commemorative tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral; he brought the founder not only the comfort of his presence, but ripe judgment and the fruit of a unique experience. In October, 1880, the Statutes were completed and the Association formed. Godin counted three years back from that date to create a title for his partners. When the scheme was first proposed in May, 1877, twenty-eight men had volunteered to form the new Association, and of these only seven were workmen. When completed, it was not democratic, as originally intended, but a genuine hierarchy of graded labour; the government of the Society rests entirely with the upper class, which remains open to merit and service. To-day the numbers stand:—

Members (<i>Associés</i>)	427
Associates (<i>Sociétaires</i>)	89
Participants	1,212
Total	1,708

These form the Association of the Familistery. Outside it are 1,020 auxiliaries, including apprentices, regular workmen who are or will be candidates for third-class membership (participants) and a certain amount of casual labour. Candidates to the different classes are admitted by a two-thirds vote at the annual meeting of members.

The Association has now lasted thirty-nine years, having been attended by remarkable prosperity. It has been financially even more prosperous under M. Colin's management than during the lifetime of M. Godin. In 1888, by the founder's will, the Association inherited his fortune of £124,000 on condition that the Statutes were faithfully observed. These can only be altered by Act of Parliament. If not administered faithfully, the bequest would be cancelled and pass into other hands. If any workers remained unconvinced after the contents of Godin's will were made public, their conversion must have been finally effected in

1894-5, when the first shareholders were paid off in hard cash; the workers had not been cheated; those savings certificates in the cylindrical tin cases meant solid money after all.

The government of the Association rests entirely with the members. A member—women are included—must be twenty-five years old at least, have resided five years in the Familistery, have worked five years for the Association, be able to read and write, possess at least £20 invested in its funds, and be admitted by vote at the yearly meeting. The other two classes must have served three years and one year respectively, but associates must live in the Familistery; participants may. Some associates have been working twenty, thirty, and even forty years in the foundry.

The Society has now a capital of £262,000; by a recent resolution £2,000 must be added to it yearly. The balance sheet for 1913 shows that the turnover was £380,000, including the rental of the Familisteries and the business done in the Stores; the gross profits amounted to £56,000. From this were written off:—

Mortgages, &c.	£4,700 ¹
Depreciation of buildings, plant	7,100
Mutual Assurance Societies	4,500
Education	1,100
Interest on capital	12,500

Thus left a net profit of £22,300 to be shared by capital, labour, and ability as follows:—

DISTRIBUTION OF NET PROFIT.		£
Interest of capital and labour		18,800 ¹
To the Director, 4 per cent.		1,054
Committee of Management, 12 per cent.		3,400
(whose members are also heads of departments.)		
Saved by Committee and added to Pension Fund		800
Labour Superintendence Committee		500
Reward of inventions, useful suggestions, &c.		500
Maintenance of pupils in State schools		260

The way in which the £18,800 is divided amongst the workers is very original. A distribution rate is found (it is extraordinarily complicated) amounting to 9·3 for 1913. The wage of a member is doubled to share in this sum; that of an associate is one and a half, that of a participant is the actual salary. Moreover, twenty years' service with the Association may let an associate count at the member's rate, or a participant at the associate's. Thus a participant received 9·3 per cent. of his wage, an associate 14, a member 18·6.

Of course, the rate depends on the net profit. The sums thus earned are not paid in cash, but placed to the shareholder's credit on his certificate (*titre d'épargne*). After a term of years such shareholders are paid off in cash, and fresh certificates

(1) Round numbers; they make totals slightly inaccurate.

issued to the workmen, and by this means the capital is constantly circulating amongst them. The workers have attained the ideal: they hire capital; it does not hire them. It should be understood that the interest alluded to previously, £12,500, is paid on their own capital, to *themselves*, and it is paid in cash. A workman member earning £80 per annum and holding £100 of stock in the funds, would earn £5 on the latter, paid in cash, and £14 17s. 6d. on his salary. This last sum raises his stock to £114 17s. 6d., on which amount the interest for 1914 will be calculated. Before the war 472 persons or their heirs held stock in the Association and were not working for it. They will be paid off at different dates, and shares issued to new entrants and workers. It should be mentioned that the Director and all heads of departments count as members and must reside in the Familistery.

The extraordinary and continued success of the scheme seems to me due to three main causes. First to the Statutes, long and most carefully elaborated by years of patient toil, and based on a wide experience of labour and its conditions. Harmony and Reunion had doubtless very haphazard constitutions compared with the Familistery. And Godin's labour was supplemented by a body of workmen who had been in his employ for lengthy periods. Able, practical, disciplined, their collaboration was of high value; the tradition remains.

Secondly, much of the success is due to the training of the children in the schools. The only real compulsion in the Familistery is that of education, for participants may live out of the buildings. The training in itself is admirable, on the right lines, and its effects in manners and morals are carefully watched. It is a genuine preparation for life. The classification of the pupils is minute and efficient; education in the schools costs per head nearly twice as much as in French elementary schools. The third cause is the great reward given to ability. Every useful suggestion is paid for. The Committee that manages the affairs of the Association, usually composed of eleven men, heads of departments and the Steward of the Familistery, sits in three capacities: (a) for the general business of the Association, monthly; (b) for the foundry business, weekly; (c) for the Familistery proper, weekly. The Director is Chairman. Each member is remunerated for his services, receiving over and above his salary £385 in 1910, £283 in 1913. The sum earned by the Managing Director, M. Colin, £1,054, besides his fixed salary, will be grudged by no one. He is the right man in the right place. Able, genial, possessed of great organising capacity, the Association owes much to his energy and guiding power. When I visited the Familistery, he kindly granted me a few minutes

and explained some of my difficulties. Remembering the dictum of text-books on political economy, that committees cannot retain the services of a good manager, because they hamper progress and initiative, I alluded to this belief. But M. Colin disagreed. The Familistery Committee is composed of responsible, experienced men, who share and lighten his responsibility.

I then touched on the 421 partners (at that date) to whom the annual report and balance sheet are submitted. The members every year choose three amongst themselves to form a Committee watching their special interests. On one occasion they proposed, voicing the members' wish, that a certain cheap stove should be removed from the catalogue, since the men (almost invariably paid by piecework) earned very little by it. "Do so, my friends, do so. But remember this. The day you remove that stove, you may as well remove a few others also. Numbers of buyers come to our showroom attracted by that cheap stove, end by taking a better article, and constantly repeat their orders." The cheap stove is still in the catalogue: workers take turns at the less well paid work. The incident confirms M. Colin's opinion that when the men are initiated in business affairs, when the reasons for a certain line of action are explained, they are amenable to reason, they learn to take wider views.

It is the Director's duty, laid down by the Statutes, to dwell on the moral aspect of the work: if need be, he must reprimand. A glance at the reports shows that M. Colin's popularity does not rest on neglect of this duty. Guise is renowned for the excellent finish of the work. But the Director knows that a few are inclined to scamp. "One would imagine there was nothing for them to look at in the workshop except the clock." Malingering, spirit-drinking, bad manners, neglect of cleanliness are all reprovéd. If a pupil maintained in the State schools fail to give satisfaction, it is noted. M. Colin's fixed and oft-expressed opinion is that the moral progress of the Familistery is in inverse proportion to its great material prosperity. In particular, grave complaint is made at every Annual Council that spirit-drinking leads to premature exhaustion, and lands men on the sickness and pension funds before their time.

The pensions are perhaps the least satisfactory feature of the work. When Godin died, pensioners numbered forty-five, and the sum set apart for their use was not all used. To-day they number 150, the entire sum is absorbed, and the fund would be in deficit but for a large subvention voted by the Association and the generosity of the Committee of Management, who devote to the fund a considerable sum, more than £1,400 in 1910, which they might use otherwise. An integral part of this branch of

mutual help is the grant in aid to necessitous families. Sometimes a workman's wage is insufficient to keep a large family in fair comfort. Population is stationary in France, so that no one suggests a further limitation of numbers. A calculation is made of what the family earns and what it needs; the difference is made up from the fund as long as the condition exists. Sixty-nine poor families were thus helped in 1912-13. The Director hints in the reports that necessitous families could be better relieved if so many workers did not throw themselves on the pension fund. Wages have risen steadily since the Association was founded; the average was 3s. 5d. in 1880, 4s. 6½d. in 1910.

Such is the scheme devised by this great-brained, great-hearted Frenchman. Its success rests on a moral basis: the general well-being must be the aim of all; each member must work to the best of his capacity.

The scheme has passed first through a phase of profit-sharing, and then of co-partnership with the founder. To-day it is in its third phase, a notable example of co-operative production.

It is a moot question who shall direct labour, the State, the employers, the workers. The State itself is not always a model employer. Sweating has not been unknown in the past. Even in the Post Office, which annually piled up a profit¹ of £4,000,000 for the Exchequer, conditions and the payment of a living wage have to be watched. The Post Office discriminates unfairly between the sexes, as do various other branches of the Civil Service, factory inspection and teaching, on the well-worn and foolish plea that a man's possible paternity (or his vote) demands more consideration than a woman's maternity (or lack of vote). The story of the Familistery seems to prove that there is still a great rôle for employers. The discordant voices in the ranks of labour, the variety of aims, conditions, and methods make it difficult to believe that labour alone will achieve the goal and make good the claim, *I am the State*.

There are hungry political sheep looking up and demanding to be fed. Such weighty matters of the law are left untouched as:—

(a) A minimum wage, which Mr. Sidney Webb has shown to be successful in Australia and other countries.

(b) Better education and more of it, both elementary and secondary. The Hon. Geo. Peel has well said that in secondary education "the battle of England's commercial supremacy may be lost and must be won."

(c) Better care for the race.

(1) The profit of £5,000,000 in 1917-18 is now wiped out. At the last Budget, deficit of £2,000,000 was announced.

"Health is the statesman's first duty," said Lord Beaconsfield. But the Children Act aims at child-care without an effort to raise the mother; it seeks to improve the fruit, but does not tend the plant. The old-age pension scheme pensions the aged, the least useful to the State; the widow and deserted wife with young children must fend for themselves. The Insurance Act deals with sickness, but leaves untouched its taproots: unemployment or casual employment, overcrowding and bad housing, an amount of technical instruction that only touches the fringe of our needs. The consideration of these and of cognate conditions reminds one of Lord Acton's biting criticism on the composition of Parliament:--

"The men who pay wages ought not to be the political masters of those who earn them (because laws should be adapted to those who have the heaviest stake in the country, for whom misgovernment means not mortified pride or stinted luxury, but want, and pain, and degradation, and risk to their own lives and to their children's souls)."

In these few words lies the real reason why reform lags, why the children of this wealthy land must earn wages instead of receiving education, and why such movements as that of co-partnership do not extend as rapidly as they deserve.

C. S. BREMNER.

[After the retreat from Mons, August 28th-29th, 1914, Guise fell into German hands. The city and Familistery have suffered cruelly. No reliable news was available until November, 1918, when it was bombarded by the Allies and fell into their hands. The left wing of the main building was fired of set purpose by the Germans in September, 1914, all the works dismantled and the machinery carried to Germany; the bronze shards of Godin's statue and all the raw materials accompanied it. As time went on, the inhabitants of the main building and of the Pavillon Andre' Godin were expelled; the buildings became barracks for the invaders. The courts are heaped up with detritus and covered with weeds. The condition of filth, infection, disrepair, is indescribable. The frames of the moulding-shed served as firewood, models and standards were hammered to pieces. The strong young men have mostly been maimed or killed; the veterans have resumed work, and after immense exertions have cleared and cleaned parts of the buildings, re-erected some of the machinery. On August 16th, 1919, 60 moulders set up one of the six foundries, and 225 iron-workers returned to the workshops. It has been christened the Victory Foundry, a monument to French courage and energy. This account of the Familistery would have been published earlier but for the lack of news until Guise was reoccupied by the French.—Ed.]

BATH—SOMERSET—HENRY FIELDING.¹

We, members of our Literary Club, who meet to carry on the traditions of the men "of light and leading" in our ancient city and this noble county of Somerset, we are familiar with all that does honour to both. But I fear that too many of our fellow-citizens seldom recall to mind—perhaps they hardly know—all the titles to distinction they may fairly claim. Let us devote a sitting to rehearse some of the memories of which we are so justly proud.

With the Apostle we may truly say: "We are citizens of no mean city"—certainly one of the most ancient in Britain, one foremost among all the cities of Britain, which by their Roman remains bear witness as links between the civilisation of the ancient and the modern world. Somerset and Devon are the largest counties in the south of England—the heart of Wessex—the original home of our Saxon Kingdom, every corner of which is associated with our glorious Alfred and the long struggle which made England as a whole. Our county has two seats of ancient Bishoprics—two grand cathedrals—in Wells, perhaps the most perfect example of the decorative resources of the Gothic builders. Has any other county more splendid churches, bell-towers and spires, more breezy downs and beacon tops, more lovely valleys, such tremendous gorges as those at Clifton and Cheddar—such luscious meadows? Is not Glastonbury the premier Abbey, altogether the most venerable relic of early monasticism in all Britain, the most pathetic of all ruins?

A word or two as to Glastonbury—which Cardinal Gasquet, once Abbot of Downside, calls "one of the most renowned sanctuaries of the Christian world"—"the centre of Christianity in Southern and Western England during Saxon times." Do not these mighty and historic ruins recall a world of past ages and immortal heroes—of Arthur—*Illic jacet inclitus rex Arturius in insula Avalonia*—whose bones, they say, King Edward I. and Queen Eleanor placed under the high altar—and then again it was the refuge of Alfred who had there the dream that inspired him—there, too, is the seat of Abbot Dunstan, who as Archbishop of Canterbury crowned Edgar in the Abbey of Bath. As a historian myself, I do not guarantee the authenticity of all these legends about Glastonbury—not even about the Arimathean Thorn which I salute daily in our beautiful Botanic

(1) An address given to the Bath Literary Club.

Garden. I leave the responsibility of these famous myths to the Cardinal and his friends, whose historic style too often trenches on the flamboyant form of Gothic. But whether we accept all the pious legends which have gathered round it, still, as Mr. Ralph Cram says, "it is the first and greatest house of the oldest and most famous monastic order." For legendary and poetic purposes I hold by Joseph of Arimathea, by King Arthur, and Alfred, and Dunstan and all, just as I hold by King Bladud and the pigs, who first discovered the miraculous power of our Baths. Even if half of the tales about our county, its city, and its abbeys are pious dreams, still there is quite enough, in Bath and in Somerset, of real history, of immortal poetry, of exquisite art, to place them both in the forefront of all that is most worthy of honour in the United Kingdom.

Now—as to the famous Englishmen whom Somerset bred, or healed, maintained, or honoured. Apart from Alfred, saint, hero, and ruler, whose life and deeds sanctify so many spots in the county, and other saintly and venerable names of mediæval times, we may claim two of the chief philosophers not only of Britain, but even of Europe—Roger Bacon, born at Ilchester in 1211, one of the greatest men of the Middle Ages; John Locke, born at Wrington in 1632, whose reputation still stands amongst that of the four or five British thinkers of world-wide fame. Then we have great seamen, such as Admiral Blake, born at Bridgwater in 1599, and Lord Hood, Nelson's comrade, born at Butleigh in 1721; John Pym, the great leader of the House of Commons in their struggle with Charles and Strafford. And we justly claim as ours the great Lord Chatham, who was M.P. for Bath, built his house in the Circus, lived at Bath for many years as Prime Minister, and owned Burton Pynsett at his death. But I pass over all the men of letters or of art who were born in the city or county or who passed years in it—Bishop Hooper, martyr of early Protestantism; the poet Coleridge, Walter Bagehot; Alexander Kinglake, historian of the Crimean War, and first of travellers; the painter Gainsborough; the architects, John Woods, the builders of eighteenth-century Bath, men of European reputation, and Ralph Allen, whom history and literature praise as the ideal of a great citizen.

To-night we may take these as already toasted and honoured. But I pass on to speak of the greatest of all our literary names—one of the great names in the modern literature of Europe—Henry Fielding, the true creator of our home romance of life and manners, one of the mighty masters of our English tongue, a rare scholar, and a practical reformer of public law. I take occasion to return to Fielding because a Professor of Yale

University in America, has devoted years of research to the life of our novelist; and he has just published in three handsome octavo volumes everything about Fielding, his friends, his family, his age, and his works, which industry can collect.¹ We now have every fact of our author, with meticulous research and patient sifting of evidence, and we are not likely ever to discover more. Our American critic amply supports, and perhaps even exaggerates, the language of praise which all competent judges have long devoted to Fielding's chief works—*Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*. He very rightly calls attention to the intense vitality and truth to human nature in every character in these books—never equalled unless by Shakespeare himself—to the consummate skill in the plot of *Tom Jones*—a kind of skill that neither Richardson, nor Scott, nor Dickens, nor Thackeray ever approached—which Coleridge declared was equal to the plot of Sophocles' *Edipus King*. Mr. Cross extols the inexhaustible humour, versatility, and irony of the satire, such as Lucian, Cervantes, and Rabelais alone possessed; and, lastly, the noble sense of humanity and the generous instincts which shine throughout, both in rollicking comedy and in naked farce. Mr. Cross now tells us the surroundings in which these wonderful pictures of life were produced, the fields whereon all this panorama of our eighteenth century was studied, and the real persons whose portraits were drawn, or whose whimsicalities, virtues, and vices suggested the pictures. It is needless to follow Mr. Cross in all his enthusiastic tribute to these masterpieces. As unerring and Hogarthian studies of human nature in its everyday aspect of the middle of the eighteenth century, they rank with the most perfect achievements of creative genius.

We might exhaust an evening in discussing the beauty and the charm of any single one of the great romances, perhaps even in analysing any one of the leading characters in each. So I shall attempt nothing more than to note those points in Mr. Cross's new work which specially identify Fielding's life and romances with Bath and Somerset—or those points which throw some new light on Fielding as a man, a scholar, and a social reformer. Ordinary Bath books are apt to make Fielding rather too much of a Somerset resident; they entirely ignore his immense range of general culture and learning; and still more they know little of his heroic work as a practical moralist, wise law-maker, and courageous magistrate. All these things Mr. Cross has worked out with almost tiresome minuteness of documentary proof, accounting for every year, month, almost every

(1) *The History of Henry Fielding*, by Wilbur L. Cross, New Haven, U.S.A. and Oxford University Press. Three vols. 8vo. 1918.

week of Fielding's short life, with its perpetual change of place and home, his unwearied activity in his library, in his public office; his habits, his friends, relations, pecuniary struggles, and reckless generosities.

Mr. Cross, of course, accepts Mr. Round's detection (in 1894) of the spurious genealogy of the Denbigh family as descended from the Austrian Hapsburgs. So down goes the famous eulogy of Gibbon which in his very flamboyant style told the world how "our immortal Fielding will outlive the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle." He certainly will: and in 1919 we may perhaps rejoice that our great English moralist is no longer to be encumbered with the thrones of Spain or of Austria. The story of the forgery of documents for the early Earls of Denbigh and Desmond, and the rest of them down to the ancestors and father of the novelist, are all told in great detail in Mr. Cross's first chapter (pp. 1-41).

The popular account is that Henry Fielding was the eldest son of General Fielding by the daughter of Sir Henry Gould, and was born at Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, in 1707. Perhaps some persons suppose that he came of a wealthy and titled family, was heir to his father's fine landed estate, and no doubt passed his early life in Somerset. Nothing of the kind. His father at marriage was simply major in a foot regiment, without any estate at all. He apparently ran away with Sir Henry Gould's daughter, Sarah, who very likely bore her first child—our Henry—at Sharpham Park, the property of her father, the Judge. There is no register of the birth, and it would seem that the major was then in service in Ireland, but Cross thinks our Henry was really born at Sharpham, which had once been a manor belonging to the Benedictine Abbey of Glastonbury. Sir Henry Gould made his will just before the birth of his grandson, and gave £3,000 in trust for his daughter, then Mrs. Fielding, "but her husband should have nothing to do nor intermeddle therewith." Edmund Fielding, the father, never became a General officer until Henry was of age. He never had any interest in Sharpham Park—he was a gambler, married a series of wives, was continually in difficulties; and altogether was a very unsatisfactory father to a young man of high birth, ambition, pride, and genius.

Our Henry lived with his mother and grandfather at Sharpham Park for two years and a half. In his third year Sir Henry Gould bought a farm at East Stour in Dorset, for which he paid £4,750; he left Somerset and went to reside there with his daughter and her children. But on his death in 1710 the Fielding trustees, and Edmund Fielding in part, bought the East Stour

estate from the executors of the Judge. Thus Henry's childhood and early youth were passed in Dorset, not in Somerset; and his first impressions are all of that Stour country. East Stour in Dorset continued to be the residence of Henry's grandmother, Lady Gould, of his own mother and her numerous children, the father apparently gambling in London. In 1718, when Henry was eleven, his mother died and was buried at East Stour. Henry was sent to Eton and was taken charge of by Lady Gould at Salisbury, which became his early home. East Stour indeed and that Dorset country is the scene of his first book, *Joseph Andrews*; and it ceased to be in any sense the home of Henry in 1738, when he was thirty-one and long ago had settled in London. The idea that Henry Fielding was ever owner of, or even heir to, considerable landed estates in Somerset is entirely gratuitous.

A careful study of Mr. Cross's authorities will show that Fielding's connection with Somerset or with Bath is rather occasional and casual. If not born at Sharpsham, he certainly passed his infancy there; and possibly he visited his uncle there during his youth. At Salisbury, living with his grandmother, Henry used to see the beautiful sisters, Charlotte and Catherine Cradock. According to Cross, Henry, then twenty-seven, ran off with Charlotte, took her to Bath, and in November, 1734, they were married at Charlcombe—in the register, both described "as of the parish of St James in Bath." This of course was a fiction, as neither had any but nominal residence in Bath. It has misled some biographers. The truth is that Henry, like his father, made a runaway match with a lady of good position and some fortune. He had experience of it, for at the age of eighteen he had attempted to run off with Sarah Andrews, a beauty with a large fortune, at Lynne Regis in Dorset; there he assaulted her uncle and guardian who rescued her from the ravisher. Charlotte Cradock, whom he adored, is his own Sophia Western and his Amelia Booth. Fielding and his wife had two girls, but she died young in 1744 at Bath, where he had taken her for treatment. The body was taken up to London, and buried beside her daughter in St. Martin's in the Fields—not in the Abbey at Bath. Three years afterwards he married Mary Daniel, quite privately in a London City Church.

In Mr. Cross's three volumes we may read in exhausting detail the story of the Fieldings and the Goulds: with all their wives and their children, their cousins and their aunts, their quarrels, escapades, law-suits and monetary difficulties, their changes of residence, their loves and their hates. It has this interest at least, that Henry Fielding's life—his personal, family,

and social life—was itself a romance, and had many an incident such as we find in the novels. As Mr. Cross says, his ancestors and his surroundings exhibit family pride, humour, courage, military service, scholarship, and law—and he himself concentrated in one the characters of his forefathers. It is unfair to assume that he was either Tom Jones or Captain Booth; but he certainly had in him many a strain that he depicted in their portraits.

Now, as to Fielding's connection with our city and county. There is no positive evidence that he ever regularly resided in the county, except as an infant, and his visits to the city must be taken as incidents—first to the Baths, his marriage at Charlcombe, his intimacy with Ralph Allen at Prior Park, his undoubted stay at Twerton and also at Widcombe, Mr. Cross says "sometimes for several months in each year." In 1742 Fielding was at the Pump Room with his wife and wrote some verses to the reigning beauty, Jane Husband. He had no doubt made the acquaintance of Ralph Allen, then Mayor, who is celebrated in *Joseph Andrews*, and had already perhaps helped him with gifts. Fielding certainly knew Pope and he may have been with him as Allen's guest at Prior Park. Pope, writing to Allen, April, 1743, says: "Fielding has sent the books you subscribed for by the hand I employed in sending the £20 to him. In one chapter of the second volume he has paid you a pretty compliment on your house." This was the three volumes of the *Miscellanies*, published in 1743. The "compliment" was in the *Journey to the Next World*. But Fielding was continually praising Allen and Prior Park. We must remember that Pope died in May, 1744, when Fielding was only thirty-seven and had not written *Tom Jones* nor *Amelia*: and Fielding's attacks on the Papacy and the Jacobites could not be welcome to Pope. There is no reason to doubt Graves' account in his *Triflers* that Fielding "dined almost daily at Prior Park and lived while he was writing *Tom Jones* at Twerton, the first house on the right hand with a spread eagle over the door," now "Fielding's Lodge." Graves, the author of *The Spiritual Quixote*, who did not take up his residence at Claverton until after Fielding's death, may not have met him at all. Graves does not say he met Fielding, but only "Mrs. Fielding," i.e., the sister. "Fielding spent the summer and autumn of 1746 at Twerton and returned for briefer periods in the two following years" (Cross).

Joseph Andrews, 1742, was begun at Salisbury, and finished in London.

Tom Jones, 1749, was written partly at Bath and partly in London.

Amelia at Bow Street, 1752.

Much as we in Bath and in Somerset desire to think Henry Fielding as one of ours, it is clear that the principal scene of his life was in London or its neighbourhood, at any rate from January, 1785 (*stat.* twenty-eight), when he took his wife up to Buckingham Street, Strand, at the house of Mr. Cradock, presumably a cousin of his wife. In 1787 he became a student of law in the Middle Temple, and he applied himself to law with all his mind and his energy. In 1789 he took a house near the Temple, bought the series of the Law Reports and diligently studied them. In June, 1740, after three years of study and the regular term dinners, he was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, had chambers assigned him in Pump Court, and attended the Dorset assizes. After the publication of *Miscellanies*, April, 1743, Henry Fielding devoted himself to law—his wife failing in health, he himself quite impecunious. He attended Courts regularly at Westminster Hall, and in March and August went the Western Circuit, including Taunton and Wells. Poor as he was, he collected a Law Library of 300 volumes, mostly in folio, studied and annotated them. He was in training for the Bench. In October, 1748, he was made J.P. for Westminster and then for Middlesex, and became Presiding Justice at Bow Street. There for the last five years of his life he sat regularly as Justice—living in the house at Bow Street, given him by the Duke of Bedford, afterwards occupied by his brother, Sir John Fielding, and burnt down in the Gordon riots. In the elaborate researches of Mr. Cross we find Fielding in Somerset only as follows: his birth and infancy at Sharpham: at Twerton in the summers of 1746-7-8; at Widcombe about 1748. His changes of place are as numerous as those of Jones and of Booth in the romances. Even whilst living in London, and rent free in a fine house in Bow Street, he had constant short residences near London: at Twickenham, Barnes, and Ealing. And this ever-moving body and adventurous spirit now rests in far-off Portugal in sight of the Atlantic.

Mr. Cross, with all his zeal and industry, has added almost nothing new to what has been told us by Fielding's special interpreter, Austin Dobson, in his latest *Life* of 1907. In fact, Cross of 1918 is only Dobson of 1907—"writ large"; indeed, rather voluminous than luminous.

The points which Mr. Cross has elaborated more fully than other biographers of Fielding are, *first*, his mastery of law, his zeal as a judge, and his great and permanent influence on legal reform; *secondly*, his range of learning and his whole mind

saturated with ancient and modern literature, both serious and comic.

He possessed nearly the entire series of then extant law reports and he had annotated his own copies: *expertus discas quam gravis iste labor*.

In Bow Street he worked day and night, often sitting till 2 a.m. The nominal salary would be £1,000; but, as he remitted fees, took to live with him his blind brother John, his sister, and Margaret Collier, his sister's friend, and was always giving with open hand, he was usually in want of money. In May, 1749, he was made Chairman of Quarter Sessions. In June, 1749, his first Charge was published by desire—"a masterpiece of zeal, acumen and learning" (Cross)—addressed not so much to criminals as to the public. He devoted himself with passion to the task of suppressing brothels, gaming houses, and thieving, assault, and murder in the streets. In July, 1749, with remarkable courage he suppressed a dangerous riot in London, and stopped the sacking of houses by mobs. He drafted a Bill to check street robbery and sent it to the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. Then in a pamphlet he attacked the gin trade and all its criminal effects. In 1751 the very important Gin Licensing Act was passed, in 1752 the Act against disorderly houses, then the Act against murder in public places. He did his best to abolish the disgusting practice of public executions at Tyburn, and he certainly founded the system of a detective police in plain clothes. We all know from Hogarth, Smollett, Fielding, and from Lecky's *History of the Eighteenth Century* that the middle of it was a time of scandalous vice, crime, debauchery, and coarseness: that London was a sink of corruption and licence. A great improvement took place when George III. came to the throne in 1760, even before the moral and religious revival of the Quakers and the Methodists. Much of that revival was the work of Fielding, who was a precursor of John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and Whitefield.

It may be thought a paradox that Fielding should be lauded as a moralist and a reformer when he is usually regarded as having ruined himself by intemperance. Mr. Cross has very patiently investigated this charge. Certainly Henry Fielding was a free liver—ate and drank without regard to health, and was an intense lover of enjoyment in all its forms. He was a jovial man of his time, and no doubt would call Gray bookish, and Cowper a milk-sop. Walpole, Congreve, Addison, Gibbon, Steele, Fox, and W. Pitt drank or caroused with their fellows, and lived in a society that we should think scandalous and indecent. But Mr. Cross shows that Fielding could not have

been a sot, that his inexhaustible labours in literature as well as in law, his immense learning and his devotion to his public duties, make it impossible that he could have spent his nights in debauchery. Such prodigious work, in a life of perpetual anxiety, sorrow, and want, coupled with a reckless disregard of health in his habits, would make an end of the strongest man in his forty-eighth year.

There is no kind of evidence that Fielding was a gambler or a rake. Of course his ideas of chastity were not those of our present code of religion or of morals. He evidently thought that the free lives of young men was a matter for their conscience and their God, and not for the interference of their neighbours. But there is no evidence that Fielding ever wronged any woman or was what was then called a rake and a profligate. At eighteen he made desperate love to a young lady of his own rank. For years he courted another young lady living with her mother, and he married her when he was twenty-seven. There is no ground to doubt that he lived in perfect fidelity to her and was almost distracted at her death. He kept her maid in his household, and they wept together over her memory. That he married this woman three years afterward seems rather to suggest virtuous habits. She is said to have been a very good wife, affectionate with all the children, and "a very ugly woman." He made her his wife, for he was a family man and a doting father. Had he been a libertine he would have done what men of his class and time did, and would have not burdened himself with another wife and more children. Both he and his father never seem to have had too many.

We must always regret that Fielding allowed himself to use, and even to exaggerate, the foul language and moral cynicism current in his age and amongst the set of theatrical and idle people he lived with. It excludes his books from the young and innocent. But, as Coleridge pointed out, the breezy coarseness of Fielding is less mischievous than the close sentimentalism of Richardson. Still there are things in Fielding which for my part I condemn on grounds of art quite as much as of morality. *The Modern Husband* is simply disgusting. So is *Lady Bellaston*. It is no use for Fielding and his defenders to say that such things existed in the smart world and were even tolerated in it. In the first place, they were not tolerated on the stage and in novels, even in that age and in that world. *The Modern Husband* play was denounced again and again: Lady Mary Montagu, Fielding's cousin, said he had made Tom Jones "a scoundrel." In the next place, there are things in fact which are so disgusting that they cannot be the subject of Art. Moralists, preachers, and

confessors must tackle them, but they are unfit for comedy and romance—the business of which is to charm, but not to disgust. Juvenal and Swift may denounce them; but the stage and the comic novel are not the place to represent unnatural vice. A husband selling his wife to a rich adulterer, and a young man selling himself to a lustful harridan, are not subjects for comic art.

There is all the difference between Tom Jones at the age of nineteen, being seduced by a village trull, or Will Booth, shut up alone in prison with a very handsome young woman who passionately flung herself on him, and the case of Jones hiring himself out to a harridan whose person he must loathe. The first is youthful weakness, vice if you like, but very real human nature. The other is a picture from which we turn with sickness, and such pictures are not dramatic or romantic art.

In his *Amelia* Fielding rather forsook the art of romance by his own personal disquisitions on morals—actual sermonising—and also by giving way to too abundant memories of his immense reading. Certainly *Amelia* contains a picture of conjugal love, of the sublimity of a wife's devotion, of the remorse of a husband who felt he was not worthy of her—such as is unsurpassed in all literature. When Fielding put as motto to *Amelia* the famous lines:—

*"felices ter et amplius
quos irrupta tenet copula."*

he was drawing on the memories of his own first wife and their married happiness. And his earnest purpose was to show the world all that love and marriage could realise of beauty and truth. The language of Allworthy* lecturing Tom Jones, the vision of purity in Sophia, the saintliness of a wife in *Amelia*, the agony of remorse in Booth, outweigh a thousand brutalities and the conventional cynicism of an age of social corruption.

A few words as to Fielding's learning which Cross investigates. His books sold for £365, nearly £100 more than Samuel Johnson's books. There were 658 separate entries and some 1,400 volumes, "the largest working library of the eighteenth century," also 228 volumes of law—practically all the then current Reports—34 folio volumes of Statutes and Rymer's *Fœdera* in twenty volumes, all the chief ancient and modern histories, a complete classical library, and also Photius' *Bibliotheca*. He had a great library of modern literature, including the Bible in Greek, Latin, French, and English, with commentators, theologians, and sermons. No doubt some educated men then, as some modern men now, collected fine libraries. But there is ample evidence that Fielding had read his books. He annotated many. He was

a thorough master of Common Law and Criminal Law. His Law essays are excellent and had great influence. His writings, whether of romance, satire, or politics, abound with apt quotations and references to all sorts of ancient and modern books, and they are used with such skill and freshness that we see they come from his own memory, not from dictionaries. The mottoes affixed to his plays, pamphlets, and novels are all singularly apt and worthy of attention. They usually exactly describe the purpose. What could be better than the motto of *Tom Jones*—*qui mores hominum multorum vidit*, or the two mottoes of *Amelia*—one the *felices ter*, the other the famous lines of Simonides of Amorgos:—

*γυναικὸς οὐδὲν χρεῖμ' ἀνὴρ ληΐζεται
ἐσθλῆς ἀμεινον οὐδὲ βέλγιον κακῆς.*

I don't know whence Fielding got this gnomic distich, perhaps from Gruter's *Collection*, 1608, or his *Photus*, 1744. I find that the mottoes prefixed to his works are: Horace, 8; Juvenal, 6; Plautus, 9 lines; Ovid, 2; Virgil, 2: one each of Phædrus, Cicero, Simonides, Martial, Silius Italicus. In the books themselves the quotations are innumerable. Mr. Cross's *Bibliography of Fielding's writings* occupies nearly eighty pages of closely-printed octavos. I count in it seventy-one separate publications, written during Fielding's life between 1728 and 1754 (twenty-six years); almost the most prodigious output of modern literature, unless it were that of Voltaire. Altogether I hold Fielding to be equal to any of the foremost minds of his age—equal to Johnson in learning; indeed, I think his learning was of a more varied and deeper kind than that of Johnson, as his philosophic power as a moralist was greater and more humane. Fielding was a real philosopher as well as a consummate wit, and a profound moralist who devoted his life to cure society of some of its glaring vices and foibles, in pictures of human nature in its manifold forms, of which Homer, Aristophanes, Cervantes, and Shakespeare are the immortal interpreters.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Bath.

CURRENTS CALAM.—XI.

THE railway strike may be supposed to have taught the extremists of the Labour Unions, who have been forcing the hands of Mr. Thomas and the other "moderate" men, a necessary lesson. It showed that neither the Government nor the community as a whole will "take it lying down." The English are a rather careless people, with a rooted distaste for systematic thinking; but they have good nerves, a large amount of individual practical capacity, and an innate cheerfulness and courage. Such a people are not easily bullied, and any attempt to coerce them by "frightfulness," either of the moral or the military kind, has always failed and no doubt always will. The public faced the determination of the railway strikers to paralyse social and industrial activities with perfect confidence and unruffled good humour, and were fortunately well supported by administrators, who had foreseen the emergency, and were prepared for it. There was, moreover, a factor which the strike leaders had not apparently admitted into their calculations; they had a very imperfect conception of the immense progress of mechanical transport during the war years, and had clearly not recognised that the railways have lost much of their importance as conveyers of merchandise and food. It was a revelation to them, and to many of us, to find that all the milk London needed for its sustenance for several days could be carried from the country by motor lorries and other self-propelled vehicles. One result of the strike, and a very beneficial one, will be a great development of road transport. Arterial highways will be constructed, and the older roads widened and straightened out, so that the chief towns and manufacturing centres will be linked up by broad routes for whole trains of motor waggons and heavy cars of all kinds, which will carry a good deal of the traffic that now passes over the railways. Science has not said its last word yet on locomotion, even terrestrial locomotion; which is one of the reasons why railway employees are foolish when they try to set up as a privileged class on the ground that they are indispensable. Nobody is indispensable, not even the trade-union working man.

The strike and its results enabled Mr. Lloyd George to take a very strong line against nationalisation, and to speak plainly to

the Labour deputation, headed by Mr. Smillie, which came to urge this scheme upon him. The Prime Minister told his visitors that if the miners want their industry nationalised they will have to turn out the present Cabinet. The Labour leaders can resort to "direct action" instead, but after their experiences they are not likely to do anything of the sort. Another attempt to alter the policy of the Government by inflicting pains and penalties upon the general public would not be a hopeful enterprise. Nationalisation will not be brought about by this means; but the agitation in its favour will not be abandoned, though it may be expected to take a more legitimate and constitutional form. It does not seem to me at all improbable that in the end we may be driven to place such great public services as transport and coal-mining in the hands of the State, because they may cease to be profitable investments for private capital. If railways can be run, and collieries worked, only at a loss, then it is clear that the State must run and work them if they are to be operated at all. But if they are taken over it will be in order to promote the convenience and general welfare of the community, which will certainly not allow itself to be held to ransom by the workers in these industries whenever they feel inclined to ask for higher wages or shorter hours. The Sankey Majority Report recommended (though that recommendation is ignored by the mining Labour politicians) that nationalisation should be accompanied by the withdrawal of the right to strike. If railways and mines become permanent State services, railwaymen and miners will be State servants, amenable to discipline, and punishable if they rise in rebellion against their employers, the representatives of the nation. It is not real nationalisation, but a kind of syndicalism or guild socialism that the advanced wing of the Miners' Union wants. They would like to get possession of the coal mines, and advance their own earnings indefinitely by compelling the community to take the product at any price the workers choose to demand for it. They forget that the coal, on their own contention, belongs to the nation, and if it is taken from the "capitalists," at whose expense the mines have been developed, it must be used for the benefit of the nation. The Labour monopolist has no more right to exploit the public than the monopolist of any other class.

History, as a writer in the *Morning Post* remarked on October 11th, moves not forward, but in circles. This observation is very appositely supported by a comparison between the German filibustering army in Livonia and the proceedings of the Teutonic

Knights in that region, and the parts adjacent, in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The resemblance is in many respects striking. The Teutonic Knights were nominally a religious order engaged in disseminating the truths of Christianity among the heathen Letts and Slavs. In reality they were a very powerful association of military adventurers, robbing and raiding in the interests of Germany. "These crusading monks," wrote Morfill, the greatest English authority on Slavonic history, "had freely exploited the wealth and the valour of the West, ostensibly in the cause of religion, really for the purpose of founding a dominion of their own, which, as time went on, lost more and more of its religious character, and was now little more than a German military forepost, extending from Pomerania to the Niemen, which deliberately excluded the Slavs from the sea, and thrived at their expense. . . . If the Order had failed utterly as a mission *in partibus*, it had succeeded in establishing on the Baltic one of the strongest military organisations in Europe." It acted with a truly Prussian ruthlessness, treating the unfortunate inhabitants of the Baltic provinces like wild beasts, and spreading the light of the Gospel by fire, sword, and indiscriminate massacre. In the Middle Ages, as at a later period, German militarism worked hand in hand with German finance. Behind the crusading butchers of the Teutonic Order were the merchants and shippers of the great Hansa confederacy, bent on exploiting the vast latent wealth of the Slavonic plains and steppes. German traders pushed on in the wake of the armed apostles of German culture, established their factories and settlements at Novgorod, Riga, Reval, Dorpat, and other towns, and prevented all rivals from interfering with their commercial monopoly of the Muscovite and Lithuanian territories. The great "heartland," as Mr. Mackinder calls it, of the Euro-Asiatic continent seemed likely to become a German preserve, and Germany, with her sphere of influence extending from the Rhine to the borders of China, would have gained the military and mercantile domination of the world.

The project failed, partly because Germany fell into weakness through internal dissensions and religious wars, but in the main because of the creation of great and vigorous Slavonic Nation-States. Poland and Lithuania, consolidated and united under a succession of able kings, at length overcame the Teutonic aggressors, crushed the Knights and their Prussian allies in that earlier battle of Tannenberg (1410), captured Thorn, Elbing, and

Danzig, broke through to the Baltic, and came into touch with the open routes of the sea and Western civilisation. Their rivals, the Muscovite princes, built up a powerful and solid empire on the Russian plains, and gradually acquired control of the "heart-land." It is unfashionable to say a good word for the fallen Tsardom. But it is worth while remembering that the Russian monarchy saved Europe, first, from the constant inroads of the Tartar and Mongol hordes (who had swept into Silesia and Bohemia as late as the thirteenth century), and, secondly, from the still greater danger that all the fullest Old World reservoirs of war material and fighting men might have been left at the disposal of Germany. Poland and Russia made it impossible for the mounted infantry of Attila and Genghiz Khan to be poured out upon the West, disciplined and organised by German military leaders. Poland is re-established; but Russia is no longer solid and united under a strong central monarchy, and the opportunity which Germany lost at the Renaissance might come again if the Entente Powers were to permit the Baltic States to become the prey of a new Teutonic Knighthood, with a new Hanseatic League of bankers, financiers, and exporters at work behind them. Von der Goltz's freebooters and their "Baltic barons" have a sinister likeness to the missionaries of the mediæval military Orders.

Much may be said against the methods of the Old Diplomacy; but at any rate it avoided some of the errors of the New Diplomacy, which entrusts highly confidential missions to uninstructed amateurs who have had no training in affairs, and are completely ignorant of the countries to which they may be accredited. One such missioner was Mr. W. C. Bullitt, whose startling "revelations," with his attacks upon the leading Entente statesmen, greatly interested the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate early in September. Mr. Bullitt is a brisk young American journalist, who had somehow gained the ear of Mr. Wilson, and was sent by the President to report on the state of Russia and the policy of the Bolshevik leaders. As became his nationality and his profession, Mr. Bullitt wasted no time over his embassy. He spent exactly *one week* in Russia. That was quite long enough for a real, hustling, modern newspaper-man to learn all there is to learn about a country of 170 millions of people in the throes of revolution and civil war, even if he has never been in the country before, and knows no word of its language. He was, of course, not entirely unaided.

Captain Pettit, an officer of the Military Intelligence Department, assisted him; also Mr. Lincoln Steffens, another American journalist, who went to Russia in the train of Lenin and Trotsky, and was an ardent admirer of those statesmen. Even more useful was a certain "Bill" Shatov, the Soviet Chief of Police, who was another Bolshevik recruit from the United States, where he had been organiser of the notorious "I.W.W."—the Independent Workers of the World, that criminal association which promoted *sabotage* and acts of violence in America during the war. Mr. Bullitt became so friendly with Bill that he passed one night, out of the seven he spent in Russia, with this exalted official at the Opera. In fact, the Bolshevik chiefs were all very polite to their visitor, and fooled him to the top of his bent, saying quite nice things about the President, and dropping cloudy hints on the "concessions" which might eventually be forthcoming for enterprising citizens of the United States. Thus equipped, instructed, soothed, and fortified, Mr. Bullitt and his assistants compiled their Reports, in which they did what they could to make out a good case for their Bolshevik friends. They find that the Terror has disappeared, and that its effects were greatly exaggerated. There had been, it is true, a little shooting and things of that kind, but really nothing to make a fuss about. Only 5,000 persons had been executed in all Russia—quite a moderate allowance. That some hundreds of workmen on strike had been shot at the Putiloff Works is also untrue. It cannot be true; for the Chief of Police told Mr. Bullitt it wasn't.

Turning with relief from these disagreeable topics Mr. Bullitt is struck with the moral regeneration of Russia under the Soviet régime. "Prostitution has disappeared." How does Mr. Bullitt know? How could he possibly know after seven days in one Russian city? But his informants had assured him that this was the case, and that was "good enough" for so conscientious an inquirer. "The policy of the present Government has resulted in eliminating throughout Russia, *I am told*, this horrible outgrowth of modern civilisation." Then this same paternal Government is so anxious for the welfare of the children and the spread of popular culture! "Thousands of new schools have been opened in all parts of Russia"; and it is not all work for the happy Soviet child. "The theatres, opera, and ballet are performing as in peace," and "the children, like the workers, now see the operas too, the plays, the ballets." This, it is to be hoped, will make up to the children for the lack of something even more

important to young folks than ballets—namely, food. Of that they do not get enough or nearly enough; for Mr. Bullitt admits that every child in Moscow and Petrograd "is suffering from slow starvation." So are the adults. Of the million inhabitants of Petrograd, says Captain Pettit, 200,000 are ill, 100,000 in hospitals or on sick-beds at home, another hundred thousand suffering from swollen limbs and weakness but just able to drag themselves to the public kitchens. What food there may be is kept chiefly for the privileged orders, such as Government officials, Soviet soldiers, and play-actors, who get three times as much bread as "the leisured classes," whose ration is insufficient to support life. They can buy more only "at the risk of punishment." But, after all, as Mr. Steffens philosophically points out, this is only part of "the tragedy of transition," and it was "anticipated by the leaders of the Revolution," including the idealistic and scholarly Lenin. The Russian people, the poor as well as the rich, regard this "transition" with less approval than the indulgent American tourists. Their minds are so confused, observes Mr. Steffens, that they even regret the fallen autocracy. "They understood how to work and live under their old system. . . . They sigh for the old ways." It is not the capitalists and the intellectuals only who take this reactionary view. "The poor in their hunger think how good it would be to go down to the market, and haggle, and bargain"—instead of scrambling for the scraps flung to them from the leavings of the aristocracy of Soviet politicians, Red Guards, and play-actors! "They did get food then: now it is all gone." Starvation and a shocking class-tyranny: that is the prospect for a Marxianised world such as Lenin and his friends and admirers abroad are trying to set up. Mr. Bullitt and his assistants have done their best to repay the hospitality of their Bolshevist hosts; and their best is bad. Even these incompetent, superficial, and flagrantly partial investigators are unable to conceal the cruelty, distress, poverty, and utter disorganisation which the rule of the Communist gang has inflicted upon an industrious and kindly, but too helpless and submissive, people.

A good deal remains to be written on what may be called the Natural History of Bolshevism. The historian would have to point out that the genus Bolshevist includes two varieties or subspecies. There is the social, and there is the individual, Bolshevist. The first is a revolutionary who proposes to remodel society on Marxian lines by the collective action of a group, body, or class

who will seize power and compel all other persons to conform to their ideas. This is the creed of violence accepted by Sorel and his school in France, and by "direct action" Labour extremists in this country. But there is, and has always been, another kind of Bolshevist, though he is not called by that name, or by any other name but that of a criminal. He is the individual who adopts "direct action" on his own account, and, without waiting for any general revolution or transformation, proceeds to redress his grievances against society and the law by his own efforts, that is, by theft, burglary, highway robbery, or murder. The "idealist" of the new dispensation likes this kind of reformer no more than the academic revolutionist of the library and the platform loves his ally who enforces his doctrines in a trade dispute by assaults on life and property. But the two elements are being interfused everywhere. In Russia the union is complete, and the criminal contingent is thrusting out the other. Thus the man Peters, now reported to be dead, was unquestionably concerned in a series of robberies and murders in London some years ago, though he escaped punishment owing to a flaw in the evidence submitted at his trial. This disciple of Bolshevism in practice was Chief Soviet Commissary in Moscow, and in that capacity he carried on a perfect orgy of homicide and torture. The professional criminal usually finds his opportunity in times of social upheaval; but never has he had such magnificent scope for his energies as in revolutionised Russia.

On this point interesting testimony has been given, in a letter to the *Times* of October 10th, by Mr. J. P. McGillivray, who has lived many years in Harbin, and was in that city during the Revolution and the Bolshevist régime. He is a first-hand witness, who speaks the Russian language fluently, and has studied at a Russian university. He asks any British working man who may be interested in Bolshevism to recall the horrible massacres by the Red Guard at Blagoveschensk, and to note that this remarkable military force was composed of 70 per cent. of convicts. He also gives an illuminating analysis of the composition of the Executive Committee of the local Soviet. If his statement is correct, eleven of the twelve members of this governing committee were criminals who had been in prison. Three or four of them had been sentenced to hard labour for robbery; three had "done time" for another kind of "criminal offence," one of these being the Commissioner of Education; the President of the Committee had traded in counterfeit coins, and the Alimentation

Commissioner had been found guilty of embezzlement. The only non-criminal was the Commissioner of Public Health, who is described as an illiterate peasant. It was, in fact, a Cabinet of gaol-birds. The dregs of society have come to the surface, as they will anywhere when the ordered fabric of civilisation, built up painfully on respect for law and personal rights, is broken up.

No one who appreciates good literature and sound criticism will deny that Mr. Edmund Gosse has well earned the testimonial presented to him on his seventieth birthday by a great company of those who have won distinction in letters and public life. For half a century Mr. Gosse has laboured, with untiring industry and single-minded devotion, at his vocation of poet, critic, essayist, and literary biographer, though during a large part of the time much of his energy has had to be devoted to administrative and official duties as well. In the midst of his preoccupations at the Board of Trade and the House of Lords he has found time to do a vast amount of literary work, and it has been good work, full of thought, learning, humanity, and insight. Lord Crewe, who wrote the address presented to Mr. Gosse, describes him rightly as a "sane and manly critic, the master of a prose style where *curiosa felicitas* never verges on the bounds of preciosity. Alone among British writers," it is added, "you have with equal certainty penetrated the inner mind of the Latin race, and have apprehended the progress of poetry and the drama in the Scandinavian countries." This gives a hint of the breadth and range of Mr. Gosse's literary sympathies. He is the most catholic and comprehending of our critics, intent upon recognising artistic merit—so long as it be genuine—wherever and whenever he finds it, and anxious always to reveal the man behind the book, the mind that guides, or the soul that animates the pen. He is profoundly interested in personality, and that is one reason why his portraits of men and women he has known are as vital, as balanced, and as sincere as his studies of those he has touched only through the printed page.

There are some excellent examples of such character-drawing in the volume of essays, *Some Diversions of a Man of Letters* (Heinemann), which Mr. Gosse has lately published. His "Three Experiments in Portraiture" are a shining example to the writers of an age in which biographical triviality competes with biographical dullness. They steer the happy middle course between the "gossipy" notice which tells you what the great man ate for breakfast, and the fulsome, full-dress memoir which leaves him

without a redeeming weakness. Mr. Gosse describes Lord Cromer, Lord Redesdale, and Lady Dorothy Nevill with all the frankness of intimacy, and he gives us a sufficient number of personal details; but his main purpose is to explain these three distinguished people, and to reveal and analyse the intellectual, æsthetic, and emotional content of their natures. It is all done with the writer's accustomed ease of style and urbane humour, and is therefore full of interest and charm.

Critics usually begin as advanced Radicals and end as hard-shell Tories. If they are open-minded and alert, they are inclined to be in front of their contemporaries when they are young and behind them when they grow old. Intelligent youth revolts against the conventional rules and sets up standards of its own; age is too apt to turn into rigid laws and norms of conduct the crystallised results of its own earlier rebellion. Mr. Gosse, who reminds us that more than fifty years have passed—"like a cloud, like a dream"—since first he signed his name in print to a critical essay, might be excused for clinging too closely to the past, and displaying an excessive regard for the great names, and the great ideas, of the Victorian age. In many ways he is still a Victorian, one of the veterans of a famous, and now mostly extinct, army. As a young warrior he fought upon the windy plains of Troy, and watched Achilles in his wrath, and heard the brazen spear of Ajax whistle above his head. But if the heroes are still heroic figures to him, he has his eye on their successors also, and is eager to discern their valour and their skill, though they do not wield the old weapons or do not wield them in the old manner. It is not the least of his services to sound criticism that he links together two generations, or perhaps three: the generation in which Tennyson, and Browning, and Froude, and Carlyle, and Thackeray, and Dickens reigned; the generation which witnessed the revolt of Swinburne and Hardy, and Wilde and Pater, and the rise of Kipling, Wells, Bernard Shaw, and all *les jeunes* of twenty-five years ago, who are now themselves grown, or growing, a little obsolescent; and then this latest generation of the twentieth century, which in its exuberant prime haughtily repudiates the traditions and the influence of its immediate, and its more remote, predecessors. Mr. Gosse has his sympathies active for all these groups, and can see the weakness and the strength of each. He understands the revolt of our younger poets against the sugared sweetness of Tennyson and the jewelled line of Swinburne, and does not, with some other of the older

critics, dismiss the new harmonies, and the riotous, pulsing, antinomianism, of recent versifiers as mere eccentricity and barbarism. There is a New Spirit working on our literature as on our life; and it is a rather foolish conservatism which refuses to consider it seriously because, in the fermenting energy of its self-expression, it is seeking new forms and will not pour itself into the moulds worn thin by time and use. To some of us, indeed, much of the New Verse may seem cacophonous, just as the New Music seems discordant, and the New Painting mere crude and blatant ugliness. But let us be circumspect; let us remember that there were highly trained and accomplished critics who found no beauty in Keats and no meaning in Wordsworth, who scoffed at Swinburne, and were merely bored by Browning. Time hath its strange revenges. Thirty years hence they may be erecting memorials to the inventor of rag-time, and statues to the Futurists.

Truly the æsthetic standards of one age are not those of another; and one is tempted to ask whether there are any intrinsic standards at all, whether there is any permanent element of beauty in art and poetry, whether there is any principle of taste, or anything but a fashion, which is, and must be, as variable as other fashions. If there are no real laws or accepted canons of excellence but only an illusion, framed to suit the moods of the moment, we may expect to see the worshipped idol of one generation burnt with contumely in the market-place by the next. This is precisely what does happen. Those of us who carry our memory back well down into the third quarter of the last century find the gods and the demi-gods of our youth treated with disconcerting irreverence. Tennyson, whom we knew by heart, is tossed aside with undisguised contempt; Browning, that dark and difficult bard whom we puzzled over in our societies, is dismissed as banal and obvious; Swinburne is a mere word-jingler, just a literary conjurer who can keep half a dozen glittering balls spinning at once with a sleight of hand not worth following. Mr. Gosse, who discusses the subject in his prefatory essay, "On Fluctuations of Taste," refers us to other reversals of opinion equally remarkable. One of the most startling cases is that of Sully-Prudhomme. Thirty years ago he was without a rival as the favourite living poet of France. His eminence was unchallenged. The great writers as well as the great public took him to their hearts. Critics, differing from one another as widely as Sainte-Beuve and Théophile Gautier, united in his praise. Jules Lemaitre, Brunetière, Gaston Paris, Anatole France, and

even that Apostle of the Gentiles, Paul Verlaine, placed Sully-Prudhomme high among the sweetest masters of French song. If any reputation seemed established it was his, and now—Mr. Gosse tells us that the glory has departed. Contemporary criticism has no word to say for Sully-Prudhomme. His verses are "balderdash"; it was a "social crime" to impose such stuff on the public! The pieces accepted with acclamation by the judges of one generation are hooted out of court by the next.

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Such are the revolutionary, the unaccountable, mutations of literary taste. Are they as irrational and inexplicable as the impulses which cause us to admire crinolines and ringlets at one time and short skirts and cropped hair at another? Mr. Gosse touches the problem in his essay, but does not resolve it. Perhaps it is insoluble. At any rate, we must all feel that criticism is by no means an exact science, and that its canons, such as they are, have only a temporary and local application. Its most admired professors are at odds with one another from year to year. There was a period when they insisted that we were to regard Pope as one of the greatest of English poets. We have dutifully abandoned Pope long ago (though some of us still have a certain shame-faced affection for him), and have, I suppose, dropped Scott and Byron as well. But what of Wordsworth? When I was at school and college it was the hall-mark of culture to believe in Wordsworth, to find, even amid the *longueurs* of the *Excursion*, which were reluctantly admitted, a reservoir of powerful thought and profound meaning. And the clever people of this day tell us that he had "a genteel third-rate mind"! It is not merely the flippant and the frivolous who disturb us with these iconoclasms, any more than it was only the ignorant and bigoted who wrote down Keats and ignored Shelley. The verdicts were sometimes those of real scholars and serious students of literature.

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So it is still. Sir Henry Newbolt, besides being a delightful poet, is a critic of wide learning, intense earnestness, and a sincerity which cannot be questioned. In his *New Study of English Poetry* (Constable, 1917) there is an essay on Milton, which I read the other day with a feeling that the foundations of my æsthetic world were shaking under my feet. It is not only the empires that are collapsing, the oldest political institutions that are endangered. Reputations, that might seem as firmly set as the thrones of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs

five years ago, are torpedoed and mined. I had thought that if there was one writer of English whose position was beyond challenge, that writer was John Milton. But Sir Henry Newbolt does more than challenge it. He admires the Milton of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *Il Penseroso*, and *L'Allegro*; but the Milton of *Paradise Lost* he does not admire, and warns the reader that he need feel himself under no obligation to do so either. He is not to place Milton among the great epic poets, nor need he constrain himself to call *Paradise Lost* "very fine," because it is not very fine. It is all about "a sham world peopled with phantoms from Nowhere": whereas what we "ask of the poet to-day" is that "he shall make for us a new world out of the fragments of earth." The real great poets, like Homer and Mr. William Morris, have so drawn human life that we see it to be finer than we knew; but Milton "has so drawn angelic life that we find it more absurd than we could have imagined it." How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning! Milton is not only dead but damned, and the latest criticism assures us that it is rather to our credit to find him dull, and acrid, and heavy. But if anybody had said that fifty years ago!

And what are you to think if you happen *not* to find Milton so dull that it is a penance to read him, but, on the contrary, can turn again and again with ever new enjoyment to his pages, and gain a solace which does not wane from what, in your old-fashioned way, you call the organ music of his verse, the varied beat and rhythm of his majestic phrasing? What if you find Satan as interesting as the Vikings and Volungs, and somewhat more human? Must the simple layman, who "likes poetry" in his Philistine fashion, but is no expert judge—must he take his rebuke with humility, and repent him of his errors? Or may he console himself by reflecting on those strange variations of critical opinion which have been noticed, and conclude that, as the authorities differ so widely among themselves from time to time, he is at liberty to consult his own fancy and choose for himself? It is perhaps the better way to love our poets, as true lovers should, not because others, it may be wiser and more learned than ourselves, call them beautiful, but—because we love them.

There are some suggestive notes on another aspect of the subject in *Currents and Eddies in the English Romantic Generation*, by Dr. Frederick H. Pierce, published by the Yale University Press. Dr. Pierce, who is an Assistant Professor of English

at Yale, shows that few of the greater writers of the period he examines were among the "best sellers" of their time. Byron, I suppose, was, and so of course was Scott; but the others were completely eclipsed by authors who have long settled into obscurity or oblivion. The judicious public, with some of the finest poets to choose from, preferred the fluent mediocrity of Lætitia Landon, Mrs. Hemans, Eliza Cook, and Mrs. Charlotte Smith, "whose little fourteen-line sheaves of lacrymosity ran through nine editions." Another meritorious mediocrity who had a great vogue was the Reverend William Lisle Bowles, D.D. That worthy divine and quite respectable versifier was forgotten long before he passed away in his eighty-eighth year in 1850. Half a century before that he was supposed to have scaled the topmost heights of Parnassus, and his claims were conceded not merely by the superficial general reader, but by some of the best intellects among his contemporaries. Coleridge, for example, thought that to question the divine genius of Bowles was akin to blasphemy! And if Coleridge did not know the difference between real poetry and smooth versification, who should have known?

One wonders how many similar mistakes our present critics are making? As for the public and the "best sellers," it is the old story. Sir Henry Newbolt assures us that we have now writing and publishing among us a number of poets of the highest gifts and the most consummate technical accomplishment. But does the general reader in any of the English-speaking countries rush to purchase the works of these artists? I hardly think so; but I know that the American public buys up the volumes of Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox as fast as that sedulous poetess can produce them, and that in England *Bees in Amber* and *The King's Highway* go off by the hundred thousand. Fine and finished literary achievement, and the popularity which makes money, are as far apart to-day as ever they were. The signatories to that Address to Mr. Gosse included, with a few exceptions, the most distinguished of living English men and women of letters. They were all there, the poets, novelists, historians, essayists, critics, scholars. It might be impertinent, but would be instructive, to ascertain how many of these authors have found literature a lucrative, or even a reasonably profitable, pursuit. Some half-dozen members of the company—a dramatist or two, and three or four of the novelists—have done extremely well. But of the rest, how many have earned a competence, or a living wage, by their pen? How many could have

afforded to write books if they had not been professors, civil servants, journalists, lawyers, doctors, men of business, or men of wealth? But outside this select circle there exists a considerable body of ladies and gentlemen whom the serious critics ignore, but whose works the great public buys. Their names are familiar in tens of thousands of households where those of most of Mr. Gosse's testimonialists are unknown; their books run into numerous editions; they carry weight with the literary and quasi-literary middlemen, the publishers, the theatrical managers, the cinema producers; and their exertions do not go unrewarded. Some of them earn incomes which would be deemed respectable if they were stockbrokers, successful barristers, or retail tradesmen. Between the aristocracy and the democracy of letters there is a great gulf, which yawns more widely than ever to-day; and the economic advantage is with the democracy

SIDNEY LOW.



THE NEED OF BRITISH INSTITUTES IN SOUTHERN AND EASTERN EUROPE.

I

WITH the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles the Great War in three elements ends; but the perpetual conflict in that fourth element, the mind, the heart, the spirit of the nations, merely enters upon another phase. Germany, although morally bankrupt in the eyes of the world, seeks now to throw the guilt of the great crime upon her old Ally, Austria, endeavouring to prove that by the incompetence of her rulers and the insidious craft of her arch-enemy, England, she was dragged into the field, where, attacked by the whole world, she defended herself with a heroism, a discipline and a genius for organisation unparalleled in history. Bulgaria throws the blame of her treachery upon her late rulers and, reiterating her ethnological claims to Greek and Serbian territory, watches for a division between her enemies in order to reassert herself in arms. Turkey, confronted by a virtual death-sentence in expiation of her crimes of centuries, relies upon the influence of her Indian co-religionists, our fellow-subjects, to ensure an indefinite reprieve. The Russian Bolshevik suborned by Germany, still fights in the open, while secretly striving to sap the foundations of society by the dissemination of his subversive doctrines among the proletariat of the impoverished nations. The Chauvinist Press throughout the world, its powers enormously enhanced during the war by the part it has necessarily played in stimulating national feeling, still fans the flames of narrow pride and jealousy. The world is yet far from peace.

Now as all these conflicting currents of feeling issue from a thousand printing-presses to build up in the consciousness of the nations those varying forms of "the emotion of the ideal" wherein Prof. Kidd finds "the chief human organ of the Science of Power," and the transmitting agent of the "cultural inheritance" of each "social integration," is it not well to ask what action England, as one of the chief protagonists, is taking in this perpetual strife? We know that our enemies are at work with their usual ability and pertinacity, and that our Allies, the French, are setting forth the great Latin ideal with eloquence and charm. But have we English-speaking peoples, ruling a third part of the globe, no point of view to set before the distracted world of undeveloped nations, or is it lack of means or opportunity that deters

us from timely effort? At least we cannot plead absence of invitation.

In summing up the net results of the war there is one item which we English, as a comparatively modest and self-criticising people, are hardly likely to take sufficiently into account, and that is the immense gain in prestige which we have undoubtedly acquired in the eyes of certain relatively poor, but essentially martial races, since being previously known to them only as a "nation of shopkeepers," we have at the great crisis shown ourselves to be also a nation of soldiers. Without knowledge how the English were regarded in South-Eastern Europe in the days before the war, it is not easy for the British public to conceive the change to-day. If formerly the English were known chiefly as the model of free peoples, the champions of small races oppressed by the Austrians or the Turk, the sportsmen, inventors of football, which is played everywhere, the honest dealers, who, unlike the German, consider the advantage of their client as well as their own gain, the expensive but sound workmen, producers of durable goods, in contrast to the hawkers of inferior imitations, —to-day there is added the one title lacking for entire respect and admiration—that of a great military people, and the prestige of England stands in consequence where it has never stood before.

Moreover, the British soldier, officer or private, has displayed in personal and official conduct all those qualities which as a statesman, workman or dealer he has shown by his laws and policy, his contracts and his workmanship, and hereby he has gained over his Allies. His administration has been distinguished especially by an absence of bureaucratic obstruction or militarist arrogance, by an unimpeachable integrity, humane consideration and ready helpfulness, while in personal contact he has proved kinder, more honest, courteous, helpful and resourceful than other Allied soldiers.

Take the case of the Balkan Army as an example. No one in Salonika will forget the services that the British soldier rendered to the population on the night of the great fire; how he carried the sick and aged from the burning houses; how he transported thousands of families with their goods and furniture in lorries to places of safety outside the town, without robbing those he rescued. Of all the Allied soldiery the British alone were not accused of plundering or raping, or even of indulging to excess in the liquor which on that tremendous night was flowing free at every rifled café. No Serb surely will forget the work that the British women did for his wounded in the hospitals, soup-kitchens, and canteens, established and maintained for his benefit. The

spectacle of English ladies courageously and indefatigably driving their Ford vans over the almost impassable Balkan roads for the assistance of his countryman was for him too strange and yet too common not to leave a permanent impression. The coolness of the British officer fox-hunting, and of the British Tommy playing football between the wire entanglements in "No Man's Land," upon the Struma, indifferent to the possibility at any moment of becoming a target for his shells, immensely impressed the Bulgar, who showed his appreciation of this sportsman-like confidence in his sportsmanship by refraining from firing. The defeated enemy's trust in the British sense of justice was the constant theme of every leading article in Bulgarian newspapers after the Armistice, and the old regard for England in Bulgarian sentiment rapidly and sincerely revived. Scores of Bulgarians declared to British officers their desire that England should henceforth occupy in Bulgaria the position held until recently by the ubiquitous German; should supply directors for her industries and assist in the development of her resources: and this was said not only in the capital, but also in many of the smaller towns. Serbs, Bulgars, and Macedonians alike are looking to England for guidance and support. Over all those countries south of the Danube, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, the affection and respect of the various populations towards England and all that is English is an invitation for our country to lead, guide, to educate in English ideals of life and government, to bind these young nations morally to England, and to save them from falling back as victims of their own internecine rivalries, or of insidious Teuton intrigue—an invitation, surely, which it would be a grave error to neglect.

Of the Balkans I speak from personal experience; the newspaper reports from other countries tell us the same tale. In the accounts of the landing of stores at Odessa we read that the British soldiers were received with flowers and acclamation by the populace; the *Morning Post* correspondent concludes his account of his wonderful visit to Kieff by aeroplane with the statement that "hatred of Germany and respect for Great Britain is the chief message that the long-beleaguered city had to send to the world."

From Italy the invitation is at once so cordial and insistent, and the attempt to meet the need, at least at Florence, is so admirable and successful that it will furnish us with the example of what we best may do. And what is wanted in Italy and the Balkans is doubtless no less necessary for Jugo-Slavia, the Ukraine, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and other new and impressionable States.

II

The next question, then, is to consider what means for the diffusion of English ideals and English teaching could be most effectively adopted. Let us consider the case of Sofia, where I was stationed with the Allied troops of occupation from last November until July, with every opportunity of studying the educational and social conditions of the Bulgarian people.

When we arrived the town was full of German books and almost every educated person spoke and read German. German culture and German ideals were for most Bulgarians their only conception of European civilisation. History, art, literature, drama, were widely studied with characteristic earnestness for self-improvement; but German text-books were used almost exclusively. Nevertheless, it was obvious to all that closer acquaintance with German militarism during the previous two or three years had caused the great majority of Bulgarians to loathe the arrogance of the German soldiery, while the prestige of the German system had collapsed with its defeat.

The French staff immediately set about importing into the country French literature with French ideals. A Hachette library was established and the Bulgarian branch of the "*Alliance Française*" was revived, under whose auspices an excellent review was founded and lectures in French upon the French language and literature were given periodically. Judging by the few that I attended, these lectures were extremely popular. They were held in the great concert hall of the Bulgarian Officers' Club, which was crowded with all the best-known people of Sofia.

In the month of May the "English-Speaking League" of Sofia was resuscitated by Bulgarian initiative. At its first meeting, I am told, there were present only some four or five Bulgarian ladies, but undaunted by the smallness of their numbers, these apostles of English culture resolved to hire a fair-sized house as a meeting-place of the League and to announce in the newspapers the next meeting for a fortnight later.

This time there were, I suppose, about a hundred people, all conversing together in English, the great majority being old pupils of Robert College, at Constantinople. They were all immensely keen on making the League a success. They agreed that the first requisite was a library of English books—literature, history, and the best fiction. They agreed that there ought to be courses of lessons in English and lectures on the British Empire and on English life and literature. They thought that the institute should be modelled on the "*Alliance Française*,"

and were sure that the similar German societies would be reopened as soon as circumstances would permit.

Surely, if such is the desire of Sofia, the capital of a defeated enemy, to know more of England, that of our Allies in Belgrade, Athens, Bukarest and Salonika can be no less great. In the English-speaking League of Sofia we have an example of a British Institute in embryo; Italy will afford us a pattern of what a small subsidy with careful organisation and goodwill may achieve.

In Italy during the war, for the purpose of combating German calumny and cementing the alliance, a vast quantity of illustrated papers with other printed matter were distributed under the auspices of the Ministry of Propaganda. But by far the most useful, as well as the most dignified work of this kind, was the establishment of British Institutes in Florence, Rome, Milan and Naples. Let the story of the first and most important of these valuable institutions be told in the words of Prof. Ferrando, its present secretary.

"In the autumn of 1917 a group of Italian and English scholars—Dr. Guido Biagi, Prof. Guido Ferrando, Prof. G. S. Gargano, Dr. Angelo Orvieto, Carlo Placci, Prof. Gaetano Salvemini, Dr. Aldo Sorani, Arthur Acton, Dr. Walter Ashburner, William Hulton, Edward Hutton, Herbert Trench, reviving an old plan, long debated but never yet realised, decided to found at Florence a British Institute. Its chief objects were to strengthen the intellectual links between England and Italy, to encourage the study of the English language and literature, and to make the many-sided English life known to the Italian public. The enterprise met with an immediate welcome. Mr. Algar Thorold, director of English official propaganda in Italy, was so good as to come to Florence to organise the new institution, assuring it of the support of his Government. By his advice, Dr. Arthur Francis Spender, of Cambridge, was summoned to direct the Institute, which started work in the spring of 1918, and was formally opened in June of the same year by the British Ambassador to Rome, Sir Rennell Rodd. In his speech to the civil and military authorities of the city the Ambassador emphasised the importance of the new institution, its permanence, and its independence of the merely temporary work of political propaganda during the war. The Institute was designed to promote intellectual relations between the two nations, to diffuse the knowledge of English and of the most important social and economic problems of the British Empire, and to offer a permanent meeting place for English and Italian scholars.

"To accomplish these objects it was decided—

- (1) to make a good library.
- (2) to give frequent lectures in English and Italian.
- (3) to publish a review in Italian.
- (4) to teach the English language and literature scientifically.
- (5) to encourage the foundation and exchange of scholarships.

"In its first year of life the Institute was a great success, and developed beyond all expectation. The courses of lessons were attended by over 250 pupils, and the results were excellent. Four of the students of the teachers' course passed the University examination for the diploma of teacher of English in the Italian public schools with high honours, and the majority

of those who entered for the two elementary courses declared their intention of continuing for the next course. This applies to more than eighty pupils.

"The public lectures were also remarkably successful, especially the Shakespeare course. Lectures on art and literature were frequent, and the Saturday *causeries* in English and Italian were attended both by Florentines and the Anglo-American colony. The reading-room, which contains all the more important English newspapers and reviews, was much frequented, and the library, which already possesses some 1,500 volumes of literature and history, was found most useful by numerous pupils and students. Furthermore, the review, published bi-monthly under the title of the *Vita Britannica*, has entered on its second year of life, and has been recognised by the educated public as one of the best Italian periodicals. In conclusion, the British Institute has won the sympathy and support of all the most eminent Italians, and has had in its rooms many well-known scholars and politicians of both countries, and thus greatly assisted in establishing those personal friendly relations which are essential to a true understanding between the two nations.

"But there is a danger to-day lest the Institute should be suppressed owing to a purely bureaucratic difficulty, inasmuch as having been hitherto subsidised by the British Government through the Ministry of Propaganda, now that this Ministry no longer exists, the institutes dependent upon it and fostered through it may be allowed to die. If this should take place, it would constitute a grave political error, quite apart from the most serious loss to all those Italians who desire to know and to love England through her language, literature and history. For in view of the importance and success of the Institute, its suppression would seem to the Italian public quite unjustifiable, and would inevitably be attributed to political motives. It would be all the more impolitic inasmuch as there has long been at Florence a flourishing French Institute, founded by Grenoble University and directed by Prof. Luchaire, and a German Institute, which although discontinued during the war, will most certainly be re-opened shortly."

Such is Prof. Ferrando's account of the work of the Florence Institute. Let us hope that the British Government will decide to ensure its permanence after such infinite careful pains have been bestowed upon it by the public-spirited scholars and men of letters who founded it to such good purpose!

But what of the Institutes of Rome and Naples—the first of which was to be rather for political and economic study and the second for commercial training? Should they be allowed to perish? As for Milan, is it not the intellectual capital of Italy? If such institutions were thought necessary or useful for the preservation of Anglo-Italian friendship during the war, when the common enemy laboured at least under some disadvantage in his efforts to destroy it, why should they be less desirable in "peace," when the enemy works more freely and no less pertinaciously than before?

In Rome, as in Athens, we have schools for the maintenance of relations between scholars of this country and civilisations which existed two thousand years ago. Even in a period when drastic retrenchment is necessarily the watchword of every Ministry,

surely it would be well to consider the great profit that would inevitably accrue to a policy of small though wise expenditure on a scheme for perpetuating such living channels of understanding and friendship with young and vigorous nations, on whose goodwill towards us, and on whose appreciation of our principles, the peace of Europe at any time may ultimately depend.

It cannot well be denied that before the war the vague Liberal instincts of the mass of the people in Turkey, Bulgaria and Greece were in sympathy with France and England rather than with Germany. Yet Turkey and Bulgaria were soon drawn in against the Entente, while Greece was for three years kept neutral and officially hostile, by cliques of unscrupulous politicians in German pay. This surely was only possible because the sources of educated feeling had been slowly poisoned by the exaltation of an arrogant militarist ideal and the constant advertisement of industrial efficiency and scientific organisation, which persuaded the leaders of opinion, and especially the higher grades of the Armies, of the racial superiority and military invincibility of Germany. The instinctive opposition to this tendency was uninstructed, unorganised and inarticulate, easily overridden by those in power and crushed by the discipline of War. In those days well-developed institutes, with a definite hold on the public of Sofia and Athens, would have accomplished more for the Entente than several gallant armies.

But perhaps we should not so much aspire to govern opinion, as the Germans try to do, as rather to extend our humanistic atmosphere in which the germs of militarism and jealous nationalism cannot thrive. This is not to be done by legations and consulates, which do not reach sufficiently wide circles; it can only be the work of teaching institutes, for founding which, with the cordial welcome and concurrence of the local populations, we have unique opportunities to-day.

III

In order justly to appreciate the importance that such an institute would have in a city such as Sofia, one must consider for a moment the circumstances in which its population lives. Here is a town of about a hundred thousand inhabitants, of which the cultured class numbers one thousand at most. For eight months of the year the city is, from an intellectual point of view, as an island surrounded by a sea of desert, practically roadless, inhabited only by peasants cultivating their fields. In the summer well-to-do families migrate to the country, to the seaside, the mountains, the baths, or to isolated farms. But from October to June

everyone is in the city; and any social event, such as a concert or a lecture, is thronged by everybody "who is anyone at all." Everyone knows everyone; fashion is despotic, nobody being willing not to do what everybody is doing. The arrival of a foreigner is noted in the newspapers; if he is invited to one house, he will be invited to all.

At lectures of the "*Alliance Française*," in Sofia, one would see Cabinet Ministers, representatives of every Legation, a number of Generals and Staff-Officers, University professors, the chief professional men, all with their wives and daughters. If any of the audience do not understand the language of the lecture a member of the family will transmit a running abstract in Bulgarian. Everyone listens carefully, absorbing every word, being intensely earnest about "culture." Like the *nouveaux riches* of more sophisticated lands, parents who cannot understand are infinitely proud of the linguistic accomplishments of their children. A British Institute would become a fashion in such a town, for everyone would consider it necessary to patronise, and thus a lecturer would have among his audience most of the people of influence in the place.

In all this Sofia is surely typical of all Balkan capitals, while in many of the new countries conditions must be similar. A distinguished modern historian writes to me, "From what knowledge I have of Serbia, which I have visited both before and during the war, I am persuaded that influence in the unformed and comparatively primitive countries of the Balkans can be immensely determined by means of such institutes, which count for a great deal more than people have any idea who have not been there. Italy is, of course, in a very different state of civilisation and politics. But in Italy, too, our influence has long been on the wane, with deplorable results both to ourselves and to the Italians, because we have consistently neglected to take any interest in Modern Italy or to present our cultural 'case' from year to year to the Italians." In Italy, perhaps, less might have been expected from our Institutes—and yet how much in Florence has already been attained!

The Institutes should first and foremost teach the English language, in a series of classes more or less adapted to the local conditions, that is to say, in great commercial centres the teaching might be more utilitarian and approaching more nearly the Berlitz method, whereas in University or literary centres, such as Florence, a more scientific system would be indicated. A considerable measure of independence should be allowed to local committees for adjusting the direction of the schools and courses to the needs of each town.

The Institutes might serve also as centres of reference and registration for English teachers and governesses anxious to obtain situations abroad. How often has one been asked by well-to-do families in Constantinople, Sofia or Salonika how best to obtain an English tutor or governess for growing boys and girls! Surely this is all to our national advantage, for is not every child in a foreign country who is taught to speak and write English fluently, a definite gain to our commerce, political influence and prestige?

Secondly, every institute should possess a library of the best English literature, history, fiction, biography, sociology and so forth. Many a time some educated mother has said to me that she desires her children to learn English rather than other languages, because she considers our literature the most wholesome for them to read. Yet the sale of English books on the Continent is only too small, since comparatively few read English, while all read French, and most read German. But then the French and German Governments have been at pains to establish institutes of the very type that I am advocating. Would it serve our cause to urge its advantages for the British book-trade and for modern British authors? If in a few years English were spoken in Italy, in the Near East and in the various new States, born from the ruins from the Austrian and Russian Empires, as commonly as French and German are now spoken, there is not a publisher, or an editor, or an author that would not find the chance of a new public. For the libraries and reading-rooms would be supplied with a certain number of English newspapers and magazines with their reviews of English books, as well as advertisements of English manufactures.

Let me quote here from an article by Prof. Biagi in the *Vita Britannica* of the British Institute at Florence. In the year 1913, Prof. Biagi informs us, the total importation of English books and newspapers into Italy amounted to less than 70 tons, valued at some £14,000; in the same year the importation of German books and newspapers was over 360 tons, valued at about £70,000—in weight and in price more than five times as much!

"And this latter," he writes, "was not mere merchandise to be weighed in tons and hundredweights. It was rather so much poison-gas, that, little by little, saturated with Germanism places where it was received as an illuminant; it intoxicated men's minds and poisoned their consciences. Of all imports it was the most dangerous and deleterious, and we have found everywhere in Italy its evil effects. At last, with eyes opened to the crude reality, the Governments and leading classes see how for this unwholesome importation must be substituted other merchandise to serve as an antidote, and how the fresh ideals of English thought with their quickening breath must come to sweep away the malodorous miasmas of Germanism!"

Thirdly, there should be courses of lectures at these Institutes given by directors, teachers or other officials, supplemented, we suggest, by travelling lecturers going from centre to centre to speak. On the one hand, these lectures are needed to stimulate interest in the libraries, to act as guides, and introduce the writers to their new public. On the other hand, occasional lectures on the British Empire, its social, economic and political problems, would be most valuable both for the better understanding of the motives governing Imperial policy and the refuting of enemy calumnies. In this connection we should not overlook the advantage which would come to England through what Englishmen travelling in these countries might learn from the wide circles of cultured foreigners with which they would be in contact.

I estimate that the cost of maintaining a score or so of these Institutes would probably not much exceed as many thousands of pounds annually. The pupils' fees for the courses of lessons or lectures would probably supply a living wage for lecturers and teachers. Private lessons also would materially assist them. Moreover, it is certain that in many foreign cities considerable financial assistance would be forthcoming from the cultured society of the place. But the rent and maintenance of suitable buildings for schools, library and the residence of the director and his general secretary, salaries for these two officials, the furnishing of the buildings, the books and the subscriptions for the newspapers and reviews, would constitute items of expenditure for which a Government subsidy would be necessary, if the thing were done in a fitting way. Yet I do not suggest that a large number of such institutes should be established immediately, but rather that a certain annual sum should be entrusted to a small committee of well-known English public men, who, after consulting those travellers best acquainted with the various countries, should send emissaries with letters of introduction to the principal people in places where it is proposed to establish Institutes. "Leagues," such as that I have described in Sofia, might first be started, and later on directors, secretaries, teachers and books should be sent out. The Central Committee should be the supreme directing body, the names of its members forming a sufficient guarantee. General reports would be published periodically, but it were well that the directors should be as free as possible from the ordinary bureaucratic control.

Above all, it is most important that the continuance of the Florence Institute be at once secured, in order that all the care and thought that contributed to create this most successful model for future imitation should in no wise be lost. Where there has been such good advance on the right road there must surely be

no turning back. The continuance of the present small official subsidy will give us time to urge the larger scheme, until by the wider appreciation of its importance the momentum of opinion may obtain a public grant.

Let it not be received as a sufficient answer that it has never hitherto been the policy of the British Government to expend money upon such institutes as these. For that answer would only be tantamount to a declaration that our foreign policy is not designed to move with the times or to adjust itself to changed conditions. For whereas in past centuries it sufficed to maintain good relations with the absolute rulers of distant States, since we were not concerned with their subjects, to-day it should be our object to make clear the guiding principles of our great Liberal Empire to other democratic countries with their free Press, their popular sentiment, and their national forces largely composed of educated men. Such teaching institutes, embassies from one free people to another, are the natural corollary of democratic development throughout the world. Moreover, it should have been Liberal England, rather than Autocratic Germany, which should have been the first Great Power to recognise and to make use of this new factor in international relations.

Against this comparatively nugatory expenditure we have to set not only the immense political advantage that it would be to this country to have a definite body of educated people in each of these capitals rightly informed of the motives and ideals governing the policy of Great Britain, and ready to confute the intrigues of our enemies and the inevitable misunderstandings arising between nations owing to an excitable national Press, but also the obvious commercial advantage of a growing multitude of English-speaking foreigners and of the dissemination of English newspapers and books, and the still more important advantage to our national prestige of being more widely known as a literary and artistic, as well as a merely industrial and sporting, people. The greatest weapon of modern times, for politics, war or commerce, is the power of "the cultural ideal," the spiritual alliance: and surely this is not a field in which England with her vast humanist literature, her art, science, philosophy and unparalleled wealth of political example, need shrink from taking up the challenge. On the contrary, there are some who would urge the scheme precisely from this higher standpoint, as part of the duty that rests upon Englishmen of educating the younger nations in certain principles which form our heritage from centuries of imperial tradition; that stronger conviction of personal integrity in the public service, that larger humanity and wiser liberty and tolerance which, however often misapplied and misinterpreted and

traduced, are, none the less, the essential characteristics of our race and rule. It is for these that our teaching is desired by the more serious-minded among these younger nations, and although we have to confess to frequent lapses from these high ideals in our own country's administration, yet it is well to recognise that others see them still predominant. Moreover, we must never forget that for these things our soldiers died. What will it profit to have won the war if we lose the chances of such spiritual leadership as our victory offers us? Is this Peace of Versailles to be a mere truce to physical warfare, while each disappointed nation schemes and secretly labours to devise new and more potent engines of destruction? Or are we in this supreme issue to trust solely to a distant moral and material police force, concentrated in a slowly-moving League of Nations? For all the while this paramount evil of war is rooted in the wills of men, the false ideal, the paltry vanity, the narrow prejudice, the perverted outlook. Only by moral, spiritual and intellectual means can it be radically destroyed. It would be little short of a world-wide disaster if out of blindness, ignorance or preoccupation of her rulers England to-day should make this Great Refusal and endeavour vainly to retire once more into a selfish and impossible isolation.

HAROLD E. GOAD.

THE D'ARTAGNAN LEGEND IN NORMANDY.

TWO PROTOTYPES OF DUMAS' HERO WHO WERE CLOSE OF KIN AND
WHOSE MEMORY HAUNTS A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CHÂTEAU.

STUDENTS of French fiction know that Alexandre Dumas took the name of the hero d'Artagnan and those of his three boon companions, as well as many of their adventures, from a book entitled *Les Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan*, which received its final form from the skilled literary hand of Courtils de Sandras. It was first published in Holland. It would, indeed, have been dangerous in France in the eighteenth century to have issued a work containing so many piquant revelations of the follies, intrigues, even the crimes, of Kings, nobles, and Ministers of State.

The good faith of Courtils de Sandras is not always to be trusted. Like the elder Dumas, he had a consuming love of the dramatic and the sensational. The facts of an historical character which he recounts, however, are for the most part true. The d'Artagnan whom he celebrates was a Gascon, from a part of the ancient domains of the King of Navarre which is not greatly frequented by travellers. He ran a course of extremely remarkable adventures, was in a certain degree the confidant of Louis XIV. and Mazarin; married a widow, the Baronne de Sainte-Croix; was made a Count in 1670, and (when the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth chanced to be "Lieutenant-General of the day") was killed at the siege of Maestricht in 1678, leaving two acknowledged sons. Of him Saint-Simon, the great memoirist of that age, wrote.

"He won esteem in war and at Court, where he advanced so far in the good graces of the King that there was every probability that he would have attained to a considerable fortune, had he not been killed before Maestricht."

Such was one notable d'Artagnan. His personality and episodic career are mirrored with more or less exaggeration—less as to spirit than as to fact—in *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

But there was another d'Artagnan, kin of the former, who arrived at greater distinction and much higher honours and rank. Comparatively little has been published about Pierre de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, although he was renowned in war and won brilliant victories both for Louis XIV. and for Louis XV., "*le bien-aimé*."

The natal name of the d'Artagnan whose memoirs were "edited" by Courtills de Sandras was Charles de Batz or Baatz. He was one of the eight children of Bertrand de Batz, lord of Castlemore, in Béarn. He took the name d'Artagnan from an estate belonging to his mother, Françoise de Montesquiou, born in 1628 at Lupiac, county of Fezensac (now in the department of Gers, and once comprised in the ancient territory of Armagnac). This estate, near Vic-en-Bigorre, to the north of Tarbes, is still in the Montesquiou family. The ancestral village which bears their name is a few miles farther to the north and east.

Dumas, in writing his romance, mingled the traits of these valiant wielders of the sword. From Charles de Batz d'Artagnan he borrowed the amorous exploits (partly invented probably by Courtills de Sandras) wherewith the memoirs are freely embellished; from Pierre de Montesquiou d'Artagnan those nobler qualities that rendered possible his remarkable career, in the course of which he became a Chevalier of the Royal Order, Governor of the city of Arras, Lieutenant-General of the province of Artois, and finally a Marshal of France. He died on August 12th, 1725, at Le Plessis-Fiquet, near Paris.

Charles de Batz d'Artagnan had an elder brother, also Charles, who, with yet another brother named Paul, served in the King's mousquetaires long before Dumas' hero had left Castlemore for Paris. The fact of the two brothers bearing the same baptismal name is unexplained. It is probable that the elder was distinguished by a second name which has not come down to us. It is worth noting that it was a well-established custom of that time for several sons of a noble family to serve simultaneously in the King's guards or mousquetaires. Thus Porthos, Athos, and Aramis, who actually made use of those names, whether they were real or assumed, were brothers, as is shown in the d'Artagnan memoirs. The elder Charles de Batz became a mousquetaire in 1638. He died six years later. It was in 1640 that the d'Artagnan of Dumas left the paternal home to try his fortune in the world at large. Dumas, for the purpose of his romance, advanced this departure by fifteen years.

The antecedents of the de Batz family in the commune of Lupiac were chiefly commercial. It had acquired the noble estate of Castlemore only towards the close of the sixteenth century, and the manor of La Plagne a few decades later. Bertrand Batz, who was not of noble birth, married, in 1574, Anne de Massencome, sister of the lord of Lavie. The second Bertrand, as lord of Castlemore, adopted the aristocratic particle "de" before the family name, and married Françoise de Montesquiou, daughter of "noble Jean de Montesquiou," as the

old parchments have it,* lord of Artagnan, of Barbachin, etc. Françoise had several brothers. One of them, Henri de Montesquiou, lord of Artagnan, Governor of Montaner, and Lieutenant of the King in the government of Bayonne, married Jeanne de Gassion, sister of the Maréchal de Gassion, who was killed before Lens, near Arras, in 1647.

Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan was the father of Pierre de Montesquiou, who by marriage acquired the domain and château of Le Robillard, in Normandy, around which should centre the chief interest of this article.

Thus the two d'Artagnans whom Dumas moulded into a single figure of romance were consins-german.

There is in the memoirs of Charles de Batz d'Artagnan a singular passage wherein he speaks in a most indifferent, if not disdainful, manner of his marriage with the Baronne de Sainte-Croix, and then recounts his separation from her because of her annoying jealousy, which impelled her, on espionage bent, to pursue him indefatigably in all his goings and comings in the city of Paris! For one intent on making a close comparison of the d'Artagnan of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and his two real prototypes, the poverty of detail in this relation is exasperating. D'Artagnan the persecuted husband! What an opportunity for more intimate knowledge is here denied us! All that we further know is that Madame de Sainte-Croix de Batz d'Artagnan, in a fit of spite, withdrew into a nunnery, and that her husband sought in vain to induce her to leave it, because of the scandal (perhaps also of the ridicule) which the fact brought upon him. She obstinately refused.

The other real d'Artagnan, who received the name through the direct male line, had a happier and more dignified marital experience. His first wife was Jeanne de Peandelonp, a widow. She died in 1699. His second was Elizabeth L'Hermite, daughter of Philippe L'Hermite and of his consort Catherine d'Angennes, whose manor, called Hiéville, is near Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives, in Normandy.

The home of Pierre de Montesquiou d'Artagnan after his marriage was the domain and château of Le Robillard, in the same district. This estate belongs to-day to the wealthy American, Mr. Frank Jay Gould.

In the older part of the château the favourite room of the Maréchal d'Artagnan, two hundred and fifty years after its construction and after many long years of neglect, is still in a good state of preservation and is well worthy of antiquarian study.

There is a tradition that the elder d'Artagnan, he whose male line was of the Batzes, once visited the château on his way to

the wars in the Low Countries, when Pierre de Montesquiou d'Artagnan was still a minor and the latter's future bride, Elizabeth L'Hermite, was yet unborn. This does not seem improbable in view of the close kinship of Charles de Batz d'Artagnan and the Marquis de Montesquiou, father of Pierre, whose principal domain was also in that region, not very distant from that of the father of Elizabeth L'Hermite and from Le Robillard itself. At the present day the common people of Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives and thereabouts, the most of whom have heard of the Dumas romances and even have read *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, habitually identify the hero of fiction as the d'Artagnan of Le Robillard.

Let us look a little into the history of this château. It has a close connection with that of most of the gentry who flourished in the seventeenth century in Lower Normandy, for the older wing was originally a hunting-lodge, and then and later was the scene of many a gay and boisterous reunion characteristic of the period.

This earlier part of the château was erected in 1654, and it bears this date deeply engraven on one of its façades. It was built by a member of the L'Hermite family, one of the oldest in Normandy. The L'Hermites were lords of Hiéville, Saint-Barbe-en-Auge, Meuil-Lieury, Montchamps, Boisneuf, Houltme, Perteville, and Courcelles, and barons of Fresné, Villy, and Vesqueville. All of these names become quickly familiar to one who journeys much in that region by automobile. Little Elizabeth L'Hermite was three years old on Assumption Day, August, 1681, when three great bells, newly recast, were baptised at the basilica (still existent) of the Benedictine Abbey of Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives, nearly all the rest of which, however, has long since been demolished. Nineteen years later she was united in marriage to Pierre de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, who was about thirty-eight years her senior. Such marriages were rather frequent in that day. Pierre d'Artagnan ranked already as one of the most remarkable soldiers of France. Though past middle life, he was still young and ambitious enough to have many glorious exploits before him. As a battle-leader he was accounted irresistible. His fierce ardour and splendid bravery were proverbial. Such were his firmness and his heroic tenacity that it was said of him, by critics of the time, that even when forced to retreat, while in supreme command in Flanders, the movement was executed in such perfect order and in so enterprising a manner that defeat itself seemed almost a victory. It was at the battle of Malplaquet in 1709 that he gained the baton of marshal. Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy-Carignan directed the allied armies of the British, Germans, and Austrians. Villars, the French commander-in-chief, was severely wounded, and

Pierre d'Artagnan relieved him of the command. So well did he acquit himself of it that Villars could say of him soon afterward to Louis XIV. : "If God be but kind enough to cause us to lose one other such battle, your Majesty may well reckon that it is his enemies who are the losers." At Malplaquet Montesquiou d'Artagnan charged many times, and had three horses killed under him.

At the battle of Denain, in 1712, the audacity of this d'Artagnan was such, and his influence in determining the French plan so great, that Saint-Simon ascribed to him the whole merit of its successful issue. I have just come upon a rare contemporaneous poem, celebrating the relief of Rennes, a consequence of the repulse of the allies in the north. It lauds the prowess of Pierre de Montesquiou d'Artagnan in the following terms :

"Où, c'est toi, d'Artagnan, c'est toi dont la vaillance
A ramené la paix dans le sein de la France.
La prise de Denain, digne exploit de ton bras,
A chassé de nos murs le démon des combats " . . .

("Yes, thou, d'Artagnan, thou it is that brought
Peace to the breast of France; Denain made ours,
A splendid deed, worthy thy valiant arm,
Our walls delivered from the curse of war " . . .)

At the death of the Maréchal de Montesquiou d'Artagnan his widow was forty-five years of age and childless, her son Louis, born in 1701, having died of smallpox, and her daughter Charlotte having lived but two years.

The widowhood of Madame d'Artagnan was reserved and dignified, yet not morose. Although she never remarried, she dispensed a generous hospitality at Le Robillard, which was part of her dower and had now become her permanent home. What is known as the "d'Artagnan room" in the seventeenth-century section of the château had been taken possession of by the future Marshal immediately upon his marriage, and during his continual absences at war, as after his death, it was almost always occupied by his wife or widow. So great were the King's demands upon the Marshal's services that he and the Marquise in the first twelve years of their marriage were but little together. It was not until the victory at Denain had ushered in a comparatively long interval of peace that the alert soldier, idle for the lack of campaigns, could abide a while at home and build a château for himself to his liking. The main façade of Le Robillard is of this epoch. The château as then projected promised to be most imposing. The design was a very good exemplification of the best manorial architecture of the time, simple, massive, reposeful. Finely chiselled stone from quarries near at hand (as is

proved by buried fragments since found in the park) were not lacking for the walls, nor were statues and vases by artists well in view for the parterres and lawns. But the master of Le Robillard was again called to action before it could all be completed, and death intervened.

Madame de Montesquiou d'Artagnan did not continue the noble undertaking. She allowed the château to remain nearly as it was, and since then its general state has changed hardly at all. Towards the end of the year 1740 the château swarmed with her friends. In a long list of guests on one occasion were many important titles; for example, the Duc and Duchesse d'Harcourt, six marquises, a dozen counts, five barons, a score of chevaliers, two bishops, three abbots, and two abbesses. It was in the autumn that Le Robillard was most beautiful and most visited. The mixed amusements—philosophical, romantic, naïve, or pedantic—which were in vogue at the Royal Court were zealously copied there. This fact was celebrated in a doggerel poem by the Chevalier de Grien de Saint-Aubin, one of Madame de Montesquiou d'Artagnan's habitual guests, whereof I have made an almost literal version :

"At Robillard are laughter, chat and song;
Poems are writ and arguments full long;
We ride, we walk, we sow, we plant, we prune;
Better to pass the time, we sketch, we read,
E'en further go, as you may guess, indeed!

Why should one leave a sojourn all so fair?
Ever it seems the parting is too soon!
Why may we not these joys for ever share
At Robillard?

At Saint-Aubin I sorely suffer. There
Fell rheumatism dolorously reigns;
The mind is dulled, lamenting endless pains.
To fillip it one knows not what to dare.

What remedy? Return—just this remains—
To Robillard!"

The château of Le Robillard forms two sides and the half of another side of a large square, which, if completed, would have enclosed the grand court of honour. This is not the only structure of the kind which the religious and political wars or other dire visitations of the time prevented the owners from finishing. Its beauty, however, has so ripened with age that the absence of some of the projected parts is now scarcely remarked except by practised antiquarians. In the seventeenth century the ground plan had the form of two capital letters "L," joined together lengthwise, top to top. The great vestibule opens by means of a

lofty arch upon a stately stairway, the balustrade of which, of lovely design, is hand-wrought in iron. Above are a gallery and two long corridors, leading to the many bedchambers and other dependent rooms used by the hunting lords and their retinues. The original dining-hall on the first floor, occupying the whole breadth of that section of the château, is now a billiard-room. On the opposite side of the vestibule the ancient kitchen, equally large, is the present dining-hall. The chimney is monumental. I had the pleasure of breakfasting in this room on an ideal August day. The noonday light, falling broadly through the lofty windows on both the north and the south side, and reflected from the multi-coloured eighteenth-century decorations of the chimney-front, the ceiling-beams, and the walls, was most joyous and refreshing.

The noble family of the Infravilles inherited the Robillard from the Montesquious. It was the Infravilles who made the chief transformations in this characteristic Norman room. On the front of the chimney, garlands of fruit are entwined with knotted ribbons; and on a garnet-hued background, sprinkled with golden leopards, the coat-of-arms is set naïvely forth in a large cartouch, surmounted by the coronet of a count. The iron hearth-back, like all others in the château, bears the arms of both the Montesquious and the L'Herminets. There are two oval escutcheons, leaning the one against the other, with chimeras supporting them on either side. Behind these are two crossed batons, the insignia of a Marshal of France, the whole being topped by a marquis's diadem.

The south windows of the "d'Artagnan room" may be seen from the dining-hall across the green court. It is in a square, squat tower, forming the east end of the north wing of the original structure. The outer walls are largely covered with luxuriant ivy and woodbine. The northern windows overlook the broadest part of the principal moat, much of which, to the north and east, has, however, been filled up. This end of the château is extremely picturesque, and is amply suggestive of romance.

To reach the "d'Artagnan room" one must mount directly from the court by a spiral stairway which is an integral part of the enormously thick wall, solid and massive as any that I have seen even in ancient church tower or mediæval donjon. The room, which is one storey above the ground, is very large, and, with the adjoining dressing-room, is lighted by five tall and broad windows. This is truly the chamber of the lord of the castle, whence he could virtually oversee everything of moment that went on within its outer bounds. The decorations of the interior have

been greatly marred, yet are still fairly traceable. They are the originals of those in the Infraville dining-hall. Even the reflex effects of the light are almost identical, except for the variations due to difference of height. If d'Artagnan the Gascon ever slept in this room (as a guest of honour probably, on the occasion of a great autumnal hunt, in the time of the L'Hermites, when the parents of Elizabeth, the future wife of his noble cousin, were newly wed), he must have found it very greatly in accord with his own hardy and sanguine temperament. Yet the woodwork is carved with fluent suavity of line. In the panels are cheerful paintings, now partly effaced, representing charming nooks in the park. The red frieze, which is better preserved, bears delicate white designs wherein dimpled Cupids are upholding a medallion, to which odd-looking birds with fantastic wings are harnessed by means of arabesques and foliated scrolls. There are quaint yellow figures in the red-tiled pavement. The quartered blazon on the chimney is of the L'Hermites.

Under the longest section of the original château, that on the west side of the great court, is a Romanesque arcade. Over this were some of the pleasanter lodgings of the minor guests, long since converted into granaries. One thing that is not changed is the golden glory of the sunsets which on certain evenings falls in pellucid splendour through the small, cobwebbed window-panes. Another is the lovely view, stretching far to the westward, over the wide expanse of prairie, dotted with superb trees and traversed in indolent course by the winding Gronde.

In the north-western angle of the château is a small chapel, once illumined with pictured glass, whereof, however, nothing remains.

The eighteenth-century structure is simply a prolongation of the original southern arm of the great double "L." The architecture is a trifle lighter in detail than the rest, to which in general design, however, especially in the southern façade, it closely conforms.

Of this noble dwelling the landscape setting is ideal. Saint-Pierre-sur-Dives is itself one of the most curious and interesting towns of Normandy, though intimately known to but very few tourists. The district is one of the most productive in France. Its apples and wheat are renowned. It is the source *par excellence* of the incomparable Norman cider. The rustic architecture is nearly all of the "half-timbered" type, seen also in the quainter parts of England, and there is hardly a roof that is not thatched. Picturesqueness without end is found in highways and byways and in the broad undulations of the bosky and beflowered countryside. Surrounding the château of Le Robillard are

a beautiful park and a manor farm of several hundred acres. Trees are to be seen that certainly have passed their third century, and some even their fourth and fifth. Gigantic oaks, elms, and sycamores are on every hand, and in the park itself are hundreds of noble pines and firs. Standing in a group, somewhat apart, three of these and a splendid oak of the non-deciduous species have been severally christened after Dumas' impossible champions, Porthos, Athos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan.

It is not very hard to reconstitute in one's imagination the merry and animated scenes that took place at Le Robillard two hundred years ago if one but lingers a while about the hoary château and wanders leisurely through the old-fashioned-gardens, the groves, the fields, the flowery glades of the park. One may implicitly believe or not, as he chooses, that here Charles de Batz d'Artagnan, the Gascon, once celebrated the victories of the hunt, and perhaps as well certain more facile victories of the boudoir. The other d'Artagnan, Marquis de Montesquiou and Marshal of France, joint prototype of the most wondrous of all mousquetaires, left behind him indubitable traces of his presence.

BRIGGS DAVENPORT.

FIONA MACLEOD—THE WOMAN.

THE overshadowing of William Sharp by the genius of Fiona Macleod is one of those mysteries of psychology and of literature that will never be solved.

During the lifetime of William Sharp the writings of Fiona Macleod were accepted by the world in general as the work of a living woman writer. She was supposed to be a cousin of Mrs. William Sharp's, William Sharp being her adviser and "right hand" in the matter of publishing. Rumour had it that she was the wife of a Highland 'chieftain. Some even claimed to have seen her at her publisher's office.

Her correspondence in her own name with George Meredith, W. B. Yeats, A. E., and other eminent men of the day proves that she was accepted by them as an actual woman. Nevertheless, great curiosity and some doubt existed about her personality. Interviewers called at her residence at Edinburgh, but "Miss Macleod was out." No one in Iona remembered her visiting the island. The Fiona Macleod writings were attributed variously to Mrs. William Sharp, to William Sharp, and to husband and wife in collaboration. There was so much interest in the controversy that William Sharp actually disclaimed his authorship in the *Literary World* and elsewhere. He regarded the keeping of his secret as a sacred trust—"Should the secret be found out—Fiona dies," he said. At his last interview with George Meredith at Boxhill in 1903 Sharp could hardly resist the temptation of an avowal. "She is a woman of genius," said Meredith to Sharp, "this is rare . . . so rare anywhere, any time, in women or in men. Some few women 'have genius,' but she is more than that. Tell her I think of her often, and of the deep thought in all she has written of late. Tell her I hope great things of her yet."

At Sharp's death (four years before Meredith's death) it became known that there was no living woman personality called Fiona Macleod, and that Sharp himself was the author of the Fiona Macleod writings.

And this would seem to be the end of the mystery; but it is only the beginning. Some indeed of those who knew William Sharp during his lifetime still maintain that Fiona Macleod was a mere pseudonym, and her investment with personality a piece of legitimate literary trickery. Mr. Ernest Rhys, who was an intimate friend of the Sharps, thinks it only natural that William

Sharp was able, "on occasion, thanks to an extreme concern with women's inevitable burdens and sufferings, to translate, as men are very rarely able to do, 'their intimate dialect.'" But that Fiona Macleod is no more than a pen-name is not, in our opinion, borne out either by external or internal evidence.

Let us very briefly examine the statements of William Sharp himself concerning the problem. Unless we are prepared to question his veracity on matters of supreme importance, his can be the only authentic testimony. Next in value comes the testimony of his wife, with whom he was in devoted sympathy. After touching upon these sources of evidence we shall venture to offer some very curious speculations on the Fiona Macleod personality, derived from a study of the writings themselves.

Who, then—or what—was Fiona Macleod? We are confronted with three theories, all taking us into obscure psychic regions. These theories are: (1) That Fiona Macleod and William Sharp were dual personalities; (2) that Fiona Macleod was a past woman-self reincarnating in William Sharp; (3) that William Sharp was at times overshadowed or possessed by some woman-influence belonging to a plane other than human.

It is perplexing to find that *all* these three theories are accepted by William Sharp himself, in the most evidential statement he made, to be found in a letter addressed to the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood, one of the chief movers in a scheme for obtaining for William Sharp a Civil List Pension. "Rightly or wrongly, I am conscious of something to be done—to be done by one side of me, by one half of me, by the true inward self, as I believe—[apart from the overwhelmingly felt mystery of a dual self, and a reminiscent life, and a woman's life and nature within, concurring with and oftenest dominating the other]—and, rightly or wrongly, I believe that this, and the style so strangely born of this inward life, depend upon my aloofness and spiritual isolation as Fiona Macleod. . . . I am glad and content to be a 'messenger,' an interpreter, it may be. . . . In a word, and quite simply, I believe that a spirit has breathed in me, or entered me, or that my soul remembers or has awaked (the phraseology matters little), and, that being so, that my concern is not to think of myself or my 'name' or 'reward,' but to do (with what remuneration, financial and other, may be necessary) my truest and best."

A study of Mrs. William Sharp's *Biography* does not throw much further light upon the mystery. She offers, it is true, a few tentative explanations of William Sharp's preoccupation with the woman-side of creation. She writes of the influence of his Highland nurse, Barbara, upon his mind; she relates how

William Sharp told her "that rarely a day passed in which he did not try to imagine himself living the life of a woman"; she makes allusion to a friend in Rome to whom William Sharp largely attributed his development as Fiona Macleod. But evidently she herself believed (as Mr. W. B. Yeats believed) that Fiona Macleod was a secondary personality. This seems sufficiently indicated in the following passage: ". . . there was a continual play of the two forces in him . . . of the intellectually observant, reasoning mind—the actor (that is, William Sharp), and of the intuitively observant, spiritual mind—the dreamer (that is, Fiona Macleod), which differentiated more and more one from the other, and required different conditions, different environment, different stimuli, until he seemed to be two personalities in one. It was a development which, as it proceeded, produced a tremendous strain on his physical and mental resources; and at one time, between 1897-8, threatened him with a complete nervous collapse. And there was for a time distinct opposition between these two natures which made it extremely difficult for him to adjust his life, for the two conditions which were equally imperative in their demands upon him."

In the "Conclusion" to her *Biography* Mrs. William Sharp writes: "In trying to suggest an answer (to the problem) I would say, with Fiona Macleod, 'I write, not because I know a mystery and would reveal it, but because I have known a mystery, and am to-day as a child before it, and can neither reveal nor interpret it.'"

We now come to the third theory—that of an overshadowing personality other than human. This is the most interesting theory and the one most difficult to explain. For while the doctrine of Reincarnation can claim to be the faith of a large portion of the human race, and dual personality is an accepted scientific fact, an Inspiration that has Personality belongs to that remote and unexplored region where hover the Dæmon of Socrates and the Muses of the Poets; or perhaps rather to those more accessible domains of mysticism where vision convinces and experience is proof.

William Sharp had vision as well as experience of the woman inspiration to whom he has given the name of Fiona Macleod. "For I, too, have my dreams, my memory of one whom as a child I called Star-Eyes, and whom later I called Baumorair-namara, the Lady of the Sea, and whom at least (? last) I knew to be no other than the woman that is in the heart of women." When he was a child of seven he saw a tall woman in white "with hair all shiny-gold like buttercups" standing in a mist of wild hyacinths near a sea-loch in Argyll. "She did not speak,

but she smiled, and because of the love and beauty in her eyes, I ran to her. She stooped and lifted blueness out of the flowers, as one might lift foam out of a pool, and I thought she threw it over me." This was his baptism into the world of the mystery of Nature, the first coming of the Woman-Inspiration into his life. Though Mrs. William Sharp often heard him speak of the White Lady of the Woods, he does not record in his own person any further visions of this tall woman, but simply tells us that "the nominal beginning was no literary adventure, but a deep spiritual impulse and compelling circumstances of a nature upon which I must be silent."

William Sharp's experience of Fiona Macleod's method of inspiration is described in the following passage, taken from a letter written to his wife. He is speaking of *The Rune of the Sorrow of Women*. "It was as though in some subtle way the soul of Woman breathed into my brain—and I feel vaguely as if I had given partial expression at least to the inarticulate voice of a myriad women who suffer in one or other of the triple ways of sorrow." "Sometimes I am tempted to believe I am half a woman," he writes in another context, "and so far saved as I am from the hazard of chance from what a woman can be made to suffer if one let the light of the common day illuminate the avenues and vistas of her heart."

We have next to ask: Can it be asserted that any special revelation of womanhood is to be found in the Fiona Macleod works?

Though in literature there is neither male nor female, and Art rises above sex, though great men can write greatly of women, and great women greatly of men, yet there are sufferings and sorrows peculiar to women which only a woman perhaps can fully understand. Of these literature offers few more poignant portrayals than are to be found in the terrible Lyric Runes.

The Runes have not all been directly inspired; the *Prayer of Women* is an adaption of an ancient Celtic Rune. This prayer is the fiercest arraignment of man that we can recall. "Save us from the desires of men's eyes, And the cruel lust of them. Save us from the springing of the cruel seed In that narrow house which is as the grave For darkness and loneliness." The poem closes with a cry of anguish:—

" Ah, hour of the hours,
When he looks at our hair and sees it is grey;
And at our eyes and sees they are dim;
And at our lips straightened out with long pain;
And at our breasts, fallen and seared as a barren hill:
And at our hands, worn with toil!
Ah, hour of the hours,

When, seeing, he seeth all the bitter ruin and wreck of us—
 All save the violated womb that curses him—
 All save the heart that forbeareth—for pity—
 All save the living brain that condemneth him—
 All save the spirit that shall not mate with him—
 All save the soul he shall never see
 Till he be one with it, and equal;
 He who hath the bridle, but guideth not;
 He who hath the whip, yet is driven . . .
 O Spirit, and the Nine Angels who watch us,
 And Thy Son, and Mary Virgin,
 Heal us of the wrong of man. . . ."

The *Rune of the Sorrow of Women* is the Rune of those women who, having anguish, die in the pangs of child-birth: the writer sees in a dream Mary the Mother, and hears the Rune that is in her heart: it is a Rune of bitter irony, attributing to man those pains and sorrows that are the lot of women alone.

"And high in His Heaven God the All-Seeing troubled."

The *Rune of the Passion of Women* tells of the heartbreak come of longing love, and the heartbreak come of love deferred, and the heartbreak come of love grown listless.

We would submit that these Runes afford the most striking internal evidence of a dominating Woman Personality in William Sharp's work. They seem to be written out of experience from which man is excluded; they are primitive, outspoken: they have the naked purity of that which is born close to Mother Earth. They are in a sense almost cosmic, since they reveal how half creation travaileth and groaneth; and this universality redeems them from any suspicion of individual bitterness. They express a great truth, though not perhaps the whole truth.

Can anything be learned of this dominating Woman Personality? Is it possible to obtain from the Fiona Macleod writings any characteristics of Fiona Macleod, supposing her to be an entity? Are any hints to be found on which to build a hypothesis as to who she is? Now there are two divergent forms of Fiona Macleod's manifestation in the writings which afford a clue to her individuality, and after touching lightly upon these two aspects, we shall venture with much diffidence to suggest the identity of Fiona Macleod with an actual historical personage.

William Sharp has himself divided certain of the Fiona Macleod tales under the headings: *Barbaric* and *Spiritual*. The *Barbaric Tales* are fierce and ruthless: they have the hard bitterness and cruelty of an age when gentleness was cowardice. Through the *Spiritual Tales* there shines a light as soft and as still as the light of the candles borne in a gale by Holy St. Bride.

In order to illustrate these two sharply contrasting sides of Fiona Macleod's genius let us give two illustrations: one, a

vision into the world of Pagan ideal; one, a vision into the world of Christian ideal.

The Pagan vision has terror in it, and splendour. Fiona Macleod relates how she landed on one of the remotest islands of the Hebrides on a late afternoon in October. The old shepherd, Murdo MacIain, the only man there, tells of the strange experiences he has—of the music he would rather not be hearing, of the hundred feet running through the wet grass. A storm comes on, and Fiona goes into MacIain's cabin and sits by the comfortable glow of the peats, while the old man, happy in that doing, she relates, "made tea for me."

"He was smiling and busy when I saw his face cloud. 'Will you be hearing that?' he said, looking round. 'What was it?' I answered, for I thought I had heard the long scream of the gannet against the waves of the wind high above us.

"Having no answer I asked Murdo if it was the bird he meant. 'Ay, it might be a bird. Sometimes it's a bird, sometimes it's a seal, sometimes it's a creature of the sea pulling itself up the shore an' makin' a hoarse, raughlin noise, like a boat being dragged over pebbles. But when it comes in at the door then it's always the same, a tall man with the great beauty on him, his hands hidden under the white cloak he wears, a bright, cold curling flame under the soles of his feet, and a crest like a bird's on his head.'"

"Who can doubt," Fiona Macleod comments, "that it was Manan, in the body or vision, the son of the most ancient God, who, created with snow-white canna with a blueness in it, and foot-curt with cold curling flame—the uplifted wave and the wandering sea-fire—appeared to the old islander?"

The spirit of the Christian ideal is embodied in the vision seen of Sheen in the Glen of Strath-nair. This vision has human tenderness in it, and divine pity. Old Sheen comes back from the burn to the croft and sits down before the peats. Every day she gets tired and more tired, and she begins to hear bells in the air, though no kirk bells ever rang in Strath-nair. She tells her son Alasdair how she found a man by the stream side. He was tall and spare and weary, and the clothes upon him poor and worn. She speaks to him a few words, bidding him to her croft, and he answers her in Gaelic. And sorrow for this poor homeless man is in her thought, while her son watches her, knowing that the time for their parting is nigh. Sheen dies, and on the day of her earthing, Alasdair sees the Fisher close by. "Night and day, Alasdair MacAlasdair," the Fisher says, "Night and day I fish in the waters of the world. And those waters are the waters of grief and the waters of sorrow and the waters of despair. And it is the souls of the living I fish for. And lo, I say this thing unto you, for you shall not see me again: Go in

peace, go in peace, good soul of a poor man, for thou hast seen the Fisher of Men."

These two figures embody the Christian and the Pagan aspect of the Fiona Macleod writings: the shining figure in the white cloak with flame beneath his feet; the homeless Fisher toiling over the stones; the one superb, aloof, self-centred, self-sufficient; the other humble, full of pity, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

It is clear from a study of the writings that the Fiona Macleod influence drew inspiration from both the Barbaric and the Spiritual worlds. Now it might be maintained that the Christian and the Pagan ideals are mutually exclusive; and so to some extent they are. Yet characters have appeared in history who have been invested with both Pagan and Christian attributes; and one of the most remarkable of these is a Celtic woman who plays a part of deep significance in the Fiona Macleod writings. This woman is St. Brigid of Ireland, Holyst St. Bride.

And now we come face to face with the extraordinary suggestion that Brigid and Fiona Macleod were one and the same person: that the tall woman seen by William Sharp among the hyacinths was no other than a vision of Brigid. This theory rests, so far as we can discover, on the prominent position of Brigid in the writings, on their marked Christian and Pagan characteristics, corresponding with her Christian and Pagan attributes, on uncertain contexts and intuitions that cannot be submitted to proof. But though doubt may exist as to the identity of Brigid with Fiona Macleod, there can be no doubt at all that Sharp regarded Brigid as a living power: as "the genius of our people" still leading them and inspiring them along the path; as the "Bride of Christ" who shall come again as a Woman Redeemer to bring peace upon the world.

Outside Ireland and the Highlands, Brigid is not a saint about whom there is much knowledge. What is there in her story that should cause Fiona Macleod, following some obscure prophecy, to assign to her so divine a mission as that of Saviour of mankind? This question is not irrelevant, since the identity of Fiona Macleod with Brigid is possible; and in any case the problem is one in which women are so deeply concerned that Fiona Macleod's attitude towards it, supposing her to be a woman entity, cannot fail to be of deep significance.

Brigid occupies historically a position of extraordinary influence. In her Christian aspect she is, according to legend, Virgin and Mother: she is "the Mary of the Gaels." Dr. Todd states: "The ancient authorities place her on an equality with the Blessed Virgin, giving her also the seemingly incommunicable title of

Dei Genetrix, and the still more unusual one, Queen of the True God."

In her Pagan aspect Brigid is, according to legend, Goddess, having been identified with the pre-Christian triple Godhead Brigid, Goddess of Poetry, Smithwork and Healing.

Let us see what Fiona Macleod has to say of Brigid in her Christian aspect. In one of her loveliest *Spiritual Tales* Fiona Macleod tells the story of the Passing of Brigid from Iona to Palestine, that she might become the Foster-Mother of Jesus. Brigid, it might be mentioned, was born about the year 458, and founded her great monastery at Kildare in 490; but Fiona Macleod is only following the metaphysicians when she states in one of her poems: "Time never was, time is not." She relates how Brigid, or Bride, standing by a pool called the Fountain of Youth on the Island of Iona, saw the quicken-boughs form themselves into an arch, and followed a white dove that drifted under and through them. "She moved on soundlessly, save for the crisping of her feet among the hot sands outside the village of Bethlehem. This was the passing of Bride, who was not seen again on Iona for a year and a day."

Brigid, Milkmaid, Brigid, Foster-Mother of Jesus, has Milk for her Christian symbol. Her blessing on the cattle is invoked to this day by the Gaelic herdsmen, and to this day the Gaelic mothers call upon her in an ancient ritual at the moment of child-birth. In the many milking-songs and lullabies that Fiona Macleod has written for Brigid, Milkmaid, Mother and Goddess are blent in glimmering confusion:—

"Give up thy milk to her who calls
Across the low, green hills of Heaven
And stream-cool meads of Paradise!"

The symbol of Brigid in her Pagan aspect is Fire: it is because of her identification with the Goddess Brigid, daughter of Dagda (the Irish Jupiter), that St. Brigid is invoked as "the Fiery Arrow," "the Fiery Dart." Something very like fire worship was practised at the monastery at Kildare, where a perpetual fire was kept burning (with one short interval) for nearly a thousand years, surrounded by a hedge of shrubs or thorns. No male person was allowed to enter the enclosure.

In the Fiona Macleod writings Brigid's initiation into the spiritual world is very subtly connected with the ritual of the birth of fire. It was Brigid's birthday, and the day of her Passing; a brief while before sunrise she reached the summit of Dun-I on Iona. There she found three young Druids ready to tend the sacred fire the moment the sun-rays should kindle it.

"In what strange, mysterious way Bride did not see; but as the three Druids held their hands before the sacred fire, there was a faint crackling, then three thin spirals of blue smoke rose, and soon dusky red and wan yellow tongues of flame moved to and fro. Out of the wonder and mystery of God's love he was reborn upon the world, reborn a little fugitive flame upon a low hill in a remote island."

This passage reveals a remarkable blending of Pagan and Christian thought. The Child has just been born in Bethlehem; His birth synchronises with the birth of Fire on Iona; and Christ worship and Fire worship are in some mysterious way identified. Very subtly are these two opposite ideals, Christian and Pagan, made one. It would seem as if Fiona Macleod suggested that the Pagan aspect of Brigid implied something more than a mere confusion of names, more than an instinctive turning of the early Christians to their Pagan deities. And the Pagan aspect of Brigid almost overshadows the Christian in the vision seen of her by old Mary MacArthur—the vision that is preliminary to Fiona Macleod's prophecy of the Coming of a Woman Redeemer.

Fiona Macleod writes of old age very tenderly; there is something specially caressing in her touch of old women. It is in Iona that she comes upon old Mary MacArthur, who had been gathering driftwood and had fallen asleep upon a ledge of granite. ". . . Old Mary stirred and opened her eyes."

"Yes, I had the tiredness indeed," she added after a little, "but what of that? For I had the good sleep and a thousand things of goodness more, for I had a dream of dreams. Do I remember it? Yet, for sure, I have it as clear as a cradle. I was lying here, just as I will be now, with the faggot here too, when a woman of beauty came up the path and took the faggot and flung all the sticks and ends into the sea. 'What will you be doing, lady?' I said, but not in anger, only in the great wonder. 'It's your sorrow I'm throwing away,' she said, with a voice as sweet as to send the birds to the branches. . . . Then she said, 'You'll have peace, Mary, and great joy, and your songs and your beauty will never die!' . . . And at that my heart sank with fear and rose with gladness, for who could this be but . . . an aune before I could put a word to it she said, *I am Brigid*. I went on the knees and cried, 'Each day and night give us the power.' And I was putting another word to it for her, fair Foster-Mother of Christ, when she looked at me and said, 'I am older than Brigid of the Mantle, Mary, and it's you that should know it. I put songs and music on the wind before ever the bells of the chapels were rung in the West or heard in the East. . . . And I have been a breath in your heart. And the day has its feet to it that will see me coming into the hearts of men and women like a flame upon dry grass, like a flame of wind in a great wood. For the time of change is at hand . . .'"

And then Fiona Macleod goes on: "I have often thought of old Mary MacArthur, and of her dream of Holy St. Bride, and the older Brigid of the West, Mother of Songs and Music."

And then in a passage of great beauty Fiona Macleod tells us of the Second Coming of Brigid:—

"I believe that we are close upon a great and deep spiritual change. I believe a new redemption is even now conceived of the Divine Spirit in the human heart, that is itself as a woman, broken in dreams and yet sustained in faith, patient, long-suffering, looking towards home. I believe that though the reign of peace may be yet a long way off . . . it is drawing near; and that who shall save us anew shall come divinely as a woman, to save as Christ saved, but not as He did, to bring with her a sword. But whether this divine woman, this Mary of so many passionate hopes and dreams, is to come through mortal birth, or as an immortal breathing upon our souls, none can yet know. . . And since then I have learned, and do see, that not only prophecies and hopes, and desires unclothed yet in word or thought foretell her coming, but already a multitude of spirits are in the gardens of the soul, and are sowing seed, and calling upon the wind of the south; and that everywhere are watching eyes and uplifted hands, and signs which cannot be mistaken, in many lands, in many peoples, in many minds; and in the heaven itself, which the soul sees, the surpassing signature."

What are the qualities that this distracted world most needs to-day? The Virgin quality of Purity; the Mother quality of Healing; the Goddess quality of Power. They are the qualities of Ideal Woman, not to be found united except in the ideal; and only a few women in the whole course of history have been crowned with this triple crown of glory to reign in the City of Man-soul. Brigid is one, Virgin, Mother and Goddess, and therefore it is not unfitting that the Coming of a Woman Saviour should be associated with the Mary of the Gaels. That greater Mary is another, of whom Fiona Macleod wrote: "Mary whose name is Love, whose soul is Love, whose breath is Love," and who, rather than Brigid, may be indicated in the prophecy.

This, some say, is the century of women. Doors on every side are opening to us. But with opportunity comes greater responsibility, and we whom the pioneers dreamed of with light upon our brows, enfranchised, clear-eyed, know ourselves very weak and human, burdened with the thought of the herculean task that is before us. For often—often of choice—the doors that open, open into the arena where we are choked with dust and confronted with wild beasts. The monsters of evil are hydra-headed and their bleeding victims often too mauled for cure. Then it is that this vision of an Ideal Woman, strong to love and to heal, comes to bring comfort to us—this prophecy of a Woman Saviour, bearer of Peace—this promise that we, too, may have our share in the work of redemption.

Is there any conclusion to be drawn from this brief survey of the Fiona Macleod problem?

In the explicit statements of William Sharp and of his wife, and in the writings themselves, especially in the *Lyric Runes* of

Women and the passage heralding a Woman Saviour, we submit that there is more than sufficient evidence to predicate a Woman Influence that cannot be explained in any normal way.

Further than this it does not seem possible to go. Whether Fiona Macleod was a Secondary Personality or a Past Self, whether she was Brigid or some other woman-entity, can never be logically proved. The problem belongs to those ethereal regions where logic cannot function, and the only key that William Sharp has left to us is—our own intuition. “. . . It is a mystery. I cannot explain. Perhaps you will intuitively understand or may come to understand. . . .” So William Sharp wrote in the letters he left to be sent to a few special friends after his death. “The rest is silence,” as he says in this last message.

ETHEL ROLT-WHEELER.

THE WAR CLOUD IN THE EAST.

THE news received from the Russian Border States is exceedingly grave and disquieting. Apparently a strong army of German soldiers, masquerading as Russians, have embarked upon a war of conquest. It is not quite clear whether General von der Goltz and other local commanders have been acting on their own account by setting the German troops in motion against the Letts or whether the attack was ordered and directed, or tacitly encouraged, by the Berlin Government itself. It is scarcely necessary to point out that Germany's action may have the most serious consequences. It opens up a vista of renewed wars, and it may lead either to widespread chaos or to the complete destruction and the dissolution of the German State.

Unfortunately the Allied and Associated Powers themselves are very largely to blame for the outbreak. The Peace Treaty with Germany contains the following provisions:—

Art. 116 Germany acknowledges and agrees to respect as permanent and inalienable the independence of all the territories which were part of the former Russian Empire on August 1, 1914. In accordance with the provisions of Article 259 of Part X (Economic Clauses), Germany accepts definitely the abrogation of the Brest-Litovsk treaties and of all treaties, conventions, and agreements entered into by her with the Maximalist Government in Russia. The Allied and Associated Powers formally reserve the right of Russia to obtain from Germany restitution and reparation based on the principles of the present Treaty.

Art. 117. Germany undertakes to recognise the full force of all treaties or agreements which may be entered into by the Allied and Associated Powers with States now existing or coming into existence in future in the whole or part of the former Empire of Russia as it existed on August 1, 1914, and to recognise the frontiers of any such States as determined therein.

Art. 438. As a guarantee for the execution of the provisions of the present Treaty, by which Germany accepts definitely the abrogation of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, and of all treaties, conventions, and agreements entered into by her with the Maximalist Government in Russia, and in order to ensure the restoration of peace and good government in the Baltic Provinces and Lithuania, all German troops at present in the said territories shall return to within the frontiers of Germany as soon as the Governments of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers shall think the moment suitable, having regard to the internal situation of these territories. These troops shall abstain from all requisitions and seizures and from any other coercive measures, with a view to obtaining supplies intended for Germany, and shall in no way interfere with such measures for national defence as may be adopted by the Provisional Governments of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

No other German troops shall, pending the evacuation or after the evacuation is complete, be admitted to the said territories.

The Peace Treaty in its final form was published at the end of June, 1919. Its stipulations regarding the new Russian Border States are detailed, plain and quite explicit, but unfortunately they have been treated with contempt by the German troops stationed in the Baltic lands, and have been disregarded by the Berlin authorities, which have allowed, or at least have not prevented, the open recruiting in Germany of soldiers for reinforcing the German Army in the Baltic States, and the sending of men, arms and munitions across the frontier. The Treaty has become a dead letter. For months news of this extraordinary traffic has been published both in the German and the non-German Press. Nevertheless, the flagrant violation of the Treaty continued. The Allies have encouraged the disregard and the violation of the Treaty by their vacillating Eastern policy, which clearly showed that they did not follow a single aim, that they were at cross purposes. Hence violation after violation was tolerated. Exactly as Napoleon made use of the divisions of the Allies at the Vienna Congress, broke out of Elba and renewed the war, counting upon their disunion, even so Germany seems to be acting at the present moment.

The policy of nations is greatly influenced by precedents. Defeated Germany, still swayed by the Prussian aristocracy which practically monopolises all the higher posts, appears to be acting as defeated Prussia did between 1807 and 1812. In accordance with the Treaty of Tilsitt, the Prussian Army was to be reduced to 12,000 men. At that time long-service armies were general. Prussia recast her military system. By passing rapidly short-service recruits through the army and placing them into the reserve Prussia was able to mobilise in 1813 a field army of 128,000 men reinforced by a reserve of 150,000. That was a wonderful feat for a State of 5,000,000 inhabitants.

In 1811, when Napoleon prepared for war with Russia, the Prussian statesmen thought that the moment for action had arrived, and they began to mobilise their troops and to concentrate them at the strategic points. However, as Prussia swarmed with French officers, diplomatic agents and spies, the mobilisation had to be carefully disguised. According to Duncker, Lehmann, Stern, and other authorities, about 100,000 reservists were surreptitiously called up and were sent in small batches to the various camps. In order to hide the real purpose the men were ordered to retain their civilian clothes, and were set to work upon the construction of fortifications, etc. Napoleon, apprised of Prussia's action, sent categorical orders to Saint-

Marsan, his Minister at Berlin, to insist upon the immediate discontinuance of the works begun and the immediate discharge of the men to their homes. At the same time orders were given to the French armies about Prussia to act in case of resistance. King Frederick William III. became alarmed. He assured the Emperor in an autograph letter that he would take all the measures demanded. However, the mobilisation quietly continued, and the Prussian Chancellor, Hardenberg, assured Saint-Marsan that the King was absolutely determined to stop the strengthening of the fortresses, that, however, it was impossible to discharge at once all the men, for they would be unemployed and starving, that therefore they would be set to making roads, bridges, canals, etc. When French commissioners were sent out to investigate whether the demanded demobilisation had been effected they discovered that the masses of men which had been concentrated in the fortresses had been hidden in out of the way villages and in the extensive forests, that military stores and munitions were moved at night, that guns were hidden under stacks of timber, etc. History has evidently repeated itself.

If we wish to understand the aim and purpose of Germany's policy in the Russian Border States, we must study the subject from the German point of view.

Modern Germany was created by Prussia. The modern Germans have become largely Prussianised, having become permeated with the Prussian spirit and with Prussian views. Old Prussia, Prussia proper, consists of the provinces east of the Elbe. The Prussian provinces to the west of that river are very recent conquests. Prussia's policy was made by the East-Elbian aristocracy, the Junkers, and so was the policy of Prusso-Germany. The lands east of the Elbe were originally Slavonic lands. Adventurers from the west and south of Germany settled among the heathen Slavs, fought and subdued them, and ruled them with a hand of iron. The numerous German names ending in "ow," such as Bülów, Sydów, Virchow, are as Slavonic as the numerous Russian names which end in "off." The Germans colonised and Germanised the East-Elbian lands. They expanded at the cost of the native Slavs who would obediently toil and fight for their masters. Thus Prussian absolutism and Prussian Statecraft were created on the basis of racial supremacy. The East-Elbian aristocracy felt most at home in the lands where actual or disguised serfdom existed. Russia was to them a second fatherland. Bismarck felt as much at home in Petrograd and Moscow as in Berlin, and he loved the Russian country as much as the German. That appears from his letters to his wife.

The eyes of the East-Elbian Junkers were turned to the East,

to the West. From their point of view, as from that of the sians of the old dominant class, the West was rotten with ism, democracy, socialism and revolution. They opposed nark's policy of industrial development, the opening of many by means of railways and canals, the construction of German merchant marine, the acquisition of colonies, the lding of the fleet, the Emperor's oversea policy. Their idea s a self-contained inland State directed by a powerful terri- al aristocracy and ruling over millions of serfs. According them, Germany was to find the most promising fields of onisation and expansion not across the ocean, but on the undless plains of Russia. The Russian Slavs might be subdued d Germanised and become as loyal and obedient as the Slavonic orignes of Prussia itself. This policy seemed all the more irable as the Baltic provinces of Russia were considered to : German colonies which happened to be under the Russian own. It is true only a small proportion of the population of e three Baltic provinces is German. According to the *Hand- uch des Deutschtums im Ausland*, the Germans formed 9·74 per ent. of the inhabitants of Latvia, 8·68 per cent of the inhabi- ants of Lithuania, and 5·81 per cent. of the inhabitants of esthonia. However, the Germans were the dominating class, nd that was all that mattered from the point of view of the Prussian aristocrats. They were the large landowners and they urnished the leading citizens in the towns. The illusion that the Baltic provinces were German lands was assiduously spread in Germany. Colour was given to that idea by the fact that most of the place names are German, such as Dorpat, Libau, Oesel, Pernau, Riga, Walk, Wiek, Wierland, Frauenburg, Prinzenhof, Neuhausen, Jacobstadt, Marienburg, Seewegen, Lemburg, Mühlgraben, Sennen, Kürbis, Weissenstein, Wasen- berg, Grossenhof, etc. Prussians and Germans looked upon the Baltic lands as provinces which by right ought to belong to Germany.

From the military point of view the possession of Russia would be of priceless value to Germany, for the country is an inex- haustible reservoir of recruits. The population of Russia has increased as follows during recent times :—

1762	19,000,000
1796	38,000,000
1815	45,000,000
1835	60,000,000
1859	74,000,000
1897	139,309,397
1913	174,099,600

Russia could furnish Germany not only with unlimited numbers of soldiers, but also with gigantic quantities of those materials required in war the lack of which largely caused Germany's downfall. Russia can produce unlimited quantities of wheat, rye, meat, leather, wool, cotton, oil, coal, iron, etc. Dominating Russia, Germany need no longer fear a blockade. Besides the boundless resources of the country could be converted into wealth. The losses of the war might easily be made good if the Germans were enabled to exploit freely Russia's gigantic resources to their own benefit. A Germany stretching from the Rhine to the Bering Strait and from the Arctic Ocean to the borders of India and China could rule the world.

Geographically Germany and Russia are practically one. The vast German plain is a continuation of the still vaster Russian plain. There are no mountains between Cologne and the Urals. The harbours of Russia lie either in Germany or within the German sphere, if we take the German point of view and consider the Baltic provinces German lands. A Germany organically connected with Russia would possess more than 250,000,000 inhabitants, and the vastest resources possessed by any country in the world.

Traditionally the Germans have been masters in Russia for centuries. German administrators, statesmen, and generals have dominated and directed all the energies of Russia and the foreign and domestic policy of the country for centuries. It was ruled by the House of Holstein-Gottorp, which adopted the name Romanoff, and the Tsars married, as a rule, German princesses. Russia's policy was made in Germany and Russia's intellectual life was largely directed from Berlin. We can, therefore, not wonder that the Russian Revolution also originated in Germany. Bolshevism is not an indigenous Russian plant, but a present which Germany made to Russia. It is an article made in Germany and intended solely for exportation abroad.

The Bolshevik doctrine was evolved by Karl Marx, the Bolshevik policy was made by the Foreign Office of Berlin, and Bolshevik warfare was directed by the German War Office and General Staff. Sir George Buchanan, the late British Ambassador in Russia, an excellent authority on Russian affairs, repeatedly stated that Germany stood behind the Bolsheviks. He said, for instance, at the British Russia Club, on July 17th, 1919 :—

"There may be a peace with the Germans in the west, but we are not at peace with them in Russia. They are behind the Bolsheviks; they are pushing the Bolsheviks not only against us, but against all those young States which we have called into existence. . . .

"The policy of Germany has always been to foment Bolshevism in Russia, except in those provinces where her armies were in occupation—to do so until she felt herself strong enough to put it down and to take in hand the work of Russian reconstruction. Mr. Kervin, whom you all know by name, writes to me from Helsingfors and says: 'The Germans are working the Bolsheviks for all they are worth at Petrograd. They are helping them in their army, and the police force is run and staffed by Germany.' We also hear of Maximilian Harden advocating the closest co-operation between Germany and Russia, 'as the only means of saving Germany in the future.' We also read that the German Government have begun negotiations with the Bolshevik Government for economic relations with Russia. They want to get a start. Their idea is, by economic penetration, to get the control not only of the Russian markets, but of Russia's man-power, of Russia's untold natural wealth, and by so doing to become the mistress of the sea.

If we now stand aside and allow them to do it, if we allow them to complete the work which they have begun, all the sacrifice which we have made in this war will have been made in vain, and we shall later on be confronted with a Germany strong enough to embark on that armed effort of revenge of which she is already dreaming."

Early in October Sir George Buchanan stated at a farewell luncheon given in his honour by the British Russia Club:—

"At our last dinner here I pointed out, as you may perhaps remember, that the reason why the Bolshevik Army had attained such a pitch of efficiency was owing to the German Staff Officers who were working with it. . . .

"Gentlemen, this is the last occasion on which I shall speak about Russia, and I conclude by expressing my personal conviction that the Russian problem is one of the gravest with which this country has ever been confronted, and that if we allow Germany to make of Russia a German colony we shall be confronted with a Germany far more powerful than she ever was before the war. She is already tightening her grip on the Baltic provinces. She is sending thousands of German settlers into Russia. She is doing the Staff work of the Bolshevik Army. She is supporting Bolshevism in Russia. She is using it as an instrument until it has served its purpose. Should the Bolsheviks—which God forbid ever succeed in crushing Denikin and Kolchak, the Russian people in their despair will be forced to invite Germany to come in and crush the Bolsheviks, and to take in hand the work of reconstruction."

Sir George Buchanan has not stood alone in warning against the danger of allowing Russia to become a German protectorate. The British Government and the Governments of the Allied and Associated Powers must have been aware for many months that it has been and is Germany's settled aim to dominate Russia and to make it a State subject to Germany. Their attitude makes it clear that the Germans care little whether they avail themselves of the assistance of the Bolsheviks against the Russian people or whether they support the Russian people against the Bolsheviks. In the beginning the Germans supported the Bolsheviks in order to destroy the Russian Army. Now, when

the country is tired of Bolshevik tyranny, the Germans seem desirous of posing as Russia's saviours. As Prusso-German policy has hitherto been based on racial supremacy, on government exercised by a territorial aristocracy over a docile people, it is only natural that the Germans wish to reconstruct Russia more or less on traditional Prusso-Russian lines. The fact that Germany has tried by every means in her power to make Russia a German preserve has been clear to countless observers, and the files of the various Foreign Offices must be replete with hundreds of reports bearing out the views of the late British Ambassador. Moreover, the Germans themselves have told the world in countless books, pamphlets and articles that they must restore their power, ensure their predominance, and revenge themselves upon their enemies by securing the control of Russia. The *Deutsche Rundschau*, the leading German monthly, a publication, be it noted, which bears a distinctly Liberal character, had, in its issue for May, 1919, a long article, "Ex Oriente Lux," by Paul von Sokolowski, in which we read :—

"The Russians have never been a free people, not even after the freeing of the Serfs. They lack the principal ingredient necessary for free development, belief in the honourableness and sanctity of work. From the German frontier to the wastes of Asia no physical labour is done on Russian soil except under the pressure of bodily chastisement. . . .

"To the Russian labour as a moral factor is a thing unknown, and the practical necessity of working is felt as a great evil. The vacuum created by the lack of interest in work is filled by fantastical ideas, and from the prevalence of these arose the conquering policy of Tsarism. Hence the Russians strove to reach seas on which they would not navigate, to conquer lands which they neither knew how to open up nor to administer.

"Bolshevism, by encouraging the Russian people in their hatred of work and in their pursuit of fantastic ideas, has utterly destroyed all the culture existing. Hence it has placed the people in the same position in which it was at the time when the Russians endeavoured to organise themselves into a State with the help of the Normans. . . .

"If we Germans wish to find compensation for all we have lost, we must open up for ourselves new fields of activity. This can be done only by creating a community of interest with the Russians. We must advance in industry and in culture hand in hand with our Eastern neighbours. In view of their dislike of work and their inclination towards Utopian dreams, the Russians will be utterly destroyed, and they will disappear in the waste created by the Bolsheviks unless we come to their aid. Henceforth Germany's foreign trade will be completely dependent upon England's goodwill, and the German flag will disappear from the sea for a long time. Consequently, Germany can find a wide open door in future only in Russia. Germany's past bids us to direct our gaze towards the East, for Russia's administrative and cultural advance in the last two centuries has principally been effected by us Germans. No nation can do in Russia the work which Germany can carry out by means of her surplus population. That fact has been evident to all energetic and progressive elements of the Russian State

in the past. Germany will regain once more the confidence of the Russians if we fight Bolshevism with energy. The Russians, cured of imperialism and of Bolshevism, will advance once more in civilisation. Anglo-Saxon and French envy cannot block our way."

In the same number Hermann von Rosen stated, in an article entitled "Wilsonism and Bolshevism":—

"As regards the prospects of the spread of Bolshevism in foreign countries, France is not likely to become a victim because it has a prosperous peasantry and social democracy is weak in the country. Besides, France does not suffer from over-population. Industrial States, such as England and Belgium, are much more favourable to it. The latter particularly has already been strongly infected with it. . . . The English proletariat has only recently founded a political party of its own. However, the English workmen possess in their Trade Unions powerful organisations, and they have acquired great experience in industrial warfare. These organisations have been deprived of nearly all their rights during the war. Hence unrest and anger have increased, especially during the last two years. Although the United States of America possess the richest agricultural land in the world, the danger of Bolshevism should be greater over there than in England. The manufacturing industries are highly developed in the East and the centre of the Union, and the workers consist largely of the worst elements of the European peoples. This proletarian mass has recently formed an international organisation which aims at converting the United States into a Bolshevik Republic.

"Germany is in an exposed position, but she should be able to keep off Bolshevism perpetually by embarking upon a healthy, wise, and before all national social policy. . . .

"The evolution of Russian Bolshevism is progressing far more rapidly than is generally recognised in Germany. It is rapidly losing ground. However, the Russians are incapable of creating anything unaided. They cannot reorganise their terribly devastated country. When, more than a thousand years ago, the Russians asked German princes to take over the government of their country, they told them that Russia was large and fruitful but that there was no order in the land. Soon, possibly very soon, a similar call from Russia will be heard in Germany, and this time the appeal will be made, not to the German princes, but to the German workers, agricultural organisers, manufacturers, engineers, foremen, etc. The demand for German organisation and for German guidance will be louder in Russia than the demand for foreign capital. Industrially, Russia, Germany, and their neighbour States, which have suffered so much, will always have to go hand in hand. Thinking men in Russia are fully aware that the country will go to ruin unless it is closely connected with the industrial areas of Central Europe."

Germany's policy in the Baltic lands possesses very interesting military, political and economic aspects. At present the former absorb universal attention. When it became clear that Germany could not escape defeat many Germans exclaimed: "We have lost in the West. Now we must turn towards the East." The policy of aggressive activity and of desperate intrigue in the East was undoubtedly undertaken in the first place by the military and the political hotheads, by the supporters of the old régime,

by the very men who had caused the war, and who were short-sighted and reckless and mad enough to believe that they could safely fool and defy the united Powers of the world, set the Russian Border States against each other in a war to the death, start a private war of their own, conquer Russia, attach it to Germany, and erect a greater, a more powerful, and a more dangerous reactionary military empire on the ruins of that country. Possibly, but not necessarily, that policy was known and connived at by the politicians in Berlin. Perhaps they allowed themselves to be persuaded not to interfere with the great adventure. Possibly the men in authority were not strong enough to prevent an undertaking which was largely approved of by influential people. Whatever may have been the genesis of the Baltic intrigue, the aims of the militarist adventurers are likely to come to nought. They will scarcely be allowed once more to set the world afire. The sense of danger is likely to unite the hesitating Powers for action. Democracies are proverbially short-sighted. Still, it is most improbable that they will allow the whole result of the war to be jeopardised by a handful of men who probably rely for success rather on bluff and on trickery than on their strength.

While the grandiose Russian policy which has been undertaken by the Prussian hotheads seems unlikely to reverse the verdict of the Great War, it may have the most disastrous and the most terrible consequences to Germany. Energetic action by one or several of the Western Powers would endanger the continued existence of the German State. Its position is precarious enough as it is. The possibility of a renewal of the war, or of the blockade, would probably madden the people who long for peace and who were promised peace. Determined action on the part of Germany's opponents would therefore in all probability lead not to a patriotic rally of the German people, but to an attack of the infuriated masses on those responsible for Germany's tribulations. The present Government would be swept out of existence, but the reactionaries would scarcely succeed them. That hope, which may to some extent have inspired the Russian adventure, would probably be disappointed. It seems more likely that the frenzied people would hurl themselves upon the reactionary classes, the supporters of the old *régime*, and massacre the old nobility, the high State officials, and the officers indiscriminately by the thousand in order to purge Germany once and for all from the men who have caused its downfall. Thus Germany might experience horrors similar to those through which Russia went after the fall of the Tsar, and the result would probably be that Germany would break up into its component

parts and be permanently and irretrievably ruined. Such an event might satisfy those who hate the Germans most bitterly. However, it is scarcely necessary to point out that the destruction and utter ruin of the German State might endanger the security of the other Powers, and would at any rate diminish very greatly the ability of the Germans to pay an indemnity to their victors. Let us hope that the German statesmen will in time recognise the danger and abandon once and for all the policy of violence and intrigue in Russia and the Border States.

While the Powers may easily stop German political and military intrigue in the East by determined action, they will not find it equally easy to prevent Russia's economic exploitation by the Germans in the future. Germany is very densely populated. The diminution of the natural resources of the country, owing to the cession of the border territories, which contain a large portion of them, to France and Poland, and the impoverishment of the people, will force millions of Germans to emigrate in order to earn their livelihood. Mr. Hoover and other experts have estimated that from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 Germans may have to leave their country. Where can they go to? The British Empire and the United States refuse to receive them. They would scarcely be welcome in South and Central America, where measures are being concerted for preventing German immigration on a large scale. There remain only Russia and China, and as Russia is near at hand it is the most natural outlet for German emigrants. Russia requires development by skilled men. Englishmen, Frenchmen and Americans find a more than sufficient outlet for their energies in their own countries and possessions. Hence Russia's development may be undertaken largely by German. However, it remains to be seen whether these German emigrants will Germanise Russia, as many fear at present, or whether they will identify themselves with the land of their adoption and become Russianised. Much depends upon the policy of the future Russian Government, and of the future German Government as well. Very likely German imperialism has received its death-blow in the Great War. FABRICIUS.

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BY MELLSTOCK CROSS AT THE YEAR'S END.

Why go the east road now? . . .
That way a youth went on a morrow
After mirth, and he brought back sorrow
Painted upon his brow :
Why go the east road now?

Why go the north road now?
Torn, leaf-strewn, as if scoured by foemen—
Once edging flats of my forefolk yeomen—
Stalwart peers of the plough :
Why go the north road now?

Why go the west road now?
Thence to us came she, bosom-burning,
Welcome with joyousness returning. . . .
She sleeps under the bough :
Why go the west road now?

Why go the south road now?
That way marched they some are forgetting,
Stark to the moon left, past regretting
Loves who have falsed their vow. . . .
Why go the south road now?

Why go any road now?
White stands the handpost for brisk onbearers,
"Halt!" is the word for wan-cheeked farers
Musing on Whither and How. . . .
Why go any road now?

Such are for new feet now:
Hark there to chit-chat, kisses, laughter
Yea, there be plenty to go hereafter
By these ways I trow! . . .
They are for new feet now

THOMAS HARDY

THE NEW BALTIC STATES.

It is not surprising that there is much confusion in the public mind with respect to the new States that have recently sprung into being along the shores of the Baltic. To start with, there is no very clear notion of what these States are—of their area, inhabitants, and interests. Most people in Great Britain, pre-occupied in any case with pressing economic problems difficult of solution, have little real knowledge even of the geography of the regions involved, and the place-names, apart from the names of ports such as Reval, Riga, and Libau, have no meaning for them. How many are there who understand what precisely is covered by the term Latvia or Lettland, the word which the former has replaced, thus importing some further obscurity into the matter? Perhaps the term Esthonia may convey a more definite idea, though it is still novel. But in general the public lack of anything like an intimate acquaintance with these countries themselves has made hard the realisation of what has happened and is happening in that portion of the world. These occurrences, with their quick-shifting phases and incessant fluctuations recalling the changeful struggles of three centuries ago in Europe, have indeed been bewildering. The news published in the papers about them has sometimes been conflicting and nearly always imperfect. It has not been easy to disentangle the facts. Part of the news was of Bolshevik origin. A still larger part has been derived from German sources and has been coloured by distinctively German hopes and fears as the situation altered from moment to moment. Sinister influences have been at work, and naturally this has not tended to make things more distinct and intelligible. Other influences also have contributed to the "mix-up" not the least of them being the vacillating policy of the Peace Conference towards Russia and what was the Russian Empire. If that policy has seemed to not a few friendly observers to be marked by contradictions as well as hesitations, what must it have appeared to those living in the "Border States," who were directly affected by it in the very fibre of their existence? The doubts, uncertainty, and clashes it has caused have had the effect of thickening the fog, at any rate, that surrounds the new Baltic States.

Leaving out of the account Finland, which is a Baltic State, but is not usually numbered among the "Baltic States," these States are Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, the last, however,

having a smaller frontage on the Baltic than the others possess, but a larger total area—though that depends somewhat on the new Poland. Before the Russian Revolution of March, 1917, three separate "Governments," known as the Baltic Provinces of Russia, stretched from the frontier of East Prussia northerly to within a few miles of Petrograd. In the south was Courland or Kurland, with Mitau as its chief town and Libau as its principal seaport. In the middle came Livonia or Lavland, its capital and port being the city of Riga, with a population of about half a million. In the north was Esthonia or Estland, with Reval as its chief town and main seaport. Up to 1876 these three provinces together had formed one "Government." The new State of Esthonia takes in North Livonia, while that of Latvia, called Lettland till some months ago, includes South Livonia and most of Courland. There was no Russian province or Government named Lithuania. There was an independent State of that name in the Middle Ages, but it became united with Poland. During the Russian régime its old-time territory was divided up into the Governments of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno and four other Governments, most of which were reckoned as Polish. The new Lithuania has grave matters of dispute with the new Poland as to the apportionment between them of some of these Governments, but it gains on the Baltic a coast on which are the ports of Polangen and Memel—this at the expense of Courland, the Government of Kovno, and what was the East Prussian district of Memel. Courland, partitioned between Latvia and Lithuania, disappears from the map. The former Baltic Provinces of Russia had long been interpenetrated with German influences—German people in the "Baltic," whether as feudal barons or as settlers, German education, German agriculture, and German trade. But the old Duchy of Courland, which Anne gave to her favourite Brion, was the stronghold of the Germans in the Russian Baltic lands. No more typical junker could be found in Germany than in Courland. With the excellences and defects of his class, he lived out his life on his large estate, managing it with scientific perfection, but "grinding the faces of the poor." And now Courland is swallowed up in the democratic Lettish Republic of Latvia—no wonder he does not like it, particularly as all the great estates are or will be sequestered.

In the new States the German element is a good deal under ten per cent. of the population, and the Russian element is still smaller. In Esthonia nearly ninety per cent. of the inhabitants are Esthonians or Ests, who are of Finnish origin, and have a language of their own, though many of them speak German and Russian. A recent estimate of the number of these Esthonians is

one and a half millions—perhaps too high a figure. Latvia contains a big majority of Letts; about eighty per cent. of the Courlanders are of this race. In Lithuania there are many Poles, especially in the East, mingled with the Lithuanians. The total population of the new States is somewhere between four and five millions, Lithuania having the largest share. The whole region occupied by these States is a somewhat melancholy country, except when the summer sun shines upon it; to a great extent it is a land of forests, lakes, swamps, rivers, and innumerable streams. Its shores are flat and low-lying. With little elevation eastward, it is devoid for the most part of striking natural features. It has short summers and long, dreary winters. But across it lies the way from the immense hinterland of Central Russia—from Moscow—to the open sea, and it is this fact which gives it an enormous importance. Before the Great War Riga, which previously had nearly doubled its population within a few years, was one of the greatest and most flourishing seaports in the world—and no doubt will be so again when the world settles down to business, and there is once more a Russia. This touches what is the real crux of the whole situation in the Baltic. It will scarcely be the new Baltic States, however prosperous they may become, which will restore its former high position to Riga—it must be the re-created Russia for whom entrance into Riga and the other Baltic ports is a matter of physical necessity. This is a truth of political and economic geography which cannot be lost sight of in any attempt at a permanent settlement of the Baltic question. It is this, of course, which makes many Russians determinedly opposed to the independent existence of these new States.

The independence of these States may be said to start with the action of the Esthonians soon after the Russian Revolution. A National Council or Diet, which was recognised by the Russian Provisional Government of the day, was elected by universal suffrage in May-June, 1917, and met at Reval in the following July. An Esthonian Government was set up in the shape of a coalition administration, with M. Constantin Paets at its head. In November of the same year, after the seizure of power in Russia by the Bolsheviks, Esthonia proclaimed herself an independent Republic—just as the Ukraine did. Her next step was to prepare for the calling up of a Constituent Assembly, but the Bolsheviks intervened, and summarily dissolved the National Council. At that time Germany had few or no soldiers on the Esthonian mainland, though she threatened Reval by her possession of the islands on the north of the Gulf of Riga. Farther south, however, she had captured the city of Riga early in September, and held the line of the Dvina, thus having in her hands all Courland and part of

Livonia—the area now within Latvia. In the preceding August a conference of the Lettish people had been held at Riga, which demanded the formation of a “united, undivided, and autonomous” Lettland in a federated Russia. This was the outcome of a movement which had been in progress long before. Von Hutier’s advance materially changed the position for the Letts, and, as was not unnatural in the circumstances, the German barons of Esthonia, who owned about half of that province, strongly advocated its occupation by the German forces. While the movements towards independence had been going on in Esthonia and Livonia, a similar movement was at work in Lithuania. In spite of the Bolsheviks the Esthonians contrived to maintain some sort of a national Government, and early in 1918 again affirmed the sovereignty of their country. They had no love for Bolshevism, but with the Germans on the other side of them they were poised precariously between the devil and the deep sea. On the plea of “liberating the Baltic Lands” Germany was even then contemplating their annexation. The next stage followed in the course of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations.

To compel Lenin to come to terms the Germans, under von Eichhorn, in February, 1918, took Riga, and marching across the provinces of Esthonia and Livonia captured Dymsk and Pskoff, only coming to a halt about 150 miles from Petrograd, when Lenin capitulated. By the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk the Bolsheviks undertook to evacuate Esthonia and Livonia, these being thereafter occupied by a German police force. In the words of the Treaty, “until their security is guaranteed by their own national institutions, and until their own State organisation is restored” Courland, with which Riga was joined though it was not in Courland, was entirely separated from Russia, and Lenin agreed both not to interfere in its internal affairs and to permit its fate to be decided by the Central Powers in unison with the wishes of its population. Commenting on the Treaty as it affected the Baltic Provinces, Count Hertling, then Imperial German Chancellor, said in the Reichstag a week or two after it had been signed that the duty of Germany, as the protectress of the Baltic peoples, was to give them a suitable State form, with due regard to German interests. He noted that it was the wish of Courland “to lean on the German Empire,” but remarked that a final decision as to its future would not be made until the local conditions were stable and the people interested had been consulted. He also stated that when order had been fully restored in Esthonia and Livonia it was hoped that these countries would remain in close and friendly relations with Germany, but in such a way as would not exclude peaceable and amicable relations with Russia.

As things stood, William II. appeared to have good reason for his declaration that, so far as human judgment could see, the Germanisation of the Baltic Lands had been made secure for all time. What was called a United National Council, composed of certain representatives of Esthonia, Livonia, Riga, and Oesel Island, was formed, and it apprised the Kaiser that it desired that Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, with the islands off their coast, and the town of Riga should be made into a united State, with a monarchical Constitution, and should be annexed to the German Empire by personal union with the King of Prussia. In his reply William II. said —

"I heartily thank God for allowing me and my armies to be the instrument of the liberation of the Baltic Provinces and for enabling me to place on a safe basis the future of the old country created by German labour. The request of the National Council for union with the German Empire, under my sceptre, will be benevolently entertained."

Towards the close of April, 1918, the people of Courland were told that the Emperor was ready to recognise the Duchy of Courland as an independent State and to conclude with it agreements which would guarantee its close connection, both economically and from the military point of view, with the German Empire. The Germans had been in possession of Lithuania since 1915, and had been busily engaged in shaping it politically according to their own ideas.

It certainly looked as if the Baltic Lands were, or would speedily be, Germanised, and the German Balts no doubt rejoiced greatly. The Esthonians and Livonians protested with all their might, and the former sent delegates to the Allies to whom they represented that at least ninety per cent. of the population of these lands—the indigenous population—were hostile to Germany, and had had nothing to do with the arrangements Germany had made or was making. David Tamm protested. M. Joffe, on behalf of the Bolshevik Government which, he said, was in favour of every people's right of self-determination, pointed out in a Note to Germany that the separation from Russia of Esthonia and Livonia was desired only by the upper classes in these countries. (The "upper classes" consisted almost entirely of the Baltic barons and the Balts generally.) Flushed with her victories and conquests, the latter now including Finland practically, Germany went on her way. Meanwhile the Esthonian delegates to the Allies had met with a measure of success, for in May, 1918, Great Britain recognised the Esthonian National Council as a *de facto* independent body, and later France and Italy followed suit. But Germany continued to carry out her programme in the Baltic, part of which programme was the conveyance of large numbers of German

settlers from Central and Southern Russia to Esthonia and Livonia, the plan being that these settlers were, under the agis of the Baltic barons, to oust the Esthonians and Livonians from their farms, and occupy them themselves. The barons estimated that ten million acres of "untenanted" land were available for settlement; there was nothing of the kind, the plan being simply one of robbery and confiscation, naked and unashamed. What was to become of the dispossessed peoples did not trouble the Balts or the Germans. How thorough-going was this fine scheme of plunder is plain from the fact that the transference of about two million Germans to the Baltic was contemplated. Large sums of money were raised in Germany, and some of the German States voted subventions, in support of it. What alone brought it to naught was the defeat of Germany in the field by the Allies, and even that defeat was not operative at once or quickly for good in the case of the Baltic States.

So far as these hapless States were concerned, the immediate effect of the Armistice granted to Germany was to make the situation in them more confused than before. After having tried to establish themselves in Esthonia the Esthonian Provisional Government, helped by the warships of the Allies, had kept itself alive--the Germans withdrew from that country, but they pillaged or destroyed everything they could lay their hands on as they retired into Courland (Latvia). By Article XII of the Armistice it was provided that the German troops were to remain where they stood when it came into force, at least until the Allies had determined on other arrangements. It may be supposed that the idea was that these troops would hold off the Bolsheviks from attacking and invading the Border States, but what happened was the exact opposite of this. They opened negotiations with the Bolsheviks with a view to Esthonia, after or as they evacuated it, being taken over by the Reds. In the words of a prominent Esthonian writer, their motto was "If Esthonia is not to be German then let it be Bolshevik." There were many sanguinary conflicts between the Esthonians and the Germans, who were much better equipped than the Esthonians, many of whose soldiers they had previously disarmed. Part of their ammunition they destroyed to prevent it from being captured by the Esthonians, part they left for the Bolsheviks, who promptly invaded Esthonia and overran a considerable part of it by the end of November--less than three weeks from the signing of the Armistice. The Reds marked their occupation of the land by the usual atrocities. Hundreds of men, women, and children were murdered in circumstances of the most revolting cruelty, and many people were flogged and tortured. Churches were plun-

dered and their ministers killed. Platon, the Orthodox Bishop of Esthonia, was shot, his crime being that he had advocated the independence of Esthonia.

All through December of last year the struggle continued between the Bolsheviks and such forces as the Esthonian Provisional Government could muster. These forces were mostly native Esthonians who had served in the Russian Army, and they still had then old officers at their head. They were organised into a field army of about 25,000 men, the Commander-in-Chief being General Laidoner, a former member of the Russian General Staff, and they fought their enemy desperately and with some success. Esthonia, who was preparing her case for submission to the Peace Conference, appealed to the Allies, especially to Great Britain, for assistance and on December 12th a British Fleet reached Reval. As Bolshevik warships had been bombarding the Esthonian coast and landing men in rear of the Esthonian soldiery, the arrival of the British was most opportune, but the ships had few or no landing troops. Still their presence greatly heartened the Esthonians, who further profited by receiving quantities of arms and ammunition, of which they were in great need. The Fleet moved out from Reval, and patrolling the Baltic kept the Bolsheviks in check, on one occasion capturing two Bolshevik destroyers. About the same time British warships reached Riga, and were in touch with the Lettish Provisional Government. All the way from Libau to north of Reval the British were active at sea. Still, the plight of the Esthonians was desperate, and in the south, as the year closed, the Bolsheviks were threatening Riga. With Dorpat as their chief town, they had already set up a Soviet Government of Esthonia, and had outlawed the Esthonian Provisional Government of M. Paets. In Reval there was extreme depression, early in January the Bolsheviks were only twenty-five miles distant from it, but were being held up in face of the stout resistance of the forces under General Laidoner. On the other hand, Riga fell to the Bolsheviks on January 4th. The Germans had refused to defend the city, the British had withdrawn, and the Lettish Government had fled. The Letts accused the Germans of being in collusion with the Bolsheviks, and probably this was true enough, but they themselves had not made any real effort to organise effectively the defence of Riga.

Perhaps it was because of the fall of Riga to the Bolsheviks, but it was almost immediately afterwards that M. Paets urgently begged by telegraph for immediate and substantial help for Esthonia from the British Government. He asked for considerable quantities of rifles, revolvers, guns, armoured cars, and ammunition, and said that, failing these supplies, the Esthonian

troops would not be able to withstand the Bolshevik advance. Two or three days later the Estonian Delegation, which was proceeding to Paris for the Conference, arrived in London, and strongly urged that artillery and other material should be given. The British Government, it was announced, received these appeals sympathetically, and appointed a Commission to consider the military situation in Estonia. Just about this time, however, signs appeared of a rally on the part of the Estonians, who were beginning to be reinforced by volunteers from Finland, and had the promise of many more. It was said at Stockholm that a Swedish Relief Expedition was to be headed by General Yudenitch, the conqueror of Erzerum, but afterwards it became known that this famous Russian soldier was raising battalions of Russians, through a Central Russian Committee, for the purpose of supporting military action in Estonia, and also with a view to an attack on Petrograd when circumstances were propitious. This was the beginning of the Yudenitch venture, which, as this article is being written, appears to be closing in disaster. But, at all events, the Estonians, in the second week of January, achieved some distinct successes over the Bolsheviks, Wessenberg and other towns being recaptured. Within the next two or three days the important town of Dorpat was again in their hands, as, a little later, was Narva. In these operations the Estonians were very materially aided by the Finnish volunteer force led by Colonel Ekstrom, a Swede.

In their retreat the Bolsheviks, who were under the general leadership of Trotsky himself, became panic-stricken, killed their own commissars, abandoned guns and ammunition, and fled or surrendered in large numbers. By the beginning of last February they had been thrown across the eastern and the southern frontiers of Estonia. During that month, however, Trotsky raised large Red forces, which he equipped with powerful artillery, and renewed the campaign against Estonia, his chief effort being directed upon Narva. This town was repeatedly shelled, and much of it was destroyed, but the Estonians, who had obtained arms and supplies from Great Britain, beat off every assault. On other parts of the front the Bolsheviks made no important gains, though their offensive was supported by the treacherous attacks of the Germans, who helped them wherever they saw an opportunity. In spite of that, the Estonians were in general successful in March and April, but it was not until well into May that the Bolsheviks were definitely defeated. And then the Estonians began a counter-offensive, which for a short time looked like achieving great results. In this attack on the Bolsheviks a distinctively Russian force, known as the Northern Russian Corps,

co-operated and did good work. This was the force that was directed by Yudenitch, and was the nucleus of the later organisation called the North-West Russian Army. • So successful was the Russo-Esthonian offensive, eastwards from Narva on the north and from Pakoff, which was captured, on the south, that prophecies of the fall of Petrograd were numerous, and apparently had some foundation, the advance to that city coming to within thirty miles of it. But the Reds rallied, and before the end of June it was evident that the high hopes which had been raised would not be fulfilled. The Esthonians were beaten back, but fluctuating fighting continued throughout July.

In the meantime a general election had been held in Esthonia with a view to the formation of a Constituent Assembly. Out of 120 seats 96 returned members belonging to the Democratic Party, the Labour Party, and the Socialist-Democratic Party, and from them arose a new Coalition Government, with M. Strandmann as Premier, M. Paets retiring into the background. The election showed that the Esthonians were absolutely opposed to Bolshevism on the one hand and to Germanism on the other. They were resolved on nothing short of independence, but their spirit was severely tried by the struggle. At the end of July the situation was as stated in the following message sent by the Strandmann administration to the British Government —

The Esthonian people are struggling to retain their independence and right of self-determination, and are fighting in protection of their frontiers against hostile forces. They are not interested in the internal affairs of any other nation nor do they intend to interfere with any of their neighbours. Owing to the great moral and material help which the Esthonians have received from the Allied Powers, especially Great Britain, the Esthonian people have been able to found a democratic Republic. The power rests in the hands of a Constituent Assembly based on the direct and proportional vote of all citizens over twenty years of age and of either sex, and the executive is in the hands of the Republican Government elected by the Constituent Assembly. The Esthonian people feel the deepest gratitude towards Great Britain for the generous help accorded to them and they trust that the English democracy will not refuse them support to nations fighting for a just and democratic political system and for the right of self-determination. If, however, further support is withheld, Esthonia will inevitably become the victim of Imperialist Communism.

Turning from Esthonia to Latvia, how did matters stand there? In April last General von der Goltz, who had been forced to leave Finland on the defeat of Germany, came into the story as commander of the German troops in Courland. In that month a *coup d'état*, engineered mainly by the Balts, aided by troops of von der Goltz, overthrew the Lettish Government at Libau, some of its members being arrested. Undoubtedly, this was symptomatic of the whole situation in the Baltic States, for a plot with a simi-

lar object was on foot with respect to Riga, but it did not succeed. In the third week of May Baron von Manteuffel, von der Goltz's lieutenant, entered Riga, having with the assistance of some "Lettish" (Balt) forces thrown out the Bolsheviks. Now began the Notes with which the Peace Conference bombarded von der Goltz—with scant effect for a considerable time. Among other things he was told that he must receive orders from Germany to establish a Coalition Government in which all the Lettish political parties were to be represented. Von der Goltz paid no attention to this command, and Riga was dominated by his "Iron Division." Shortly afterwards General Sir Hubert Gough, at the head of the British Military Mission to the Baltic States, arrived at Helsingfors. At the end of June the Letts and Esthonians were successfully attacking the Iron Division, but on July 3rd Gough brought about an armistice, which provided that the German troops were to evacuate Lettland with all possible speed, and that the Germans and their relatives the Balts (Landeswehr) were to leave Riga next day. As the Letts and Esthonians believed that they had the Germans in their power they accepted the armistice only with the greatest reluctance. Colonel Tallents, a member of the British Mission, was appointed Governor of Riga, and the real democratic Lettish Government, of which M. Ullmanns was the head, sat in that city again. Von der Goltz made his headquarters at Mitau, where, metaphorically speaking, he dug himself in, and received large reinforcements from Germany. Almost exactly three months after the Riga armistice the result of this was seen in the reoccupation, on October 9th, of part of Riga by von der Goltz, who had with him a so-called Russian force under the adventurer Colonel Bermont.

By that date Yudenitch had begun his brilliant drive towards Petrograd. Conferences held in August at Riga under British auspices had resulted in the formation of parts of the Governments of Petrograd, Pskoff, and Novgorod into a State, to be known as North-West Russia, and a Provisional Government, under M. Lianozoff, was created for it, Yudenitch being Minister of War and Commander of its forces—the North-Western Army. To obtain the help of the Esthonians, Yudenitch recognised the independence of Esthonia. A fine British naval attack at Kronstadt followed, but the effect of this was countered by Bolshevik successes, in the course of which Pskoff was recovered by Trotsky. In September the Bolshevik Government made formal offers of peace to the Baltic States, which eventually, after some hesitation apparently, were declined. As October opened Yudenitch was advancing rapidly, and by the 20th of that month had got within eight miles of Petrograd, after severely defeating the Bolsheviks.

Prophecies of the immediate fall of the city again were abundant, and appeared to have even a more solid foundation than those uttered a few months before, but once more they were falsified. Yudenitch was without supports, the Reds rallied and heavily counter-attacked him, he was held up, and then forced to retreat. His appeal to Finland for assistance proved a failure, and by the middle of last month his position, though on an ever-contracting front, had become highly critical. It was most unfortunate—but there it was; his bold effort had ended disastrously, but not altogether hopelessly. His strength was insufficient for the venture, and Trotsky's was underrated. The result of his defeat was, almost inevitably, to turn the thoughts of the Baltic States to the resumption of peace negotiations with the Bolsheviks. Most Russians believe that there is some sort of working alliance between the Bolsheviks and the Germans, and the actions of the latter in the Baltic States during the last twelve months strongly support this idea. Von der Goltz went back to Germany, but under his successor, von Eberhard, there is little real change. As German soldiers, under the pressure of Paris, retire into Germany, other German soldiers seem to take their place.

Four forces are at work in the Baltic States—Nationalist, German, Russian, and Bolshevik. At one time the Baltic countries would have been willing to be autonomous States within a federal Russia. Now they will be satisfied with nothing less than independence, and the Allies are committed to that as their policy, though in a final settlement provision will have to be made for the full use of the Baltic ports by Russia, that is, when there is a recognisable Russia in existence once again. That final settlement is likely to tarry. The Germans, we may be sure, have not given up their plans for the Germanisation of these Baltic Lands, and in the future, as in the past, they may be expected to take advantage of whatever openings the weakness of the Allies may present to them. If anything, the Baltic Nationalists fear the Germans more than the Bolsheviks; they distrust the Bolsheviks, and with good reason, but in present circumstances they may deem it wise to come to some arrangement or accommodation with them—which will not exactly be a pleasant thing for the Allies, upon whom, however, will in all probability devolve in the end the keeping in being of these same small States.

ROBERT MACHRAY.

A GOVERNMENT IN TROUBLE.

THE Prime Minister may well have pondered of late on the transiency of popular favour. A year ago his enemies were scattered. To-day they are gloating over what they believe to be his approaching fall. Their instinct tells them that they have got their Proteus into a corner at last and that, however cunning the shape he may assume, and whether he turns Right, Left or Centre, they will have him down. But we may leave the avowed enemies of the Prime Minister out of the question. It is their nature and perhaps their interest to be ungenerous. What is troubling a good many minds just now is whether it is best for the nation that Mr. Lloyd George should continue to be Prime Minister. Is he still the man for the hour or should we look for another?

But, first, gratitude demands an acknowledgment of obligation. The Prime Minister did more to win the war than any other British statesman. None else had a title of his strengthening and encouraging influence with the public. He dared still to call for "the knock-out blow" when the enemy's blows were raining in upon us thick and fast. He sacrificed everything to the essentials of victory. The Ministry of Munitions was his creation—costly beyond computation, but triumphant. He organised victory among a people who at heart resented the necessary resort to conscription and among whom there were always enough malcontents, enough objectors, enough doubters to delay each step till it was dangerously late. But for the Prime Minister and those who stood by him, the war must either have been lost or some wretched, temporary peace of compromise patched up, which would have left Germany the real winner. If the gratitude of the British nation could have been expressed by tangible rewards similar to those bestowed upon our victorious Generals and Admirals, few would have grudged the Prime Minister recognition similar to theirs. But a victorious statesman asks for power, and this the people gave him last December with both hands. He came back with a triumphant majority, and all his personal enemies were swept bodily out of Parliament.

But Power is like manna—it will not keep. The Prime Minister was absent for six months in Paris at the Peace Conference. Again he triumphed. He was the mediator-in-chief of the Allies. If the Peace proves a fair success, the chief credit will be due to his untiring efforts to smooth over difficulties and

reconcile conflicting aims; if it is a failure—and it contains many elements of failure—the fault will not lie with the men who made the terms so much as with the unwillingness of the Allied democracies to insist on their due observance and the insoluble difficulties of the problem. By general consent the British Mission in Paris sacrificed no Imperial interest and squared their nationalism as best they could with the new internationalism, of which the League of Nations is at once the expression and the safeguard. But all this time the Prime Minister's popularity and authority at home steadily waned. Demobilisation was a fruitful source of discontent. The critics found a new grievance every day and a new scandal every other day. They traded handsomely on the invincible ignorance of the public—especially the Labour public—which regarded the war like a football match and thought that when "Time" was called the players should all stream off the field together. What was worse, those who had talked the loudest of the new spirit which was to animate the world practised it least. Even before the Armistice an intense selfishness had subsisted at the side of the most sublime unselfishness. Since the Armistice the game of grub has been played with sharpened nails. What wonder then, if the star of Mr. Lloyd George has suffered declension? The shouts have died away to a great silence and here and there have changed to hisses. Large masses of the people have grown tired of their idol. They are all eyes for his weaknesses and his blunders, and are itching to drag him down.

Much of this change of feeling would still have occurred if everything had gone smoothly since last November and the world had changed over from war to peace as quickly as the tide changes from flow to ebb. Nor can the Prime Minister be accounted principally to blame for the appalling difficulties of getting the world into working order again, for the colossal war debt, for the evil plight of Russia, for the divergent interests of the Allies, for the strain on men's nerves and tempers, for the scarcity of commodities and for the rise in prices, all of which must tend to the unpopularity of the man in power. And if these have been aggravated by blunders, the people themselves are largely to blame for creating the difficult situations in which the blunders have been made. Triumphant Labour is the chief cause of many of the worst symptoms of the present situation. Its temper is bad. It is ill-disciplined and suspicious. It is deplorably ignorant of fundamentals. It is eager for power and wealth. It is disinclined to work. Its head is stuffed with pernicious theories. It acts as though it had discarded all idea of duty and service to the State, and had rejected the moral obligation to put the welfare of the

whole community above the sectional interests of any class. The war had to be fought to a finish, we were told by President Wilson, in order to make the world safe for Democracy: victorious and saved Democracy has done little but demonstrate how unfit it is to be entrusted with the world's keeping. The principal portent on the horizon is the gigantic aim of Labour, with fingers either clenched to strike or extended to clutch. Labour by its exorbitant demands has placed British industry in fetters. It has extorted rates of wages and hours of work which our industries can only bear. Labour sets itself whole-heartedly to increase production. But output diminishes. It is not merely against ill-paid drudgery that Labour has struck: it is against work itself. All the wheels are slowing down. Labour is showing a blind resentment against some of the essential conditions of modern industrial life.

Trouble was inevitable this year. The preposterous thing was to promise the people that when the war was over a new era of happiness would at once begin. The world is not made that way. The demobilisation of vast armies scattered throughout the globe involved innumerable cases of hardship. The Government began by releasing first the men who were most indispensable to industry. That was the scientific plan. It broke down because the Army would not have it. The only principle tolerable to men who were burning to be released from their military duties was that those who had served longest and bled most should be released first, and timely concessions to the soldiers' demands alone saved military discipline. But the War Office is entitled to generous credit for a magnificent achievement in demobilising three million men within a year, and bringing back scores of thousands from India, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Palestine and the Black Sea while sending out a sufficiency of newly trained men to take their places. And the credit is all the greater because for more than half the year the Allies did not know whether Germany would sign the Treaty of Peace or not, and whether Marshal Foch might not have to lead the Armies of the Rhine to Berlin itself. The Government's difficulties throughout the year have never been adequately realised by the British public: certainly no allowance was made for them by those who clamoured for the immediate release of every conscript, careless whether the glorious British Army degenerated into an ill-disciplined rabble of revolutionary mutineers. The part which the British Labour Party has played this year with regard to Conscription, the North Russian Expedition and the whole question of British intervention in Russian affairs has been despicable beyond words.

Again, in home affairs the numerous anxieties and difficulties of

the Government have been trebled by the intractable spirit of Labour. Even the crushing burden of the National Debt might have been faced with cheerfulness by a nation which knew that it was going ahead industrially and fast repairing the inroads made by the war into its financial resources. It had been hoped that, thanks to the reconciling spirit of Whitley Councils and the more friendly relations which had sprung up during the war between employers and employed, a period of abounding prosperity would follow the restoration of peace. That has proved a vain delusion. The relations between Labour and Capital were never more embarrassed and embittered. The Government's efforts to keep the peace have conspicuously failed. There has been no industrial peace throughout the year and none is in sight. It takes two parties to make a peace and Labour has not desired it. For the avowed object of its leaders is not to come to new terms with Capital if that were all adjustment would be easy—it is to overthrow Capital and the Capitalistic system. The conscious aim of Labour leadership is to grasp political power and use it for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth. That means industrial war till the issue is decided, and it explains the immense importance which Labour attaches to Nationalisation. At certain moments especially during the opening months of the year there were grave fears of political revolution. They passed away. But to ease their passing the Government were constrained to make concessions to the merciless pressure of organised Labour which have enormously weakened their position and authority. The minor leaders take credit to themselves for patriotic moderation, and if they had been cast in the Lenin mould they could, no doubt have precipitated a general strike which might have led swiftly to revolution. But there is the credit for moderation which belongs to men who refrain from burning the house above their head. The broad fact remains that Labour has exploited without conscience the necessities of the State. Ten years ago a Liberal Government placed the Trade Unions above the law in the vain hope of retaining the support of Labour which was fast slipping from them. The whirlwind then sown is now being reaped. Though Labour is still only a small party in the House of Commons, an active few of Labour has dictated the Government's domestic policy since the Armistice. The struggle, which has passed through many phases thus far, has been and still is a struggle between Labour and the State, to decide whether Trade Unionism shall be a subordinate force within the State or a ruling force above it. Trade Unionism won the battle for its complete recognition years ago. It is now fighting not only for privilege, but for domination. This is the modern form which

tyranny assumes in a democracy corresponding to militarism in the Prussian autocracy. Strikes, stoppages, threats of "direct action" — a cannily under-production, higher wages and shorter hours — how is a democratic Government to deal with insurgent and mutinous Labour clamorous for political power and improved conditions of life and work but stolidly refusing to accept the sole condition on which its gains can be consolidated—increased production?

The broad outlines of the country's financial position are by this time too well known to need recapitulation and by common consent the one way of safety lies through reduction of expenditure and an immediate cessation of borrowing. Is the Prime Minister the man to lead the country into and along that path? Unfortunately he has not the record or the reputation of an economist and his name has been associated throughout his public career not with saving but with spending. When he succeeded Mr. Asquith as Chancellor of the Exchequer he succeeded an economist of the orthodox Gladstonian school. Report says that Mr. Asquith had marked out for the Chancellorship the late Sir Edward Holden — whose appointment would have been a bold innovation. But Mr. Lloyd George coveted the office. Why? Certainly not because he had a special *flair* for figures or the money mind or a zeal for economy. Mr. Lloyd George desired the Chancellorship for quite other purposes. He was revolving vast social schemes of a construction all requiring large sums of money and a Chancellor of the Exchequer of the type of Sir Edward Holden would have been a formidable lion in his path for he would have tightened up Treasury Control over the Departments and money for the financing of big social schemes would have been difficult to get. Mr. Lloyd George, therefore, became Chancellor and in a short time he converted the Treasury into a spending Department. He raised additional revenue, it is true, but he spent lavishly. He never allowed petty considerations of money to stand in the way of a settlement when engaged in difficult negotiation. Whatever the merit of his social reforms, their finance was never their strong point. The Insurance Act was a typical example. When any deadlock arose which threatened to wreck the Bill or delay its passage Mr. Lloyd George would enter the conference room with the national cheque book in his pocket. He bought his way through all opposition. Hence too his successes as a mediator in obstinate trade disputes. Bank notes are the best plaster for soothing the wounded pride of those who are asked to give way and a clever man can usually get things done when money is no object. It was a commonplace before the war that Mr. Lloyd George had in the course of a few

years completely shattered the old theory that the Treasury was the guardian of the public purse. He bewailed from time to time the spending proclivities of the House of Commons, but his protests were very like a profligate's exhortations to economy in some momentary fit of repentance. One cannot forget, therefore, that, so far as economy is concerned, the Prime Minister has a somewhat lurid past.

The Government are in part responsible for the present financial morass. No one can say that the constantly recurring wages question has been firmly or wisely handled. Even when the Prime Minister himself had nothing to do with a particular settlement, the negotiations were too often conducted on his flamboyant lines. Anything for a temporary settlement! Anything to get the men back to work again, whether the real points at issue were solved or not! The increase in the unemployment donation, announced just at the time of the General Election, was a shocking piece of electioneering which has wasted many millions and illustrates the secular failing of democratic politics, the almost irresistible temptation to offer bribes on a national scale. We do not forget the Prime Minister's August letter to the Heads of the Government Departments insisting on an immediate reduction of staffs, but it was not composed till he was driven to his writing-table by a universal outburst in the Press.

Repentance used to be considered a primary condition of grace. But the Prime Minister and his colleagues say that they have done nothing and left undone nothing of which they need repent. They claim to have kept up a steady pressure on behalf of economy. But the evidence all goes to show that Mr. Chamberlain's struggles with his spendthrift colleagues were ineffectual until the great clamour for reduction arose outside. His "National Bankruptcy" speech was a cry of despair, but when, a few weeks later, his pessimism changed to optimism the Prime Minister justified the *colle facie* on the ground that the situation had improved. So it has, but in essentials it is much the same. The main difference is that accelerated reductions have been effected in the Army and Navy which had there been no pressure from without would probably have been put off to a more convenient season. The Prime Minister described the position as "sound." Would Mr. Gladstone so describe it if he could return for a week to the Treasury and his old place in Parliament? Would Lord St. Aldwyn have so described it if he had been on the Front Opposition Bench when the Chancellor or the Prime Minister was speaking? Their speeches seemed almost designed to raise a false sense of security. No one, indeed, can fairly blame the Chancellor for the enormous increase in the estimated deficit of

the present wholly abnormal year. But he will incur just and severe censure if the promises which he held out for what he called a normal year are not fulfilled, as fulfilled they will not be. Apart from any levy that may be made on war-fortunes— if such be found practicable—the proceeds of which would presumably be devoted to debt reduction, the taxpayer was flattered by the alluring statement that no new taxation will be necessary unless new expenditure is incurred, and that in fifty years the Debt itself may be extinguished on a revenue and expenditure of about £90 millions. These figures and these promises— qualified though they were— are a delusion and a snare. To pretend to be able to look fifty years ahead is ridiculous. The Labour Party entirely repudiates all the assumptions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not one of their leaders tolerates the prospect of these enormous £600 million Budgets going on year after year. They preserve a judicious silence with respect to the National Debt— though Mr. Adamson was good enough to say that he was against Repudiation— but they are not silent about the suggestion that it is possible to avoid new forms of expenditure. Every project for making Great Britain a place fit for heroes to live in means the continual outlay of fresh millions. Not is it heroes alone who have to live in Great Britain: the policy of the Labour Party is to make Great Britain a place fit for Trade Unionists to pass their leisurely lives in, and the realisation of such a project means a perpetually rising expenditure. When the Chancellor hinted that if the Civilian Unemployment Donation were renewed the renewal must be the act of the House of Commons, Labour passed resolutions of "dismissal and indignation" and began to talk of National Workshops. It seemed for a time as if the Government intended to wash their hands of responsibility and cast it upon Parliament. Better counsels, however, prevailed, and they plucked up courage to say that the dole must cease to all but ex-service men and women.

The Prime Minister wound up an exhilarating day of Parliamentary triumph with a majority of 350 in the division lobby. His sparkling speech raised the spirits of the Coalition and made them forget the dismal facts of the financial situation. It was the sort of rhetorical display which Disraeli might have made and would have sent him home radiant to a late supper of champagne and "raised pie." But it was not the speech which the financial necessities of the hour demanded. It is an unfortunate thing that the Prime Minister should treat every criticism of his Government as part of some new "stunt" invented by his arch-enemy in the Press. Of course, we have no right to complain that the Prime Minister does not combine with all his brilliant qualities

the massiveness and solidity which used to be associated with the character of the late Lord Salisbury. The phlegm of the reserved English aristocrat does not consort with the fire, agility and romantic imagination of the Welsh popular leader. The Prime Minister is what he is. He is a master in the art of improvisation. But there are some situations from which there is no escape by dodging, and the situation created by a National Debt of from seven to eight thousand millions is one of them. Mr. Lloyd George—to the great regret of many who have given him loyal and unswerving support—is not tackling the problems of the peace as he tackled the problems of the war. He surprised everyone from 1914 to 1918 by his tenacity of purpose and his continued exaltation of spirit. A man of his temperament ought, according to the books, to have had his black hours of depression. If he had them, he kept them to himself, and the public never knew. But he creates no such impression of fidelity to fixed principles now.

The Government are living from day to day. They have no courage to do what they believe to be right even in matters which primarily affect only themselves. The recent restoration of the Cabinet system by the establishment of a Cabinet of Twenty was a glaring instance of this. The Prime Minister once described a Cabinet of Twenty-two as a Sanhedrin; what, then, it may be asked, is a Cabinet of Twenty? Everyone condemns it as a large, unwieldy Committee; it means that there will be an Inner Cabinet as well as an Outer, and that the latter will only be summoned to register the decrees of the former. At least half a dozen members of the new Cabinet owe their inclusion less to their abilities than to the "pull" they possess and to the expediency of observing a just balance between Lords and Commons and between Coalition Unionists and Coalition Liberals. Yet if a Minister can always be admitted to the Cabinet when matters relating to his Department are under consideration, it ought to be enough distinction to be Head of a Department without claiming—as a matter of right—that it carries with it a seat in the Cabinet. Big Cabinets mean that the country does not get the best results from the Cabinet system; and the Prime Minister has thrown away a chance, such as probably will never recur, of reducing the Cabinet to its ideal proportions of ten or twelve, in order not to offend the susceptibilities of a handful of politicians of quite second-rate calibre, and a rather larger number of others who hope soon to enter the charmed circle.

The Prime Minister is in the unhappy position of those who have promised more than they can perform. He brought Paradise or the social millennium much too close to this world in his

thrilling perorations during the war, and he must have forgotten the intervening purgatorial period when he invited the people to jump with him. They have jumped short and the stream is icy cold. Perhaps there was no other way of getting the tired pilgrims on and forward, and our plight would have been infinitely worse had the war been lost. But the outlook is sufficiently cheerless. We have violated every known economic law, and we are vainly trying to stave off the consequences by paper money, subsidies, loans, and wages supplemented out of the pockets of the middle classes and the rich. Everything has been done to pamper the Trade Unionists and keep them in good humour, to shelter them, at the expense of the rest of the community, from the hardships and privations which inevitably accompany the losses of war. The Prime Minister in a singularly unhappy moment once invited the working classes to be "audacious" in their demands. They have taken him at his word, and the leaders refuse to set bounds to that "audacity" either industrially, socially, or politically. Hence there is only room at this moment for two parties in the State. One is the Labour Party, bent on Reconstruction on purely Socialistic and Trade Union lines, involving widespread demolition before new construction can begin, and regardless of expense, because it is laid down as an axiom that no part of the cost shall fall on "the workers." From large sections of the middle and professional classes no more can be got in the way of taxation without complete destruction of their status, which, of course, would be rather welcomed than regretted by Labour. But Labour believes that the purses of the rich are inexhaustible and that skilfully directed taxation will pay for all their schemes and in the end transfer the capital of the country from the few to the many. That is the one party. The other should be a party of Retrenchment, with the restoration of the national finances as its principal aim and object, because that is the only possible basis of sound Reconstruction. Till that is achieved every item of new, non-productive expenditure ought to be resisted, and as a first step to that end the Government should cease appointing Committees which have no other purpose in view than the outlay of further millions. Every subsidy should be dropped and an end put to further borrowing; and a real effort should be made to discourage and penalise public and private extravagance on the one hand, and, on the other, to put a stop to the big, shameless profiteers, and to bring down the cost of living. Unless the latter is done, new demands for increased wages cannot be successfully resisted, and the country knows now that Labour means to fight to the utmost to retain all its wage increases, irrespective of any fall in prices. The Government must

steel themselves to reject the strong temptations by which they are beset. High principle is needed, not an astute regard for expediency. The country wants statesmen who will take their political lives in their hands and resist all demands for expenditure involving the piling up of new debt. The Prime Minister preached courage and sacrifice during the war, will he not preach the same virtues now? Principles, not expediency! It is the Lincoln spirit that is needed now.

But, even as we write, the old weakness in the Prime Minister's character is revealed anew. His references to Russia in his speech at the Guildhall Banquet showed that the many disappointments of the year and the failure of Yudenitch's daring raid on Petrograd had quite dispirited him. He hinted broadly at a speedy reversion to the policy of Pinkie—viz. an understanding by negotiation with the Bolshevik Government. "We have done enough for honour," he said in effect "now we must consult our interests and come to terms. Our friends Koltchik and Denikin, have failed, we simply cannot afford to throw more good millions after bad." This most deplorable utterance has rudely shaken faith in the constancy of the Prime Minister and his subsequent protestations that no change of policy was in contemplation only deepened the doubts which he had excited. If we desert our Russian friends we throw the whole of Russia into the arms of Germany, and the New Russia which will arise under the tutelage of Germany will be the enemy and not the friend of the Western Power. That means a dark menace to the future peace of the world and the complete undoing within a generation of the present settlement of Eastern Europe. It is a counsel of despair and submission to the clamour of Labour. Moreover peace with Bolshevism means a new flood of Bolshevik propaganda and will cause the Bolshevik movement in this country to leap into life again. Are the Government so confident in their strength to counteract this that they can ignore so transparent a danger? The Prime Minister's speech, immediately following as it did Mr. Churchill's outspoken denunciation of any suggestion of parley with the Bolshevik *regime* has had a most disquieting effect. Peace with the Soviet Government will be dearly bought at the cost of intensified Labour agitation and anarchy at home, fomented by Bolshevik emissaries, well supplied from Lenin's store of gold. Honour principle, self interest alike condemn the Prime Minister's evident leaning towards this "Roguish Peace."

J. B. FIRTH

THE FUTURE OF FRANCE

THE French elections have directed all eyes across the Channel. With a new Chamber France begins, as it were, a new life. A definite date is marked. The war years are really ended, and, instead of looking backwards, France has now to look forward. No more marking time, no more waiting for nobody knew what. The long interregnum is finished, and the clear duty of solving the multiple problems which have only been dimly discerned though uncomfortably felt which have been put off in a Micawber-like spirit, is seen by all citizens. These elections have been educative. They have opened many eyes. Now the situation is spread out as a map, with the difficult mountains and the beneficent rivers plainly shown. As a man who lives among the French people and believes he understands them, I cannot help remarking that for many months there has been a curious alternation of mood between expectant optimism and helpless pessimism. The Armistice which swept us in a great backwash of the war, left everybody somewhat dazed. We tossed confusedly in an intermediate state. We hung like Mahomet's coffin, 'twixt heaven and earth. It needed the shock and stimulus of an election to remind us of the tremendous tasks, to make us survey the whole field of possibilities. In the material sense the France of to-morrow must necessarily be different from the France of yesterday. In the spiritual sense, too, there are changes. On the whole I am inclined to think that these changes will be to the good. When the wave of idleness of immense apathy on one side and of violent revolt on the other, when the flaunting follies, the turbulent reactions, which every nation has experienced, have passed. I believe it will be a wiser France. There are, in spite of superficial evidence, many signs of a new national philosophy. Many heroic virtues have been learnt in a terrible school, and the fear that France might become degenerate is, I think, finally dissipated. An observer who judged by isolated manifestations of the French spirit could easily come to absurdly wrong conclusions. One can find, without looking very far, sterile discontent and revolution darkly preparing, one can find a reckless dance to ruin, a frantic enjoyment of life careless of the consequences, but one can also find a sober, clear-eyed people, determined to work and to win the stiffer battle which is before them if they are properly directed. For my part, I have always faith in the singular logic and cold intelligence

of the French folk, and in their passionate application of their beliefs.

If, then, my picture should appear dark in places, it should be remembered that it is one which is always in process of painting; and that the French, with their courage, their energy, their cheerfulness, will know how to brighten the effect. The elections were perhaps too long delayed. The preliminary period of looking at the ruins instead of actively beginning to clear them away, might well have been shortened. It was certain that an old Parliament, with the Damoclean sword of dissolution hanging over its head, would not venture to impose new and necessary taxes. It could not be expected to fight drastically "*La Vie Chère*," to take measures against the speculation which was practised by all sections of the community. It was more pre-occupied with political disputes, and with the search for effective rallying-cries, than with the restoration of the devastated regions. Rumours of troubles in the administration of Alsace-Lorraine seemed to come from another world. And so the mess accumulated in a veritable Augean stable, which will have to be swept out and purified by the new Parliament. There were many men in the old Chamber who, content with their extra eighteen months of office, adopted the spirit of "*after-us-the-deluge*." M. Clemenceau himself, virile as he had been in the pursuit of the war, dominating as he had been at the peace table, could hardly be expected to undergo a third metamorphosis, and to become a great organiser and a great reformer. In a social sense France may be said to resemble its own battlefields, where almost everything remains to be done, but upon which to-morrow will see a fresh and ordered blooming.

What a job confronts the newly-elected Chamber! Turn where one will, there is confusion; but there is no need for gloom, no need for despair. More and more is it being driven in upon the French people that they must look to themselves for salvation. The realisation of that truth will nerve their arm. Owing to a good deal of windy rhetoric, they had believed in a miracle coming out of Germany, coming out of England, coming out of America, which would at once put them on their feet again. The dangerous illusion of victory made them for a moment suppose that the defeated enemy would repair all the ravages, or that the Allies would rush to their assistance and rebuild their country on the wreckage of war. Happily that mood is passed. The flaccid dependence upon others has vanished, and native efforts are allowed to come into play.

France has indeed many advantages which sooner or later will make themselves felt. The most important economic revolution,

of course, is the immense turnover from Germany to France of iron ore. The tables are turned with a vengeance. In 1918 the iron ore output in annexed Lorraine was over 21 million tons, which was nearly as much as the whole French output. Without these regions, the German output drops to little more than a quarter of the old figure, while the French output is practically doubled. The economic attachment of Luxembourg, which previously formed part of the German Zollverein, to France, is another source of iron strength. In manufactured iron France was a bad third, turning out half the quantity turned out in England, and a third of that turned out in Germany. The situation is precisely the same for steel. Germany led the way, England followed and France was right away in the rear. With her acquisitions France has every prospect of becoming the foremost country in Europe in respect of iron and steel. She ought to take the position of Germany. It is hardly necessary for me to insist upon the overwhelming importance of this fact, which has received singularly little attention but which, in this age of iron and steel is one which cannot be exaggerated. Not only politicians, but business men belonging to no matter what nation, should study the possibilities and the implications of this state of affairs. Of course, much remains to be done by way of organising these riches but no consideration of France's financial and economic position would be just that did not place this reversal of fortunes in the very forefront.

It is, however, necessary to remark that the return of Alsace Lorraine to France brings its own difficulties. We have already seen something of the intrigues which would produce, if possible, an anti-French movement. It would appear that they have three sources of inspiration if not four. There are Clericals who are opposed to France because France stands for the separation of Church and State, and has severed its relations with the Vatican. The dilemma which faces French statesmen is that they must offend French feeling in treating the religious question in the restored provinces in a different manner from that in which it is treated in France itself, or they must raise an uproar among the Catholics of those provinces if they attempt to put them on a changed footing. There is undoubtedly also a purely Germanic spirit which is at work and which would claim autonomy with the ulterior design of linking up Lorraine with the Rhenish provinces. Indeed, we may find here the key to recent events in those Rhenish provinces, where independence does not mean detachment from Germany, but only a lightening of the Prussian yoke. There are Frenchmen who are inclined to welcome some sort of autonomy for the provinces on this side of the Rhine, but

their policy is at least a doubtful one, since it is calculated to attract Alsace-Lorraine into the German sphere of influence. Such pro-German feeling as there is in Alsace-Lorraine—and how could there not be German elements after a German annexation of nearly fifty years?—may be said to be opposed to Prussian domination. There is, then, purely from the political point of view, a good deal to be said against the current French desire for the break-up of Germany. Again, there are misguided Socialists who push their sympathy for Germany, whom they believe to be the victim of a harsh treaty, so far as to engage in the most reprehensible manoeuvres. Syndicalism, more or less allied with Socialism, also agitates dangerously and produces strikes. Another difficulty, which is to be noted in passing, is that there is a disparity between the rates of payment of all minor officials, including school teachers, in France and in Alsace-Lorraine, to the advantage, need I say, of Alsace-Lorraine. To reduce the pay of Alsace-Lorraine officials would be perilous, but on the other hand French officials naturally observe their situation of inferiority. There is a special provisional *régime* for the restored provinces, a sort of decentralisation, a Government which operates rather from Strasbourg than from Paris. M. Millerand, since his nomination, has found it plainly impossible to substitute French legislation for the local legislation. What is necessary is not a substitution but a penetration. In France it is always said—and there are many examples for proof—that it is only the provisional which lasts, and although the new Chamber will have to regard seriously the problem of the assimilation of Alsace-Lorraine, nevertheless it would be foolish to proceed too quickly.

Perhaps the most pressing problem, before which some of us quail, is that of coal. Before the war France produced two-thirds of the coal she consumed. She was thus dependent upon Germany and England. A curious fact is that, other things being equal, the return of Alsace-Lorraine actually reduces France's coal supply. The requirements of the steel factories cannot be satisfied locally. Thus economically the Saar coal-fields are vitally necessary to France. Even with them, however, she would have, in normal times, only three-quarters of the coal she needs. The immediate truth about the coal situation of France is even graver. As everybody knows, the Northern coal mines will not be producing their proper quantity for some time to come—in some cases it will be years before the pits are in working order. My own estimate is that France needs to import 50 per cent. of her coal. Where is it to come from, if the factories are to be set going? The coal shortage is not confined to France—it is a European phenomenon. It is easily possible to

represent the outlook this winter as very black. The delays of the Peace Conference, the wranglings over such territory as Teschen and Upper Silesia, the non-pacification of Central Europe and of Russia, the labour unrest and the constant strikes or menaces of strikes, have much to answer for; and their uncomfortable if not tragic repercussions will be felt everywhere. They will be felt particularly in France where the coming months will be hard.

The consequences of an industrial standstill in midwinter would be terrible enough, but the lack of fuel for domestic purposes comes home in a more literal sense to every hearth. As I write, most of the big coal merchants in Paris have closed their doors. The population have coal tickets which entitle them to 2 cwt. per household each month—a small enough amount—but they will be lucky if they can exchange their tickets for coal. There is certain to be an angry outcry, and one cannot help thinking that there has been considerable mismanagement. It is astonishing that after a year of peace there should be a coal crisis much worse than in any war year. During the war the people were exceedingly patient. Three years ago I was greatly touched by the wonderful good humour of those long lines of poor women who stood for hours in the snow in order to procure a meagre supply for a few days. Their bravery was beyond words. But it is not surprising that they are not prepared to display the same patience to-day: and official statistics, in face of the facts, will light no fires. Fortunately France has the resource of wood. The forests which embellish the pleasant land have already badly suffered. They will suffer still more.

That brings me to the problem of transports. It is certainly serious, but the example of England during the strike of railwaymen furnishes a lesson which France would do well to follow. Without losing an instant, a service of automobiles should be organised. If it is impossible to make better use of the railway wagons—though in my opinion much more could be done in this direction—at any rate the application of the military motor-lorries to civilian purposes should be determined. There are many thousands of cars of one kind or another comparatively idle. At present French ports are encumbered and French stations are congested. Many of the troubles can be traced to the inadequate transports. For example, it was claimed that it is not possible to continue the gratuitous distribution of coal to needy persons, although only sixteen wagons a day, or a large barge every other day, are required. Motor transport should certainly be developed, and some of the vehicles which are rusting in the parks should be brought out. The red-tape which makes their transfer a com-

plicated and a lengthy process should be cut. The superb roads of France, long and straight, can be better utilised. The canals and the rivers should also be pressed into service. Incidentally, here is a method of sparing the coal.

I have dealt elsewhere with France's policy of utilising oil as motive-power. Here, again, England led the way, but France is now fully alive to the advantages of this combustible. I will also refer only incidentally to the prospects of water as a motive-power. Many hopes are based upon the harnessing of the streams, and it is even claimed that the hydraulic forces of France will ultimately prove the principal factor in the economic restoration. A good deal is being projected. Considerable capital is required to begin such operations, and we must not expect to see water-engendered electricity used on a large scale in the immediate future. But later on France, better equipped in this respect than any European country with the exception of Scandinavia, will certainly be able to eke out her scanty coal resources. Already what is known as the "houille blanche" has been developed enormously in a few years, and if ever the full motive-force of 10 million horse-power is made available, France might easily become the foremost industrial country, at any rate in the chemical and metallurgical trades.

It is impossible in a general survey of France not to devote some space, however restricted, to the task of making habitable the ruined regions. One cannot honestly say that the work has made much progress. There are battlefields upon which one might have concentrated so that they would have produced crops next year. They lie desolate under the bleak sky. The roads are impracticable, the fields barren, and the houses demolished. In these Red Zones the people have flocked back, but their lot this winter must indeed be hard. The conditions which were tolerable during the summer must be frightful during the winter. Shelter is sadly to seek. In such places as Amiens and Rheims stocks of articles of first necessity have been constituted, and the Prefects are doing all that lies in their power. Life will nevertheless be precarious, and when it snows little colonies will be completely isolated. Some of the ruins in Albert and Péronne have been hastily made into vast refuges where the sick and the children can find warmth and shelter; while military kitchens have been put at the disposal of the poor folk so that they can at least bake their bread. German workers will take part in the removal of projectiles and the levelling of the ground. But even with the help of tens of thousands of Germans it cannot be till next May that the ground in many districts will be sufficiently cleared even to permit any thought of reconstruction. Obviously

solitary efforts will be wasted. Solidarity and co-operation are essential. The State will pay for labour, and it will also make compensation for destroyed houses. It must not be overlooked, however, that the price of an old house is not equivalent to the price of a new house. The Chinese, who were employed by the British authorities, have given cause for bitter complaints. It is freely stated that they were a plague. They robbed and they committed crimes of violence. They even took the wooden crosses from graves to burn. But we must not exaggerate the difficulties. Many of the 26,000 factories in the industrial regions, which were temporarily lost to France, can be set going again. Already the Northern flax-spinners, the lace-workers, the woollen and the cotton factories, the metal and sugar factories are in good way. The water-roads of the North are excellent. But the river-boats do not exist in sufficient number. As for sea-going ships, in spite of British concessions, the mercantile marine is deplorably small. France seems hitherto to have neglected to work according to plan, and what is most needed for the general restoration of her economic life is the drawing up of a scheme based upon a logical order of priority, which will put first things first; and then that the programme of reconstruction should be rigorously carried out. So far everything that has been done has been haphazard. It is sincerely to be hoped that after the orgy of politics, of quarrels between Clericals and anti-Clericals, between militarists and anti-militarists, between Socialists and bourgeois, that the new Parliament will unite in the formation of a practical project and the execution of it.

Do I believe that this will be done? Assuredly I do. Let us endeavour to be frank. A few months ago when English people asked me if I thought there were the elements of revolution in France, I felt that frankness was impossible. There were indeed grumblings in dark corners, and a bad temper bred of disillusion and a vague consciousness of the enormity of the task. There were distressing and significant incidents recorded from all parts, and even a concentration of troops about Paris. Things were bad. But I believe the worst has been passed. The difficulties are no less, but the spirit of the people is better. For that matter every country in Europe has had its *mauvais quart d'heure*. It was inevitable. That we shall shake down, that already we are shaking down I do not question. There is, of course, still a *malaise* which expresses itself in the form of strikes. So far there have been no serious strikes as in England, but there has been a succession of strikes on a small scale, some of them in the most unexpected quarters. Thus the country was left without newspapers for several days owing to a strike of newspaper

carriers. Actors went on strike. Stable lads, if one can so express it, downed tools. Even schoolmasters, who are certainly badly paid, threatened to strike at the moment of the examinations. There have been curious little strikes against the tyranny of the tail coat by the employees in the big emporiums. There have been strikes of municipal clerks who refused to register births and deaths and marriages. I could multiply the list for several pages, but I have said sufficient to indicate the character of these perpetual strikes, which are only pin-pricks in the life of the community, but which are nevertheless symptomatic and have their serious side.

One must regret also the divisions which have been produced between various classes of the people, not only between Capital and Labour. Thus the country folk have no love for the town folk. The country has been affected by the war in two ways. First, it has lost its sons in greater proportion than the towns. Secondly, it has made money. The land-workers were called up, perhaps mistakenly, first. They bore the brunt of the early desperate battles. It is not surprising that those who were left, the old men and the women, slaving from morning till night at tasks too great for their strength, tragically bereaved, should have developed this animosity against the residents of the towns. On the other hand, they have, in a material sense, gained greatly by the system of requisitioning. As, of course, peasant proprietors are extremely numerous in France, large numbers of country folk have benefited by the high prices. At first they put their money in National Bonds, emptying the proverbial woollen stocking, but afterwards they bought land, so that at this moment land suitable for cultivation is worth five or six times its pre-war value.

Still, the young men who have returned come back to their villages with broader minds. They realise the need not only of developing agriculture in France by modern methods, which one party—and that the strongest—puts in the forefront of its electoral programme, but also of brightening and bettering the life of the little communes. It is impossible that the French countryside shall be left to its dullness and deadness. Social expansion, intellectual culture, are as necessary as the cultivation of the soil. Another cleavage is the antipathy of the soldier to the *embusqué*. The ex-poilu regards everyone who has not been to the Front as a shirker. He bears him a grudge. The workers in munition factories who received high wages, and the Frenchman who was sheltered in Government offices, are looked upon with some contempt by those who have endured the hardships of the Front. The feeling is carried to a much higher point than in England, and in nearly every discussion in the cafés there

comes a moment when you are bound to hear this grievance expressed. Sometimes the sentiment is carried to an excess that is perfectly ludicrous. One organisation which takes up the cause of "Poiluisme Integral" goes so far as to declare that only soldiers should sit in Parliament and occupy public offices. This is, indeed, more or less crudely expressed, the theme of half a dozen combatant associations; and it illustrates a real national division. There is a third division—that of the very rich and the very poor—which is more marked in France than in any other country I know. Side by side with patient thrift and careful contriving to make ends meet is the most reckless prodigality. The wild follies into which Paris fell after the Armistice have hardly a parallel. The *nouveaux riches* went mad, and vulgarly scattered their money with an amazing indecency. Prices for them had no importance. They wallowed in a riot of luxury. The inevitable result was to increase the dearness of living. In the quarter of Paris in which I live, which is certainly not a rich one, glittering restaurants, where meals cannot be had at less than 25 francs per head, have sprung up galore. Now I do not suggest that this figure is an out-of-the-way one—it is the number of such comparatively expensive establishments that makes one reflect. How do they all pay? Whence has come this army of folk with annual incomes of at least £1,500 or £2,000? A thousand dancing-halls have been opened, and even the theatres find it more profitable to convert their houses to the exigencies of the new craze. Precious stones glitter everywhere, and furs were never worn in such profusion and never cost so much. You would think that there were no poor at Paris. There are, and they feel the effect of this high standard of living which has been set. Living is, I calculate, at least twice as high at Paris as at London.

There are other and less artificial causes. What are known as the "Vilgrain baraques"—municipal booths where the town's stocks of rice, macaroni, dry vegetables, condensed milk, wine, butter and fats, and even meat, are sold—are a boon to the poor; but they are lamentably insufficient in number. All the attempts to fight against "La Vie Chère" have, in the large sense, failed. They have failed because there is a genuine shortage of many commodities. Commissions to regulate prices, to fix what are called (surely in a spirit of irony) "normal" prices, do nothing more than register the actual prices; and the Consumers' Leagues which were founded, in spite of loud outcries and an energetic campaign, left things very much as they were. Transport is again the key to this problem. The capital is threatened with a severe curtailment of the milk supplies, and doctors' certificates

will be necessary to secure a daily quantity. Sugar does not promise to be more plentiful.

Clothing is very dear and the material is very poor. It is hardly possible to obtain any kind of a suit for less than 400 francs. An ordinary pair of boots costs 75 francs. Furniture, and indeed all manufactured articles, are impossibly expensive. Recently there has been revealed the absolute lack of lodgings of any kind at Paris. I will only quote one or two figures. Statistics show that 1,700,000 persons live in such conditions that their daily activity is diminished and their existence shortened. Will it be believed that 5,000 hovels furnish 38 per cent. of the total mortality? The lowest estimate at which one can put the need of Paris is 50,000 new houses. To-day the population is nearly five millions, and the accommodation is not considerably greater than when it was four or five times less. It has become almost impossible at any price to find a flat, while the little hotels which abound, and in which so many persons are obliged to live permanently, refuse any longer to let their apartments by the month, with the result that unfortunate students, young couples, and others are called upon to pay for a single miserable room as much as £3 a week! There has been a great flocking to the metropolis during the war of refugees and provincials. It is obvious that this problem is bound up with that other vital problem which has for so long faced France—the low birth-rate and the declining population. It is not the place to discuss such a large and profound question in a general article such as this professes to be, and I will not go into figures. But what with killed and maimed and children not born who ought to have been born, I am not putting the case too high when I say that the effective population of France is seven millions less than it ought to be. The prevention of children is deliberate in all classes, and the number of abortions is admittedly appalling.

I find myself writing on a mournful note, but I repeat that in thus setting out the problems of the France of to-morrow I am by no means despondent. I know too well the French people to doubt for a moment that they will overcome obstacles in their path. It is necessary; however, that these obstacles should be clearly seen. There is one which I often hear mentioned—that the education of the young men has been neglected. There are many who found their studies interrupted by their call to the colours and who at twenty-seven or twenty-eight have still to prepare themselves for their career. Doubtless, in spite of a persistent anxiety in respect of Germany, there will be some measure of disarmament, and the military service which every Frenchman is obliged to give will be radically reduced. That

will be an advantage for the future. And even in the case of those who now return to civil life the situation is not so bad as it is often painted. They are better equipped than is supposed. The school of war is a terrible one, but it has enlarged their minds, and many young men have pursued their studies even under shell-fire. For example, medical students have learnt their profession in a practical way. Again, young engineers do not return entirely helpless. As for the ranks of authors and artists, though they have been badly thinned, I find evidences of a new and fruitful movement in all the arts.

What must be tackled very seriously is the financial problem. The sudden disappearance of small change, that is, of silver money, together with the fall of the franc, are ominous signs that can no longer be disregarded; and it will be for the new Chamber to find without delay what the old Chamber could not or would not find—a vigorous fiscal policy. Largely, of course, it is an economic question, since for the first eight months of the year the imports totalled £740 millions against exports which amounted to £160 millions. The difference must chiefly be paid in money, since French holdings of foreign stocks are very low. But it is good to note that half these imports were of machinery, tools, and raw materials, and, as I have indicated earlier, there are excellent reasons for believing that the industrial situation will rapidly improve. Apart from the economic aspect, the financial position is, though grave, far from being alarming. Taxation can certainly be doubled. A budget of £800 millions is not beyond the capacity of France when once the manufacturers get to work in earnest. Without going too deeply into the matter, which would demand separate treatment, the present public debt will call for an annual disbursement of about £250 millions, and it is inevitable that borrowings to the extent of £2 billions will have to be effected. The interest would therefore be £400 millions a year. France's exterior debt, which is well over a billion sterling, is only half of what other countries owe to her. It would be fatuous to represent that a budget nearly five times as large as the pre-war budget will not be a terrible burden, but it must be somehow borne, and will, I doubt not, be borne with the unquenchable courage which distinguishes France.

I leave out of consideration what the Allies in general and America in particular may do as a sacred duty. I also disregard the possibilities of real reparations from Germany, considerable as they may be. It is better to count upon nobody but yourself, and to accept whatever comes from other sources as a windfall for which you may well be grateful. What I am persuaded of is that when the facts are put clearly before France, with a desire

neither to hide the truth because it is disagreeable, nor to exaggerate the difficulties in a partisan spirit of pessimism, France will set her teeth, will envisage her destiny with clear eyes, and will take up the tasks that confront her with a noble determination to triumph in peace as she has triumphed in war. It is wrong to preach that victory automatically brings prosperity. But it is folly to pretend that victory spells disaster. What France can properly look for is the generous confidence of friendly nations—confidence in her increased resources and inexhaustible recuperative powers, confidence in her splendid and stalwart soul, the undaunted banner-bearer of Western civilisation, which will go marching proudly on to her magnificent future.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

THE REHABILITATION OF GERMANY.

FROM what I have seen, both within and without the Allied area of occupation, I am convinced that in a very short space of time Germany will arise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of her past commercial greatness and again occupy her former place among the big industrial nations of the world. There is to my mind not a shadow of a doubt that she is rapidly getting over the economic ravages caused by the war; in fact, what she has already accomplished in this direction makes her neighbours appear in comparison almost to be marking time—and this applies more particularly to England.

The German has always given me the impression of liking work, and liking it for its own sake—whereas the British workman only appears to work because he is actually forced to for his livelihood—downing his tools on the very stroke of the hour and leaving off on the slightest pretext.

This was particularly brought home to me during my recent visit to Cologne and the zone occupied by the British Army of the Rhine. Everywhere I went I was deeply impressed by the spectacle of a people working with feverish energy and the evident determination to make up for the lost time of the past five years.

The duty I was engaged on necessitated my visiting many important industrial centres, and as I did all my journeying by car I had ample opportunity for gauging the general situation in outlying districts which I should not have had the chance of visiting had I gone by rail.

On all sides was abundant evidence of the great trade campaign the Germans are preparing—the result of which must undoubtedly be felt over here before many months are past when transport conditions improve.

One has not to be long in Germany to realise that she is very far from being crushed, or even unduly humiliated, by the military disasters which were supposed to have overwhelmed her.

Whether it is the inherent *aplomb* of the race or the determination to bear the cruellest blows of Fate with a brave face one can only conjecture, but it is certain that if the old militarism has been wiped out, the industrial spirit of Germany is as strong as ever, and is likely to prove one of the most serious factors we shall have to reckon with in the near future.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of the present state of affairs is the manner in which it is borne home to you—and

the fact that it is only gradually that you realise it. There is no trumpeting of German vitality. On the contrary.

When, for instance, one asks a manufacturer or shopkeeper how *das Geschäft* is going, in nine cases out of ten he will shrug his shoulders and tersely admit that things might be worse, though he generally does so with an air of apologetic condescension that is very irritating, giving the impression of a conceited strong man who knows his strength so well that he does not deem it necessary to insist on it when holding converse with anyone who is obviously not so well favoured by Providence.

What invariably strikes one immediately on crossing the frontier into Germany is the quite extraordinary number of factory chimneys one sees everywhere. They seem to be as plentiful as windmills in Holland.

I do not know whether there is some Teuton bye-law that insists on the erection of a high chimney no matter how insignificant the factory, but certain it is that chimneys, all more or less tall and many of novel and quaint construction, are a pronounced feature of the landscape on all sides. In some districts there seem to be veritable plantations of them.

In pre-war days these gaunt shafts always, to my mind, conveyed a forceful impression of German indefatigable industry, but when one sees them to-day, after their long period of inactivity, vomiting forth continuous clouds of smoke, they become, as it were, infused with a new life symbolic of the irrepressible vigour that to all outward appearance was commencing to permeate those districts at least which I visited.

Every village and every town I motored through appeared to have some local industry that calls for a factory, and all of these, so far as I could judge from outward appearances, were hard at work, and there was an atmosphere of well-being which was positively disconcerting when one recalled how the Germans have been whining over the misery and dearth of everything brought about by the blockade. It has not, apparently, taken long to get over some at least of its more immediate effects.

Of slackness I saw no sign anywhere. One experienced the feeling of being in a veritable hive of industry, and from all this activity there can be but one deduction—it must perforce tend to hasten the day when Germany will again become a formidable opponent in the arena of the world's commerce, and more especially with regard to Great Britain—even if, as has been suggested, she has to recover her trade with us through roundabout and indirect sources. I noted unmistakable indications of this renaissance everywhere in the occupied area.

The German is unquestionably a past-master in the art of

make-believe, but there was no necessity for anything of the sort here; it was only too evident that everything was going well.

In spite of high prices for foodstuffs and the burden of heavy taxation, everyone seemed cheerful and apparently had money to burn. The restaurants and cafés were thronged, and the opera, theatres and cinemas were packed every performance to their utmost capacity.

The war was an episode of the past, and everyone appeared to be doing his level best to banish the recollection of it from his mind.

In Cologne, for instance, it was indeed a veritable eye-opener to see the crowds of well-dressed working-class people that thronged the streets after business hours. Prosperity, or something very akin to it, was plainly visible on all sides, and the big stores, such as Tietz', and the shops evidently benefited also by the changed conditions, for there appeared to be no lack of anything anywhere. Where all the supplies came from made one think furiously.

There are no out-of-work doles in Germany, I believe, so all this well-being can only have been brought about by those smoking factory chimneys that disfigure the countryside everywhere around the city.

The scene recalled vividly to my mind those terribly anxious times in England during the war, when the streets in all the big centres were thronged after working hours with well-paid and insouciant munition-workers who always appeared to have money in their pockets to squander on anything that took their fancy at the moment, except that here there was an important and significant difference. These teeming crowds of Germans enjoying their well-earned leisure had been hard at work all day making ready for the prospective *commercial* war.

But while the people themselves appeared to have plenty of money to spend, there was an enormous amount of business done with the British officers and men—in fact, it is certain that in the zone of the Allied occupation the shopkeepers must be having the time of their lives and making comfortable fortunes.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the ridiculously low value of the mark is the explanation of this—for the Hun—happy state of affairs.

When I was in Cologne a few weeks ago the exchange stood at 120, which made the mark worth twopence (to-day it is barely worth three-halfpence), the normal value being, of course, a shilling. This, as may be imagined, proved an irresistible temptation to buy a heap of things for which one had no actual need and which one would scarcely have glanced at if they had not

been so cheap. And what a splendid assortment of every conceivable commodity there was to select from!

Everything had, I learned, gone up at least 50 per cent. since the Allied occupation, yet, in spite of this, prices appeared dirt-cheap from the English standpoint, and if they are any indication of what the Germans hope to succeed in delivering goods at over here our profiteers and the advocates of Free Trade have a big surprise in store for them, it is to be feared.

It was a positive object-lesson to make a tour of inspection of the shops in such places as Bonn or Cologne, and one could well understand the feelings the prices of everything displayed in the windows must arouse in the mind of freshly-arrived British officers or men.

Surely never in the existence of Zeiss or Goertz have so many cameras, photographic lanterns and binoculars been sold as are being disposed of to-day at prices that must still represent a good profit to the shopkeepers, whilst Solingen razors and scissors are in ever-increasing demand. Nor was it only in such articles as you could persuade yourself you were not unduly extravagant in purchasing that the allurements lay.

For instance, in an important shop in the Hohe Strasse, the Bond Street of Cologne, I saw brand-new bicycles with free wheel and rubber tyres for 240 marks, which represented exactly £21.

Walking-sticks, umbrellas, fancy-leather goods of every description, stationery, and a host of other things too numerous to mention, were equally cheap, although, as I have mentioned, they had all probably been trebled in price since the Armistice, so much so, in fact, that I am convinced the majority of them could still be sold at a fine profit in England even if 75 per cent. were knocked off, apart from the rate of exchange.

One has gradually become so inured to the ever-increasing cost of everything in England during the past five years that the ordinary citizen has almost forgotten what he gained by German competition. The rehabilitation of Germany would therefore spell the doom of the profiteer far more effectively than any ephemeral legislation, and for that reason, if for no other, would to my mind, not be an unmixed evil.

The majority of the shopkeepers and merchants have, however, by now realised to what extent the depreciation of the mark benefits the Allies, and there is considerable heartburning in consequence. I recall a significant incident in this connection.

I had succumbed to the temptation to buy a thermos flask (the original make) for 2s. 8d.; not that I wanted one, but on account of its cheapness. It was at a big shop where they sold surgical

instruments and medical appliances, and it was crowded with customers, mostly Englishmen, amongst whom were several R.A.M.C. officers. Business was evidently flourishing. The flask I had purchased had to be taken from the window, as it was the last one they had in stock; they were quite sold out of them, I was told, but the makers hoped to deliver some more shortly.

As the elderly man who had served me was tying up my parcel he suddenly blurted out in very good English that it made him feel sick to see things being sold at the prices the English were getting them for, as it was practically giving them away, at the rate of the exchange. Then he added sententiously, as a sort of afterthought, that he realised it was all part of the price Germany had to pay for her share of the war.

I remarked that I failed to see what there was to grumble about since trade was so good and they were rapidly selling off all their stock, and doubtless at a big profit. But he would not, or could not, see it in that light, and mumbled something about the penalties the Fatherland would have to endure with resignation for the present. Comment was needless.

It did not take long to realise that it was impossible to form any true conception of the real state of affairs in Germany from what we saw in the occupied area. As might be expected from so servile a race as the Huns, the presence of the Allied troops had engendered an obsequiousness that was almost nauseating at times. Everywhere were fawning and cringing that got on one's nerves. You felt that it was only the thinnest of veneer and that the true nature of the beast was about as near the surface as it could safely be.

With the knowledge that he is an overweening, conceited bully at heart it was amusing to note the exaggerated humility and alacrity with which the police and the officials carried out the orders given them by their new masters.

A notification had been issued at the commencement of the occupation that any dereliction in this respect would be followed by summary punishment, and, as may be imagined, there were very few cases, and one was treated everywhere with the most correct politeness—in the shops, on tramcars, railway or steamboat.

One could not help feeling, however, that it was through no genuine friendly sentiments that the people, and especially the men, were so obliging, nor was it out of any deference that the police and other officials who were permitted to retain their uniform came to the salute as we passed.

As the Allies were not occupying German territory for the purpose of propitiating the Hun, this mattered little, so long as there was no overt sign of hostility.

Outside the Allied zone, however, was a very different matter, and in certain places you were "asking for trouble" if you ventured only a short distance beyond the line of demarcation. This was impressed upon me by a somewhat exciting experience I had in Düsseldorf which is perhaps worth recounting.

Once the novelty of being in the occupied area had worn off, the life soon began to pall on me. Sight-seeing became irksome, one got sick of looking in the shops, and even when on duty, motoring from town to town lost a lot of its original charm.

I was beginning to look forward to the date of my departure when it struck me that a visit to the real Germany beyond the zone of occupation would be interesting, so I decided to spend a few hours in Düsseldorf if it could be managed.

To go anywhere outside the line of Allied posts meant obtaining a special pass from the British Permit Officer and getting it "allowed" by the German authorities, who had a bureau in Cologne. No "objection" was made to my going, and I was given a typewritten note to that effect to take to the Teutonic official.

Almost needless to add that this gentleman was courtesy personified, and I was not kept waiting longer than it took to make out and stamp the document which would enable me to cross the boundary-line into unoccupied Germany.

"Shall I say 'on duty' or 'on business'?" asked the official affably—and in perfect English.

"I leave that to you," I replied. "I simply want to have a look round Düsseldorf as an artist."

"I think I had better say 'business' then," he suggested, and I agreed.

The British stamp had now to be added, and I was then free to leave. I may mention that I was strongly advised not to go in uniform if I could possibly help it, but this was unavoidable, as I had no mufti with me, and, as will be seen, it was on this point that the incident I am relating came about.

I could only get permission to stay away a few hours, but this gave me ample time to have a look round and dine before returning. There was no train direct till late in the afternoon, so I decided to take one that went as far as Riesel-Düsseldorf, where, I had been informed, I could get a tramcar to the city. The tramway, however, turned out to be over four miles from the railway station, so there was no help for it but to walk there.

Ten minutes brought me to the outlying British picket where my permit was carefully scrutinised before I was allowed to proceed. It was evidently as difficult to get out of the occupied zone as it was to get into it.

A wide stretch of flat open country lay before me, dotted here and there with factories. It was a blazing-hot afternoon, the dust lay black and thick on the road, and a more uninviting walk it would have been difficult to imagine; but it was not only the heat or the dust that were to make it unpleasant.

Before I had got a couple of hundred yards from the British post I had the uncanny sensation of being alone in hostile country. There was no mistaking the malevolent glances I received from the rough-looking working men I met, and I realised the mistake I had made in coming in uniform.

In the village a big crowd gathered; I was the butt of many pointed remarks before the car started, and these continued the whole way to Düsseldorf. It was fortunate for me that it was nothing more than ill-natured attention, for I should have been in for a bad time had my presence been physically resented. It was about twenty minutes' run, and the tram landed me right in the centre of the city.

Düsseldorf looked its best that fine afternoon, well-dressed people thronged the pavements, big cars dashed by in all directions, and there was the general air of prosperity that one had become so familiarised with in Germany.

It was apparent at a first glance that here one was really in the midst of the true German element without any of the artificiality which was so obvious everywhere in the occupied area. Apart from which, the presence of numerous officers and soldiers in field-grey uniform provided a reminder of the war which was quite startling and made me feel still more uncomfortable in khaki. In fact, I soon became aware that I was attracting a considerable amount of notice, and certainly not of a friendly character, and from women as well as from men.

This hostile attention ended by getting on my nerves, apart from preventing me from having a quiet look round the artistic haunts as I had intended, for I felt it would be madness to wander too far from the main thoroughfares.

An hour or so of this was about as much as could be put up with, as I was followed and not left unwatched for a moment. I even noticed that children were frequently sent back by their parents to have a good stare at me.

I was looking for a quiet restaurant where I could take refuge and dine leisurely, as I had plenty of time to spare, when suddenly a policeman came up to me and touching his cap asked if I had a permit to be in Düsseldorf. I replied jokingly that I should not be quite such a fool as to be there without one, and, producing my pass, handed it to him.

The fellow read the paper carefully, then, folding it up again,

handed it back to me and, saluting politely, said it was quite in order and walked on. I waited and lit a cigarette, so as to give him time to get well ahead, as people were waiting around to see what was going to happen.

A hundred yards or so farther on I came up with him again; he was talking with three men. As I got abreast of them he stepped towards me quickly, and in an insolent tone, which was in marked contrast with his previous politeness, vociferated that I had no right to be there in uniform.

"You are in Germany now, not England, and you've got to take that off at once," he added, catching hold of the cross-strap of my Sam Browne belt.

With that the men with him came forward, and one of them—a big fellow whose face was positively blazing with hate—poked his finger roughly at my medal ribbons, and shouted:

"And those, too, you cursed Englishman."

In less time than it takes to narrate I found myself surrounded by a yelling, surging mob, men and women; where they all came from so quickly I can't imagine, unless they had been closing round me without my noticing it. Sticks and sunshades were raised threateningly at me, and I had the unpleasant feeling that at any moment I might get a smash on the head from behind.

In the best German I could muster, and assuming a coolness which I certainly did not feel, I explained I was only in Düsseldorf for a short visit and was returning to Cologne that evening; then I elbowed myself some space, lit another cigarette, and forced my way roughly through the crowd which, strangely enough, made no attempt to stop me.

An excited discussion ensued as to what they ought to do with me, but I did not wait to hear it out. I had noticed there was a restaurant round the corner a short distance away, so without undue haste, as I felt I was being followed, I made my way to it and decided it was advisable not to show myself in the street again until it was time to go to the railway station. I wasn't taking any more chances—I did not want to return to Cologne on a stretcher in an ambulance wagon if I could help it.

I had just finished dinner when the waiter came and told me the taxi I had ordered had arrived. It was drawn up on the opposite side of the street, which was almost deserted. For a few moments the driver had some trouble in starting the engine, and I had visions of missing my train. As we at last got away I heard the sound of a shrill whistle. Glancing back I saw several men coming round the corner running in our direction, then a handful of gravel rattled against the back of the car.

It was no great distance to the station, but we had to cross

several big thoroughfares which were ablaze with light and thronged with people, so it was with no slight relief that I at last found myself on the platform away from the crowd.

Slight as was the incident, I cannot help thinking that it was indicative of the sentiment of hatred of the Englishman that underlies the thin veneer of Hun obsequiousness in the occupied area, and which will stimulate the nation to carry on the commercial war by any means—fair or foul.

The rehabilitation of Germany will, to my mind, only be beneficial in the sense that it will revive the old spirit of trade competition and perchance bestir the British manufacturers to bolder efforts to retain what they have gained by the temporary disappearance of Germany from the scene.

JULIUS M. PRICE

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CURRENCY, PRICES AND RATES OF EXCHANGE.

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IN January, 1919, a Committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Cunliffe, issued a report on currency and the foreign exchanges. The necessity of reducing the amount of paper money in circulation was strongly insisted upon as a principal means of limiting the creation of credit and so of cutting down general prices. Immediately after this report was issued, a feeble attempt was made to reduce the quantity of currency notes in circulation; but the effort soon flickered out and the amount of such notes gradually rose to a higher level than ever. If, therefore, the reasoning of Lord Cunliffe's Committee was sound, it is not a matter for surprise that prices have failed to pursue the rapid downward course that the termination of the war was so confidently expected to inaugurate.

That the amount of money in circulation--whether in the form of gold or notes--has a paramount influence on general prices has been asserted, from time to time, in the pages of this REVIEW. It will be well, however, to summarise, very briefly, the chain of facts which justify the assertion. Prices are dependent upon supply and demand--that is an axiom of Political Economy. It is an obvious truism that supply is limited by production. Because human wants are insatiable demand must always be exercised to its utmost limits: that is an axiom of Psychology which is in no sense negatived by readiness to barter something obtainable in the immediate present for something greater obtainable in the future. Demand would be absolutely boundless if no question of payment arose. Its effectiveness is strictly determined by capacity to pay; and, therefore, effective demand is synonymous with purchasing power. In the exact measure that the purchasing power of any community increases or decreases, the effective demand for goods on the part of that community will rise or fall; and the changes must result in proportionate alterations of price unless the supply of goods on the market has altered in the same ratio as the demand. Purchasing power consists solely of money and credit; and a nation's purchasing power fluctuates, therefore, with the amount of money and credit which it possesses. A little--a very little--money is hoarded. A portion which in the aggregate varies so little from day to day that it may be regarded as a fixed amount is held by individuals to meet immediate personal requirements and is retained as loose cash in the tills of tradesmen. The whole

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of the remainder is stored in the bank⁵ and forms the basis of credit. Banks are compelled by the exigencies of business to confine credit within upper and lower limits which bear definite relationship to the cash reserve. It follows, therefore, that money, i.e., the metallic currency and note issues, controls credit and is, consequently, the sole determinant of purchasing power. We may in fact, substitute "money" for "demand" in our original economic axiom and say that prices depend upon supply and money. If supply be decreased or the volume of money increased, prices will go up; if either supply be increased or money decreased they will fall. Lord Cunliffe's Committee realised these facts and advised the Government that one way of reducing high prices was to get rid of some of the paper money in circulation. The other way was of course, to stimulate production. Naturally the best results would have been achieved by putting both forces into operation at the same time. The Government alone could regulate one of the forces—producers the other. The Government deliberately worked in the wrong direction and now blames producers because the results are not satisfactory.

Almost simultaneously with the issue of the report of Lord Cunliffe's Committee a paper written by Dr Shaw was published in the *Quarterly Review*. That paper attempted to show by means of a comparison between index prices and the returns relating to the issue of currency notes that however strong the arguments might be in support of the theory that prices are forced upwards by currency inflation, the statistical facts proved that in November, 1916 general prices were 100 per cent higher than they were in July, 1914, although there had it was claimed, been no increase at all in the currency. The suggestion was made that the rise in prices up to November, 1916 had necessitated an increase in currency notes instead of the increase in currency notes having created the rise in prices. Dr Shaw did not mince matters. He said "I wish to clear the ground of a persistent and prevalent misconception. The advocates of a metallic currency have attacked the currency note and have assailed the policy of the Treasury on the plea or pretext that it has led to inflation, and that the increase of prices of commodities has resulted therefrom. This argument falls to the ground at a glance." Tables were then appended showing that by November, 1916, general prices had doubled as compared with those current in July, 1914, while the amount of currency notes issued up to November, 1916, had not exceeded the gold in circulation in July, 1914. The naive arguments were put forward that the currency notes had merely replaced an equivalent amount of gold which

was no longer in circulation, that the only effect of these notes was a transfer from gold to paper, and that, because the paper was no more than equivalent in amount to the gold formerly in circulation, the fact that general prices had doubled could, by no process of reasoning, be attributed to the issue of paper money. But what does Dr Shaw imagine became of the gold which was drawn in from circulation and replaced by paper money? The statistic which he himself quotes afford arithmetical proof of a perfectly well-known fact. Strenuous and successful efforts were made to get the gold in the hands of the general public exchanged for paper, in order that all the gold in the country might be concentrated in the banks. Surely Dr Shaw does not seriously think that the banks refrained from using that accumulation of gold as cover for credit? Of course they used it, and the banking returns for the period in question show very clearly that they did so. The effect of issuing, between July 1914 and November 1916 a mass of paper money equivalent in amount to the gold in circulation in July 1914 was to double the currency. The major portion of the increase found its way automatically to the banks and became the basis of credit to the extent of several times its amount. Quite obviously, therefore, the spending capacity of the nation was very largely augmented. In the absence of a corresponding addition to the supply of saleable goods, prices were bound to go up. They rose as Dr Shaw shows, by 100 per cent. by exactly the same percentage in fact is that of the increase of the currency. The rise of prices would have been far greater had not the very disturbed political conditions compelled bankers to restrict credit in order to raise the ratio of cash to liabilities which, for their own financial safety, they were bound to maintain. And the credit based on normal pre-war reserves had to be made to conform to the new ratio as well as that on the new money which came to the banks as a result of the inflation of currency.

Apparently the Government acted for a few weeks on the advice of Lord Cunliffe's Committee and then took a diametrically opposite course. The reversal of policy is explainable either on the grounds that Lord Cunliffe's Committee was first held to be right, and then, on reconsideration to be wrong, or that the Government was forced to go on issuing paper money in order to make it possible to raise by loan the funds required to meet its current expenses. It is almost certain that the latter explanation is the correct one and that the Government was convinced that it would be impossible to raise new money by loan or even to obtain renewals of Treasury Bills as they fell due unless steps were taken to ensure that the public could obtain

from the banks a plentiful supply of credit and so be able to lend liberally to the State. The national expenses immediately following the termination of hostilities were so alarmingly high that I believe the only possible way of raising the money to meet them was to place abundant credit at the disposal of the general public, and that could only be done through the medium of fresh issues of paper money. But we must face the facts frankly. Bluntly stated, they are that the British Government found it necessary to continue long after the termination of war the financial plan which was adopted by Germany immediately on the outbreak of hostilities, and which, having once been adopted, could not be discarded. The result to Germany was most disastrous. As is now well known, the ex-Kaiser's Government secured the success of each of its six-monthly loans by issuing just that amount of additional paper money which it had ascertained by careful preliminary calculation would give to the German banks the capacity to increase the loans to the public by the amount which the Government desired to borrow. But all the money which the German Government borrowed was at once replaced in circulation by the various Army contractors and others to whom it was paid out; and, as the whole of a nation's money in excess of the amount used as loose cash is paid into the banks, it followed that all the money expended by the Government found its way back to the banks in the course of a few days. The banks were then not only ready to lend it out again, but anxious to do so. After the Government had had the first use of the purchasing power built up on the additional currency, the ordinary mechanism of exchange gave the second and subsequent uses of that purchasing power to the community at large. Demand is nothing more than the expression of a purchasing power which is always exercised to its maximum extent and the ultimate effect of the fresh paper money issued by the German Government was therefore to increase demand and so to force up prices. When the next six-monthly loan had to be raised it was found that the additional cash-cum-credit currency which had been the basis of the earlier loan had been absorbed in the general circulation and was required to carry on the ordinary business of the country because prices had gone up in much the same proportion as the currency had increased. Consequently, in order to secure the success of the next loan, an entirely fresh purchasing power or lending capacity had to be created by the issue of still more paper money. Unless the British Government can reduce its expenditure there is danger that it will find itself in the same dire financial straits as the ex-Kaiser's Government, and be compelled to go on debasing

the currency in order to raise the money necessary to meet its daily expenses

Whatever justification there may have been for adopting desperate means to borrow money at a time when the only thing that really mattered was the defeat of the enemy, the time has certainly now come when the consequences of continuing those desperate means have to be faced. It cannot be ignored, of course, that the reduction of the currency would mean not only increasing the Government's difficulty of borrowing but also the actual lowering of money incomes, and consequently, a reduction of the amount which the existing taxes would produce. On the other hand, the greater purchasing power of money would enable the Government very largely to reduce its expenditure. Its credit would appreciate and there is justification for the hope that the rate of interest which it is now compelled to pay would be lowered. In any case although it may be very desirable to make it as easy as possible for the Government to raise the wherewithal to meet its current expenses the convenience of the Government would be very dearly bought at the price of continuing a system which has a constant tendency towards the ruin of the country. Attention was drawn above to the fact that the increase of prices up to November 1916 would have been still greater than 100 per cent had not the existing political conditions compelled bankers to keep larger cash reserves in proportion to their liabilities than they would have done in normal circumstances. This was a distinct check upon the creation of credit and consequently upon the inflation of purchasing power or demand. But the successful termination of the war removed that check and any specific amount of currency now has a more stimulating effect upon demand and therefore on prices than it had when the war was in progress. The more stable the political conditions the more freely the banks can create credit. With an improving outlook the mere retention of the currency at the war level induces a rise of prices. That rise may be checked or even converted into a downward movement by increased supply and the prevention of profiteering but the force pulling upwards is nevertheless always at work. Inevitably it wastes the strength of the down-pulling forces to an extent equal to its own power.

On a free gold basis there is a constant tendency for general prices throughout the whole world to become uniform. They do, of course vary in different places but the variation is seldom more than can be accounted for by cost of transit, additional handling and Customs tariffs. If they rise exceptionally in any one place, the country where the rise occurs at once becomes a very good market to sell to and a bad one to buy from. Its

imports increase and its exports diminish. The additional imports have to be paid for in gold; and the withdrawal of currency forces prices back to the common level. But the matter becomes more complicated if the original rise of prices is due to an issue of paper money. Countries which export goods always want other goods or gold in payment. They are not likely to buy those other goods at inflated prices, and foreign paper money is of no use to them. International trade balances are settled by means of Bills of Exchange: but those Bills of Exchange fall to a discount as soon as the traders on whom they are drawn begin to find it difficult to liquidate them promptly either in gold or goods. The movement of the rate of exchange against the debtor country is measured by the extent to which the international Bills drawn against that country preponderate over those drawn in its favour. We have had a recent example of this in the fall of the exchange with America. Because of the great excess of our imports over exports, and because it was known both that we could not send out gold to meet the balance and that our home prices were too high to justify any immediate expectation of our exports being greatly increased, the value in New York of an unimpeachable undertaking to pay £1 in London fell to 17s. Naturally American merchants at once commenced to charge £1 for every 17s worth of goods sent to England. An incident of this kind reveals the essential difference between the two different methods of adjusting prices when the currency is in gold and when it is largely composed of paper. Before the war any adverse balance of trade with America was met by the export of gold. That export resulted in a diminution of purchasing power in England which led to a reduction of prices. Equilibrium was restored through a fall of our imports and an increase of our ordinary mercantile exports. Now that we are unable to send out gold no similar force can be set in motion to restore the balance and there is no natural corrective to the adverse movement of the Exchange rate. On the contrary, the more the exchange moves against us the more we have to pay for our imported goods, and as the currency and, therefore, purchasing power remain the same, the general level of prices does not fall. What really happens is a slight alteration of the distribution of our demand. Imported goods, chiefly foodstuffs, rise in price to the extent of the fall of the pound sterling in the international markets, and home-produced goods go down in price in proportion as the purchasing power formerly applied to them is diverted for the purpose of paying higher prices for foreign products. As the old plan of adjusting the exchange by movements of gold is no longer available, we must seek another remedy. When the

sterling exchange was at its lowest some of the great London daily newspapers invited the opinions of the heads of leading commercial houses. All the business men who were interviewed were unanimous on two points—that the exchange rate would remain unfavourable to England until our exports went out in quantities, and that that would not happen until our prices fell. In view of this unanimity the Government might do well to reconsider the recommendations of Lord Cunliffe's Currency Committee. Nor is it by any means satisfactory from the American point of view that £1 in London should be worth only 17s. in New York. We are not likely to buy more American goods than we can help if we are compelled to add nearly 18 per cent to their cost because our money is less valuable than the Americans'. France, Italy, and Belgium are affected as well as ourselves and there is already talk in New York of the whole American export trade being threatened with ruin. Schemes for further credit to finance purchases in Europe have been discussed, but American bankers are opposed to them on the grounds that it would be necessary to extend credits not only as a sufficient offset to the adverse trade balance "*but also to make up for the depreciation of European currency which in itself is one of the contributing causes of the fall in exchange*".

According to Sir Auckland Geddes, the Profiteering Bill is designed to reduce prices and aid exports, but, after all, profiteering is nothing more than taking the very fullest advantage of an abnormal demand. Goods are held up for high prices because it is perfectly well known that the public possess sufficient purchasing power to enable them to pay those high prices, and that, grumble as they may, the public will pay them rather than go without the goods they want. If the demand were restricted prices would automatically fall and the so-called profiteering would disappear. To attempt to get rid of it by prosecuting a few notorious offenders is like trying to destroy a noxious tree by lopping off a few of its outer leaves. The remedy is to destroy the roots; and the roots of profiteering lie in an artificial demand directly caused by an enormous inflation of the currency.

National currencies resemble a series of reservoirs, of vastly different base areas, connected with one another by pipes. Since water always finds a common level, a quantity of it poured into one of these reservoirs is very quickly distributed among the several others in proportion to their base areas. Let us substitute gold for water and assume that it also has the attribute of flowing to a common level. This requires no great stretch of the imagination, for, until 1914, gold has always moved freely from one country to another in accordance with the dictates of inter-

national trade. At the commencement of the war all the belligerent countries heaped into their currency reservoirs masses of paper money which we will represent by weights of a metal heavier than gold, since they immediately sank to the bottom and were incapable of moving to any of the connected reservoirs. Naturally the level of the reservoirs rose, and the gold at the top commenced to stream out to other reservoirs, notably those belonging to America and the neutral States. In order to stop their gold from being drained off, the belligerent countries sank their reservoirs below the surface by digging pits of constantly increasing depth beneath them. This was done by prohibiting the export of gold, by trade embargoes, and by raising loans abroad. By these means the reservoirs were made capable of holding a very large quantity of weights without causing too great a quantity of the gold at the top to be forced through the connecting pipes. But general prices in any country depend upon the volume of purchasing power. This in its turn is regulated by the size of the reserves held by the banks; and the banking reserves are absolutely governed by the quantity of coin and notes in circulation in other words, by the depth of the currency reservoirs.

In the exact measure that the pit beneath our currency reservoir is filled up, the space available for gold will become smaller. Letting the gold flow off would undoubtedly lower prices in England. As a result we might, and probably would, automatically increase our exports and reduce our imports to the extent of stopping the outflow before all our gold had left us. But there is always the danger that lib or or other complications might prevent us from doing so; and, in that event, our position would become a perilous one. Without the capacity to send out goods equal in value to those which we require to import, and with no gold to liquidate the balance, we should most certainly be compelled to keep our imports strictly within the limit of the value of the goods we were able to export. At every point our merchants would be handicapped by the fact that the absence of capacity to export gold would cause the foreign exchange always to be heavily against them. The remedy is obvious. By all means commence to fill up the pit beneath our currency reservoir and allow gold to flow out, but make more and more room for gold at the top by taking advantage of every opportunity to pick out the useless weights which represent inconvertible paper money. On one point we may be perfectly certain: those weights will never pass out of our reservoir through the connecting pipes. There is only one way of getting rid of them, and that is to pick them out ourselves.

Retardation of supply necessarily has very great influence in keeping prices at a high level. It is probable that this factor is an even more powerful one than the unnatural stimulation of demand caused by excessive currency inflation. But the effects of diminished supply are so obvious and so well understood that there is a constant tendency to attribute to them the entire responsibility for prices remaining at a very high level. This tendency ought to be combated on every possible occasion. The Government never tires of telling the people to strain every nerve to increase supply. It is the duty of the people to pay heed to the warning. On the other hand, the Government alone can lop off the spurious from the natural demand; and it is as much incumbent upon the Government to perform its share of the work as it is upon the public to do theirs. The world's trade lies now, as it never did before, open to the nations which are commercially strong enough to reach out and grasp it. The first countries to get their currencies into good order will have an enormous advantage. America is undoubtedly in the best position, but there is ample opportunity for others. In knowledge of the bearing which currency inflation has upon prices the German economists are much better equipped than ours; and it may yet happen that Germany will set herself steadily to the task of reforming her currency while our politicians are going placidly on appointing expert committees, and pigeon-holing the reports when they find that the advice given is not to their liking.

WALTER F. FORD

THE CONFESSIONS OF THE ADMIRALS.

SEVERAL British admirals of distinction have entered the great post-war confessional, and a good many people, as a result of subsequent commentaries on their books, which not one in a hundred thousand of the population can have read, have been driven to the conclusion that it is little short of a miracle that we did not lose the naval war owing to shortcomings of the Admiralty or defective leadership at sea. They cast their minds back over the months of "organised violence" and, discussing tit-bits torn from their context by reviewers, they recall occasions when the enemy might have defeated the British Fleet—but for extraordinary good luck on our part. Oh those might-have-beens which knowledge after the event suggest! Oh those might-have-beens which spring from revelations of what happened on one side of the fog which a state of war creates! They are based upon the assumption that in this imperfect world, with its surprising and unforeseeable events, war by sea, subject to a hundred uncertain factors, can be waged in accordance with an immutable plan of operations, every development being anticipated years in advance, and suitable measures taken, by a Naval Staff of minor prophets, divorced from the sea (the only training place for seamen) and sitting, with a fine assortment of stationery and pens, at their desks at the Admiralty.

It may seem a work of supererogation to debate these matters. For has not Mr Winston Churchill¹ proved that whatever sins of omission or commission were committed were due to our failure to build up "a highly specialised General Staff officer class for the Navy," corresponding, presumably, in character and functions with the "highly specialised General Staff officer class" of France and Italy on the one hand, and Germany on the other. The German Naval Staff, as Mr Churchill knows, was the admiration of a great many persons in this country before the war. It was the product of a quarter of a century of concentrated effort to copy the Great General Staff of the German Army, and, according to Mr Churchill's theory, the German Fleet ought to have won the war, whereas it lies rusting at the bottom of a British harbour, owing, as Grand Admiral von Tirpitz² avers, to the colossal blunders of the Naval Staff.

(1) *Illustrated Sunday Herald* (November 9, 1919).

(2) *My Memoirs*: Hurst and Blackett.

But if Mr. Churchill's remedy be disregarded, it may be urged that many adventurers in the realms of naval strategy, tactics, and administration have settled all controversy by their judgments, delivered in the House of Commons, in clubs, in railway trains, and in other places where men congregate. What more can be said with advantage after men, some of whom wore the uniform of junior officers of the Naval Reserve or the Naval Volunteer Reserve during the war, have put their fingers unerringly on the master errors committed before, or after, the outbreak of war by naval officers of half a century or more's blue water experience? They have explained why Lord Fisher, as First Sea Lord, was wrong in doing this or that, or not doing the other thing, they have demonstrated how it was that Lord Jellicoe failed to annihilate the High Sea Fleet at the Battle of Jutland; and they have given the reasons which led to Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, the competent and successful Vice-Admiral at Dover, being dismissed—"brutally dismissed," as that officer declares—by Sir Lucie Geddes, who also got rid of Lord Jellicoe with so little ceremony.

It would be unkind to rob such critics, some old enough to know better, and others sufficiently young to excuse their over-confidence, of any satisfaction which they may obtain from these excursions. But for such as realise that the preparation for, and conduct of, naval warfare are expert matters, to the study of which naval officers devote their lives, these confessions of the admirals, if read with at least as much attention as would be devoted to the latest novel, contain fascinating sidelights on the events of the late war and enable the diligent student to anticipate, in some measure, the verdict of history. Who would not give a king's ransom, if he possessed it, to be in a position to examine this country's recent naval effort with the eyes of the historian of fifty or sixty years hence, when all that remains secret to-day will be known of all men? It may be that even then there will be wide differences of opinion, but the froth of contemporary controversy will have been blown away and there will remain only the pure distillate, on which the historian will feed his mind with the complete assurance that nothing remains of prejudice, personal animosity, or party strife, for the struggles of politicians, even in time of war, react on naval policy, as indeed up on every aspect of the life of the nation. We cannot hope to anticipate in all its completeness of justice the verdict of history, but these confessions of the admirals do clear up many misunderstandings, and to that end the *Memoirs* of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz contribute.

What are these confessions of the admirals? We have had

from Lord Jellicoe ' an account of his stewardship as Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet during the critical period of the war—August 4th, 1914, to November 28th, 1916—when he was at first without a submarine-proof base, when his "margin of safety" in heavy ships was slight at his *average* moment and the enemy's *selected* moment, and when the gunnery equipment of his battle-ships was in some respects defective; and Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon ' has written a book, probably the outstanding contribution to naval literature by a British naval officer for a century, which is complementary to that of Lord Jellicoe; in it Admiral Bacon describes how, while the Grand Fleet was holding the Germans to the north—successfully holding them—he was exercising a controlling influence upon their activities to the south, robbing them of the advantages which otherwise would have been theirs owing to their occupation and fortification of the adjacent Belgian coast. The Dover Patrol was short of suitable ships, as well as of well-trained officers, and the casual reader of a familiar type, who glories in depreciating his own country, may shake his head, but the average man will be lost in admiration as he contemplates all that was achieved with exiguous resources. Besides these volumes, others have recently been published which reflect on our naval preparations before the war. Lord Fisher ' has let us see something of the springs of naval policy during the period when he was carrying out his far-reaching programme of naval reforms; and we have had from Admiral Sir Percy Scott ' a series of revelations of his difficulties in his efforts to improve the gunnery of the British Fleet.

There is one essential difference between a book written by a landsman, and particularly by a politician, and one written by a seaman. The latter is always a man of war, for from the time he goes on board his first ship until at last he retires from the sea he is always fighting, either gales or fogs, treacherous currents or hidden rocks. He knows nothing of compromise or pleasant dallings with realities; and his experiences react on his character. When he writes he does so without haverings or reservations, but with the simple desire to tell the whole truth; he does not pause to translate his words for the layman. Rather contemptuous of praise or blame by those unversed in the mysteries of the sea, he is content to leave others, knowing something of naval affairs and practised in weighing evidence, to judge his actions and

(1) *The Grand Fleet, 1914-16*: Cassell and Co.

(2) *The Dover Patrol, 1915-17*: Hutchinson & Co.

(3) *Memories*: Hodder and Stoughton.

(4) *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy*: John Murray.

the actions of those associated with him, and, above all, he relies on the impartial judgment of history. •

Readers of these confessions of the admirals would do well to handle the books, not as they would a "shilling shocker," but as they would a treatise on some technical subject. They would not expect to become experts in law, medicine, surgery, architecture or engineering by casually running their eyes over a book on any one of those subjects, or glancing at newspaper extracts from it. The naval profession makes heavier demands on those who follow it than any of those other professions which we are accustomed to describe as "learned." The modern naval officer must acquire a mass of knowledge of strategy, tactics and the weapons he is to employ, and, beyond all that, he has to estimate the value to attach to uncertain forces, high seas, dense fogs, shoals, currents, and other natural phenomena, of the influence of which Admiral Bacon supplies a remarkable exposition. And, finally, when the time for action comes, he must endeavour to divine what is in the mind of his enemy. Naval warfare is a matter of hazards—desperate hazards and represents a far higher technique than warfare on land. Those laymen who read these confessions of the admirals, masters in the art they have learnt on blue water, may well do so, therefore, in humility of spirit, remembering always that in the background stands a victory, gained mainly by British sea-power, which saved civilisation from being overwhelmed. So, in spite of the *obiter dicta* of Mr. Churchill and a crowd of critics, *not one of whom can have read all these books before joining in the din of controversy*, it may prove profitable to consider further these matters.

Is it an exaggeration to state that it has become a matter of surprise to thousands of persons that the British Navy won? Why did it not lose? That raises considerations which take us back a century or so. Had the struggle come in the early years of this century we should undoubtedly have lost. If the secret of our complete victory is to be discovered we must turn to a period when there was no German Navy and no German Empire. Admiral von Tirpitz in his two garrulous volumes of reminiscences has approached nearer the correct explanation of our successes than perhaps anyone else, for observers often see most of the game. "The Battle of 'Trafalgar,'" he has observed, "had removed all competition in sea-power, and from that day onward the theoretical as well as the practical development of naval warfare came to a standstill, whilst the Balance of the Powers kept the science of war active on land." That is well said. In the early years of the nineteenth century, the British Fleet had swept the seas, and the British people, and many seamen, forthwith forgot the principal

lesson which the Napoleonic War had taught—the vital importance of sea-power. The policy of this country, and the whole Empire, was based upon fear, and mainly the fear that the British Isles would be overrun by foreign troops. Major-General Sir George Aston records¹ that when he, as a Royal Marine, went to Camberley as late as 1880 “every scheme set at the Staff College assumed the invasion of England by a large continental army.” In 1880 a Royal Commission, appointed to consider the defence of the United Kingdom, had come to the conclusion that—

‘ Even if it were possible that a fleet sufficient to meet the emergency of a sudden combination against this country could be kept available and fully manned in time of peace, such an application of the resources of the nation would lead to an outlay of the public revenue far exceeding the expenditure which would suffice for that object under other circumstances.’

‘ The idea of maintaining a strong fleet was consequently abandoned; two naval officers signed that report. “Fortifications were recommended,” General Aston tells us, “as a cheap substitute for the minimum of naval strength to ensure security.” The whole nation acquiesced in a weak defensive policy. But, while the Fleet was neglected, the Army was not organised even for the defensive rôle assigned to it.’²

The bulk of naval officers of that period, sharing the opinions of landmen, had no conception of what naval war would be like. The Navy was living on its traditions. It had once won victories, and seamen, being by instinct conservative, could not believe that it would ever lose pride of place. A man-of-war, even in the 'sixties, as Sir Percy Scott has told us, was looked upon as “a gigantic yacht.” Others have since admitted that condemnation. When Sir Percy Scott became in 1886 commander of the *Duke of Edinburgh*, the most modern turret ship of the time, what was his experience?

“With the cooperation of Lieutenant Pease, a very smart gunnery officer (afterwards Admiral Sir R. H. Pease, K.C.B., M.V.O.), I started training the officers and men in hitting the target, using miniature rifles in the bores of the big guns, and introduced many other appliances that are in use to-day. But the innovation was not liked—we were twenty years ahead of the times—and in the end we had to do as others were doing. So we gave up instruction in gunnery, spent money on enamel paint, burnished up every bit of steel on board, and soon got the reputation of being a very smart ship. She was certainly very nice in appearance. The nuts of all the bolts on the aft-deck were gilded, the magazine keys were electro-plated, and statues of Mercury surmounted the revolver racks. In short, nothing was left undone to ensure a good inspection.

“In those days it was customary for a commander to spend half his pay

(1) *Memories of a Marine*: John Murray. (2) *Ibid.*, p. 100.

or more in buying paint to adorn his Majesty's ships, and it was the only road to promotion. A ship had to look pretty prettiness was necessary to promotion, and as the Admiralty did not supply sufficient paint or cleaning material for keeping the ship up to the required standard, the officers had to find the necessary money for buying the house-maiding material. The prettiest ship I have ever seen was the *Isleandra*. I was informed that £2,000 had been spent by the officers on her decoration.

In these circumstances it was no wonder that the guns were not fired if it could be avoided, for the powder then used had a most deleterious effect on the paint, and one commander who had his ship enamelled told me that it cost him £100 to repaint her after target practice. Fortunately, target practice could easily be avoided. Admirals seldom asked any question about it as their ships were generally the worst offenders.

Little or no attention was paid to gunnery in the Royal Navy, the routine was one of paint and polish it being assumed that a smart ship was necessarily an efficient ship. Nor was that all. "The English" Grand Admiral von Tirpitz has told us, referring to an even later date, "seemed to me to be very behind in tactics at the time a fact which was illustrated by the Tryon trial following upon the sinking of the *Tutoria*." Neither the Admiralty at home nor the admirals at sea gave attention to anything much beyond cleanliness assuming that since cleanliness is next to godliness all would be well when the day of ordeal came.

Nothing is easier than to write and speak contemptuously of the admirals of the Victorian era. Whatever ideas they had of war were mistaken in the main but if justice is to be done to them we must remember the conditions under which they received their training and the naval atmosphere of the years which followed the close of the Napoleonic War which was an inspiring memory to them. They had gone to sea almost straight from the nursery, with little or no education, proceeding from one sailing ship to another and becoming imbued with all the ideas of the war-worn veterans who were still flourishing and maintaining a great naval prestige. The ships were moved by sails and the guns were not very dissimilar from those with which the Spanish Armada was fought. The cowed fleets of other nations were in much the same state. The British seamen who were to rise to power in the later years of the Victorian era regarded the steam engine with suspicion, had little belief in the long range gun, and looked upon the torpedo with distrust when, at last, it made its appearance. They deplored changes which tended to separate them from the *régime* in which they had been brought up. They placed their faith in the character of British seamanship, vindicating itself in hand-to-hand fighting, ship grappled to ship in deadly conflict. They were great gentlemen and they maintained the spirit of the Navy a priceless heritage; but they were not men of war, modern war. They could not conceive of actions fought at ranges

up to ten miles, or believe that conditions would ever exist when, owing to the menace of the torpedo, it would be dangerous for battle fleets to obey Nelson's signal "Close action."

One is tempted to admire the steadfast conservatism of these old seamen, trained in a fast vanishing school while at the same time rejoicing that at last the influence which they exercised was broken—full late. Grand Admiral von Tirpitz has put his finger on a truth not generally realised. We owe our victory at sea and the triumph of the Allied cause, in some degree, to that German Admiral's big drum beating and the ex-Kaiser's boastings.

By our example the English were once more compelled to work and to apply their minds again to naval matters. At first the English troubled very little about the small German Navy. Their attention was drawn to our work by means of official memoranda which were either stolen or taken from a sunken torpedo boat. About 1896 the British Navy began to have the feeling that we were competitors, and once they began to regard us in that light, they have studied us and followed similar lines in their own manoeuvres. They will never confess that they learned from us in this way. It is so, however, and we were quite aware even at that time that the British Navy received the new spirit and development from us.

It is true that the German Navy Acts from 1898 onwards supplied the tonic which the British Navy needed. The Government under Mr. A. J. Balfour, aroused to the course of events, at length took action. At the end of 1904 Lord Fisher was brought to the Admiralty as First Sea Lord, accompanied by Captain Reginald Bacon as his Naval Assistant, Captain John Jellicoe as Director of Naval Ordnance, and Captain Percy Scott as Inspector of Target Practice, a position specially created with a view to reforming the gunnery of the Fleet. What happened? Lord Fisher's cheery book has displeased some "old women" of both sexes, but it will enable the British people to understand for the first time the character of the task he performed and the atmosphere of fierce opposition in which he worked. He determined to build a new Navy and decided that the naval organisation on shore and the strategy and tactics at sea should be moulded to the Dreadnought pattern. In 1907 he wrote to King Edward an explanation of his policy.

In March this year it is an absolute fact that Germany had not laid down a single Dreadnought, nor had she commenced building a single battleship or big cruiser in eighteen months.

Germany has been paralysed by the Dreadnought.

The more the German Admiralty looked into her qualities the more convinced they became that they must follow suit, and the more convinced

(1) The original *Dreadnought* was laid down on October 2, 1905, to the design of Sir Philip Watts, who had replaced Sir William White as Director of Naval Construction.

they were that the whole of their existing Battle Fleet was utterly useless because utterly wanting in gun power! For instance, half of the whole German Battle Fleet is only about equal to the English armoured cruisers.

The German Admiralty wrestled with the 'Dreadnought' problem for eighteen months, and did nothing. Why? Because it meant their spending twelve and a half millions sterling on widening and deepening the Kiel Canal, and in dredging all their harbours and all the approaches to their harbours, because if they did not do so it would be no use building German Dreadnoughts because they could not float! It was indeed a Machiavellian interference of Providence on our behalf that brought about the evolution of the Dreadnought!

Many years before the war was to break out, he was convinced that "the only thing in the world that England has to fear is Germany, and none else." In that conviction he and the officers associated with him worked, building ships of new types, reforming the scheme of naval training, changing our naval front from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, planning manœuvres on a grand scale for the first time in modern history in order that the admirals might learn how to fight, and by courts of inquiry and other measures insisting on gunnery being given its proper place. One incident which he mentioned in a letter to Lord Fisher, on February 11, 1908, indicates the discomfiture which the Germans were then feeling owing to the policy adopted by the Admiralty.

Dear Mr. Tupper: Ask me a mutual civilian friend living in Berlin to inquire very privately of me whether I would agree to limiting size of guns and size of ship, as this is vital to the Germans who can't build larger than the Dreadnought in guns or size. I went back by a turn of post yesterday morning. Tell him I'll see him if I first! (Those are the key words!) I wonder what William will say to that. *Tupper* how him the letter!

Were no mistakes committed during those years of the naval revolution when the Navy was transformed from a collection of beautifully painted and polished "yachts" into a fighting force? Was nothing left undone which should have been done? Was nothing done that should not have been done? Lord Fisher and the officers he gathered round him to breast the tide of naval opinion were imperfect human beings, with limited powers of foreseeing the course of events, and with just twenty-four hours in each day for work, sleep, and the necessary recreation. They were engaged in a race against time. Lord Fisher was convinced that any month after the completion of the enlargement of the Kiel Canal, which his Dreadnought conception had forced upon the Germans, war might break out. That gigantic task could be completed, he estimated, by the summer of 1911, and then the British people would enter the danger area.

(1) In modern battleships of the pre Dreadnought types the Germans were almost approaching the strength of the British Navy in 1905. Cf. *Command of the Sea*, by Archibald Hurd, pp. 91-116.

The plans of naval reform, varied but co-ordinated, did not go in every respect according to plan, for while preparations were being made to defeat Germany by sea, two other wars had to be conducted—one against retrograde elements in the Navy itself, fine seamen and leaders of men who could not envisage the demands of the coming war with long-range guns, torpedoes and mines; and the other against groups of politicians of various schools who demanded the reduction of our "bloated naval armaments" in order, among other things, that the British working man might have a "free breakfast table"! When the full story of those years of naval reconstruction is revealed, and the historian has access to the inner secrets of the Navy, on the one hand, and the Cabinet Council, on the other, it will be no matter of surprise that everything was not foreseen and that all preparations, extremely costly, were not made. On the contrary, satisfaction will be felt that so much was done and that on the opening of the war the German Fleet was thrown back on the defensive—to be, later on, ignominiously surrendered. As Grand Admiral von Tirpitz has confessed, "the unfounded prestige of the British Navy (which Lord Fisher's "ruthless, relentless, remorseless" policy had re-established) robbed Germany's leaders at the beginning of the war, when the German Navy had the best prospects of success, of the courage to let us make a bid for victory."

When Lord Jellicoe's book appeared the nation learnt for the first time that when war came the Grand Fleet was without a submarine-proof harbour on the East Coast and had available no docks suitable for large ships. Scapa Flow became the base of the Battle Squadrons, and, though secure against destroyers and other surface craft, "entry by the Hoxa Sound Channel was quite practicable by determined submarine officers." At Cromarty there was "no boom protection against the entry of destroyers, and the conditions in regard to submarine attack were the same as at Scapa Flow, there being no obstructions." As to Rosyth, "the same conditions prevailed as at Cromarty, namely the harbour was defended by guns only against attack by destroyers . . . the harbour was quite open to submarine attack." During the early period of the war "the anxiety of officers in command of fleets or squadrons at anchor in any of the bases used by the Grand Fleet was," Lord Jellicoe has stated, "immense." The Commander-in-Chief felt at last compelled to give up using Scapa Flow until suitable defensive measures could be taken, and then it was that he made Lough Swilly the temporary base of the Battle Squadrons. It has been a matter of indignant comment since Lord Jellicoe's book appeared that the Grand Fleet should have been left so defenceless against submarine attack.

In the spring of 1906, the First Lord of the Admiralty (Lord Tweedmouth) told the House of Commons that the necessary land had been purchased for making a naval base at Rosyth. Eight years afterwards, when hostilities began, the scheme was still unfinished. What is the explanation? Lord Fisher quotes the following extract from a letter which he wrote on January 28rd, 1910, two days before he relinquished his position as First Sea Lord :—

"Of course no question as to strategic merits of a canal, and it ought originally to have been the scheme instead of Rosyth, but now is it possible to make the *volte-face*? I fear not! I got Rosyth delayed four years as not being the right thing or the right place and hoping for our Kiel Canal; but though I succeeded in the delay, alas! I did not in the substitution."

Therein lies the secret of the delay in completing the naval base at Rosyth, and as to Scapa, Cromarty and Rosyth, they were unapproachable by any craft except submarines; and on the very eve of the war these vessels were derided by most senior officers who had considerable influence on naval policy, as the correspondence in the *Times* on Sir Percy Scott's letter of June, 1914, reminds us.¹ There has been a tendency to forget that on the very eve of the war, as Sir Percy Scott recalls, the submarine was still regarded by a majority of senior officers as little more than a toy, slow, unreliable and extremely vulnerable. The submarine had not impressed the naval administration of any country (not excluding Germany).

The alternative to a naval base on the East Coast was a canal connecting the Firth of Forth with the Clyde, with its great shipyards and docks—a strategic waterway which would have served the British Navy as the Kiel Canal served the German Navy. It was a scheme which had much to recommend it on commercial grounds, because it would have shortened the voyage of steamships proceeding from the East to the West Coast. It presented few engineering difficulties; the expenditure would have been only about £7,000,000; and it would have proved of great strategic advantage to the Fleet in a war against Germany. As it happened, owing to a series of errors and lack of foresight at the Admiralty after Lord Fisher had relinquished office, the outbreak of war caught the Grand Fleet in a homeless state, for in the interval the submarine, only on the horizon in 1910, had arrived to influence strategy and tactics.

"Ah, the Admiralty! now we are getting at the root of the trouble," the critic may remark. That is a false scent. Admiralty policy is, and has always been, directed in all technical

(1) Cf. *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy*, by Admiral Sir Percy Scott, Bt., pp. 274-280.

matters by officers of the Navy. They take periods of duty at the Admiralty and then go to sea, so that condemnation of the Admiralty, with its large representation of the officers of the Fleet, to be counted by the score, involves condemnation of the Navy. The one cannot be praised and the other blamed. The truth is that no one in the years before the outbreak of war seriously believed that a German submarine could reach Scapa, Cromarty or Rosyth, and, as Mr. Churchill has stated, no one suggested the taking of defensive measures. What about the Germans? Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and other officers of the German Navy had no idea that submarines, unattended (for they were then almost always accompanied by "mother ships"), could proceed on long cruises. On this matter the after-the-event wisdom of naval critics on the other side of the North Sea is enlightening. They have been asking, Why did submarines not sink the Grand Fleet in the early days of the war? The answer is that no one, even among the "highly specialised General Staff officer class," had foreseen such a possibility—not even that wonderful German Naval Staff of which so much was heard in pre-war days. It has recently been stated in the Reichstag by Dr. Struve, the representative of Kiel, that in 1913 the Germans ordered only two submarines, and in the following year of the war—down to August, 1914—only one submarine had been ordered. That is an indication of the importance the Germans attached to the submarine!

There is another point of criticism. Lord Jellicoe has explained why as Commander-in-Chief he adopted the strategic defensive and tactical offensive with the full approval of the Admiralty. His "margin of safety" was too small to run risks which he might have incurred had he had more ships. *On the existence of the Grand Fleet depended the fortunes of the British Empire*. He had discussed the problems suggested by the knowledge that the Germans might seek action at their *selected* moment at their *selected* position which would correspond with the *average* moment of the Grand Fleet (probably with many ships docking or repairing at distant bases), a fight off the German coast being favourable to the enemy. What has Grand Admiral von Tirpitz to say on this matter?

"I did not think we could seek battle in any case, and in any position. I rather desired that the North Sea Fleet should create by continual activity a situation that would compel the English to draw nearer to us. If a battle developed in this manner on our initiative, not too far from our home waters, there was a possibility, especially in the earlier part of the war, that the English would not throw the whole of their united forces into the fight. . . . At the beginning of the war the fact had not emerged so clearly as it did

(1) *OL. Grand Fleet, 1914-16*, p. 304.

later that the British Fleet fulfilled its *raison d'être* simply by lying quietly at Scapa Flow. Public opinion in the enemy countries might have made it difficult at that time for the British to avoid battle. Even minor successes on our part might have driven them to seek us out. There was further to be considered the, for us, comparatively favourable numerical relation between the two forces in the first year of war.¹

If the trap had been laid after the Tirpitz plan, we have the consolation in Lord Jellicoe's statements that it would have been in vain. Grand Admiral von Tirpitz fully confirms statements made in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* that the Germans hoped against hope that public opinion in this country would at last force the Grand Fleet to seek out the Germans in their own waters, with their minefields, submarines and destroyers, not to mention the powerful coast defences.

And so we might go on examining these confidences of the admirals. There is one conclusion which emerges from the study. The German Naval Staff, without sea instinct, but with a controlling power over the German Fleet, let pass whatever chances the enemy ever had of winning the war. It paralysed initiative and cramped operations, with the result that it saved the ships—to be surrendered and then scuttled. Our naval preparations, as events were to prove, were more adequate than those of the Germans. We possessed better ships than the enemy, they were better manned, and we were fortunate in not possessing, as the Germans did possess, "a highly specialised General Staff officer class." During his successful period in command at Dover, when he was responsible for the defence of the crowded transports continually passing to and fro across the English Channel, for guarding the left flank of the Allied Armies in Belgium and Northern France, and for ensuring the regular arrival in the Thames of the essential food supplies of about a quarter of the people of Great Britain, Admiral Bacon had exceptional opportunities of studying the German naval forces.

"The Germans had taught their officers to run—and they ran. The safe return of a German warship was regarded as of more importance than the sinking of an enemy vessel.

"One great lesson, which is apt to be forgotten, deserves to be emphasised. We had gauged the mentality of the enemy and had proved that those who ruled his Navy were deficient in the higher attributes which are necessary elements of the master mind capable of guiding war at sea with success."

(1) "The splendid increase which we maintained up to 1914 as a result of the four-a-year programme prevailing from 1906 to 1911 fell off from 1915 onwards as a result of the two-a-year programme of 1912 onwards. At the same time there came into the scale the enormous English increases from the programmes of 1910 to 1912, which we expected, owing to their great speed of construction, to be ready in the spring of 1915, but which in fact did not swing the scales against us until the autumn of that year."—*My Memoirs*, p. 366.

The other counts in the indictment which has been brought against the Navy or the Admiralty can be dismissed in a few words. Were our ships inferior in design and construction to those of the Germans? The unequivocal answer is in the negative. British vessels were built for all-world service and they were intended to go anywhere and do anything; the German ships were built for the North Sea and were not as habitable, as strong in offence, or as swift. Offensive qualities were developed in British vessels as they were not developed in German vessels, with the result that owing to their heavier armament the former out-ranged the latter. Was the British Fleet short of destroyers? Unquestionably it was. Admiral Bacon has furnished the explanation. "What led to this shortage was the impossibility of forecasting the trend that the war would take, unless human beings had been endowed with a spirit of inspired prophecy. It was thoroughly appreciated that the Grand Fleet would require destroyers; but the occupation of the Belgian coast and the consequences which followed from that occupation were never anticipated." Sir Reginald Bacon, having a responsibility second only to that of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, was the officer who suffered most owing to the deficiency of numbers, and he gives an adequate justification of pre-war policy, without troubling to recall that the enemy's illegal and inhuman submarine campaign on merchantmen made further and unexpected demands on this country's naval resources. It is apparent from revelations which have been made in Germany since the Armistice that the Germans did not anticipate that they would be able to hold the Belgian coast, and no preparations had been made for the submarine campaign—*only three submarines being ordered by them in the twenty months preceding the outbreak of war*. Both these developments were as great a surprise to German as they were to British naval officers, and in improvisations to meet the new situation which the success of the German Army in Belgium and the sinking of the cruisers *Hogue*, *Cressy*, and *Aboukir* created, the British defensive measures proved superior to the offensive measures prepared by the German Naval Staff and carried out by them with the greatest energy.

There remains for examination the case in connection with gunnery which has been presented by Sir Percy Scott. Since this Admiral's book was published its contents have been grossly misrepresented in some quarters. In summary his case is a clear one. Down to the year 1905, he encountered obstruction at the Admiralty, as well as in the Fleet, in his efforts to improve the gunnery equipment of the Navy and increase its shooting efficiency. A large number of the senior officers of the service who had

the power to support him, did, on the contrary, obstruct him. They belonged to the old school and had no faith in scientific gunnery. Their conceptions of war were those of the Napoleonic era. But in 1905 Sir Percy Scott at last succeeded in introducing his ideas into the Fleet. He was given his opportunity by Lord Fisher on the latter becoming First Sea Lord, and he had in Lord Jellicoe, the new Director of Ordnance whom Lord Fisher brought to the Admiralty, a cordial and firm co-worker, as he has stated. Between that year and 1907, a great advance took place in gunnery; whereas 58 shots, out of every 100 fired, missed the target in 1904, the proportion of misses in 1907 had fallen to 19, although, owing to the firm attitude of the Admiralty, the number of ships which fired had increased.

In due course Lord Fisher, Lord Jellicoe, and Sir Percy Scott left the Admiralty and the impulse was withdrawn. Later on, when Lord Jellicoe, who as Director of Naval Ordnance had not been a member of the Board, returned to the Admiralty as Controller of the Navy, he determined in face of considerable opposition to test thoroughly, in H.M.S. *Neptune*, Sir Percy Scott's system of director firing. It provided for an officer situated in a position on the mast laying and firing all the guns of a ship. Shortly afterwards Lord Jellicoe left the Admiralty to become Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Squadron; he was present at the trial, and 'he advised the Admiralty to fit the director to all the ships at once.' "This," Sir Percy Scott states, "the Admiralty were reluctant to do, and they were supported in this opposition by Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman, then Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, and flying his flag on board H.M.S. *Neptune*, the only ship in which it had been tried." Then Mr. Winston Churchill, who had become First Lord, intervened, and another trial was carried out. "The superiority of director firing," Sir Percy Scott adds, "was thus demonstrated, and the country has to thank Sir John Jellicoe and Mr. Winston Churchill for its introduction into the Navy. Had they not intervened, the opposition to it would still have been maintained, and we should have probably gone to war without any of our ships having an efficient method of firing their guns." Even after these two successive trials progress was slow, and Lord Jellicoe, who was himself at sea at the time and not at the Admiralty, Lord Fisher being in retirement, has told us the reason. "A very large number of officers were sceptical as to its value compared with the alternative system; there was considerable opposition to it and a great majority of the ships (before the war) were not fitted. In some cases the system was not favoured in ships provided with it." When the war broke out only eight ships had been fitted. On

May 31st, 1916, occurred the Battle of Jutland, additional ships having been fitted. "The conditions under which that action was fought," Lord Jellicoe has stated, "converted any waverers at once into a firm belief in the director system, and there was never afterwards any doubt expressed as to its great value." The only fleet action fought during the war completely justified the views of Lord Jellicoe and Sir Percy Scott, but in the light of the statements made by the first Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, it is apparent that it was not a few senior officers at the Admiralty or at sea who opposed the introduction of this system, but a considerable body of naval opinion, including officers of junior ranks. In the circumstances disclosed, it is to travesty the facts to suggest, as has been done in criticisms, that the delay in adopting this system was due merely to Admiralty opposition; it arose, on the contrary, from a wide-spread difference of opinion in the Fleet itself as to the best method of firing the guns. Even doctors and lawyers sometimes differ; in this instance differences existed among the best qualified officers of the naval profession. Fortunately for the destinies of the Empire, Lord Jellicoe and Sir Percy Scott were in the right, and their will prevailed, with the result that "by the date of the Battle of Jutland," as Lord Jellicoe states, "there were few of the ships that were not supplied with the system (for the heavy guns mounted in turrets), although six of those last fitted had not had enough experience with it."

Apart from this controversy as to director firing, Sir Percy Scott urges a reform of Admiralty administration, and not only Admiralty administration, but administration in all the public departments—for there are worse sinners than the Admiralty. Government offices are conservative in their ideas and slow in their methods. "We can never hope," he declares, "to obtain a Fleet well equipped, well organised and well trained until this—the present—system of evading responsibility at the Admiralty is broken, the circulation of papers is speeded up, and the official who shirks responsibility is made to suffer instead of being promoted as a 'safe man.'" That is a notable indictment by an officer of fifty years' service and wide experience, who has had many opportunities of studying Admiralty routine. He produces a mass of evidence in support of his contention, leaving the nation to judge the issue.

"War is the supreme test of a naval administration, and under that test the routine system of the Admiralty, which is slow, was found wanting. Napoleon once declared: 'Strategy is the art of making use of time and space. I am less chary,' he added, 'of the latter than the former. Space we can recover—but time never.' Because Admiralty administration is

deplorably slow, it proved unsuited to war, and the nation owes much to Lord Fisher¹ and Lord Jellicoe² for their efforts to speed matters up, for in war the enemy does not wait on the convenience of a Government Department in which almost everyone, civil and naval, is nervous of taking responsibility, and acting swiftly and decisively. Successful war-making depends in a large degree on time-saving—rapid, decisive action. The country suffered unnecessarily, and the war was unduly prolonged because that principle was so often ignored."

But when all has been said in criticism of the Admiralty and the Navy, what was the purpose for which the Fleet was provided? Its aim was: (a) to save this country from invasion; (b) to defend the Empire overseas from molestation; (c) to protect our essential ocean communications; and (d) to ensure the safe transport overseas of our troops and their supplies. Not only were those tasks performed, but the submarine peril, unforeseen by the naval authorities of any country, not excluding Germany, was met and mastered. In the history of naval warfare, no fleet has ever achieved such triumphs as stand to the credit of the British Navy. It made the main contribution to the Allied victory. When the historian writes in full knowledge of the events at sea during the past five years, he will be surprised, as well he may be, at the importance which is now attributed to small details of controversy. He will study the confessions of the admirals and, co-ordinating them with other information which is still hidden from view, he will weave the bays of victory into a wreath in honour of the achievements of the British Navy in the Great War.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

(1) Lord Fisher was appointed First Sea Lord in November of 1914 and resigned in the following May.

(2) Lord Jellicoe was called from the Grand Fleet to the Admiralty in November 1916, and served as First Sea Lord for thirteen months, being mainly responsible for the plans for mastering the submarine menace.

THOUGHT AND RELIGION: FORTY YEARS' CONTROVERSY.

"And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are . . . it will be wise to recognise them as the forms of a force, mischievous, if permitted to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided by liberal thought to noble issues in the region of *emotion*, which is its proper sphere."—Prof. Tyndall, Belfast. Address to the British Association, 1874.

"We cannot really and seriously suppose that truth began to arrive on this planet a few centuries ago. The pre-scientific insight of genius—of poets and prophets and saints—was of supreme value, and the access of those inspired seers to the heart of the universe was profound. . . . Genuine religion has its roots deep down in the heart of humanity and in the reality of things. . . . It is not surprising that by our methods we fail to grasp it. . . . We are deaf and blind, therefore, to the immanent grandeur around us, unless we have insight enough to recognise in the woven fabric of existence, flowing steadily from the loom in an infinite progress towards perfection, the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God."—Sir Oliver Lodge, Birmingham. Address to the British Association, 1913.

"I discern in that Matter . . . the promise and potency of every form of life."—Prof. Tyndall, *id.*

"Life introduces an incalculable element. . . . To describe the psychical in terms of physics and chemistry is simply impossible."—Sir Oliver Lodge, *id.*

THIS paper is no more than a most fragmentary and imperfect sketch made in brief moments of leisure. It makes no claim to originality or special knowledge. It only attempts to present in a single article some glimpses of the scattered forces which, unconscious or half-conscious of their unity, seem to be marching towards the same goal.

Forty years ago Science, in the strength and pride of its enormous advance, was mainly materialistic. This materialism showed itself, not in Science alone, but in almost every department of thought and action. "In no age," says the great Biblical scholar, Sir Wm. Ramsay, "has brute force and mere power to kill been so exclusively regarded as the one great aim of a nation . . . as in Europe during the latter part of the nineteenth century; and in no age and country has the outlook upon the world been so narrow and so rigid among the students of history and of ancient letters. Those who study religion owe it to the progress

of Science that they can begin now to understand how hard and lifeless their old outlook was." Sir Oliver Lodge speaks to the same effect: "There was a little Science in my youth which prided itself upon being positive knowledge, and sought to pour scorn upon the possibility, say, of prayer or of any mode of communication between this world and a purely hypothetical other. Honest and true and brilliant, though narrow, men held these beliefs and promulgated these doctrines for a time: they did good service in their day by clearing away some superstition, and, with their healthy, breezy common sense, freeing the mind from cant—that is, from the conventional utterance of phrases embodying beliefs only half held. I say no word against the scientific men of that day, to whom were opposed theologians of equal narrowness and of a more bitter temper. But their warlike energy, though it made them effective crusaders, left their philosophy defective and their science unbalanced. It has not fully attained equilibrium yet." These two passages show briefly and decisively in two departments of thought the reality of the contrast with which this paper deals. Even Professor Haeckel, "a surviving voice from the middle of the nineteenth century," confesses the seriousness of the change which has taken place: "The great struggle between modern science and orthodox Christianity has become more threatening; and has grown more dangerous for Science in proportion as Christianity has found support in an increasing mental and political reaction." Forty years ago Science was at best indifferent to spiritual things, and the conflict between it and Religion was deep and unplaceable. In politics Bismarck and his system of blood and iron were supreme. Philosophy was under the sway of those who found the explanation for everything in purely material things, or of the curiously formal and unimaginative system of Herbert Spencer. In religious criticism there was a widespread repugnance to the very idea of anything supernatural or mysterious, a distrust of tradition, and an inclination to doubt the authenticity of any books, the New Testament books in particular, which contained a miraculous element. The Tübingen school had not lost its supremacy. Anyone who looks for the characteristic expression of the belief of thoughtful men of that time will find it in the sympathetic but patronising agnosticism of Matthew Arnold, or in the heart-sick longing, the "Hope too like despair" of Clough. Prophecies were freely made that Christianity was doomed, triumphantly by unbelievers, sadly and unwillingly by those who would fain, but could not, believe. In the Churches themselves there was a tendency to regard Christianity as a mere system of morals, to regard Christ

as originally nothing more than a great moral Teacher, who had been metamorphosed into a Divine Being by the enthusiasm and credulity of later ages, "the reflection," in Father Tyrrell's phrase, "of a Liberal Protestant face seen at the bottom of a deep well." Good works rather than faith were considered the one thing needful. In social life Science had provided men with fresh means of money-making and more varied opportunities for luxury. Hence the growth of mammon worship, the substitution of wealth for birth as the test of social position, the increasing neglect of Sunday and Divine worship. These last effects still continue, though in the common praise of the "simple life," in the growth of Socialism even among the upper and middle classes, in such books as Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's *The Camel and the Needle's Eye*, we see evidences of a reaction against the weary pursuit of money and amusement. In all other directions there is a very remarkable change, though it has not yet come home to all of us, a change which appears to be uniformly favourable to religion and the Christian faith.

To begin with, Science is being dematerialised. Not *Matter* but *Power* is the last word of the scientist. We hear much more of Ether than of Matter, and Ether is something so impalpable that it can only be described in terms which suggest a constant miracle, and recall the clauses of the Athanasian Creed, "an imponderable, elastic somewhat, continuous, not made of atoms, neither gaseous, nor fluid, nor solid." Again, the power of what we know as mind or spirit, however understood, is no longer minimised or denied, but fully and completely recognised. Sir William Hamilton once said, "In the world there is nothing great but man, in man there is nothing great but mind"; and Bishop Berkeley declared that there were "no causes, properly speaking, but spiritual, nothing active but spirit." And now the nervous system, the circulation of the blood, digestive powers, and so on, are allowed to be subject to the control of the brain, which is the seat of human intelligence. "The mind or brain influences—excites, perverts, or depresses—the sensory, motor, vaso-motor, and trophic nerves, and through them causes changes in Sensation, Muscular Contraction, Nutrition, and Secretion." But the influence of the brain on the lower processes might be fully admitted, and yet the intelligence be regarded as only an attribute of matter without any independent spiritual existence. This, however, is not the prevalent view of modern Science. Some of

(1) *Christianity at the Cross Roads*, p. 44

(2) *Haeckel, Riddle of the Universe*, p. 81.

(3) *Commonplace Book*

(4) Dr. Hack Tuke, *The Influence of the Mind on the Body*, Vol. I, p. 2
Quoted in *Body and Soul*, by the Rev. Percy Dearmer, p. 105.

the greatest foreign scientists who began life as materialists have come to regard, as Haeckel himself confesses, the science of Mind as a "spiritual science with principles and objects entirely different from those of physical Science." Professor Haeckel proceeds to point out how "very interesting" is "this entire change of philosophical principles, which we find in Wundt, as we found it in Kant, Virchow, du Bois-Reymond, Carl Ernst Baer, and others."

Mind itself has been discovered to be something infinitely more complex, with more varied and mysterious powers than would have entered into the wildest dreams of the Science of forty years ago. The discovery in 1896—the greatest discovery, as the late Professor William James calls it, in modern psychology—of the existence of the subliminal consciousness, or sub-conscious mind, marks an epoch. It is found that there exists below the threshold of our consciousness a great region of mind like a submerged iceberg, of which we, as a rule, know nothing. Much of our ordinary bodily processes—respiration, circulation, digestion—of the life of habit and routine is conducted by this "undermind," but it has also vast possibilities only occasionally realised. Here he had the marvellous powers of genius, here is to be found the source (or rather scene) of the prophet's vision, of the inspirations of the poet, of the dreams and ecstasies of the saint. All these, some of which materialist Science dismissed as incredible, are restored to a firmer position than they had ever before occupied. Much of what the Middle Ages believed without question, and the nineteenth century as unhesitatingly rejected, is again credited, but on new and scientific grounds. And not only have old powers of the mind been reinstated, new and unexpected powers have been discovered. The religious significance of this is immense. The nineteenth century poured scorn on inspiration, on visions, on the ecstasies of mystic and saint. But if there really exists in each of us a subliminal mind with powers and knowledge of which we are usually unconscious, then certain persons with special graces may repeatedly, and more ordinary persons may occasionally, have the capacity of lowering the threshold, so that the hidden becomes manifest, whether in sleep when the usual faculties are quiescent, or in moments of intense spiritual excitement, or of concentrated thought or devotion.

Further light again is thrown on the phenomena of conversion. They are no less the work of the Holy Spirit because we can trace to some extent the way in which He works. Directly, or through the influence of the written or spoken word, of some great personality or heroic deed, the hidden depths are stirred by

(1) *Riddle of the Universe*, p. 36, quoted by Lodge, *Life and Matter*, p. 52.

the Spirit of God, the sleeping soul becomes conscious, and an effect is produced which impresses the man's waking self for ever, though the ecstatic moment may never again return.

Again, throughout the history of Christianity one of the most persistent features is miraculous healing. Our Lord Himself wrought many such wonderful "works" or "powers" or "signs": He gave authority to His disciples to do the like: many such are recorded not only in the Acts, but in the early centuries of Christianity, in mediæval records, and right down to our own day at Lourdes and elsewhere.

Christians have, perhaps, been too apt to doubt Christ's explicit promise. "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in My name shall they cast out devils; . . . they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," they have regarded the age of miracles as past. Modern Science is wiser than they. Doctors no longer doubt the immense powers of the mind over the body. There exist at Nancy and La Salpêtrière and elsewhere organised schools, approved and officered by the medical faculty, where bodily diseases, not only functional, but organic, and affections of different kinds, rheumatism and others, not nervous only, are cured with great success by purely mental methods—hypnotism, suggestion, and so on. Suggestion has been defined as "successful appeal to the subliminal self." It may be made by others or by oneself; or, more often, by both. The most familiar instances are to be found in the effect produced on a patient by a doctor in whom he has confidence, by a piece of good news, or an access of terror, or a vivid belief. Faith, of course, is *sui generis*, it is not suggestion. I have no wish to explain away or minimise the miraculous. But suggestion, which also requires belief, may have some analogy to faith. Christ also, as a rule, required faith in those He healed. "If thou canst," He said, "all things are possible to him that believeth." And so high is the value which even unbelieving French doctors set on faith that Dr. Maurice de Fleury, in a book crowned by the Académie Française, the Académie des Sciences, and the Académie de Médecine, says,⁴ "La foi qui guérit n'est que suggestion: qu'importe, puisqu'elle guérit. Il n'est pas un de nous qui n'ait envoyé quelque malade à Lourdes et souhaité qu'elle en revienne bien portante." But the wonder does not end here. There is probably no mediæval miracle better attested than the impression of the "stigmata" on the body of S. Francis. As illustrating, not explaining, this, what the late Professor Wm. James says in his *Psychology*

(1) St Mark xvi 17-18, cf. St. John xiv. 12.

(2) *Body and Soul*, p. 127.

(3) St. Mark ix. 23.

(4) *Médecine de l'Esprit*, p. 55, quoted *Body and Soul*, p. 88.

(II. 612)¹ is of great interest: "In certain chosen subjects the suggestion of a congestion, a burn, a blister, a raised papule, or a bleeding from the nose or skin, may produce the effect" (then follow the names of sixteen doctors, including Charcot, as authority for the statement). Dr. Delbœuf, for instance, "applied the actual cautery (as well as vesicants) to symmetrical places on the skin, affirming that no pain should be felt on one of the sides. The result was a dry scorch on that side, with no aftermark, but on the other side a regular blister, with suppuration and a subsequent scar." "On the other hand, the reddening and bleedings of the skin along certain lines, suggested by tracing lines or pressing objects thereupon, put the accounts handed down to us of the *stigmata* of the cross appearing on the hands, feet, sides, and forehead of certain Catholic mystics in a new light. As so often happens, a fact is denied until a welcome interpretation comes with it." It is not surprising that Harnack, the greatest living German theologian, is inclined to believe in the truth of our Lord's works of healing: "Jesus sees Himself surrounded by crowds of sick people; He attracts them, and His one impulse is to heal them. Jesus does not distinguish rigidly between sickness of the body and of the soul; He takes them both as different expressions of the one supreme ailment in humanity."

One of the striking discoveries made by modern scientific observation is the possibility of thought transference, or telepathy, i.e., "The communication of impressions of any kind from one mind to another, independently of the recognised channels of sense." Thought-transference between people in the same room, but not in contact with one another, is a fact beyond all doubt.⁴ Thought-transference at a distance appears to occur often spontaneously, and also to be produced at will. The attested cases given in the *Survival of Man*, pp. 70, 73, 75, will convince others besides Sir Oliver Lodge of the possibility of spontaneous thought-transference at a distance, though some doubt may still be felt whether it can be produced at will. Special cases of such telepathy are intimations or apparitions at the time of death, instances of which are too numerous and well authenticated to be doubted.⁵ It is obvious how much the discovery of this strange power fortifies the religious belief in the existence of an immaterial spirit with powers transcending and independent of those of the body. It has, moreover, a special bearing on the subject of prayer. If the minds of mortal men

(1) *Quoted Body and Soul*, p. 30.

(2) *What is Christianity?* pp. 38-39, quoted *Body and Soul*, p. 164.

(3) Myers, *Human Personality*, p. xxii.

(4) Lodge, *Survival of Man*, pp. 51, 54.

(5) *Ibid.*, pp. 77, 102.

can act on one another apart from all material channels, the way is cleared for the belief that the human spirit communicates with the Father of Spirits through prayer. Hence, nothing illustrates more vividly the change in the scientific treatment of the life of religion than the contrast between the attitude of the older and later scientists towards prayer. Some thirty-eight years ago Professor Tyndall, in his *Fragments of Science* (ii. 45), wrote as follows: "Prayer, in its purer forms, hints at disciplines which few of us can neglect without moral loss. But no good can come of giving it a delusive value, by claiming for it a power in physical nature." Few scientific men, even if themselves agnostics, would venture to be as dogmatic now. Sir Oliver Lodge urges strongly¹ that no belief in the laws of Nature prevents us from regarding them as guided by the Divine Power in answer to our prayers. "Religious people," he says elsewhere,² "seem to be losing some of their faith in prayer; they think it scientific not to pray in the sense of simple petition. They may be right, . . . but, so far as ordinary science has anything to say to the contrary, a more child-like attitude might turn out truer, more in accordance with the total scheme."

It is but one step from communication between living minds to communication between the living and the dead. Here we touch the large and vexed question of Spiritualism, much too large to be dealt with here. It is sufficient to say two things: first, interest in Spiritualism is no longer confined to the credulous and weak-minded, as is shown by the persistent investigations of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Wm. Crookes among scientists, and the late Professor Wm. James and Dr. Schiller among philosophers. Secondly,³ some of the communications supposed to be given by the late Mr. Frederick Myers through Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, and Mrs. Thompson, are so characteristic, so full of delicate and intricate cross correspondences, so difficult of any other explanation, as to extort some measure of belief even from the unbelievers.

Science thus has made wonderful advances towards the religious standpoint. And what is true of Science is also largely true of Philosophy. Philosophers used to put Religion quietly aside, or banish it, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's fashion, to the sphere of the unknowable. The revival of Idealism by Professor T. H. Green, Dr. Martineau, and others, shook the self-confidence of philosophy, and for this very reason created dismay in Mark Pattison;⁴

(1) *Life and Matter*, pp. 23, 24.

(2) *Hibbert Journal*, Vol. II., p. 223.

(3) V. especially *The Survival of Man*, p. 300, and *Mora Janua Vitae* (H. A. Dallas), Chapter X. The Latin Message.

(4) *Memoirs*, p. 242, "we are now (1884) threatened with a clerical reaction in the domain of fact, and with a philosophical reaction in the region of thought."

Pragmatism struck another blow at the sensational school. M. Henri Bergson attacks its favourite tenets,¹ Determination, the Sovereignty of the Intellect, the equivalence of physical and psychical states; and affirms that philosophy is right "to believe in the absolute reality of the person and his independence toward matter," and to listen to the voice of a "strong instinct" when it "assures the probability of personal survival." Philosophers now see that to attempt to explain the world and leave out man's religious beliefs and experiences is grossly unscientific. These, some of the most powerful factors in history, must be examined, and no theory which fails to account for them can be true. The late Professor Wm. James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, *The Will to Believe*, and *Human Immortality*, has, with another leading pragmatist, Dr. Schiller, insisted on the right of Religion to take rank among the legitimate forces of the world. ² "What, in short, has authority to debar us from trusting our religious demands? Science, as such, assuredly has no authority, for she can only say what is, not what is not." ³ "The religious attitude towards the facts of life is, in general, valid." The stress laid on belief by Pragmatism, the youngest of philosophies, is very remarkable.⁴ "All values and meanings," says Professor Dewey, "rest upon beliefs."

In Biblical Criticism the change is equally remarkable. Whereas forty years ago the traditional authors and dates, as well as the trustworthiness, of the New Testament Books, were largely doubted, especially in Germany, Professor Harnack, the greatest living authority, uses these striking words: ⁵ "The oldest literature of the Church is, in the main points and in most of its details, trustworthy. In the whole New Testament there is probably but a single writing (the 2nd Epistle of St. Peter) which can be called in the strictest sense of the words pseudonymous," assigned, that is, to a wrong author. The three synoptic gospels are now dated from 60-80 A.D.,⁶ and Sir William Ramsay believes that the lost common source of much of St. Luke and St. Matthew was written in 'Christ's lifetime.' The Gospel of St. Luke and the Acts are now both assigned to one author, St. Luke, the companion of

. The assault from without is aided by the reappearance within of an *a priori* philosophy, which, under various disguises, aims at exempting Man from the order of nature."

(1) Bergson, *Creative Evolution* (Eng. Trans.), pp. 132, 174, 191, 232-3

(2) *The Will to Believe*, p. 56.

(3) Schiller, *Studies in Humanism*, pp. 367-369

(4) *Ibid.*, p. 361

(5) Preface to *Chronologie der altchristlichen Litteratur*.

(6) Prof. Sanday (*Criticism of the New Testament*, p. 14) gives this as the "average opinion" of modern critics.

(7) Ramsay, *Luke the Physician*, p. 89.

S. Paul. This is the result, on the one hand, of the careful examination of the topography and antiquities of Asia Minor by Sir Wm. Ramsay, who, when he began his investigations, regarded the Acts as a composite and largely late authority; and, on the other hand, of the laborious comparison of the vocabulary of the Acts and the Gospel by Professor Harnack and others, as recorded in his book, *Luke the Physician*. Sir W. Ramsay, in the review of this latter book, thus points the contrast between the methods of the nineteenth- and twentieth-century critics: "We who were brought up in the nineteenth century can hardly shake off our prejudices, or go out into the light. We can only get a distant view of the new hope." The twentieth century, he tells us, "is willing to hear evidence" from the witnesses and actors in the events of the New Testament instead of "forthwith setting aside as unworthy of attention anything that savours of the marvellous," which was the method of the later nineteenth century. It hardly needs pointing out how strikingly the early date assigned to the earliest Gospel (within thirty years of the Crucifixion) combines with modern scientific views of miracles to make the Gospel narrative of Christ's life, the miraculous as well as the natural elements, credible to our age. Strauss himself felt that if the early date of the Gospels were conceded, it would be impossible to exclude the miraculous from the life of Christ; "sind die Evangelien wirklich geschichtliche Urkunden, so ist das Wunder aus der Lebensgeschichte Jesu nicht zu entfernen."

If we turn from Science, Philosophy, and Criticism to pure Literature and the general trend of thought in the realm of the unseen, we find that here, too, are signs of a revival of religious faith. The long lives of Tennyson and Browning, both deeply religious men, and the last little less than a Christian prophet, obscured the fact of the profoundly sceptical tone of poetry and literature generally towards the end of the nineteenth century. In England Mr. W. B. Yeats, our best if not our only considerable living poet, is, with the rest of the Celtic school, profoundly mystical and religious. There appears to be an unmistakable revolt against the merely sceptical and materialistic view, especially among the younger men. It is illustrated by such books as Professor George Romanes' *Thoughts on Religion*, and Mr. George Palmer's *An Agnostic's Progress*, and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton's *Orthodoxy*. But it is in France that the return to Religion is most striking. The leading writers of this new revival are M. Brunetière, the late editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; M. Bourget, M. René Bazin, M. Huysmans, the novelists; M.

(1) Ramsay, *Luke, the Physician*, p. 9.(2) *Ibid.*, pp. 8, 10.(3) *Leben Jesu* p. 17.

Coppée and M. Jean Aicard, the poets.¹ M. Coppée refers to them thus : "Les futurs historiens de notre littérature à la fin de siècle seront forcés de reconnaître, par exemple, que Brunetière, le grand critique, le puissant dialecticien, que Bourget, le pénétrant romancier, l'excellent peintre de la société moderne, que Huysmans, le rare et précieux artiste en style . . . furent des (atholiques—et des catholiques, qui, tous, sont revenus à la foi après l'avoir longtemps oubliée ou perdue." The attention they have attracted in France is shown by the attack on four of them (Bourget, Huysmans, Brunetière, and Coppée) by M. Jules Sagaret in *Les Grands Convertis*.² M. Brunetière's case is the most remarkable. Professor at the École Normale, the training-ground of French professors, editor of the great French review, which was long the implacable enemy of Catholicism, he was thirty years ago Voltairean in religion. Some years later reserve took the place of definite hostility. "With the new century came new thoughts and a new spirit"; articles appeared by him aiming at the restoration of Catholicism. As early as 1896 he delivered a lecture on *La Renaissance de l'Idéalisme*. It is a trenchant attack on Materialism and Positivism, on the absorption in mere enjoyment, on the tyranny of facts. He traces the new birth of Idealism : ³ "la croyance indestructible que derrière la toile, au delà de la scène où se jouent le drame de l'histoire et le spectacle de la nature, une cause invisible, un mystérieux auteur se cache—*Deus absconditus*—qui en a réglé d'avance la succession et les péripéties." He finds it in Science, which, bankrupt in many of its pretensions, has been compelled to readmit into the world the sense of mystery.⁴ "Jamais peut-être toutes ces questions mystérieuses ne se sont posées avec plus de force que depuis qu'on a proclamé qu'il n'y avait plus de mystères." He finds it in the eccentricities of occultism and the like, in the music of Wagner, in the poetry of the Symbolists, in the plays of M. Alexandre Dumas the younger, in the novelists, in the painting of M. Puvis de Chavannes. He finds it in politics; not himself a Socialist, he nevertheless sees in Socialism a superior moral force, which protests against the "laws of iron and brass" which Materialism would fain impose upon humanity. This remarkable revival in France has attracted great attention in England. Dr. Gore, speaking of this revival as part of a general movement in Europe and America, said : "The free and

(1) The record of the last five years would add largely to this list.

(2) v. "Phases of Religious Reconstruction in France and Germany," by Mr. James Collier in the *Hibbert Journal* for October, 1906.

(3) *La Renaissance de l'Idéalisme*, p. 19

(4) *Ibid.* pp. 26, 35

(5) *The New Theology and the Old Religion*, p. 12

comprehensive thought of philosophy appears in our day to be reverting generally to a spiritual interpretation of the universe."

Lastly, Religion has changed. At the end of the nineteenth century in England there was, in spite of the great High Church Revival, a considerable amount of rather frigid Rationalism. There was seen, it is true, a new devotion, most laudable and necessary, to the practical exercises of religion, social service, school and university settlements, but the inner life, without which Religion cannot flourish, was starved and weak. Within the last few years there has been a most remarkable revival of Mysticism, "the attempt to realise the presence of the living God in the Soul and in Nature." Books on this subject have been astonishingly numerous within the last few years. Professor Inge's Bampton lectures on Mysticism, and his *Studies of English Mystics*, Miss Evelyn Underhill's *Mysticism*, and Baron von Hügel's remarkable book, *The Mystical Element of Religion*, are some of the most striking. Others are the works of Dom Louisquet, *The Harvest Within*, by Captain A. T. Mahan, the biographer of Nelson, and *Studies in Mystical Religion*, by Mr. Rufus M. Jones. (It will be noticed that these authors represent various forms of religious belief—Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Quaker.) Even the strange experiments in the unseen, which are so common to-day, however sometimes extravagant and morbid—spiritualism, occultism, magic, theosophy, Christian Science—have their cause, as M. Brunetière has observed, in "une intime protestation de l'âme contemporaine contre la brutale domination du fait."

It may be asked what special religious character the present reaction will assume. It is not, if the contention of this article be correct, in the direction of what is known as "Liberal Christianity." The new Eschatological School, represented by such men as the author of the famous *Quest of the Historical Jesus* (Professor Schweitzer), though not necessarily orthodox, recognises in Christ not a moral teacher mainly, but an inspired prophet, if not something more. The change from the attitude of such men as Professor Harnack is immense; it is a new spirit, a change of soul: "The motives of His (Jesus') conduct are not derived from human characteristics, human aims, and necessities. . . . The one motive which runs throughout is rather a Divine decree which lies beyond human understanding. This He seeks to fulfil alike in His actions and His sufferings. The teaching of Jesus is accordingly supernatural." . . . "He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will

(1) *La Renaissance de l'idéalisme*, p. 38.

(2) *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. (Eng. Trans.), pp. 336, 340, 397.

reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is." He thus sums up the contrast between his own Christology and the old: "The historic foundation of Christianity as built up by rationalistic, by liberal, and by modern theology no longer exists." Professor Burkitt, a theologian of notoriously wide sympathies, speaks to the same effect: "The Liberal Christian has been walking along hand in hand with what Matthew Arnold used to call the *Zeitgeist*, the Spirit of the Age. . . . Suddenly the *Zeitgeist* has jibbed. It will not go any further in that direction. It has ceased to want to make the Christians' Master into a Teacher of Liberalism and modern philanthropy."

Personally, I believe that the present movement in religion will take the form of a Christianity progressive, but, in its main outlines, traditional, of a return, as so often before, to Christ in the full sense of His Divine and Human Personality.²

There this article ended before the Great War began. The belief expressed in the last sentence seems to be on the way to fulfilment. The war has discredited everything German in the minds of a great part of the world, but above all German morality and religion. German theology, once the favourite idol of many people of culture, is distrusted, first, because it is German in character as well as in origin,³ but secondly because it is felt that the religion which bears such fruits as the violation of Belgium, the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*, asphyxiating gases, and poisoned wells must be unsound to the core. For all will admit that morality is, if not absolutely dependent on religion, at any rate intimately connected with it. And when we examine what German religion really is, our *a priori* conclusion is confirmed. Liberal Theology has sapped its supernatural foundation; the words of Christ have no more authority than those of any human teacher, and may be set aside when inconvenient. In international politics their inconvenience is keenly felt, and so Christian morality, still permitted to regulate the affairs of private individuals, is contemptuously forbidden to interfere in the relations of States: "Christian morality," says Bernhardt,⁴ "is per-

(1) *The Failure of Liberal Christianity and Some Thoughts on the Athanasian Creed*, p. 25

(2) This is Mr Du Bose's expressed opinion (*Constructive Review*, March, 1913). "I believe that the times are full of this natural and universal drawing to Christ"

(3) So Prof Schweitzer says (*The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, p. 307, Eng Trans.): "The Germanic spirit is making a Jesus after its own likeness."

(4) *Germany and the Next War*, p. 29, Eng Trans.

sonal and social, and in its nature cannot be political"; ¹ "The end-all and be-all of a State is power"; ² "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war"; ³ "Feebleness is the political sin against the Holy Ghost." These postulates once granted, the abominations committed by the Germans in this war follow as a matter of course. The appalling failure of Liberal Theology is the first great reason for the return to Supernatural Religion.

But Liberal Theology is not the only graven image which has been overthrown. Civilisation, learning, science are morally bankrupt—that is, it is no longer possible to assure oneself that because a nation is civilised, learned, scientific it will not be also cruel, lustful, devilish. In flaming contrast to the iniquities of Germany shine the tenderness and Christian forgiveness shown by the priests and nuns of France and Belgium. We are driven to suspect that the springs of conduct lie deeper than we have thought of late, and that, as Carlyle said, "The infinite celestial soul of man" is not "a kind of Hay-balance for weighing hay and thistles on, pleasures and pains on," but that morality is transcendent, supernatural.

So much for what one may call the intellectual reasons for the return to Religion. But in Pascal's famous words, "Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne comprend pas." These reasons are so various, so subtle and intangible that it is only possible to suggest a few. The apparent dominance of Natural Law had tended to paralyse the Spiritual Life. The appalling upheaval of war has shattered the sense of necessity and order and substituted for them the sense of freedom and will.

Most important of all pain, danger, the constant presence of death, anxiety, bereavement have revealed to myriads the need for help. They need to pray to Someone not for resignation merely, but for comfort, succour, deliverance, as friend to friend. To pray in this sense to "The Absolute" or to the God of Liberal Theology is a mockery of themselves and of Him. They demand, what the Latter-day Prophets hesitated to give them, the authentic message of Calvary and the promise of Eternal Life.

E. C. E. OWEN.

(1) *Germany and the Next War*, p. 46

(2) *Ibid*, p. 23.

(3) Treitschke quoted by Bernhardt, *ibid.*, p. 47

(4) *Ideas of Good and Evil*, p. 310

GEORGE ELIOT. CENTENARY.

I.--THE HUMOUR OF GEORGE ELIOT.

THACKERAY has reminded us that humour means something far more important to humanity than merely the power to create human laughter, though the capacity to arouse pure, honest laughter is in this workaday world of ours a happy gift. But our sincerest laughter is fraught with pain, and true humour, as Thackeray says, "appeals to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness, your sense for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly as he finds and speaks and feels the truth best, we regard, esteem him—sometimes love him. And as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralise upon *his* life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to day's sermon."

It is in the sense of this passage that we can claim for George Eliot an honoured place in our gallery of English humorists.

Mary Ann Evans was born on November 22nd, 1819, at Arbury Farm, in the parish of Chilvers Coton, in the county of Warwick. In the same way that the admirers of Thomas Hardy worship him as the tutelary deity of Wessex, we might well claim that George Eliot is the Alma Mater of Mercia, that favoured central kingdom of England whence sprang Shakespeare, Milton and Tennyson. The commanding literary importance of Mercia and the Mercians has never been sufficiently insisted upon. You cannot separate the literary work of George Eliot from the geographical surroundings of her youth. The language of her farmers and their wives is Mercian, and her landscape pictures, limited by the horizon of swelling grassy mounds surmounted by clumps of Scotch firs, are as truly Mercian as Rosalind's Forest of Arden.

Into this homely country George Eliot arrived exactly a hundred years ago. Her early life in the Midlands was monotonous, difficult and discouraging. She devoted herself to domestic life until the death of her father in 1849, quite unaware of the wonderful memories of homely reality which she was storing up

for future use, and fretting over the "slavery of being a girl." From that date until at the age of thirty-seven she wrote *Amos Barton* the outlines of her life are well known. Her visit to Germany, her comradeship with Herbert Spencer, her love of music, her work as a writer of philosophical and critical reviews, and finally her marriage, for such it really was, with George Lewes, all have their influence on her work as a novelist.

In September, 1856, she tells us how she began to write fiction. "It had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel, and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be varied of course from one epoch of my life to another. But I never went further towards the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighbouring farmhouses, and as the years passed on I lost any hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power both of construction and dialogue, but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive parts of a novel." George Eliot had an instinct against melodrama. Many years earlier, in speaking of a favourite book of hers, Mrs. Gaskell's *Ruth*, she noted that this authoress was "misled by a love of contrasts--of 'dramatic' effects. She is not contented with the subdued colouring the half-tints of real life. Hence she agitates one for the moment, but she does not secure one's lasting sympathy: her scenes and characters do not become typical." It was just those "half-tints of real life" that George Eliot herself was to paint with such a sure hand and it was by her masterly use of "subdued colouring" that she obtained her greatest triumphs of human portraiture and humorous atmosphere. What she was striving after is well expressed by a passage in one of her essays on the writings of Dickens. "We have one great novelist," she says, "who is gifted with the utmost power of rendering the external traits of our town population; and if he could give us their psychological character, their conceptions of life and their emotions with the same truth as their dress and manners his books would be the greatest contribution art has ever made to the awakening of social sympathies." George Eliot herself in her evolution as a novelist strives after psychology, ultimately as we shall see to the neglect of humour, but in all fiction humour is the salt that preserves the compound as food for future generations. Psychology, like theology and politics, has its temporary fashions; humour is eternal and constant, and reacts to the same tests to-day as in the days of our forefathers. In her earlier work psychology had its place, but it was amply seasoned with humour.

It was at Tenby that George Lewes persuaded her to make that attempt at novel writing for which the world was waiting. She thought of a title: *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton*, and her diplomatic husband on hearing of it at once said. "Oh, what a capital title," "and from that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story."

One night, on their return to Richmond, George Lewes went to town on purpose to leave her a quiet evening for writing her novel. She wrote the eighth chapter of *Amos Barton*, from the news brought by the shepherd to Mrs. Hackit, "as Mrs. Barton is wuss and not expected to live," to the end, where the desolate husband is dragged out of the chamber of death. It is only about two thousand words, but it is a masterpiece. When she read it to her husband on his return home "we both cried over it and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying: 'I think your pathos is better than your fun.'"

The publication of *Scenes of Clerical Life* began in *Blackwood* in January, 1857. She had fixed upon the pen name of George Eliot because George was her husband's Christian name and Eliot "was a good mouth-filling, easily pronounced word." The literary ability of the stories was recognised at once, for in the Victorian Era there was not only an output of worthy literature, but a well defined body of readers who took an interest in craftsmanship and welcomed achievement. Thackeray, in an early number of the *Cornhill*, referred to George Eliot as "a star of the first magnitude, just risen on the horizon." Dickens writes to her that "the exquisite truths and delicacy of both the humour and the pathos of these stories I have never seen the like of," and with greater critical insight than many of the professional critics, tells her that: "Had I been left to my own devices I should have been strongly disposed to address the said writer as a woman," concluding with this noble message from one writer to another "I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect and shall yield myself up to all future utterances from the same source with a perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better."

George Eliot had commenced author and tasted fame and success. She acknowledges to herself that "Writing is part of my religion and I can write no word that is not prompted from within. At the same time I believe that almost all the best books in the world have been written with the hope of getting money for them." It is interesting to me to note that George Eliot, like all great writers, was a believer in the creed of the box office, and in the true spirit of authorship we find her, in October, 1857, setting down in her journal the receipt of £102 for the first edition

of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, side by side with the hopeful entry : "October 22.—Began my new novel *Adam Bede*."

The humour in each of the *Scenes of Clerical Life* is used by the artist to strengthen the effect of a serious and almost tragic story. We find that, as in the Shakespearean drama, the motive of the tragic characters is nearly always built upon the very human foundation of egotism, the comic ones are also based upon a forgivable and humorous exultation of self-love. We are amused by the self-deceptions, the vanity in fancied gifts, the conceit of vain imaginings, in Mr. Hackit, Mr. Pilgrim, Mrs. Patten, and the other good citizens of Shepperton, but they are not thrown at us clumsily by way of comic relief, but painted with elaborate care to form the absolutely necessary background to the tragedy of *Amos Barton*.

It was the experiment of a Master to write a tragedy round the life of a middle-aged curate with a wife and six children, crowned by a headpiece "smooth and innutrient after ten years of baldness and supererogatory soap," and after exhibiting him as a dense and stupid martyr to complacent selfishness, to call to our eyes tears of sympathy for him when he throws himself upon his wife's grave, clasping it in his arms and kissing the cold turf as he cries out : "Milly, Milly, dost thou hear me? I didn't love thee enough, I wasn't tender enough to thee—but I think of it all now "

Small wonder is it that some have thought that George Eliot excelled herself in *Amos Barton*, but although the minor personal characters are full of character and humour they are but foretastes of what was to come. Mrs. Patten, the childless widow, "who had got rich chiefly by the negative process of spending nothing". Mr. Pilgrim, who spoke with an intermittent kind of splutter, having a "pedument" in his speech; Mr. Birdmain, who read two daily papers to qualify himself to talk politics and was considered by Mr. Barton "a man of considerable political information, but not of lively parts," all these are faint in outline compared with the portraits that were to come. Good Mrs. Hackit has some of the proverbial wisdom of Mrs. Poyser and could moralise wisely on the uncertainty of life. "I daresay we shall have a sharp pinch this winter and if we do I shouldn't wonder if it takes the old lady. They say a green Yule makes a fat churchyard; but so does a white Yule too, for that matter. When the stool's rotten enough, no matter who sits on it" And the old lady Mrs. Patten had herself a pretty wit, as when she silenced Miss Gibbs, who had set out to inform the company what course she would take with her husband "if I was a wife," by snapping out : "Yes, it's fine talking, old maids' husbands are al'ys well managed. If you was a wife you'd be as foolish as your betters belike."

As I see it, George Eliot had set herself to paint in half tones and was as yet keeping the humorous tones too low. She set out her own views of novel writing in the fifth chapter of *Amos Barton*. She had no wares for the reader "to whom tragedy meant ermine tippets, adultery and murder; and comedy the adventures of some personage who is quite a 'character.'" She was to be the painter of those commonplace people, who form the great majority of the people, who are "neither extraordinarily silly nor extraordinarily wicked nor extraordinarily wise," but "are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald or disjointed. Yet they have their unspoken sorrows and their sacred joys; their hearts have gone towards their first-born and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead."

There are pleasant humours in *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* that might well be quoted. Nothing is better than Mr. Bates' exclamations when he learned that Caterina was to be treated as a lady in the Cheverel household, "and the raight oi' it too, for she hasn't the cut of a gell as must work for her bread; she's as nesh an' delicate as a peach blossom—welly like a linnet, wi' only joost body anooof to hold her voice." The old gardener's smile for the beautiful, fragile girl singer is as charming as it is unforced.

The story, you may remember, opens upon the Sunday after Mr. Gilfil's death. Shepperton Church is hung with black and the description which follows is a gentle satire on the etiquette that surrounds the beloved dead. "All the farmers' wives brought out their black bombazines; and Mrs. Jennings, at the Wharf, by appearing the first Sunday after Mr. Gilfil's death in her salmon coloured ribbons and green shawl excited the severest remarks. To be sure, Mrs. Jennings was a new comer and town bred, so that she could hardly be expected to have very clear notions of what was proper, but as Mrs. Higgins observed in an undertone to Mrs. Parrot, when they were coming out of church, 'Her husband who had been born i' the parish might na' told her better.' An unreadiness to put on black on all available occasions or too great an alacrity in putting it off argued in Mrs. Higgins' opinion a dangerous levity of character and an unnatural insensibility to the essential fitness of things.

"'Some folks can't abear to put off their colours,' she remarked, 'but that was never the way i' my family. Why, Mrs. Parrot, from the time I was married, nine years ago come Candlemas, I was never out o' black two year together!'

"'Ah,' said Mrs. Parrot, who was conscious of inferiority in this respect, 'there isn't many families as have so many deaths as yours, Mrs. Higgins.'"

The social etiquette and folk lore of funerals and the pride and self-satisfaction that commonplace people display in a near relationship with the mystery of death gently touched upon in this human village picture are the favourite themes of all our English humorists. Dickens fairly revels in Mr. Mould's moralising on the power of velvet trappings and the "plumage of the ostrich dyed black," to "bind the broken heart and shed balm upon the wounded spirit" of Jonas Chuzzlewit. J. M. Barrie, in *A Window in Thrums*, reminds us that in far away corners of the British Isles the Victorian social importance of funerals is still with us. Tibbie, you may remember, had not been "speired to the leyin' oot," and was as indignant as a county lady not invited to a hunt ball. "As lang as am livin'," she says, "to tak charge o' 'im Davit Lunan gangs to nae burals 'at he's no bidden to. An' I tell ye if there was one body as had a richt to be at the burial o' Pete Lowmie it was Davit Lunan, him bein' my man, and Marget my ain sister. Yes, says I, though am no o' the boastin' kind, Davit had maist richt to be there next to Pete 'imself." In like manner, George Eliot, in her subdued colours, enters into the old-world social values of the conduct of mourners with true sympathy and humour.

But to my mind it is not until we get to *Janet's Repentance* the third story in the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, that George Eliot finds her feet as it were and lets herself go, thoroughly to enjoy her own power of humour. I have often wondered what will be the effect on literature of a too strict Liquor Control, seeing that some of the best passages of English humour are enacted in that very English institution, the Inn. Certainly, unless the Red Lion at Milby had been a licensed house and the spirits of a more invigorating quality than those which now prevail we should never have heard the real thoughts of Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller, on education and the evil of Sunday lectures. It is interesting to know that there was a servant question in Mr. Tomlinson's time, and his views on the matter are not dissimilar from those of the well-to-do middle class of to-day. "I know well enough," he says, "what your Sunday evening lectures are good for—for wenches to meet their sweethearts and brew mischief. There's work enough with the servant maids as it is—such as I never heard the like of in my mother's time, and it's all along o' your schooling and new fangled plans. Give me a servant as can nayther read nor write, I say, and doesn't know the year o' the Lord she was born in. I should like to know what good those Sunday Schools have done now. Why, the boys used to go a-birds'-nesting of a Sunday morning; and a capital thing, too—ask any farmer; and very pretty it was to see strings o' higgs

hanging up in poor people's houses. You'll not see 'em no where now."

The promise of the *Scenes of Clerical Life* was fulfilled in *Adam Bede*, which was published in 1859. It undoubtedly contains the greatest humorous character created by George Eliot. Mrs. Poyser is worthy to rank with the greatest in literature. She can take her place with Sancho Panza, Falstaff, Uncle Toby, Parson Adams, Sam Weller and Micawber. It is noteworthy, too, that she is the one really satisfactory humorous woman character in our literature. There are many excellent comic women full of extravagant comedy of the type of Mrs. Malaprop or Mrs. Gamp, but to my mind Mrs. Poyser stands alone in achievement, equalling Sancho Panza in wit and wisdom, softening our hearts as Uncle Toby and Parson Adams can, and planting her epigrams as surely in the centre of the target as Sam Weller himself.

Mrs. Poyser is the Complete Housewife. A good wife, mother and housekeeper. A managing woman. Nor is there a trace of acrimony or bitterness in her wit, nor is there anything elderly or shrewish in her appearance. We see her a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty—the age of her author—of fair complexion and sandy hair, well-shapen, light-footed, and attired in an ample checkered linen apron, her robe of office. Like Martha, she was cumbered about much serving, careful and troubled about many things, but as long as she could "have her say" about them she enjoyed life and added to the happiness of others. Proud as Mrs. Poyser was of her famous dairy, she was as good a pessimist as any farmer in the land and always ready to have her say about her vocation in life: "As for farming, it's putting money into your pocket wi' your right hand and fetching it out wi' your left. As fur as I can see, it's raising victual for other folks and just getting a mouthful for yourself and your children as you go along—it's more than flesh and blood 'ull bear sometimes, to be toiling and stirring and up early and down late, and hardly sleeping a wink when you be down for thinking as the cheese may swell, or the cows may slip their calf, or 'the wheat may grow green again i' the sheaf—and after all at th' end of the year it's like as if you'd been cooking a feast and had got the smell of it for your pains." And when people praised her cream and butter she would speak in proverbs, and say: "The smell o' bread's sweet t' everybody but the baker. The Miss Irwines allays say: 'Oh, Mrs. Poyser, I envy you your dairy; and I envy you your chickens; and whut a beautiful thing a farmhouse is, to be sure!' An' I say: 'Yes, a farmhouse is a fine thing for them as looks on, an' don't know

the liftin' an' the strainin' an' the worritin' o' th' inside as belongs to 't.' "

In spite of the patent fact of her own happiness in married life, Mrs. Poyser, like all true humorists, made it her duty to warn her servant "gells" on the horrible outlook before them. Should Molly propose to go and help the Saddlers in their work by combing wool for them, Mrs. Poyser is at once prophetic: "That's the way with you—that's the road you'd all like to go headlong to ruin. You're never easy till you've got some sweet-heart as is as big a fool as yourself; you think you'll be finely off when you're married, I dessay, and have got a three-legged stool to sit on and never a blanket to cover you, and a bit o' outcake for your dinner as three children are snatching at."

And though she suffered her own man gladly, remembering that "what a man wants in a wife is to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise," yet in her heart of hearts she was rightly proud of him and properly despised women who married a fool for his money. "It's all very fine," she would say, "having a ready-made rich man, but may happen he'll be a ready-made fool; and it's no use filling your pocket full o' money if you've got a hole in the corner. It'll do you no good to sit in a spring-cart o' your own if you've got a soft to drive you; he'll soon turn you over into the ditch. I allays said I'd never marry a man as had got no brains; for where's the use of a woman having brains of her own if she's tackled to a geck as everybody's a-laughing at? She might as well dress herself fine to sit back'ards on a donkey."

Mrs. Poyser's religion was in her daily work. She had no use even for a day's outing, her pleasure was in the works and days of the farm. "Eh!" she said to her husband, as they set off in the cart, "I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasin' days. There's no work so turin' as danglin' about an' starin' and not rightly knowin' what you are goin' to do next; and keepin' your face in smilin' order like a grocer o' market day for fear people should na think you civil enough. An' you've nothing to show for't when it's done if it isn't a yellow face wi' eating things as disagree."

But this attitude of mind related to outside dissipation and not to the conviviality of domestic hospitality. For Mrs. Poyser had no ascetic dislike of pleasure though she was a critic of "pleasin'." She was entirely out of sympathy with the Methodists, whose methods of life did not appeal to her common sense. "For," as she said to Dinah, "if everybody was to do like you, the world must come to a standstill; for if everybody tried to do without house and home, and with poor eating and drinking, and was allays talking as we must despise the things

o' the world, as you say, I should like to know where the pick o' the stock, and the corn, and the best new milk cheeses 'ud have to go. Everybody 'ud be wanting bread made o' tail ends, and everybody 'ud be running after somebody else to preach to 'em instead o' bringing up their families and laying by against a bad harvest. It stands to sense as that can't be the right religion." Certainly it was no religion for Mrs. Poyser. She was happy and at home in her parish church listening to the ministrations of the urbane Mr. Irvine: "Him a gentleman born, and's got a mother like a picter you may go to the country round and not find such another woman turned sixty-six. It's summat like to see such a man as that i' the desk of a Sunday. As I say to Poyser, it's like looking at a full crop o' wheat, or a pasture with a fine dairy o' cows in it; it makes you feel the world's comfortable like. But as for such creatures as you Methodisses run after, I'd as soon go to look at a lot o' bare runts on a common." She accepted the world as it is and might be described as a cheerful fatalist. Even the servants and the weather had to be acquiesced in, for, as she philosophically remarked, "As for the weather, there's One above makes it and we must put up wi' it: it's nothing of a plague to what the wenches are." It was not possible for Mrs. Poyser to pretend to herself that things were other than they really were. As she confessed or perhaps boasted, "I'm not one o' those as can see the cat i' the dairy and wonder what she's come after." She was under no delusions about herself or her surroundings. In this way, always remembering that the worst had not yet happened and that you must adapt yourself to the tools you were surrounded by, she made the best of things in the spirit of her own famous proverb: "It's ill living in a hen roost for them as doesn't like fleas."

For Mrs. Poyser was at her best in her proverbial humours, though these are apt to lose their full force without the cues which led up to them. The calm temperate common sense of her sayings is unrivalled. For instance, how sane is the following: "It's poor work allays setting the dead above the livin'; we shall all on us be dead some time, I reckon—it 'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, istid o' beginning when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop."

Many of her proverbs have passed into our every-day language and are received to-day as wisdom of the old world. Thus, "It's ill guessing what bats are flying after"; "Them as never had a cushion don't miss it"; and "If the chaff cutter had the making of us we should all be straw"; these sayings are for all time. One could run on remembering the life and talk of Mrs. Poyser at any length, but it would not assist us in the further under-

standing of her power over us; moreover, it might remind someone to quote another of her sayings that "Some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day but because there's summat' wrong i' their own inside." Therefore we will end with the suggestion that in this human character George Eliot reached the high-water mark of humorous creation.

A great deal might be said about the humour of the *Mill on the Floss*, but though the Tullivers and the Gleggs and the Pulletts are all excellent, not one of them to my mind excels Mrs. Pover. We may agree with Swinburne that "the first two-thirds of the book suffice to compose perhaps the very noblest of tragic as well as of humorous pure idylls in the language," without abating the individual claim of Mrs. Pover to be George Eliot's greatest humorous character. The tragedy of Mr. Tulliver's life and death overpowers our recollection of his humorous aspect, yet he is a most entertaining personality in the earlier chapters of the book. Nothing is more natural and delightful in Mr. Tulliver than his simple, honest valuation of the lawyer, which is peculiarly English in its outlook. Although George Eliot numbered among her friends Herschell, Bowen, and Frederic Harrison, nearly all the lawyers of her fiction are of the type dear to the heart of the eighteenth-century playwright.

The drunken Dempster in *Janet's Repentance* is admired by the neighbourhood as a long-headed fellow because "he can drink a bottle o' brandy at a sittin' and yet see further through a stone wall when he's done than other folks 'll see through a glass winder." Matthew Jermyn and his London agent Johnson, in *Felix Holt*, are a couple of scheming melodramatic rascals only fit for the dock. They are tolerated locally because, as the stage coachman reminds the traveller, "It was not well for a lawyer to be over honest, else he might not be up to other people's tricks." George Eliot chose lawyers of this class because they suited her plots, and she followed a literary line of least resistance that has always portrayed the lawyer as the villain of the piece because it is a fairly easy thing to do and satisfies the average reader.

For "the man in the street," like Mr. Tulliver, still regards the law "as a sort of cock-fight in which it was the business of injured honesty to get a game bird with the best pluck and the strongest spurs" if you wanted to best your opponent. Tulliver, like many another ignorant man of his generation, regarded education as a form of magic and the brain workers it produced as soothsayers and prophets, men endowed with mischievous powers dangerous to common man. For this reason he desired that his

son Tom should be "a bit of a scholar so as he might be up to the tricks o' these fellows and talk fine and write with a flourish. It 'ud be a help to me with these law suits and arbitrations and things. I wouldn't make a downright lawyer o' the lad—I should be sorry for him to be a raskill—but a sort o' engineer or a surveyor or an auctioneer and vallyer like Riley or one o' them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay only for a big watch chain and a high stool. They're pretty nigh all one and they're not far being even wi' the law, I believe; for Riley looks Lawyer Waken i' the face as one cat looks at another."

Clever and entertaining as her lawyers are in their rascality, there is nothing new or original in her treatment of them, and her outlook on the conduct of legal affairs is common to all popular writers from the days of Piers Plowman. Their characters do not convince us in the same way that her county clergy, farmers and workmen do. Dickens and Trollope, without sparing the profession, drew more lifelike and humorous pictures of lawyers. The reason of this is not far to seek. George Eliot knew her country people, in the same way that Shakespeare and Walter Scott did, by living among them and talking to them. What she knew of law and lawyers was mere hearsay, and her lawyers are not among her greatest humorous characters inasmuch as they were invented and had never been experienced.

With the publication of the *Mill on the Floss*, George Eliot herself felt as she wrote to Blackwood that the time had come when she should endeavour to "absorb some new life and gather fresh ideas." She began to plan new creations and went to Italy for inspiration. Fortunately for the world, before she turned her back on the humours of Mercia, she wrote *Silas Marner*, the story of which, she tells us, "unfolded itself from the merest millet-seed of thought" and "came across my other plans by a sudden inspiration." It was as though she felt the call of the cottages of her old home in her own day, when she was trying to bend her thoughts to the construction of life among the palaces of Italy in a romantic past. *Silas Marner* is full of the most beautiful pathos and sorrow which might have become cloying and unnatural but for the sterling humours of the company at the Rainbow and such honest English characters as Mr. Macey and Dolly Winthrop. Macey has the true proverbial wisdom of the Shakespearean peasant—as for instance in his judgment that "there's allas two 'pinions; there's thi 'pinion a man has of himself, and there's thi 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell if the bell could hear itself." Again, nothing is more true to life than the simple view of life and its comforts expressed by Dolly Winthrop

with kindly charity to encourage and hearten poor Silas in his misfortune. "There's no other music equal to the Christmas music—'Hark the erol angils sing.' And you may judge what it is in church, Master Marnar, with the bassoon and the voices, an' you can't help thinking you've got to a better place a'ready—for I wouldn't speak ill o' this world seeing as Them put us in it as knows best—but what wi' the drink and the quarrelling and the bad illnesses and the hard dying, as I've seen times and times, one's thankful to hear of a better."

With regard to *Romola*, I have always been impressed when reading it that it was "made with hands." Charles Reade, who admired the Saxon simplicity of the language of *Adam Bede*, found in *Romola* that "the petty politics of mediæval Florence were made to sit up in the grave, but not to come out of it." Even George Eliot could not Italianise her very English mind with six weeks in Florence, and Mazzini and Dante Gabriel Rossetti both agreed that the book was not "native." The author tells us she began the book as a young woman and ended an old one, and as humour must always depend to some extent on youth, or at least the spirit of youthfulness retained in age, it is not to her great works of a later period that we must look for the best humour of George Eliot. In *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda* George Eliot was striving to express great truths wherein humour had no part to play. Even in *Felix Holt*, where she returned for a time to her beloved Mercia—"that central plain watered at one extremity by the Avon, at the other by the Trent"—she is so busied with law-suits, elections, plots of inheritance, politics and labour problems, that she has little time for the common humours of the countryside with which she had delighted the world in her earlier works. She had drawn a great audience around her by her humour, and now they were to sit at her feet and listen to more serious sermons.

We must remember that from her earliest days George Eliot had been a serious and earnest student. She had a dislike of mere wit, a horror of anything approaching mockery or ridicule, and a shrinking from the enjoyment of laughter. She even carried this so far as to dislike *Alice in Wonderland*, because it laughed with children over the behaviour of their elders. Oscar Browning says that, "long and intimately as I have known George Eliot, I never remember to have heard her say a humorous thing, nor have I ever heard a humorous saying of hers repeated by those who knew her better than I did." The truth is that her humour was the outcome of the artist who, finding it necessary to certain characters she was portraying, produced it instinctively from the storehouse of her artist memory.

It was a sort of latent heat given out in the act of creation. In her later books she did not need it. It was not that the tubes were lying twisted and dry in the box, but she was painting with other and, to her, more beautiful colours.

And though there are passages of humour in her later books, I for my part must build her claim to be a great humorist on the sure foundation of her earlier works, and I find the old sermons contained in *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner* sufficient for my native simplicity, remembering her own saying in *Theophrastus Such*: "One may prefer fresh eggs though laid by a fowl of the meanest understanding, but why fresh sermons?" For even in this last little-read volume there are gems of humour. If the valet, Pummel, in *Theophrastus* had walked into the pages of one of her earlier books he would have been in the scene. He is a delightful character, like a Parliamentary Under-Secretary never admitting his own inability to answer a question without representing it as common to the human race. As when he was asked: "What is the cause of the tides?" and he replies: "Well, Sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinion, but if I was to give mine it 'ud be different."

Whatever may be the ultimate literary verdict on the later works of George Eliot, no one, I think, can deny that her claim to a place among our English humorists depends upon her earliest imaginative work. It is there, as Swinburne says, we find that singular perfection, "with its genuine mine of ease and strength, its fullness and purity of outline, its clearness and accuracy of touch, its wise and tender equity, its radiant and temperate humour, its harmony and sincerity of tone." These were great gifts, and they were gloriously used.

EDWARD A. PARRY.

II.--GEORGE ELIOT: SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

A VIVID and opportune description of George Eliot's appearance is contained in the recently published *Mid-Victorian Memories* of Miss Betham-Edwards. "I was in the presence of a tall, prematurely old lady wearing black, with a majestic but appealing and wholly unforgettable face. A subdued yet penetrating light—I am tempted to say luminosity—shone from large dark eyes that looked all the darker on account of the white, marble-like complexion. She might have sat for a Santa Teresa."

Appealing: that is the word that tells us most. Those who knew her best have recorded that the outstanding feature of George Eliot's character was her power of sympathy. "*Non ignara mali misericordie succurrere disco.*" Her-self acquainted with many trials, she was ever ready to sympathise with other people's; but she looked instinctively for sympathy and understanding in return. In her young days she was often balked of both; her inner life was solitary; but later on she possessed them, twice over, to the fullest degree. Without them it is doubtful whether her genius could have flowered as it did. It is apparent to readers of her *Life* how very greatly her work as a writer of fiction was furthered by the companionship and appreciation of George Lewes, though she was, as we know, a competent critic before she met him.

Shakespeare, said Dryden, had "of all modern and perhaps ancient poets the largest and most comprehensive soul." I am tempted to say that George Eliot had, by her gift of sympathy, the most comprehensive soul of all English novelists of the nineteenth century. Thackeray confined himself, in the main, to the delineation of members of the upper and middle classes of society. It is hardly necessary to specify the strata from which Dickens drew his finest inspiration; it is impossible to acquit him of prejudice when he dealt with certain other sections. But George Eliot surpassed her great contemporaries in breadth, though not, very likely, in intensity. Her mind was eminently impartial. Her study was human nature, with all its capacities for good and evil, and that study, it is obvious, finds its range equally in all classes of the community. To George Eliot the social position of her characters was of secondary moment. It was as men and women that they had her sympathies. Being unusually devoid of class prejudice, which of late days is euphemistically termed class consciousness, she had the desire and the will to

give them, each and all, their due. She knew that criminal tendencies, equally with virtuous actions, might be encountered in any station. The crime which Caterina was only saved from committing by the intervention of death was of as heinous a nature as that which Hetty Sorrel did commit. We are made to share in Adam Bede's fierce resentment against Arthur Donnithorne, yet not suffered to be blind to Donnithorne's sorrow and repentance. Than Dinah Morris and Dorothea Brooke there could hardly be two good and gifted women more dissimilar in position and in character. Both, indeed, are enthusiasts, though on utterly different planes. Neither of them, if existing in the flesh, could allege the least misrepresentation on the part of her biographer. So it is throughout. Squire and peasant, manufacturer and artisan, land agent and auctioneer, clergy and laity, gentle and simple, men and women, all are handled with sympathy and without prepossession. This impartiality is no small recommendation in a novelist. It appeals to the reader's sense of fair play, and goes far towards creating that impression of reality which the intrusion of prejudice speedily destroys. For prejudice leads to caricature.

Moreover, prejudice interferes with the right exercise of another weapon in the novelist's armoury, his understanding. In her perception of the motives which lead to human action, George Eliot admittedly excels. We see this faculty at work as we follow, for instance, the careers of characters so severed by time, sex, and nationality as Tito the Florentine and Rosamond Vinckley the belle of Middlemarch. It is chiefly because she kept clear of prejudice that their inventor never lost her footing.

Equally, however, with sympathy and understanding the novelist requires imagination. Let us endeavour to see in what measure George Eliot possessed it, and what with her, were the materials upon which it worked. The poet's imagination, we are told, "bodies forth the forms of things unknown." A Milton makes us behold the courts of heaven, a Shelley the realms of fancy, a Malory the glories of a vanished Lyonesse. But George Eliot's material was the stuff of ordinary, every-day life. She tells us so very plainly in *Adam Bede*, and defends her choice. She compares her art to that of painters of the Dutch school, to whom the possession of imagination is no more to be denied than it is to Claude or Turner. How much can be "bodied forth" by the picture of the old wro at work in her kitchen, or the husband returning from labour with his team; what large suggestion of care taken, of family affection, of satisfaction found in the near partnership with mother earth! Certainly the painter had originals for his design, but it was

his to perceive the universal in the particular. From a multitude of instances he has distilled a general quality. So must it be with the novelist who aspires to be something more than a photographer. So was it with George Eliot.

She may not have wholly grasped the principle at first. There are portraits, she admitted, in *Scenes from Clerical Life*; but from *Adam Bede* onwards the method of portraiture was entirely discarded. Those were wrong, then, who sought to identify Mr. Casaubon with a certain Rector of an Oxford college. George Eliot employed, she states explicitly, "only the suggestions of experience wrought up into new combinations." Thus for the riot scene in *Felix Holt* she drew upon an early remembrance; but "the author knows from what a combination of subtle, shadowy suggestions with certain actual objects and events his story has been formed." Similarly with the characters in the story. When we hear of George Eliot's being moved to tears by Tennyson's reading of *Guinevere*; or "crying in the next room over the distresses of her young people"; and when we read her correspondence; we are not at a loss to trace to its source the "passionate sensibility" of her Maggie Tulliver. Her own close alliance with her brother in their early years so appealingly set forth in her sonnet-sequence, *Brother and Sister*, with its exquisite conclusion,

" But were another childhood-world my share,
I would be born a little sister there "

was surely present to her consciousness when she wrote of the childhood of Tom and Maggie Tulliver. Both *Adam Bede* and *Caleb Garth* owe something, it is understood, to her father's qualities. But it would be the greatest mistake to look, in any of the novels, for a portrait of the author, or of her father, or of her brother.

We have only to pick up one of her best novels—for she was not, any more than any other great writer of fiction, uniformly excellent—to see for ourselves how her imagination dealt with its chosen materials; for it is the power and wealth of her imagination which have made them what they are. Though a devotee of science, and a little inclined to overload her text with scientific parallels and illustrations, she knew imagination to be a gift which eludes the most exhaustive scrutiny. She had not read the Bible and Plato for nothing. "Do we not agree," she wrote in *Adam Bede*, "to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process, we must still say, as Dinah did, that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are given to us." She was aware

that in the crises of her narratives something that was not herself came upon her and took possession of her. One such crisis occurs in *Middlemarch*, when Dorothea confronts Rosamond, who, she suspects, has robbed her of Ladislav's devotion. The meeting of the two women is certainly one of the great episodes of fiction. Concerning it she told Mr. Cross that "although she always knew they had sooner or later to come together, she kept the idea resolutely out of her mind until Dorothea was in Rosamond's drawing-room. Then, abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement and agitation, feeling herself entirely possessed by the feelings of the two women." There, and in the subsequent chapter wherein the mist of misunderstanding between Dorothea and Ladislav clears away, the author's "shaping spirit of imagination" is seen at its best and highest.

If that spirit occasionally flags, we may recall the Horatian maxim that even Homer sometimes falls below his level. It is not without interest to compare the harvest supper in *Adam Bede* with the feast of the sheep-shearers in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The two pictures have much in common, but one salient difference. George Eliot's descriptive inventory of the farm men seems out of scale, because it has nothing to do with the course of the narrative, and because we have hitherto barely heard their names. Consequently it is a relief to escape from them to the brilliant passage of arms between Mrs. Poyser, whom we know and appreciate, and the misogynist schoolmaster. But in Mr. Hardy's picture we take delight in the humours of "the ancient men" at table because we have known them from the first and because each has his place in the drama; nor is there any fear of tedium, for those humours do not delay the progress of the story, but serve as a background for an important episode in Bathsheba Everdene's career, while the song she sings to the accompaniment of Gabriel's flute is fraught with foreboding of tragedy. Each novel, by the way, contains the incident of a horseman galloping up with a reprieve from death at the eleventh hour; it is a pleasure to add that in each it is handled to perfection.

It is a common practice with novelists who draw their materials from every-day life, as George Eliot did, to depict contemporary manners. It often happens that such efforts achieve a facile if a brief success; but they run the risk of being vitiated by faulty perspective. That which is nearest to us is frequently the hardest to apprehend. George Eliot preferred the method of retrospection. From the first she laid the scene of her stories at periods

either outside or just within the scope of her remembrance. Furthest back, always, excepting *Romola*, which transports us to Savonarola's Florence, is *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, a romance of the late eighteenth century. The nineteenth was still in its infancy when Mrs. Poyser routed the old Squire. *Silas Marner* is almost equally remote. The rest, from *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton* to *Middlemarch*, reflect the years of her own girlhood in the 'thirties. Her explanation of this preference is on record. "At present," she wrote to a friend, "my mind works with the most freedom and the keenest sense of poetry in my remotest past, and there are many strata to be worked through before I can begin to use, artistically, any material I may gather in the present." Her last novel, *Daniel Deronda*, published in 1876, had for its period the previous decade. It suffered in consequence. Its events are not suffused in the author's memories of girlhood; it lacks the freshness of her morning. Yet such was George Eliot's fame at that date that *Daniel Deronda* was as widely read as any of its predecessors. Such is probably the case no longer. It has recently, however, received a high compliment from a Jewish writer of mark. "In *Daniel Deronda*," writes Dr. Nahum Sokolow, in his *Zionism*, "George Eliot explains the traditions, habits, and characteristics of the Jews with the affectionate accuracy of a delighted scientific observer, and with the fine enthusiasm of a humanitarian spirit. The abundance of detail and the sensitiveness of the fine shades are marvellous." The tribute merits attention, for it bears witness to the conscientious care which George Eliot habitually bestowed upon her work. Research by itself will not make a novel, but may enhance its general effect. For her political story, *Felix Holt the Radical*, George Eliot read through Bamford's *Passages from the Life of a Radical* and studied Mill and Comte. Doubtless she fortified herself with similar researches before beginning *Daniel Deronda*.

At Mr. Poyser's harvest-supper there was a modicum of talk about public affairs, but in general politics do not bulk largely in the novels. In *Middlemarch* the great Reform Bill mainly serves as a background for the oddities and vacillations of Mr. Brooke of Tipton, with his catch-words, "I went into that myself at one time, but I saw it wouldn't do," and "I pulled up in time," whose tepid candidature on the side of reform has enriched our literature with a companion picture to the Estanswill election. George Eliot was not one of those who looked for a regeneration of humanity by Reform Bills, and she took little interest in the party politics of her own time. It is hardly necessary to emphasise her desire for social amelioration, but she distrusted

heroic remedies. When Caleb Garth reasons with the labourers who meant to stop the making of the railway, it is her voice we seem to hear. "Things may be bad for the poor man—bad they are; but I want the lads here not to do what will make things worse for themselves. The cattle may have a heavy load, but it won't help 'em to throw it over into the roadside pit, when it's partly their own fodder." A like dispassionate tone pervades *Felix Holt*, her one definitely political romance. Even here reform is rather the medium for the display of character than the justification of the story. With George Eliot the historical sense was keener than the political: and as history is made up of the action and interaction of individuals, the development and fate of individual souls are her primary concern. *Felix Holt* is not pervaded by that white heat of political fervour and indignation which burns throughout *Alton Locke*, its predecessor by fifteen years, the work of one whose centenary, as well as hers, falls within this year. But Charles Kingsley was only incidentally a novelist, whereas fiction was George Eliot's preoccupation during the most productive years of her life. There is a good deal of the pamphlet about *Alton Locke*, and the story suffers in consequence. There is an unreality, due quite possibly to hasty workmanship, about the high-born ladies associated with Alton, and about his melodramatically wicked cousin, which George Eliot, a greater artist, would certainly not have passed. Yet in the advice to working men which Kingsley prefixed to *Alton Locke*, that they should learn to think for themselves and to act together, George Eliot in all probability concurred. And the deeper sentiment of each would seem to have been expressed already in the actual year of the great Reform Bill by Thomas Carlyle. "It has been often said, and must often be said again, that all Reform except a moral one will prove unavailing. Political Reform, pressingly enough wanted, can, indeed, root out the weeds; but it leaves the ground *empty*—ready either for noble fruits, or for new worse tares!"

That the mere holding of pious opinions will not ensure the growth of a crop worth reaping, George Eliot, to whom social progress was a great part of religion, was intimately aware. "I've seen pretty clear," Adam Bede is made to say, "ever since I was a young 'un, as religion is something else beside notions. It isn't notions set people doing the right thing, it's feelings." "Notions," unsupported by moral enthusiasm, could reform neither the individual nor the body politic. But it is with the individual, as George Eliot saw it, that all true reform begins. The trials and vicissitudes of life, crushing as they might appear, were capable, if unselfishly and bravely encountered, of refining

and ennobling character. The process 'is seen at work in the lives of her heroines, *Romola*, *Dorothea Brooke*, *Maggie Tulliver*, and in those of some at any rate of her men, *Adam Bede*, for instance, and *Amos Barton*. Our sympathies go out to *Lydgate* when he discovers the shallow nature of the woman he had made his wife. But at least she had awakened his self-centred character to the need of tenderness. "*Lydgate*," we read, "accepted his narrowed lot with sad resignation. He had chosen this fragile creature, and had taken the burthen of her life upon his arms. He must walk as he could, carrying that burthen pitifully." (certainly a bitter reproach escaped him on one occasion, but the outburst was exceptional. No doubt *Rosamond* had been more than usually exasperating. "The running brook," to quote *Lisbeth Bede*, "isn't a thir'd for the rain."

At any rate, neither the vexations, trials, nor griefs of life could, for George Eliot, rob it of its significance and value. "Let us be thankful," she somewhere says, "that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy." The joy that she felt in the improvement or redemption of character certified her of its importance. "Won't you agree with me," she wrote to *Mrs. Beecher Stowe*, "that there is one comprehensive church whose fellowship consists in the desire to purify and ennoble human life?" And she never surrendered to materialism. "Pain and relief," she writes, "love and sorrow have their peculiar history which make an experience and knowledge over and above the swing of atoms." And again, "To me all explanations of the processes by which things come to be produce a feeble impression compared with the mystery that lies under the processes."

There are some who have found her novels depressing, despite the sunny humour which so often breaks through their cloudy sky. But for the observant, in most cases, there is a hint of better cheer. Serious in the main, they are full of lofty and uplifting sentiment. Their author, we feel, was one who moved on a high spiritual plane. She, to adapt a famous sonnet much cherished by herself,

" had great allies,
Her friends were exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

We may be momentarily deterred, as in *Silas Marner*, by an environment which appears sordid even to hopelessness. But if we push on we find the pure gold which came to the old weaver in the end.

George Eliot herself was grieved if people thought her stories

melancholy. She was proportionally gladdened by such a criticism as Mrs. Carlyle's, who found in *Adam Bede* a source of "gentle thoughts and happy remembrances." It was her conscious aim

• " to be to other souls

The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Reget the smiles that have no cruelty."

Surely her aspiration is realised; surely she has joined

" the choir invisible

Of three immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

H. C. MINCHIN.

A COMMENTARY UPON BUTLER.

MR. FESTING JONES has written a large book about his friend, and written it very well.¹ It is candid, and it is sincere; the work of a lover at once of Butler and of truth; it neither extenuates the faults nor magnifies the virtues of its subject so far as the author could perceive them; and it makes it possible to understand why Butler was so underrated in his lifetime, though not at once why he was so overrated after his death. That remains a problem which cannot be resolved by saying that his friends trumpeted him into it, or that posthumous readers enjoyed seeing him belabour his betters, which his contemporaries had not. It is true that *The Way of All Flesh* did not appear until he was dead, and also true that *The Way of All Flesh* is a witty and malicious novel, whose malice and wit Mr. Shaw had prepared London to admire. Perhaps it is true, once more, that we are more scornful of the old orthodoxy than our fathers were, and less careful whose feelings are hurt. But I must confess that I should not have expected any age to be so complacent about caricaturing one's father and mother as our own was. However, for those who admire that sort of thing—and there must be many—I doubt if they will find it better done anywhere, with more gusto or more point. Dickens is believed to have put his father into *David Copperfield*, not, I think, his mother. But one can love Mr. Micawber, and Dickens would not have so drawn him without love. We are led to Butler's favourite distinction between *gnosis* and *agapé*. There's no doubt about the *gnosis* that went to the making of Theobald and Christina. But where was *agapé*?

Butler was in many respects a fortunate man, and should have been a happy one. He had a good education, good health, a sufficiency of means. Even when his embarrassments were at their heaviest he could always afford to do as he pleased. He could draw a little, play a little, write more than a little; he loved travel, and covered all Southern Europe in his time; he had good friends, a good mistress, a faithful servant; he had a strong sense of humour, feared nobody, had a hundred interests. Why, then, did he think himself a failure? Why was the sense of it to cloud much of his writing, and much of Mr. Jones's biography?

He had his drawbacks—who has not? He did not get on with his father, criticised his mother; his sisters scraped the edges of

(1) *Samuel Butler, Author of "Erewhon" (1835-1902); a Memoir.* By Henry Festing Jones. Two vols. Macmillan, 1919.

his nerves; a man to whom he was extremely generous betrayed him. The like of these things must happen to mortal men. Butler knew that as well as anyone.* But his books were not read; the great men whom he attacked ignored him. He thought himself to be something, they treated him as nothing, and the public followed them. He knew all about it, and Mr. Jones knows all about it. He had unseated the secure with *Erewhon*, outraged the orthodox with *Fairhaven*, flouted the biologists, himself being no biologist, plunged into Homeric criticism without archaeology, swum against the current in Shakespeareanism, enjoyed himself immensely, playing *l'enfant terrible*, and treading on every corn he could find—and then he was angry because the sufferers pretended that they had no corns. How could he expect it both ways? If he was serious, why did he write as if he was not? And if he had tender feelings himself—as he obviously had—why should he expect all the people he attacked with his pin-pricks to have none? It was not reasonable.

The answer to these questions is to be found in some little weaknesses of his which Mr. Jones's biography, all unconsciously, reveals. Butler, it is clear, was morbidly vain. Many writers are so, but few let their vanity take them so far. Learn from Mr. Jones. In 1879 he and Butler met Edward Lear in an inn at Varese. He told them a little tale about a tipsy man from Manchester—rather a good little tale. "I do not remember that Edward Lear told us anything else particularly amusing, but then neither did we tell him anything particularly amusing. Butler was seldom at his best with a celebrated man. He was not successful himself, and had a sub-aggressive feeling that a celebrated man probably did not deserve his celebrity, if he did deserve it, let him prove it." There is no getting away from that symptom which is as unreasonable as it is perverse. Celebrated men are not usually so anxious to "prove" their celebrity as all that comes to. It is bad enough to be "celebrated." It was hard lines on old Lear to sulk with him because he would not show off. If he had wanted to do that he would not have gone to Varese. But that is mortified vanity. The same thing happened when he met Mr. Birrell at dinner in 1900. Then it was the celebrity who took pains to save his host and hostess from a frosty dinner-party. The same thing is recalled of meetings with Sir George Trevelyan and Lord Morley earlier in the book. It is all pretty stupid; but when a man is ridden by a vanity like that there can be no healthy pleasure to be got out of writing for its own sake. You must have your public flat on its back before your vanity will be soothed.

Another failing of Butler's, shared, I am sorry to say, by Mr.

Jones, was a love of little jokes and an inability to see when and where they could be worked off, or perhaps I ought to say when they were worked out. A great many of them were pan-jucks rather than jokes, he only made them "to annoy." Well, they did and they do, annoy—not because they were jokes, but because they were feeble jokes. "If it is thought desirable to have an article on the *Odyssey* I have abundant, most aggravating and impudent matter about Penelope and King Menelaus"—so he wrote to Mr. H. Quilter, who naturally jumped at it. Here is another gem which Mr. Jones seems to admire—

"There will be no comfortable and safe development of our social arrangements. I mean we shall not get infanticide, and the permission of suicide, nor cheap and easy divorce till Jesus Christ's ghost has been laid."

All that can be said for that is that it is vivacious, and that it has helped Mr. Shaw, who has certainly bettered the instruction. There are others which are a good deal more annoying than this. Jokes about infanticide and Jesus Christ defeat themselves and always will. They are on a level with jokes about death or one's mother: they recoil and smite the smiter on the nose. I confess that I find the joke about Charles Lamb irritating. Butler said that he could not read Lamb because Canon Anger went to tea with his (Butler's) sisters. His gibes at Dante are as bad—in fact they are worse, aggravated by the fact that, having never read (he assures us) a word of him, he puts him down as one of the seven humbugs of Christendom. He would not read Dante because he had liked *Vuigi* nor *Vuigi* because Tennyson liked him. "We are not amused" as Queen Victoria said of another little joke.

The correspondence with Miss Savage again, does not reveal a pleasant personality. Indeed the discomfort one gets from it is at times painful. Mr. Jones says that she bored Butler, and I don't wonder at it. The wonder would rather be that she did not set his teeth on edge if it were not that he was nearly as bad as she was. It is not a matter of facetiousness—I daresay he never tired of that, and perhaps the thinness of the jokes—little misreadings of hymns, things about the Mammon of Righteousness, and so on—in a kind of way added to the fun of them. It is their subject matter which offends. They commonly turn upon the health of the respective parents and the chances of an attack carrying them off. *Quisto così* as the hero said of the heroine's suicide, *non si fanno*. But I suppose that if you could put your mother's death-bed into a novel, you could do almost anything in that kind.

I am myself singularly moved, with Coventry Patmore, to love

the lovely who are not beloved—but not the unlovely. Those little jokes, and many others, are by no means lovely, and if Butler repeated them as often as Mr. Jones does, it is not surprising that he was avoided by many who missed or dreaded the point. His lecture on the “Humour of Homer” made Mr. Garnett unhappy and Miss Jane Harrison cross, Mr. Jones says. I don’t doubt it. It is very cheap humour indeed, and no more Homer’s than mine is. It is entirely Butler’s humour about Homer, a very different thing. Its impudence did not mitigate the aggravation, but made it more acute. If he had picked out a fairy-tale rather than two glorious poems—*Little Red Riding Hood*, *The Three Bears*, *Rumpelstiltskin*, for example—he could have been as facetious as he pleased. But that would not suit him. There would have been no darts to fling. Butler was a *banderillero*. All right; but then don’t complain that the Miss Harrisons, Darwins, and others shake off your darts and go about their business, which, oddly enough, is not to gore and trample the *banderillero*; don’t be huffed because you are held for a *gamin*. Butler wanted it both ways.

The conclusion is irresistible that Butler’s controversial books were not primarily written to discover truth, but because he was vain and wished at once to be sensational and annoying. He resented the greatness of the great, or the celebrity of the celebrated; his vanity was wounded. He sought, then, for “most aggravating and impudent matter” to wound them in turn who had vicariously wounded him. He “learned” them to be toads, or celebrities, or tried to. But his love of little jokes betrayed him. He, a sort of minnow, thought to trouble the pool where the great fish were ouing at ease by flurting the surface with his tail. It seemed to him that he was throwing up a fine volume of water; but the great fish held their way unconscious in the deep. Chiefly, therefore, he failed, with all his cleverness. Brain he had, logic he had; the heart was a-wanting and the intention faltered. (*Gnosis* again, and *agapé*!

Brain he had, logic he had; but brain must follow upon emotional intention if it is to create; and logic must follow upon sound premisses if it is to convince. Now if his prime intention was to annoy, or if you granted him his premisses, Butler would never miss the mark. But is that intention worthy of more than it earned? I don’t think so. And can you grant him his premisses? I don’t think that you can. He argued *a priori*, apparently, always. I am not a biologist, nor was he, but if I know enough of scientific method to be sure that biologists cannot argue that way, so undoubtedly did he. What should Darwin, who had spent years in patient accumulation of fact, have to say

to him? In Homeric criticism—a *priori* again. He had an instinct—he owns it was no more—that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman. Then he studied the *Odyssey* to prove that it was. Perhaps a woman did write it, and perhaps it will one day be proved. The *Odyssey*, as Butler used it; will never prove it. So also with the Sicilian origin of the poem. He got his idea, and went to Trapani to fit it in. It does not seem to have occurred to him that all the things he found there are to be found also in the Ionian Islands, and might be found in half a hundred other places in a sea pullulating with islands or a coast-line cut about like a jigsaw puzzle. But it won't do, of course. No one knew that better than he.

Mr Jones says that "Butler's judgments were arrived at by thinking the matter out for himself." I don't know what judgments he means in the context he is talking about "other writers." Among such he would not, perhaps, include Dante, Virgil or Charles Lamb. If he includes Homer and Shakespeare there would be a good deal to say. I don't believe he had thought about the authorship of the *Odyssey* at all until he had assumed what he afterwards spent his time and pains in supporting. As to Shakespeare's age when he wrote his sonnets, I don't myself find that the sonnets support him. Those which he quotes in particular show that W. H. was a youth, not that Shakespeare was one. But there again he was arguing *a priori*. He desired to prove what he set out to prove and the scholars disregarded him. Mr Bridges in a letter which Mr Jones has the candour to quote, puts the matter in nearly as may be. "I am very sorry indeed that you have been so clever as to make up so good (or bad) a story but I willingly recognise that no one has brought the matter into so clear a light as you have done. You are always perspicuous, and nothing but good can come of such conscientious work as yours. Still, you must remember that you proved Darwin to be an arch-impostor and there was no fault in your logic. It is not the logic that fails in this book." No. It was not the logic.

MAURICE HFWLPTI

WOMEN AT THE WORKS—AND ELSEWHERE.

THE lives of women of every class have been jarred and shaken from their wonted places during these five disintegrating years; shaken from the well-worn paths in which it had been their custom to tread. They have done many things they did not know they could do, and had never dreamt of doing before. They have been discussed, praised, blamed, written about, until it is small wonder that they themselves do not quite know where they stand in the great series of human achievement. The woman who was well-to-do and had already taken her share in some worthy work for the community went and did something else. The woman who was doing nothing went and did something. The working woman left her own work and did other work needed by the State. They were all of them uplifted, excited, by the novelty of their occupation, by the wonderful sense of unity of impulse, of feeling the national common will behind their action, of having a share in the Great Resolution. In the place of the daily monotonous obligations was one clear duty and women, universally acclaimed, rushed forward to accomplish it.

The house doors in every direction were opened wide to the gale. In the countless homes from which the husband was absent continuity of intercourse was rudely wrenched asunder. The gradual deposit of common interest in home and children, which in every part of the social scale helps even where ardent affection is absent to consolidate existence, was blown to the four quarters of heaven. And women of every class stepped across their thresholds into what was to most of them a freer, wider world. Shut doors may mean imprisonment as well as safety, exclude liberty as well as danger and there were women for whom the opening of those doors meant sheer emancipation.

For many a working woman, it is true, the wind screen that stood between her and the universe behind which were accumulated her daily duties, her daily monotonous knowledge of what life was likely to bring, was thrown down; but even she, after the first moment of bewilderment, in many cases of agonised grief at the sudden catastrophe, gradually came to realise that life on the whole was easier.

She had not always to be thinking of someone else. She herself was now the person to be first considered, and she gave that consideration fully.

If she had been one of the wives who get up to make their hus-

band a hot breakfast before he goes out in the morning—not all the wives do this—she no longer had to do it. She had not to think what he would like for his meals. She was no longer grumbled at, not to speak of anything more forcible, and, great amelioration of all, she had more money to spend and no one to account to for it. In many houses the children looked better fed and better clothed than before the war, there was more to give them. For many a devoted wife and mother at the works, whose husband, whose son was at the war, the entire change of her existence softened the acute pugnancy of separation. "My word!" said one of the women to a visitor, "we was wondering, Mrs. Jones and me, what we'd get to talk about when the war was over!" And it was obvious that the speaker, although in deadly anxiety for her son reputed missing, felt that life had been fuller, and even—if one dares to say so—more satisfying, since the great upheaval.

The years went on. The war was won. The war is over.

Now is the difficult time. Now must women, the acclaimed, the adventurous, go back into their houses and piece together as best they may the duties of what is called "ordinary life," scattered by the tornado, some with untold relief, others with courage, many, many with inward revolt.

But almost all are becoming aware in its fullness of the immense mental and physical fatigue that these years have brought, the fatigue disregarded, surmounted at the time, of long days in factory or hospital or other strenuous work—fatigue which is now making itself manifest as it encounters daily minor readjustments to the needs of the present as mind and body go jarring heavily along what used to be the accustomed road. And it is in this condition, truly not the most favourable, that we are called upon to help in the great new reconstruction of the nation, in which the part of women will be so potent.

The Nation—what is that? As I try to visualise it, I can represent it to myself in terms only of individual human beings, of the individual lives of each of us, our own lives and those of our surroundings. That is, then, the task before us, to try to make those lives better. How are we going to do it? Are we all, women of different classes, going to join in a common effort? Are we going with a common lofty object in view to reinforce one another's impulse, or are we embarking on this great task with no definite direction, each of us blindly fumbling along to find out what this new great duty is, and incidentally trying to pick up again the duties we have mislaid during these years?

How much, I wonder, do women of different walks in life, of different outlook, and especially of different enjoyments, under-

stand one another? Those to whom has been vouchsafed the privilege of motherhood no doubt have a great common experience, although even that may present widely different aspects according to the circumstances of the mother. But apart from this, a subject too vast to be entered upon here, how much do they really understand about each other?

The working class have always known a very great deal about the well-to-do; many of them have been in domestic service themselves, or have associated with domestic, and the domestic class obviously have a very intimate knowledge of the daily life of their employers. The employer has not always the same intimate knowledge of the daily life of the woman at the works; although most of the well-to-do now know a great deal more about the working class than they did before. Public opinion indeed requires them to do so. From pre-war days onward there has been a steady course of investigation into the home lives and the conditions of the working classes; and no doubt if we want these conditions altered and improved it is well that we should discuss them. We read about them and talk about them, and tabulate what qualities are needed to make those lives satisfactory or unsatisfactory, until then vices and virtues seem to have become a sort of standard currency of ethics; and especially as regards the women.

Is it by the same code of ethics that the lives of the well-to-do women are governed? We no doubt suppose them to be. But is it indeed the same code—or is it quite different? This question is not so easy to answer.

Space forbids me to include in this article as I had hoped to do descriptions of some houses at the works, and of the daily life of the women who live in them. It is only possible in the limits of these pages to consider in general what that life is, and how it compares with the lives of women in a different station.

In a book entitled "At the Works," published in 1907, re-issued in 1911, an attempt was made to give a brief account of the lives, work, and general conditions of existence of a large population of ironworkers on the banks of the Tees. A part of this book was devoted to describing the lives of the wives and daughters of ironworkers, the conditions of whose existence remained pretty much the same during the thirty odd years, say, preceding the war, during most of which the data on which the book was founded were collected.

They were living in the midst of an ever-growing population of workers, whose chief industry, the making of iron and steel, offered no place for women, while the influx of male workers gradually increased. The result was naturally a community with

many more men than women, in which the young girls, eagerly sought, were most of them married when they were young and inexperienced, each in her turn handing on her inexperience to the next generation. Those who have been visiting the working women of this locality during these thirty odd years, in which the young girls have turned into mothers and grandmothers, have seen the same story repeated over and over again. The crowds of young single men coming to the works, lodging very uncomfortably with one family and another, were glad to marry early and to set up a house of their own. Then perhaps followed a time of brief romance which tempered the shortcomings of the youthful wife as a housekeeper. Then came babies, and toil, and struggle. The years passed and the children grew up, and that mother, too, took lodgers, and her daughter in her turn married young, and all went on as before, since the women on the whole had not altered or improved—and the women matter very, very much.

Amid all the colossal transmutations of the community, of its social strata, its material conditions, one fact remains the same. I venture to quote a statement written in 1907, which I believe to be as true to-day as it undoubtedly was then :—

“The key, the clue to the condition of the man at the works and his family, to the possibilities and impossibilities of his existence, is the woman who manages his house. Her character, her capacity, and, most of all, her health, on which her nerves and temper depend, will determine the course of his life.”

That is what it really comes to in the case of a married man. If he is a satisfactory member of the community, if he has qualities necessary to make a success of life and his calling, and if his wife happens fortunately to reinforce his good qualities with her own, that household is likely to prosper. If, on the other hand, instead of reinforcing those qualities the unsatisfactory wife has precisely the defects which neutralise them, that couple, given their other handicaps in the race, will have but a poor chance of making the best of their lives.

The working woman has many handicaps, and one of them is that there are only a certain number of approved good qualities for her to choose from. She is not allowed, like her well-to-do sisters, to justify her existence in all kinds of varying ways; if she does not happen to have one desirable quality, putting forward another, or, better still, replacing the deficiency by finding that same quality, and employing it, in someone else. For in the case of the well-to-do the subjects set them by Destiny to “take up,” so to speak, are many and varied, and are most of them optional. The girl who has no need to earn her living, who, after

a leisured, comfortable, irresponsible girlhood, marries under conditions which enable her to employ other people to carry on the work of her life for her, may choose which of her natural bents she will follow, or, more likely still, will follow it automatically without consciously choosing it. And no one will brand her, or condemn her, or write statistics about her if she happens to lack certain qualities which in another walk of life are recognised and tabulated as being essential.

The working woman, whatever her natural bent and aptitudes, has no possibility of choosing. If she wishes to succeed there is only one subject which she may take up. She must be a skilled housewife. And in this capacity she is incessantly called upon to satisfy the examiners, who are in this case the whole community, inquiring into what she does with her life. She cannot escape from the searchlight of investigation for ever playing upon her, and must unavoidably display the reply to the demands on her from all and sundry, for it is always there accusing or justifying her. It is her House. She cannot hide it. Her house testifies whether she is of clean habits or the reverse, whether she is tidy or a slattern, whether she does her cooking at home or buys her food outside, whether her children are well cared for or neglected, and she will be judged or condemned accordingly, without being allowed to appeal to some other set of endearing qualities which if she were better off would equally justify her existence.

There are many competent working women who are able to pass this test most successfully; and this fact is occasionally held by those who generalise from the satisfactory working-class homes rather than from the unsatisfactory to prove that it is not the conditions of their lives that are amiss, but the blameworthy inadequacy of those who interpret them. But this view may not be entirely accurate. The varying results of these conditions simply show that all women are not able to carry the same weight. It is obvious that metaphorically as well as literally there are fewer women who can carry a heavy burden single-handed than who can carry it with the assistance of several others.

It is interesting to reflect that there are many women among the well-to-do who become at intervals so worn out by the household duties they have to perform vicariously that in order to avert a nervous breakdown they have to go away for a change, to a hotel perhaps, or to a friend's house. And they tell you that what has done them most good, and promoted their recovery most of all, is being dispensed from ordering the dinner. But it seems a little surprising, if it is so exhausting merely to think of what one is going to eat, to tell someone else to buy it, and someone else to cook

it, and yet someone else to put it on the table, that the working woman does not oftener break down—she does occasionally—at having not only to think of the food, but to buy it herself, cook it herself, and also to dish it up.' She has indeed with her own hands to do every single thing necessary to carry on existence. If she has children, there comes a time when they can help her; but before that time comes they have added very heavily to her burden during the years of their birth and infancy.

But the curious thing is that the more fortunate, looking on at the strenuous existence of the working woman, seem to take this great effort for granted, and that while she goes struggling along with her load, stumbling sometimes, letting it slip often, dropping parts of it altogether even the kindly among her more prosperous sisters, passing her on the road with her own helpers and called upon to bear but a fraction of her load, will feel and look disapproval at the working woman for not being able to carry it all single-handed. "I went into Mrs. Smith's house," a well-disposed visitor will say with a sigh "what a slatternly woman! Her breakfast cups were not washed up at noon." And the deduction from those unwashed cups is probably true—it is more than likely that Mrs. Smith has the temperament of the slattern. It is possible, however that the kindly visitor may have that temperament herself. But she has not had the opportunity of finding it out, as when she has done her breakfast someone else comes into the room and takes away the things and washes them up. The derelictions from duty, as well as the virtues of the working woman, are so terribly visible, for she cannot drape them or hide their results. The well-to-do woman need not show them at all. I might go a dozen times into the house of a dweller in Park Lane, say, without discovering that she is a slattern. That word, indeed, I never remember hearing applied to the well-to-do. How could it be? Mrs. Park Lane has on good clothes, none of her hooks and buttons are off, or her gown fastened across with a pin; her dining-room is in perfect order awaiting her presence at the next meal.

The house of the well-to-do woman is no doubt also a revelation, a betrayal; but of taste, or of tastes, more than of character. If her house is tidy, it need not mean that she is tidy herself. If it is untidy, or if it is not kept clean, her duty is not to clean it herself but to scold someone else; to scold her nurse if her children are not washed and dressed, or the cook if the dinner is not ready in time; or to tell the cook to scold someone else, in her turn, if the things are not washed up after a meal. If Mrs. Park Lane does all this, she will be a good housewife. That word is applied in the more favoured class to the woman who with

keen observation, accompanied by the art of timely reprimand, can steer her household aright. This housewife gives good dinners instead of bad ones; that is, she knows how to choose what people like to eat. She knows whether the dinner is well or ill-cooked. And if she has a good cook, and if she is sympathetic in manner and a pleasant talker, people will like her, speak well of her, and also of her dinners; and they will be a success, and she will be a success. But it will avail nothing to the working woman if she cannot herself cook, and if her house has not been properly swept, that she should be able to talk well or be popular with her friends. On the contrary, if her chief contribution to the amenities of life is to stand in her doorway engaged in conversation with her neighbours, she will be criticised for indulging in "front door gossip."

But do not the well-to-do gossip with their neighbours? They do not stand at their street door to do so, as they have drawing-rooms in which to receive them and leisure to talk, but they gossip as much and more. Why should they wish the working woman to stand at her back door only, which commonly opens on to a narrower street than the front door, and of which the surroundings are apt to be less sanitary? What would the dweller in a fashionable West-End square or street say if she were walled up in her house and permitted egress only into the mews behind? We hear so much in these well-informed days about the recreation and the leisure of the working classes. We are ready to build places for them and to provide entertainment. But the accessible and popular form of entertainment, of intercourse with their neighbours, that the better-off in a town so constantly enjoy—I imagine there are few days when the well-to-do do not frequent some friend or acquaintance outside the family circle for the working woman is disapproved. But why should there be a different code in this respect for her and for us, and in many other respects?

I do not hold a brief either for the working woman or for the woman who is well-to-do. There are many praiseworthy as well as many deplorable persons to be found in both these sections of society. It is a temptation, I know, for those who are justifiably roused to fury at the contemplation of the flagrant inequalities of destiny to picture the working woman as being invariably the potential possessor of all the virtues, which her destiny, and the arrogance of her employers, have prevented her from developing. But this attitude may carry us too far. For if it is straitened means only that make her so often fall short of the ideal of womanhood, how is it, then, that so many wealthy women fall short of it too? That shows that it is not straitened means only that make the undesirable. It is straitened means

in combination with certain undesirable qualities of character, found no doubt in every direction.

What, then, are these qualities? What are the desirable and undesirable qualities for women? and are they the same for every class?

Most of us suddenly confronted with this last question would no doubt reply in haste in the affirmative, imagining we are speaking the truth. But would it be the truth? Let us try to make it clear to our minds, those of us who, helped by material means, have the constant opportunity of storing our minds with the more precious currency of art and literature: we who are the articulate, and who ought, when we are trying so hard to Reconstruct, to know what we are prescribing, and what we are talking about. Let us try to compare the ordinances of life for women leading different existences, and to see what we are demanding from ourselves and from others, and by what code we are in reality living.

Is it a spiritual code, enjoined on us by the form of religion which we profess, or is it a lofty moral code of no special creed? or is it a code of expediency only, of Western expediency, formulated on the whole by the employing classes, but certainly making for the general convenience?

Would it not be well to determine this in our heart and conscience before we go further? We should all of us like to believe that our code is the same as that of the worker. But the preceding pages have, I think, shown that it is not. The woman of means, if she possesses by proxy only the qualities most conspicuously desirable in the working woman, is considered to possess them herself, and commended by public opinion accordingly.

And if we go further in investigation, shall we not find that many inborn tendencies looked upon as defects in the working woman are not considered defects in the well-to-do? We are many of us in these abysmal days trying, with minds much perplexed, to find the right path of conduct. Let us, speaking for the sake of clarity of the woman of means as Lady A and the working woman as Mrs. A, try to be sure whether for these two, in certain fields of action, such as gambling, spending on clothes, indulging in drink even, the right path is the same. As to gambling, for instance. I am not attempting to discuss here the wide subject of the ethics of gambling, which appear at the present time somewhat confused. I am only discussing its practical effect on the community.

Mrs. A, for example, has the temperament of the gambler; so has Lady A. The latter is conveniently situated for gratifying

it. She can have her friends in to play bridge, for money, in her own house at any time of day she chooses. And she does choose; she plays from tea-time, or even from lunch-time, till she goes to bed: and though this course is disapproved of by many women in society leading more worthy lives, no one calls on Lady A to remonstrate with her and tell her she must really desist. Mrs. A, on the other hand, does not often gamble with cards. She goes to a whist drive now and again, at which, by a nice distinction, she may not play for money, but may play for a prize. She does not commonly play cards in her own house. Probably if she were found playing for money with friends assembled in her kitchen she would be severely reprimanded. She, therefore, not having the outlet of cards, bets on races. This is more easily accomplished, and is fraught with a weekly excitement when the news comes of the results. Those of us who have seen homes where children are neglected and rooms stripped when luck has gone against the dwellers have felt heart sick at the tendencies which have brought about such consequences, and desperate at the thought that we were not able to stop them. And yet some of us have also seen houses where there has been a sudden accession of joyful possession from such illicit gains, a new cloak proudly displayed by the wearer, or, more disarming still, some new toys—and the words of remonstrance, at any time difficult to utter, have died on our lips.

We need have none of these soul searchings so far as our hortatory dealings with Lady A are concerned. She has been to Ascot, with beautiful new clothes; she has betted continuously. You meet her at dinner afterwards, and she relates with vivacity and charm, usually in the hearing of the servants, how much she has won or lost. But, in either case, no one seems to consider she is to be reprobated and none of us need worry as to whether it is our duty to remonstrate with her.

Mrs. D, who worked, and most efficiently, at munitions for many hours a day during the war, and who, in common with women of all kinds, has been in the habit of gazing into shop-windows, suddenly found herself with the wonderful new possibility within her grasp, not only of looking but of buying. She bought a fur coat. She had never had one before, and the joy of walking about in it must for the moment have been the very crown of existence. It was extravagant of her, no doubt, it was foolish. But she bought a fierce rampant joy with it all the same. What about Lady F? She has worn a fur coat when the weather was cold enough ever since she grew up. But, all the same, does not she look into shop-windows—and go in at the shop door? In 1917, at the very height of the war, a well-known house of busi-

ness in the West End followed its usual custom of sending round circulars to its clients and announcing a display of fashionable clothing worn by *mannequins*, i.e., young women who processed past, for which show numbered and reserved seats could be obtained by payment. At the time these circulars were being issued, there was much disapproving talk about the young women working in war factories, who with their means suddenly doubled and trebled were buying effective clothes, and even jewellery, worst of all, for the first time in their lives. It is not every one of us who, having a sudden windfall, puts all of it at once into Government funds instead of expending it on some "treat" not dictated by wisdom.

Mrs. G causes scandal because she drinks, a fact that cannot be concealed from the world, because, when she is intoxicated, she quarrels violently with her neighbours on either side and advertises her condition by open conflict. Lady G, who has, alas! the same failing, does not bring it so openly to the knowledge of the public. But she has it all the same.

Can we bear, those of us who are thrown with the workers, who are trying to understand, longing to solve some of the great riddles, to exhort those we visit to abstain from derelictions which we know that many of our own walk of life indulge in with impunity? We ought not to bear it. We ought to feel that those derelictions, if they are reprobated in any direction, should be reprobated in all. But how is it to be done? Who is going to do it? Who are the "visitors" who will penetrate into the abodes of the erring well-to-do and exhort them to behave differently? Not presumably the District Visitor or the Lay Reader, or the Almoner, so potent in the parish, since they may possibly not be invited to the brilliant houses where examples are conspicuously being set by those whose doings are daily chronicled in the papers. The thing at the root of all these regrettable manifestations is that there is too much leisure in some of these well-to-do lives; to tell the truth, there is little else. It is the custom when the expression "Idle Rich" is used for those people of means who are not idle (and there are, happily, more of these, I fancy, than of the others) to rise in their wrath and protest. But at the same time we all of us know that there are many, many wealthy women who are idle. They are idle obviously because they have nothing to do. *They have nothing to do.* That is the root of the matter. But at the same time it must be admitted that it is much more difficult for many of them who have no special aptitudes, and no occupation indicated by circumstances, to find worthy occupation for their time, than for the woman who is obliged by circumstances to work constantly at carrying on her

daily life, to work at things that if she did not do them would be left undone.

There is many a working woman who, if she were in the position of the dashing Lady X, whose portrait is in the papers, and who never does anything at all that is worth doing, would do neither more nor less than that renowned beauty. Mrs. X has been saved from that fate—or debarred from it—by having something quite obvious to occupy her, and not by being more deserving of approval than the other. The real difficulty that has to be faced in readjusting the situation is, how is Lady X to find something to do? Let us be quite honest, those of us who are fortunate enough to have either work or hobbies to interest us, and who are apt to deplore the spectacle of these highly-placed Unemployed. Is it always so easy for them to find employment? Lady X, living in London, is a young married woman of means and position. She has not been given by nature any special bent that may fill up her time, and, more important still, her thoughts. She does not make music, or draw, or paint, or write, or study. She is not inclined towards what is nowadays called social work. There is nothing particular that she wants to do, or can do, except play Bridge or amuse herself in various sometimes unedifying ways. I repeat, I am not defending this lady. But I do think that in many cases she is not, as we are apt to think, compact of all the undesirabilities. Only she is at a loose end, a terribly loose end; and if she was one of those who found occupation during the war and worked during that time as she had never worked before in her life, she would feel her present plight the more keenly.

But whether she drifted during the war, or worked during the war, she must not go on drifting now. It is supremely important that she should not. It is she who stands in the eyes of the workers for what used to be called the upper classes. If ever there was a time when the right example should be set, when the right turning should be taken, it is now. Who is going to convince her of this? Who is going to convince the unconvinced, the indifferent, that flagrant idleness, extravagance, worldliness shown in the limelight, must justifiably arouse the surging resentment of those who are looking on? Who is going to cry "*Cass-cou!*" as in the games of our youth, to those who are drifting, drifting, until they will go over the rapids into the whirlpool? Whose influence will bring about a reform? It will only, I believe, be brought about, in the case of Lady X and her companions, by some of themselves. It is from them that the new spirit of example must come, from among the fashionable young women between twenty-five and thirty-five, say, who are entirely

indifferent to the opinions of women not of their own kind, whether quadragenarians or sexagenarians, and however highly placed in the social scale.

"Us is you and you is Us," said a Yorkshire working woman the other day to a gentlewoman who was standing beside her in a shop, and who had just declined to buy some grapes because of the price. "Us is you, and you is Us, nowadays!" and she proceeded gleefully to buy three bunches of the grapes for herself.

Yes. Us is going to be You in many respects, no doubt; and it is better that Us should grasp that fact quite clearly as soon as we can.

But it is not money only which will matter: though it will matter a great deal in the gradual transfusion, the infiltration of Us into You which has already begun, the gradual removal of the barriers, of the lines of demarcation even. That transfusion must be effected by women of every kind coming nearer to one another, trying to understand—and where they understand, to forgive—drawing near together in their common experience of motherhood, finding out their great underlying affinities often obscured by the trivial shibboleths of social custom. The woman at the works has the right to demand that those other women who are better off, who have up to now been privileged, been advantaged, should in this moment throbbing with possibility show that they are worthy to take their place in the great advance, that they are waking to their heavy responsibility, that they will forgo the endless pursuit of sheer amusement, and that they will set the example of self-control, a quality at the present time conspicuously lacking in women of every station.

And if the women of means play their part—as Heaven send they may—and lend a hand in the great readjustment instead of looking on, they have a right to expect from the working woman that she should meet them half-way, the right to hope that she will respond, that she will trust them if they are worthy of trust.

Was there ever a time so charged with fate—was there ever a work so great to which old and young alike have been called? It is a work in which all may help, all must help: a work that brooks no delay.

Let us do that work while there is still time. Let us take the right turning before we arrive at the precipice.

FLORENCE BELL.

THE surprises of the Peace have been no less striking than the surprises of the War. Writing a few days after the anniversary of the Armistice I recall the high hopes and jubilant anticipations with which that great event was received. The Great War was over; a new era of concord, plenty, and universal brotherhood was about to dawn upon a stricken world. Who could have imagined that a year after the last shots had been fired on the Western Front half Europe and Asia would still be a chaos of bloodshed, strife, and disorder; that social disunion and economic stress would prevail not merely in the countries that had lost the War, but in those that had won it; that murmurs of revolution would haunt the air; that even wealthy, prosperous, and law-worshipping America would be disturbed by the quarrel of Labour and Capital that prices would be higher in Britain than they were when the U-boats were sinking our cargo-carriers within sight of our coasts? Who could expect that in November, 1919, we should still be technically at war with one of our foes; and, most astonishing of all, that the great League of Nations project should be the target of furious and embittered attack, by persons or parties influential enough to destroy or mutilate it, in the United States of America? It has been a year of disappointment and miscalculation, a year that has once again set at nought the predictions of the seers and the sages.

Many persons suggested that the War would leave behind it a notable spiritual and moral awakening. Humanity, purged by the fires of sacrifice, would rise to a higher level of purity, seriousness, and faith. To some, indeed, it seemed worth while to pass through the flame and terror of Armageddon if that were to be the sequel. The world-conflict brought out the most acute and poignant aspect of that Problem of Evil which is the crux of all the theologies. In their interesting book, *The War and Religion* (Macmillan), the Bishop of Winchester and his coadjutors tell us that this question was constantly brought before their inquirers by the soldiers. "How," it was asked, "could an all-powerful and all-merciful God allow this horrible and prolonged agony of death, torture, and violence to afflict the earth which He had created, and could presumably control?" The chaplains and Y.M.C.A. workers do not seem to have had an answer ready. Sir

Arthur Conan Doyle is more fortunate. He knows why the War was permitted, and gives us the explanation. In his latest book, *The Vital Message* (Hodder and Stoughton), he feels able, with Milton, to justify the ways of God to man. "Why was this tremendous experience forced upon mankind?" Why but because the world, like the world before Noah's flood, was so evil that it had to be shocked into sobriety and virtue. Sir Arthur, "tracing back down the centuries," can find nothing to compare with the wickedness of the nations during the preceding twenty years! That is the "inner reason" of the War. "Can we not understand that it was needful to shake mankind loose from gossip and pink teas, and sword-worship, and Saturday-night drunks, and self-seeking politics and theological quibbles—to wake them up and make them realise that they stand upon a narrow knife-edge between two eternities, and that, here and now, they have to finish with make-beliefs, and with real earnestness and courage face those truths which have always been palpable where indolence or cowardice or vested interests have not obscured the vision?"

I hope this exposition of the purpose of the Most High will satisfy those doubters, and puzzled seekers and honest bewildered agnostics, of whom, according to the Bishop of Winchester's investigators, our New Army so largely consisted. But I am afraid that if this is the correct solution of the mystery the end may appear to them disproportionate to the means employed. With Peer Gynt they may feel that the methods of the Almighty are not exactly economical. In all reverence it might occur to them that Omnipotence might have found a way to abolish "pink teas," and Saturday-night drunks, and even theological squabbles, without the loss of twenty millions of young lives, and without wholesale suffering, misery, ruin, and devastation. Moreover, if they look around them, they may suspect that the designs of Providence have been frustrated. We have had our shaking-up; but the moral and spiritual reformation taries. The twelfth month of the Peace meets us in an orgy of reckless expenditure, frantic pleasure-seeking, desperate money-making, extravagant self-indulgence, sectarian bitterness, and furious class-hatred. I look back upon those twenty evil years before the earthquake and I see no particular sign that "in the lump" we are any better now than we were then.

And for the spiritual revival turn to literature. Was there ever a year so barren of—I will not say great books—but of books inspired by high ideals and by that deep sense of the beauty, the

value, and the mystery of life which is the soul of true artistic creation? The books we have read most avidly have owed nothing to art, or religion, or the things of the spirit. They have been controversial, political, or autobiographical, or massive journalistic pamphlets, like those of Ludendorff, Tirpitz, Lord Fisher, Lord Jellicoe, and Bethmann-Hollweg. Some have been interesting, and even valuable, from the point of view of the historian and the student of military and diplomatic affairs. But they do not carry us away to the realms of thought and illumination, as the works of the great creative artists do or should. What is the record of the libraries, the theatre, the picture galleries? Have we drawn refreshment from the vision, and the inspired insight, of poets, dramatists, and painters, in this period when we are still swaying on the surge and after-swell of the storm? It does not look like it when we learn that the most emphatic publishing success of the past eighteen months has been *The Young Visitors*. Four hundred thousand readers in Britain and America find their distraction in the bad spelling and precocious curiosity of a child just out of the nursery!

Of all the books dealing with the War, and published since the Peace, one of the most painful to read is Admiral Sir Percy Scott's *Fifty Years in the Royal Navy* (John Murray). One remembers, of course, that the writer is a man with a grievance, smarting under the recollection that his life-long efforts to improve the effectiveness and fighting power of the Fleet were "turned down" by those in authority, or adopted too late. He writes at times acrimoniously, but on the whole in a quiet, matter-of-fact, conversational fashion, with no literary embellishment, and without that strong impression of personality which makes Ludendorff's and Lord Fisher's confessions so striking in their different ways. Sir Percy Scott has only a plain, if a bitter, tale to tell, and he tells it in a plain and unadorned manner. The tale itself is—if it is to be believed—a terrible one; for it is a sustained attack upon the incompetence, the blindness, the laxity, the negligence, the formalism, the want of foresight of the British Admiralty. So damaging an indictment of a great public department has hardly ever been framed by a responsible and capable authority. I began these Notes eleven months ago by suggesting that a thorough and exhaustive inquiry was needed into the operations of our fleets during the War, and the administration and conduct of our Admiralty. Everything that has since come to light has strengthened the case for such an investigation, and Sir Percy Scott delivers the clinching blow. It may be that his statements are incorrect or exaggerated. If so they need to be authoritatively

examined and definitely refuted. Even in its present preoccupation with economic and financial problems I find it difficult to believe that Parliament can allow this question to rest where it is. For if Admiral Scott's allegations are not sheer inventions or gross distortions of the truth, this country was allowed by those who had control of its chief defensive arm to drift into a condition of the most alarming and perilous insecurity.

When war broke out in August, 1914, we were torn by anxiety and uncertainty over many points. But on one we were completely confident. We never for a moment allowed ourselves any doubt about the maritime service. That we had not only the largest, but incomparably the finest, Navy in the world was the unshaken conviction of all Britons. And to some extent we were right. In actual numbers of ships and weight of armament we were, of course, unrivalled. In the quality of the *personnel* we were equally fortunate. The War has shown that the British sailor, whether of the Royal Navy or of the Mercantile Marine, and the British executive officer on shipboard, are no whit inferior to the best of their predecessors. In dauntless courage and heroic endurance, in daring, resource, ingenuity and energy they have never been surpassed. In the end these great endowments, added to our own material superiority, prevailed, and we won the war at sea as we and our Allies won the war on land. But our sailors succeeded in spite of difficulties and disadvantages which rendered their task far harder than it should have been, and might well have made it impossible. I close Sir Percy Scott's volume with a shudder over the perils we escaped, and a sigh of thankfulness that, owing to the quality of our men and "the good Providence of God," we did, in the end, surmount them.

Sir Percy Scott declares that for many years before the War our Navy had been inadequately prepared and equipped for the most important of its duties. The fact was well known to the more active and capable officers of the Fleet, who made strenuous efforts to amend the deficiencies. Their efforts were for the most part defeated by the obstructiveness and obscurantism of the authorities at Whitehall. A ship of war is a platform to carry guns which are to be discharged at an enemy in such manner as to do him the maximum amount of injury. What is called gunnery is therefore the most vital element in the naval scaman's knowledge. It was the subject to which least attention was paid in the years when our modern Navy was being built up. No trouble was taken to see that the sailor was a good gunner who could be relied upon to hit his target. An officer's promotion did

not depend upon the proficiency of his men in marksmanship. He did much better, from his own point of view, to devote himself to what Sir Percy Scott calls "housemaidings," for by that means he acquired merit in the eyes of his superiors. Inspecting Admirals hardly took the trouble to ascertain whether the guns could shoot, or whether the crew knew how to handle them. That was a small matter in comparison with the "smartness" which had become the idol of the Navy. If the ship looked thoroughly nice and clean, if it glistened with paint and gilding and polished brass, if the men were well-dressed, neat, orderly, and could go through all their drill and evolutions with machine-like precision and rapidity—if these conditions were fulfilled the ship was favourably reported on, and its captain and commander commended. And to produce these results the time and energies of officers and men were so much occupied in "housemaidings" and routine duties that they almost forgot gunnery, and went about their firing practice in a most perfunctory fashion. The result was, that in the eighties and nineties of the last century the shooting of the British fleets was deplorably bad. It was only by the unremitting exertions of a few resolute officers, of whom the chief were Percy Scott himself and Jellicoe, that the standard was gradually raised. In the early years of the present century there was a great improvement, emulation was set up between the various units and squadrons, and in the best ships the level of marksmanship was about as high as it was possible to make it with the imperfect appliances supplied. So far as it depended on the hand, eye, and nerve of the manipulator, the shooting of the British Navy at the outbreak of the War was admirable.

But under modern scientific conditions the hand, eye, and nerve of the naval gunner are not enough. They must be supplemented by mechanical aids if the best results are to be obtained. That is what Sir Percy Scott saw at an early period of his career, and he spent years in trying to impress upon Whitehall the necessity for introducing into all our gun-carrying vessels the requisite machinery and appliances. He did not succeed. The Admiralty persistently rejected his director-firer and improved range-finders until long after they had been adopted by our principal maritime rival, and they showed a similar dislike to other inventions and adaptations almost equally urgent. What was the result? The result, according to Sir Percy Scott (and his statements are confirmed by Lord Jellicoe's cautious narrative), was that our Navy went into the Great War inferior in some essential matters to that of Germany. For the Germans had provided themselves with the instruments and apparatus which we lacked; and, as a con-

sequence, in spite of their inferiority in numbers, armament, and *personnel*, they had a strength which, if rightly and boldly used, might have gone far to deprive us of the command of the sea, and did, in fact, prevent us from making the fullest use of it. Admiral Tirpitz has stated that if he had, not been thwarted by the politicians and the military dictators he would have sent out the High Seas Fleet at the very beginning of the War to try conclusions in a pitched battle with our main force. And I gather from Sir Percy Scott that it was by no means certain that the British Fleet would have emerged successfully from the encounter. So great was the advantage conferred on the enemy by their superior scientific and mechanical equipment

Admiral Scott's book is a grim sermon on the text "I told you so." If the Admiralty erred it was not for want of the most emphatic warnings. On December 11th, 1911, Sir Percy Scott wrote as follows to the Admiralty

"The Germans, I am informed, have for some years used a very good modification of the Director system, which allows them to fight the guns of their ships in parallel. As we cannot do this efficiently, it gives the Germans such a superiority in gun-fire that if a British fleet engaged a German fleet of similar vessels, the British fleet would be badly beaten in moderate weather, but annihilated if it was rough

He wrote again to the same effect on February 10th, 1912, and more than twelve months afterwards was informed by the Lords of the Admiralty that it was decided for the present not to adopt his proposal. "Two years," he adds, "after these letters were written, in rough weather, H M S *Good Hope* and H M S *Monmouth* engaged the German cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Grusenau*. The two British ships had no means of fighting their guns efficiently in such weather, so they were both easily annihilated by the German gunfire, and every soul on board them went to the bottom. It was what I had expected, what I had predicted, and what I had strenuously tried to avert. Fifteen hundred brave officers and men were sacrificed because the Admiralty had not fitted the ships with any means of fighting their guns in a sea-way. The Germans said that the shooting of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* was very bad. No doubt it was; but this was no reflection upon the gunnery ability of Admiral Cradock and his officers and men. Failure to hit the enemy was in no way due to want of skill; it was due to the ships lacking the necessary instruments. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* were without these instruments, and as a consequence they were unable to use their guns effectively against the enemy."

Incidentally, Sir Percy Scott's book throws further light on the Battle of Jutland. At that battle

"The Commander-in-Chief had only six ships of his fleet completely fitted with director-firing—that is, main as well as secondary armament; he had several ships with their primary armament not fitted; he had not a single cruiser in the Fleet fitted for director-firing; he had no Zeppelins as eyes to the Fleet; his guns were outranged by those of the Germans; he had to use projectiles inferior to those used by the Germans, and in firing at night he was utterly out-classed by the enemy."

It did not need a great naval expert to predict what might, and in some cases what did, happen. The very midshipmen foresaw it. There were three cruisers, the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and *Defence*, which ought to have been fitted for director-firing, as Sir Percy Scott had recommended. The Admiralty, during the War, accepted the recommendation, but then it was too late. Admiral Scott had a son, a boy of sixteen, on one of these ships. A week before he went into action this lad wrote to his father: "If we have a scrap our gunnery lieutenant says we shall not have a dog's chance; as our extemporised director which we have rigged up is not reliable, and the Germans can out-range our guns." So it was. The three cruisers did not have a dog's chance. They were all shot out of action, and the sixteen-year-old midshipman was among the many brave men and boys who went down with them. When we read these things it is easier to understand why Admiral Jellicoe would not face the risk of closing with the enemy or following him up through the night.

If we are to credit the authority I am quoting, we were in the deepest jeopardy all through the early part of the War. He says that he went to Scapa Flow in the autumn of 1914 and had a long interview with Sir John Jellicoe. The Commander-in-Chief discussed with him "the terrible state of affairs," the salient points of which were that for strategic reasons he was obliged to keep the Grand Fleet at Scapa, that German aeroplanes had been over the harbour, and must be quite conversant with the anchorage of the Fleet and the unprotected approaches, and that any night submarines might come in and send the Grand Fleet to the bottom. "When I said 'good-night' to Lord Jellicoe I added: 'Shall we be here in the morning?'" His laconic reply was: "I wonder." Why the Fleet was not destroyed, Sir Percy says, he cannot imagine. Possibly the German mind could not believe that we could be such "damned fools," as Lord Fisher would say, to place our ships in so dangerous a position; and luckily they were not sufficiently enterprising to put the hypothesis to the test. "If," says Admiral Scott, "the Germans had

had half a dozen men of the stamp of our own submarine commanders, we should now be a German colony." We were saved by something like a miracle or a series of miracles. But are the British nation and the British Parliament content to leave the matter there?

The question is not merely of retrospective interest. What of the future? We want the whole Admiralty system to be examined so as to make sure that the mistakes which might have lost us the Great War shall not be repeated. Is the Admiralty to go on building five-million-pound surface battleships, which perhaps could be destroyed in a few minutes by bomb-dropping aeroplanes and super-submarines? Sir Percy Scott and Lord Fisher warn us that the day of the surface battleship is over; it will be superseded by submersibles carrying 15-inch or 18-inch guns, and by aeroplanes, ten of which, weighing 30 tons and manned by twenty officers, could carry as much explosive as a Dreadnought of 30,000 tons with a crew of over 800. That is the opinion of the experts, whose warnings have been vindicated by events. Will their advice be ignored and denied again? Shall we prepare against the next war a great High Seas Fleet of huge vessels, rendered obsolete by the progress of aerial transport and sub-aqueous navigation?

"Shaking hands with murder" is the way Lord Northcliffe's newspapers describe the proposal or the suggestion, to open direct negotiations with the Soviet Government in Russia. The phrase does not quite dispose of the matter. Governments which seize power in, or after, a revolution usually establish and maintain themselves by physical force, which includes a greater or less amount of homicide. If they can make themselves secure, and overcome all opposition, their crimes may come to be ignored in the most respectable quarters. The decorously constitutional Government of Queen Victoria may be said to have shaken hands with murder when it made friends with Louis Napoleon; we shook hands with murder when, after a decent interval, we recognised King Peter of Serbia, who would not have worn the crown if his predecessor had not been butchered; we touched the blood-stained hand of "Abdul the Damned," and then those of the sanguinary gang who supplanted him. But, however that may be, the description is evidently correct. The Russian Bolsheviks are not only murderers, but murderers and torturers on an almost unprecedented scale. We must go back far into the records of Oriental violence and cruelty to find a parallel for their crimes in magnitude and character. They may have altered their

methods of late though only the other day Helsingfors Press telegrams accused them of shooting five hundred wives of the officers who had joined General Yudenitch. But the testimony to the fiendish barbarity of some of the Soviet Commissaries and officials, in various parts of Russia is too strong and ample to be dismissed nor is it refuted by the evidence of Bolshevik sympathisers like Colonel Malone and Mr Bullitt, who paid flying visits to Petrograd and Moscow and saw only what their hosts intended them to see. Future developments may render it expedient perhaps even necessary to make our peace with the Bolshevik Government. We should do so with our eyes open, and a complete understanding that we are dealing with a group who have devised, abetted or countenanced crimes as monstrous as those attributed to Lucullus, Genghis Khan, Attila or any other scourge of humanity.

A recent and apparently a very credible witness to these atrocities is the British officer with Denikin's force whose private letter to his wife the *Times* has published. If internal evidence goes for anything, this officer is telling the truth: he writes with the conviction of an honest man moved to utterance by human indignation at the horrors he has seen and known. Some of the tales he tells himself calls 'unpardonable' but it is well they should be printed if only that sentimental imitators of revolution in old countries may comprehend the kind of evening wild beast man may become when suddenly released from the restraint of order, discipline and tradition. One of the repulsive topics he mentions is that of the so-called "nationalisation" of women by certain Soviets. 'We have here' he says 'if H.Q. passes issued to Bolsheviks by Commissaries on occupation Ekaterinodar. These passes authorise their holders to use (any and they fancy for the use of the soldiery. Sixty-two girls of all classes were arrested like this and thrown to the troops. Those who struggled were killed quite early on. The rest when used and finished, were mutilated and thrown dead and dying, into the small rivers flowing through Ekaterinodar.'

I do not think that this crowning abomination was generally practised or long carried on because even the cowed Russian husband and father would not stand it, and the Commissaries saw that they were in danger of provoking a campaign of assassination. But that the atrocity was actually committed at Ekaterinodar, if not elsewhere, I have no doubt whatever. I have myself had direct testimony to this effect from a British

officer, a personal friend of my own, a man of the highest character and wide experience, who was engaged on a political mission in South Russia last year. He assured me that he had himself seen and read (he is well acquainted with the Russian language) orders or licences issued by the Soviet Commissaries at Ekaterinodar giving authority to Red Guards to take possession of women in the manner, and for the purpose, indicated. The statement about this "nationalisation" of women looked, on the face of it, a mere piece of sensational journalism; and many have disbelieved it on the ground that it is much too bad to be true. It was not too bad to happen, and it did happen, in at least one Russian town, and perhaps in others.

Another first-hand witness to Bolshevik atrocities is Maria Botchkareva, the organiser of the Women's Battalion of Death, whose *Yashka; My Life as Peasant, Exile, and Soldier* (Constable) is one of the most remarkable documents of the War. This amazing woman is an illiterate peasant, with a heart of steel, a soul of fire, and a very keen brain; but she could not write her own reminiscences, and they were put into shape for her by a Russo-American literary gentleman. Nevertheless, we cannot suppose that Botchkareva invented the incidents she dictated to her amanuensis, and it would be strange indeed if she imagined the Bolshevik outrages of which she professed to have been an eye-witness. She declares that when hiding in a wood, herself in danger of arrest, she saw a party of Korniloff's officers and cadets captured by a patrol of Red Guards. The officers were immediately shot; but the Bolsheviks deliberately gouged out the eyes of the cadets before putting them to death. In another thrilling chapter, which would be deemed absurdly sensational and improbable if it were presented in a cinema-play, the writer relates how she was herself arrested by the Soviet troops, thrown into prison, and sentenced to death, only to be rescued by a kind of miracle under the very rifles of the firing-party. This is an extract from her description of the final scene:—

"We were led out from the car, all of us in our undergarments. A few hundred feet away was the field of slaughter. There were *hundreds and hundreds of human bodies heaped there.*" . . .

Thousands of corpses in one place! And there were many places all over Russia where these massacres were going on. Unquestionably it *would* be "shaking hands with murder."

SIDNEY LOW.

THREE SONNETS.

From "LES TROPHÉES," by J. M. DE HEREDIA. Translated by
EUGENE MASON.

THE SORCERESS.

NEAR to the altar, yea, in every place,
White arms held forth, I see her manifest;
Oh grey-haired sire, mother at whose pure breast
I clung, we come not of ignoble race.
No stern Avenger in far Samothrace
Hath shaken bloody cloths against my rest;
And yet I flee, of men the shamefullest,
Whilst Hounds of Nemesis bay on my trace.

My flesh to me is hateful, since from her
Come these black charms, enchantments sinister,
From her, and from the wrathful deities.
For the great gods have fashioned deadly spears
Of her insatiate mouth and sombre eyes
To pierce me with her kisses and her tears.

For "LE LIVRE DES AMOURS" OF PIERRE DE RONSARD.

LONG since, in sunny garths, how many a swain
Hath carven one fond name on happy trees;
How many a heart in gilded palaces
Hath proved a woman's smile its golden gain.
Who knoweth now their rapture or their pain?
Within four oaken boards they waste at ease,
Clean out of mind, nor antique pieties
May cheat their graves' immense and deep disdain.

All turn to dust. Cassandra, proud and young,
Helen, Marie, ladies a poet sung,
Since roses, too, bloom once, and so are dead,
Your beauty then had perished with your name.
If Ronsard had not woven for your head
Myrtles of Love, and Laurels of his Fame.

THE AWAKENING OF A GOD.

With bruised breast, torn hair, and dusty head,
With tears that do not soothe, and shrill sick cries,
Women of Byblos, in slow theories,
Lament and wail, nor may be comforted.
For lain upon a green and odorous bed
Fragrant with spice and strewn anemones,
Where Death had closed his long and languorous eyes,
The Youth beloved of Syrian maids is dead.

Night-through they sorrow, but with dawn rejoice :
For, lo, the Bridegroom at Astarte's voice
Quickens, whilst rich ambrosia falls as dew.
He lives again, he crosseth Styx in flood,
And th' wide Heaven flames to a rose in hue,
A rose Adonis stained and dyed with blood.

FROM VIENNA TO PARIS.

A SENSATION was created at Versailles when M. Clemenceau's reference to the German Republic was interrupted by loud cries of "Reich, Reich." Thus again was put on record that curious perpetuation of the name by which the group of German-speaking peoples in West Central Europe, for nearly a thousand years, has come to be known. The territory of the Reich was founded on that kingdom of East Franks which emerged from the break up of the empire of Charlemagne. It extended west of the Rhine and east of the Oder; and from Denmark and the Baltic to the north-east corner of the Adriatic. It has stood like some high and vast rock amid the raging seas of nationality, which have here and there nibbled away outlying crags, but have had no power to alter its general size and shape. Practically the Reich has remained the same whether under the Charles the Fifth or Joseph the Second, whether with the addition of Holy and Roman, or under the more modest designation of German Confederation which it adopted after reconstitution by the Congress of Vienna.

The Reich was essentially German, and the conquests and acquisitions of its rulers, whether in the New World, in Poland, in Hungary or in Italy, did not tempt it to extend its boundaries. This wise moderation was inspired by a sense of legitimacy, antiquity, legality, divine right and ancient symbolism rather than by the modern notion of nationality. The result was that towards the close of the eighteenth century the Reich, still in her ancient boundaries, was flanked on east and west by the modern national States of Russia and France, whilst internally divided by the rivalry of Austria and Prussia. At the hands of Napoleon she was to learn the lesson of nationality as Russia had learnt that of militarism from Sweden.

At what moment a strong sense of nationality merges into militarism it is not easy to define. Undoubtedly the growth of an indigenous language, art, literature and army, of a native culture and expression, which is admired and known and perhaps copied outside its own boundaries, gives rise to a feeling of superiority, which, added to the inherent parochialism of the human mind, tends to make other nations appear as barbarians.

(1) *The Congress of Vienna, 1814-15.* By C. K. Webster, M.A., published for the Historical Section of the Foreign Office. Second Impression. (Oxford University Press, 1919.) *Problems of Peace.* From the Holy Alliance to the League of Nations. By Guglielmo Ferrero. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1919.) *Fast of the Peace Treaty.* (The Times Supplement, June 29th, 1919.)

This patriotism is easily exploited by realists to material ends of vulgar conquest and annexation. It has then become militarism, and in whatever euphemism of religion or culture it may seek to disguise its nature it loses all idealism and becomes the natural desire of the strong to dominate the weak and to impose upon them the conqueror's superiority—the superiority of the Rome of Cæsar, of the Spain of Cortez. As exhibited in history it has usually passed through conquests and successes to megalomania and suicide. But it is not helpful to clear thinking on the subject of militarism if so old and world-wide a phenomenon is described and thought of as exclusively German.

As European States tended by the eighteenth century to approach a common measure of civilisation, it became clear that it was increasingly difficult to find an intellectual garb with which to clothe the naked force of militarism, and the theory of the balance of power came into prominence as a substitute to the single sovereignty of Roman tradition which the growth of strong national States had rendered obsolete. A United States of Europe would not then have been practicable; and that idea has had to wait until it has been superseded by the idea of a United States of the World founded on the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Many modern writers and speakers oppose the balance of power to the concert of Europe, as though they were not in some aspects different sides of the same problem. The concert of Europe cannot be permanent if the balance of power, or, as Castlereagh called it, "the equilibrium of Europe," is deranged by the inordinate strength of one of its components. The balance of power, though a vicious principle if it divides Europe into opposing alliances, is benevolent in so far as it prevents great Powers absorbing their smaller neighbours and enjoins a certain respect and deference among the great Powers in their relations with one another.

Among the statesmen who assembled at Vienna none was probably more in favour of the balance of power and also of the concert of the Great Powers than Castlereagh, yet he would have been puzzled had anyone told him that the two were incompatible. The problem, in fact, that presented itself to Castlereagh was precisely how to maintain a balance without so disappointing any one Power as to upset the concert; and it was not till three of the allies were on the verge of war that the concert was completed by the addition of France to the discussions of the allied Powers of Russia, Great Britain, Prussia and Austria.

Mr. C. K. Webster's admirable book published in December,

1918, fulfils what economists call "a felt want." His preface, indeed, reveals the astonishing fact that there is no standard history of the Congress of Vienna. "We thus stand," he says, "on the threshold of a new congress without any adequate account of the only assembly which can furnish even a shadowy precedent for the great task that lies before the statesmen and peoples of the world." It is certainly difficult to understand the Treaty of Versailles without some knowledge of the settlement at Vienna. This, together with the course of the negotiations in 1814 and 1815, is dispassionately and clearly set forth by Mr. Webster with frequent reference to the original authorities; and both he and the Historical Section of the Foreign Office, under whose auspices this and other handbooks are being issued, have laid all students under a debt of gratitude.

At Vienna as at Paris the problem that presented itself was in many respects the same—the reconstruction of Europe after the defeat of its greatest military Power, the curbing of that Power in order that Europe might be conserved from similar aggression in the future, the redistribution of colonial possessions and the preservation of peace in the future. On both occasions were assembled together the most celebrated statesmen and rulers in the world; and if at Vienna the Tsar Alexander conducted the business of his own country in person, so did President Wilson in Paris. The statesmen at Vienna had probably far more knowledge of European and diplomatic history and of all the affairs of their time and of what they wanted than had those in Paris, who at first gave the impression that it had never really occurred to them that they ever would be in a position to dictate peace to Germany and the world, and consequently found themselves entailed by all sorts of pledges and vague declarations, which, when they came to study the realities of Europe, involved more than they had thought, or meant different things to different members of the alliance.

It was in no provincial or domestic world that the minds of Metternich, Alexander, Castlereagh and Talleyrand had been trained. The very eighteenth century they represented, and whose seal they were for the last time to impress on the map of Europe, was freed from many of the smaller jealousies, the commercial and industrial rivalries, the nineteenth-century spirit of the company promoter, from which it is impossible for the statesmen of this age entirely to escape.

These powerful and remarkable men were essentially, with the exception of Alexander, men of their own age, which in statesmen usually means that they were behind the age in its ideals and permanent achievement. They had no love for the

twin daughters of the nineteenth century, nationality and liberty, and thus the instrument that was to usher in the nineteenth century, by the irony of fate, compelled Norway, by the blockade of the British Fleet, to join Sweden; gave Belgium to Holland; Poland, with some of the Prussian and Austrian partitions restored, but cut off from the sea, to Russia; and, finally, Lombardy and Venetia to Austria.

Napoleon, who cared no more for nationality, unless it were French or Polish, than did Metternich, put his ruthless finger on this part of the settlement in his manifesto to the army on the eve of Waterloo: "The coalition is insatiable . . . after having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons and six millions of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the States of the second rank in Germany." Many since have repeated this criticism in less forcible language; but when they have done so they have said the worst about the Congress. The nineteenth century was to correct, except as regards Poland, most of these mistakes. They arose inevitably from that disregard of nationality and its claims which characterised the statesmen of the day. As soon, however, as it appeared that the wrong the eighteenth century had done to Poland and its own principles was not to be righted, and that the greater part of Napoleon's Grand Duchy of Warsaw was to be absorbed by Russia, the diplomacy of the Great Powers was concentrated on the nature of the compensation to be found for Prussia and Austria for the share in the Polish partitions, which they were to resign. Prussia found her compensation in Saxony and on the Rhine, Austria hers in Venetia and Lombardy; and all vestige of idealism vanished from the territorial settlement.

Public opinion in England sympathised with Poland and Saxony, and the powerful figure of Castlereagh accordingly recedes into the background, when these decisions come to be taken. But there are other parts of the settlement of 1815 that bear more clearly the impress of his genius. Mr. Webster's pages reveal Castlereagh's grasp of reality, his mistrust of idealists, his insistence on what was essential to his own country, the dexterity with which he brought this into relation with the general interests of the allies. In all this Castlereagh reminds us of M. Clemenceau. Yet, in spite of his fear of future French aggression, he refused to listen to Prussian demands for the dismemberment of France after Waterloo. History has, indeed, vindicated the extraordinary generosity of the allies to France. It was not till after Waterloo, by the second Treaty of Paris, that France was even compelled to restore the works of art that Napoleon had stolen, or pay any indemnity. And though Napo-

leon had left her free of debt, she was only mulcted in a sum of about forty million sterling, part of which was to pay the expenses of the allied army of occupation. Here the detachment of the statesmen of 1815 from popular passion made for wisdom. Security, not revenge, was their policy.

Though nothing was accomplished for disarmament, and hardly anything towards the establishment of popular government, with the exception of the Charter that Alexander compelled Louis XVIII. to grant to his subjects, a great step was taken to establish the concert of Europe on a permanent foundation. On November 20th, 1815, the day on which the second Treaty of Paris was signed, the Quadruple Alliance of Russia, Austria, Great Britain and Prussia was renewed. By Article VI. of this treaty the high contracting parties agreed to renew their meetings at fixed periods "for the purpose of consulting upon their common interests, and for the consideration of the measures which at each of these periods shall be considered the most salutary for the repose and prosperity of nations and for the maintenance of the peace of Europe."

Here in embryo is the Council of the League of Nations. The Quadruple Alliance was subsequently joined by France, as it is hoped the Council will be joined by Germany. The more celebrated Holy Alliance, which was of the nature of a manifesto by the Tsar Alexander, bore something of the relation to the treaty that President Wilson's speeches bore to the Covenant of the League of Nations. The Quadruple Alliance, unfortunately, was vitiated by the faults of the contemporary statesmen, and was broken against their insistent attempts to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, to which Great Britain offered adamantine opposition. •

Signor Ferrero's bold sketch of European history from the Holy Alliance to the League of Nations was designed primarily for the enlightenment of Americans as to the origins of the war in which their country was involved. Written from rather an Italian standpoint, some of its chapters might serve as a sermon on Bismarck's text: "If there had been no Italian question it would have been necessary to invent it." The solidarity, which had undoubtedly existed since the Holy Alliance, among the rulers of France, Austria, Prussia and Russia, was grievously strained by the revolution of 1848 and the advent of Napoleon the Third to the throne of France. But for that, Signor Ferrero thinks, the Tsar Nicholas might never have embarked on his Turkish policy and the Crimean War never have taken place. That war was, however, the grave of the concert of Europe. It broke the half-century of peace that the Vienna settlement

had achieved, and left Europe with no vestige of public law. The neutrality of Austria, for whom the Tsar had only recently reconquered Hungary, was looked upon by Russia as a betrayal and caused her to gravitate towards Prussia, a movement that was completed by Napoleon the Third's proposal for a European Conference on Poland. Bismarck was thus freed from the danger of a war on two fronts, and a Europe divided against itself was finally left to the mercy of his ambition. Because of the Crimean War Russia was neutral when Bismarck attacked Austria. Between France and Austria stood the Italian question, which still separated the two countries when German arms turned on France. Thus ended that curious and coloured chapter of European history, begun by Napoleon the Third and finished by Cavour and Bismarck, which tells of the unification of Italy and the conquest by Prussia of Austria and France.

The ensuing state of Europe, described by some writers as the Germanic triumph, by others as international anarchy, gave rise to an attempt to restore the balance of power. To the alliance of Austria, Italy and Germany was opposed the solidarity of France, Russia and Great Britain. Such a situation had few elements of stability, and was reflected in the rapid growth of national armaments. No concert of the Great Powers was possible where their ambitions and apparent interests were so divergent. Europe moved forward to the catastrophe of 1914, a catastrophe desired by the successors of Bismarck.

Will Paris succeed where Vienna failed? Its statesmen will certainly not be accused, as were Castlereagh and his colleagues, of only achieving the obvious. The Treaty of Versailles, whatever else it may be, is not obvious. It is to be hoped that the generation who fought and won the war will read and write many books on the settlement they enabled statesmen to make; and will not willingly allow the subject to pass out of politics into history.

Inscribed on the treaty, as it were in letters of fire, is the word nationality. The treaty resuscitates States that had long disappeared, restores boundaries long forgotten and names that had almost perished from the memory of man. The cry in geography, as in painting, is "back to the primitives." Such indeed is the permanence of nationality that most probably, by the time the statesmen in Paris have ended their work, Central and Eastern Europe will more nearly resemble geographically the map of the dim tenth century than the one drawn at Vienna. The old dukedom of Prussia reappears as East Prussia; Bohemia and Moravia as the Czecho-Slovak State; Poland reappears with her western boundary pushed back behind the Oder, but much nearer her

tenth-century boundaries than the vast kingdom she became in modern history; Finland reappears, but no longer extending to the western side of the Baltic. It is likely that Esthland will also reappear as Esthonia before the settlement is completed. When it is remembered that in 1815 Norway was united to Sweden and Belgium to Holland and that the Turkish Empire extended to Belgrade, it will be seen how far in the last hundred years the spirit of nationality has travelled. It might be said of nations, as Meredith said of the gods, "by their great memories they are known."

Thus far the treaty is a psalm to nationality and a salutary warning to the ambition of princes that, after all the confusions, battles, agonies of a thousand years, "the little peoples" have again come to their own. But before leaving this, the most important and original part of the treaty, a word of warning is necessary. The new States, impoverished by war, unaccustomed to self-government, not free from some of the political vices inherent in long alien domination, lie, except in so far as they have access to the sea, which much care and ingenuity has been expended in securing them, between Germany and Austria, crushed with debt and other disabilities, and Russia in a state of extremest disorder. General Smuts, at Capetown on August 4th this year, on his return to South Africa, publicly expressed the doubt whether the organism of civilisation itself had not been destroyed in Central Europe. The power, however, of recuperation possessed by nations is enormous, provided they are well governed; but, though Paris may give them frontiers, government they must give themselves.

Having pushed with extraordinary courage and faith the principle of nationality to its logical extreme in Central Europe, the Allies deny it in Austria. They perpetuate Bismarck's action of driving Austria out of the Reich, without his excuse that Austria owing to her great foreign possessions upset the hegemony of Prussia in Germany. It is hardly likely, if the general settlement that is evolving in Paris is to be permanent, the historic duchy of Austria will be maintained in such an anomalous situation.

But, surely, if any body of Germans was to be turned out of the Reich, it should have been Prussia. A new German Federation might have been made with its historical capital Vienna restored to it, and the inexpressibly brutal Prussian people, driven out of the Reich, stripped of their 1815 acquisitions on the Rhine and in Saxony and most of their Polish territory, left to exist as a Baltic province. To assure the acceptance of such a scheme, the new Federation must have been treated generously, as France

was treated in 1815, and only a moderate indemnity imposed. This would have involved little more than "a sacrifice on paper of sums of money, of which only a fraction will probably ever be obtained. Another alternative, for which much may be said, was to establish a Federal State to replace the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. Either of these solutions appears preferable to that actually adopted.

If the realists of 1815 only paid lip-homage to Polish claims, who is there to-day even to do that to China? Germany certainly gives up all her ill-gotten gains, even down to the astronomical instruments her troops looted in 1900. But she restores not to China, but to Japan all her rights, title and privileges in Kiao-chau and Shantung. The Allies restore nothing to China of all the concessions and privileges they have in the past extracted from her by force or fraud. The doctrine of nationality is to be strictly preserved for European application, and apparently "justice and right" are not the same in China as in Bohemia or Poland. The result of this cynicism is the danger of future war between Great Britain, the United States and Japan; the alarming strengthening of Japan's position in Asia; and an excuse for vast naval armaments beyond those warranted by European conditions. The settlement on the western frontier of Germany is too well known to require comment and too just to require criticism, but for those who prefer to see the mighty put down from their seats to the exalting of the humble and meek the treaty is held to provide much suitable reading. In article after article, section after section, the vanquished is stripped of all the booty of an aggressive, ambitious and ruthless diplomacy in Liberia, Morocco, Siam, Russia, Egypt and Turkey. Germany surrenders her colonies; she surrenders her fleet, retaining only six battleships and some auxiliary ships. She abolishes compulsory service; and with a touch of irony worthy of Talleyrand the German Army is reduced to seven divisions of infantry and three divisions of cavalry—the exact size of the British Expeditionary Force. After October 1st, 1919, the military and naval air forces of Germany are abolished. By way of reparation Germany must pay the Allies before May, 1921, one thousand million pounds, as a first instalment towards liquidating the civil damage caused by her during the war. Meanwhile an Inter-Allied Reparation Commission shall notify to the German Government on or before May 1st, 1921, the total amount of that Government's obligations. The treaty, moreover, contemplates that payments will be continued by Germany until 1951. Immediate arrangements are made by which the Commission takes from Germany, "by way of security for and acknowledgment of her debt," three

series of bearer gold bonds amounting in all to five thousand million pounds, and "further issues by way of acknowledgment and security may be required as the Commission subsequently determines from time to time." "After that it seems almost superfluous to mention that Germany cedes to the Allies all her merchant ships of 1,600 tons gross and upwards; half those between 1,600 and 1,000 tons, one quarter of her smaller craft, and undertakes a vast programme of shipbuilding for the Allies.

"The file," as Burke would say, "has no precedent" for such indemnities; and financiers and economists are somewhat sceptical as to their results. These clauses bear evidence of the violence and passion out of which such treaties of peace necessarily arise, and witness to the despair of statesmen at their inability to compensate mankind for its sufferings. Of disarmament, except in the sense of disarming your opponent, not much has been accomplished. We may still ask of Napoleon's shade—

"Soars still thy spirit, Child of Fire?
Dost hear the camps of Europe hum?"

But Paris must not be judged by the treaty alone, the terms of which have been overshadowed by the Covenant of the League of Nations, which precedes and to a certain extent supersedes it. The Covenant is agreed to by twenty-seven States and thirteen others are invited to accede to it. Will it be signed by a President of the United States one hundred and two years after Monroe entered upon that office, thus emphasising in a striking fashion the new unity of mankind? The realists accept the Covenant because of their satisfaction at the penal clauses outlined above; the idealists try to forgive those same clauses for the sake of the Covenant. Thus an auspicious if somewhat artificial goodwill attends the birth of this great international experiment, which is welcomed even in quarters where the Napoleonic dislike of ideologues still lingers.

Though weakened by the omission of any provision for an international army or staff, the Covenant provides for the automatic revision of treaties and of armaments and for the registration and publication of treaties. The members of the League mutually guarantee one another against external aggression; and agree to submit to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council of the League any dispute that may arise between them. The establishment of a permanent international court of justice is contemplated. The establishment of government by mandatory of the League in those territories which no longer find themselves owing to the war under their old sovereignty and "are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves" is an interesting

experiment, which may go far to mitigate the evils incident to the government of aboriginal tribes by more civilised peoples, and may in the end, come to be extended to all such peoples.

The force behind the League is to be the national forces of the adherents, and the weapon that of the blockade, which, compared to military action, is extremely dilatory. It is hardly surprising that in such circumstances it is laid down that decisions by the Council must be unanimous. Realists are probably satisfied that the exclusion of an international force and of general disarmament and the inclusion of unanimity more than counterbalance the permanence, continuity and elasticity of the League. If indeed the Covenant were to remain unaltered, it is doubtful if it would secure so long a peace as the Vienna settlement. Fortunately, however, Article 26, its last article, arranges that amendments to the Covenant shall take effect when ratified by the Council and a majority of the Assembly. It is this article, so modestly placed, which may yet come to be the corner-stone of civilisation and the real monument of the countless dead. Here is indicated the path along which the nations may ascend "per ardua ad astra" from the crimson sunset of war to the starlight and silence of peace.

C. W. B. PRESCOTT.

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THE GOVERNMENT'S OPPORTUNITY IN IRELAND.

"The Government may say: 'We dislike the necessity of imposing a settlement on Ireland, but since we are convinced that settlement is an Imperial need, and since Irishmen refuse to agree among themselves, no other course is open to us.' That would be a sound argument if the present scheme were a sound scheme. If sensible Irishmen really believed that this scheme was fair and workable, and that, after it had been imposed, its success would reconcile the whole country to it, they would be ready to endure the painful process of imposition."—*Irish Times*, November 11th, 1919.

THERE is a school of British politicians who sincerely believe, although for some years they have refrained from saying it, that Irishmen are unfit for self-government. They are right, but not in the uncomplimentary sense they mean. Irishmen, owing to the history England has insisted on making for them, will be unfit for self-government until they have self-government. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman realised this dominating fact when, speaking about Ireland, he declared that good government was no substitute for self-government. The first step to be taken in solving the Irish question is, by some means or other, to open the doors of the old Parliament House in College Green, Dublin, and to call into deliberation there the elected representatives of the country, let them be for twenty-four or twenty-six counties, or for the whole thirty-two; or only, indeed, for the three southern provinces. Whether this is done under the Home Rule Act at present on the Statute Book, or under a fresh measure, will not make so much difference in the immediate result, which will be to force all parties in Ireland to look frankly, for the first time, into each other's faces, and ask themselves, without any further rhetoric, "What are we going to do *now*?" Let us, in the name of ignorant common sense, endeavour to get into touch with reality. Home Rule, in some form, in the historic domicile which Grattan, and Flood, and Charlemont made sacred in Irish eyes is the necessary preliminary to an Irish settlement. The sooner it is brought about the better for everybody. It used to be said, and most truly, that "Ulster" was the only obstacle to this consummation. Later it was said, and with equal truth, that "Ulster," as an obstacle, had been made still more formidable by Sinn Féin. At the present moment every party in Ireland, North and South alike, constitutional and non-constitutional, stands bewildered and undecided in the path of almost any possible effort at a national rearrangement.

If the statements that have been appearing in the English

papers to the effect that the Government has decided to impose on Ireland a broad measure of Home Rule on Dominion lines, with a special provision for the case of "Ulster," are true, then it may be said that British statesmen are at last about to come to close quarters—to use Mr. Gladstone's phrase in introducing his first Home Rule Bill in 1886—with the Irish difficulty. Ireland, since the passing of the Act of Union, has been the unhappy beneficiary of something like eighty compulsory, or "Coercion," Acts, ending with the Perpetual Jubilee Coercion Act of 1887 passed by Mr. Balfour, which is doing duty to-day all over the country in the left-handed efforts of Lord French and Mr. Macpherson to deal with the activities of Sinn Féin. It is somewhat humiliating for an Irish Nationalist to have to confess that a still further Act of this kind is necessary if, in any reasonable time, we are to see light in this Island of Saints and Disputants. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy told with pride how the Colony of Victoria, of which he was afterwards Prime Minister, formulated its own constitution, and with what pleasure, as a member of the House of Commons, he saw it being carried easily through that Assembly. We have seen the same thing taking place in more recent years in the case of South Africa, when Boer and Briton—and Irishman—laid down the lines of their new union, and South Africa's "Ulster," Natal, was induced, after much hesitation, to join in a great and beneficent compromise, and how that compromise was gladly accepted and endorsed by the Imperial Parliament, to its own honour and the immense advantage, as a potential great nation, of the sub-continent. Apparently Ireland is not to-day in the mood to follow those healthy precedents. She has probably, owing to her history, never really been in that mood. "The most far-reaching piece of legislation ever passed by the British Parliament for Ireland—the Land Act of 1881, which, with its Land Purchase corollaries, is the basis of Ireland's present economic stability and unprecedented prosperity—was opposed by some of the most patriotic Nationalists, including several of the leaders, on the ground that it was not sufficiently revolutionary, though, as it turned out, it led to the virtual reversal of the three great Irish confiscations of Elizabeth, Cromwell, and William the Third. Similarly there were men in high places in Nationalist politics who went as far as they could in attacking the Local Government Act of 1898, inspired by the idea that it would weaken the national sentiment—the very contrary proving to be the case. Mr. George Wyndham's Land Act of 1903, which has transferred most of the land of Ireland to the tenants, was held by a powerful section of the Nationalist element to be a trap laid for the farmers' in the

interests of the landlords. In the first of these instances Parnell, with the great authority which he wielded over the hearts and judgments of his countrymen, was able to steady public opinion in Ireland; in the latter Mr. Redmond, who had an equally keen appreciation of the value of political compromise, managed to play the same rôle. His influence was exercised with equally good results when the Home Rule Act, as a Bill, was passing through Parliament in 1912-14. Unfortunately there is no man in Ireland at present on the Nationalist side with the same power, and the same judgment and foresight, as these two able statesmen. Mr. Dillon has gone through a long illness since his defeat by Mr. De Valera in East Mayo at the General Election, and, so far, has not personally given a lead to his followers except to assure them that Sinn Féin hopes are bound, within easily measurable time, to be profoundly disappointed; while Mr. Devlin takes up the same negative position. The Southern and Western Unionists have quite failed to follow the enlightened lead given to them by Lord Midleton in the Convention, and while acknowledging that something must be done have not put forward a solitary constructive suggestion. "Ulster," judging by its Press, simply hopes that the new effort at settlement will prove as abortive as its predecessors, and in the meantime maintains its inept attitude of "Hands off us; we are satisfied with the Union." While, finally, the Sinn Féin leaders boldly advise their party not to bother about any proposals that may emanate from London, which are simply no concern of theirs.

In these circumstances what is a Government to do which feels that in the interests of Great Britain and Ireland alike some really practical attempt at a workable settlement must be made, and who know, unlike Gladstone and Asquith, that they will have the vast majority of the British people behind them in making it?

One can easily conceive that Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues feel somewhat nervous in advancing any proposals, in view of the attitude taken up by the two extreme Irish parties. There is very good reason to believe, however, that both Carsonism and Sinn Féin are beginning to lose grip on their respective constituencies in Ireland. No one can doubt this in regard to the former who has followed events in the north-east corner of Ulster during the present year, beginning with the defeat of Sir Edward Carson's personally-recommended candidate in East Antrim and ending the other day with that gentleman's mysterious, railway-strike-enforced retreat from Penrith back to his base in London while on his way to his adopted country to celebrate the anniversary of the Covenant. That movement to the rear may have been a wise one from the point of view of Sir

Edward himself, but it had a hopelessly demoralising effect on his followers in Ulster. It was a clear case for the presence of the leader at the front: even if, say, he had to get into the stirrups, like Paul Revere, or Dick Turpin, or Lord Birkenhead, of any other famous galloper in history. One recalls the lines, once so popular with schoolboys, "Sheridan's Ride," by Thomas Buchanan Read, describing a famous incident in the American Civil War :—

"Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the Chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more—
And Sheridan twenty miles away!"

Whatever was the cause of Sir Edward Carson's absence from Ulster on Covenant Day, it certainly was the means of producing a most extraordinary political fizzle in the "Imperial Province." It took all the pith out of the celebration, and the Covenanters began to realise for the first time how much their cause depended on a Dublin man whose father was a Home Ruler, who was probably at one time a Home Ruler himself, who was certainly in earlier days a Liberal and a member of the National Liberal Club, and who happens to be a successful lawyer living and practising in London and with no stake of any kind in their Reservation. And it was a critical time. When last in Ulster Sir Edward had told his friends there that they could not depend on their British allies to the same extent as they were able to do formerly, and he knew only too well that this aspect of the situation had been widely canvassed since he had beaten the Orange drum once again in its own habitat on July 12th. He knew also that his leading colleagues in the north-east corner had sorrowfully emphasised the woeful fact,¹ and had made the matter worse by proclaiming that "Ulster would now have to depend on itself." That was a New Revelation indeed. Were there to be no more Curragh mutinies? Was no young Lord Randolph Churchill to spring up and make England's flesh creep by declaring that "Ulster would fight and Ulster would be right"? No Lord Salisbury to tell the faithful few that they

(1) "Whereas before the war they could call every Unionist in the House of Commons their friend, they could not do that to-day. In fact the reverse was the case. There were comparatively few Unionists in the House of Commons who would not welcome immediately some form of Home Rule which would remove the question from the purview of the House."—Captain Craig, M.P. (Sir E. Carson's right-hand man) at Muckamore, Co. Antrim, October 16.

were the English garrison in Ireland who would always have the strength of the Empire behind them in all emergencies? No Lord Wolseley to throw the immortal sword of the Red River in Canada, of Ashantee, and of Tel-el-Kebir into the balance against Parliament, on the side of Sandy Row and Civil and Religious Liberty? No Bonar Law, no F. E. Smith, no Walter Long, to stand by them shoulder to shoulder in the grim fight looming darkly ahead? And Sir Edward Carson, in these desperate circumstances, goes back to London! Very well. Sir Edward Carson, after all, is a Dublin man. He may be a Home Ruler even unto this day. He shook hands with Redmond when he couldn't get him to give up Tyrone and Fermanagh. Very well. Ulster stands where she stood. What she said she said. No surrender!

The other element in the situation that, as I have pointed out, is supposed to be an almost insurmountable difficulty is Sinn Fein. Sinn Fein, however, is at present passing rapidly through the same stages of disillusionment as its rival extremists in the North.

And this was inevitable, because Sinn Fein has played its cards badly. There was a time when, if it had had a competent leader at its head—let us say in 1913, when the Home Rule Bill was steadily and surely approaching the Statute Book—it might naturally have developed into the party, acting as the Left of Mr. Redmond's forces, that would ultimately have secured the kind of National Parliament the country desired but hardly at that period dared to hope for. Its policy was "The Dominion Status." And it was so far from advocating, or thinking of bursting into Easter Week Rebellions for an Irish Republic, that actually when it formed its Irish Volunteers at a big meeting in the Dublin Rotunda in the autumn of that year the purpose of this organisation was stated, by the chairman, Professor John MacNeill, to be "the safeguarding of the rights we have gained," meaning the Home Rule Bill that was then passing through the Houses at Westminster, and that Sir Edward Carson had organised his Ulster army to destroy. Owing to the war, "the rights we have gained" did not materialise as rapidly as could have been wished, and Sinn Fein found itself hustled, apparently by a fluke—which has never been satisfactorily explained—into the April outbreak of 1916 and the amazing proclamation of the establishment of an Irish Republic. Up to that point Sinn Fein had not lost its sanity, for its attitude towards the war and recruiting had many excuses, historical and other, which were obvious to all intelligent and informed people, English as well as Irish. And notwithstanding Mr. Redmond's great success in

piloting the Home Rule Bill through all its Parliamentary stages, there was considerable dissatisfaction generally with a very large percentage of his party, who were being regarded more and more as the mere servitors of the Government. The party had done its work well, and had served the country well, but it was felt, and outside Sinn Fein circles too, that the time had come for an infusion of new blood. Sinn Fein's inevitable opportunity was not far off. The Act on the Statute Book, before it was put into operation, had to be amended in two important particulars—in regard to "Ulster" and in regard to finance. Sinn Fein, the Party of the Future, as it believed itself to be, and with its Dominion Home Rule ideals, would have had a powerful influence in shaping these final accommodations. It might have succeeded in almost accomplishing some of the national purposes it originally set out to achieve, and have helped much in fashioning the new legislature into a nearer likeness, in regard to the fiscal relations of Ireland and Great Britain, to the Parliament of Grattan, which during its whole existence, so far as the public could gather, had been its main objective. Suddenly, however, Sinn Fein found itself lifted clean off its feet by a wild tornado that seemed to come from nowhere; and out of the unexpected upheaval it emerged, not as a party striving for an Anglo-Irish rearrangement such as Deak had worked out between Hungary and Austria—the basis on which it was founded by Mr. Arthur Griffith—but bedizened in a ready-made republican uniform, with the red cap of the revolution and a brand-new tricolour flag. This was a development hitherto unhinted at by the responsible Sinn Fein leaders, who had never before, in any of their journals or public utterances, revealed any intention of setting up an Irish Republic. The Easter-Week explosion had thrown their machine out of its own proper track, and it is likely that they would have endeavoured to bring it back to it had it not been that the criminal incompetence and brutality of the Irish Government sent it stumbling in the dark along the perilous cul-de-sac into which it had been thrown. The Easter Week rebellion was at first almost universally condemned by Nationalists, and had its leaders been treated by Dublin Castle as De Wet and the other revolvers in South Africa were treated by General Botha it would have been a very small event in Irish history. Instead it became the starting-point of an entirely new policy that Ireland had not in the least been contemplating. Because the extremists had proclaimed a Republic the people, in a frenzy of rage at the daily executions, thought they would be bad Nationalists if they did not show sympathy with it; and the Sinn Fein leaders weakly accepted the situation. Unfortunately there was no man amongst

them of sufficient strength and courage to resist the reckless and unmeaning movement. With the aid of Sir John Maxwell the extremists carried the day, and the men who for years had been seeking the restoration of Grattan's Parliament became, almost in a night, out and out separatists. The provocation was great, but never was there a more unfortunate *volte face* on the part of political leaders. And having made the mistake in a moment of passion they unhappily had not the wisdom to reverse it in time. The Separatist and Republican idea, which had been the inspiration of a week's heroic madness and futility, by degrees became a fixed principle of political action. Sinn Fein soon became completely identified with the revolutionaries, and in its new character whole-heartedly accepted the doctrine that the surrender of Easter Week in no way affected the existence of the Republic then established, which was more alive than ever, and which would in due time call into existence a National Assembly for the government of the country. This conception of the political position quite took the fancy of that large section of the people who firmly believed that, after forty years of constitutional effort, they had been deliberately tricked by England out of the national rights they had won. A Parliament elected by themselves, sitting in Dublin, and having no connection with the Parliament in London, was at least better than a Scrap of Paper on the English Statute Book. It would put an end to humbug, and it would set Irishmen thinking out their own problems instead of handing over that duty to strangers from across the Channel. Hence the Sinn Fein victory at the General Election; hence An Dail Eireann.

So far, so good. But the ex-Grattan's Parliamentites would go a step further. An Dail Eireann would be not merely the *de jure* Parliament of Ireland; it would also be the *de facto* Parliament. It would function—it would supersede Westminster not only morally but physically. This somewhat daring and ambitious policy is the rock on which Sinn Fein is going to come to grief—is, in fact, coming to grief. The members of An Dail Eireann adopted it with grave faces, appointed a Cabinet, created ministers, distributed portfolios, organised departments for various purposes of national development, and arranged for the holding of courts of law. Large schemes of direct foreign trade with the United States, France, Germany, and other countries abroad were adumbrated, and these would be worked out by Irish Consuls representing the Republic. A coal shortage, if it occurred, would be met by the importation of coal from America, the proper working of the Irish coal mines, and the more general use of turf. No food would be allowed out of the country that was not over

and above what was needed for the support of its inhabitants. The whole system of Irish trade and agriculture would be de-Anglicised and placed on a truly Irish basis. And so on—a limitless number of great and unprecedented national activities. And all the benefits to be derived from this governmental enterprise would, in the spirit of the Republic, which knows no parties, be shared in equally by North and South, by Carsonites and Nationalists, and irrespective of class, colour, or creed.

That was last January. And Ireland is still waiting patiently to see this new system, or any part of it, large or small, put into actual operation. We know that the Republic is in existence somewhere, because Sinn Féin prisoners in the still existing British courts always say that they are its soldiers, and that only to its laws and institutions do they owe any allegiance. But in our daily lives and daily business it is still British laws and British institutions we find ourselves up against. When we want to send a letter we must perforce put the British King's head on it if we do not wish the recipient to be surcharged two or three times the price of the stamp. If we want an ounce of tobacco we know that we are contributing about three-quarters of the money we pay for it towards the upkeep of the British Army of Occupation. We are paying infinitely more in the form of taxation to England since the Republic and Dail Éireann came into existence than ever we paid before. More British firms have got hold of Irish enterprises like banks and steamship companies since the Republic was declared over three years and a half ago than got hold of Irish enterprises in the two previous decades. Notwithstanding these symptoms, however, which perhaps look discouraging to those who do not understand, everything is really going on well. We know that because Mr. Arthur Griffith and his colleagues in our Republican Government say, "Don't worry." We are quite satisfied, indeed, that the Ministry is carefully looking after our national affairs; and, in fact, we got a very good proof of that only the other day at the meeting of the Dublin Corporation when the following important business was transacted, as reported in the daily papers:—

"A letter was read at yesterday's meeting of the Dublin Corporation from the Secretary, Agricultural Department, Dail Éireann, intimating that a Decree of An Dail had fixed November 1st as Arbor Day, and requesting the co-operation of the Council in giving effect to the observance of the day as such.

"Alderman J. S. Kelly asked who wore the Department indicated in the letter.

"The Lord Mayor said he could not inform him.

"Alderman Kelly: I object to any Agricultural Department except what is the law of the land. The law of the land is the Board of Agriculture.

"The letter was approved, Alderman Kelly dissenting."

It will be seen that the leading municipal body in Ireland accepted Dail Eireann's Decree with only one dissentient, and virtually without debate. To the mind of the callow young Sinn Feiner this is yet another proof that An Dail Eireann is on the straight road to the reconstruction and regeneration of the country, and that in this particular case it will soon cover Ireland again with woods and forests. Most of the Town Councillors, however, who so quickly and agreeably complied with the request of the Department of Agriculture of the Republican Government, remembered that this Arbor Day movement had been started by one of themselves, the late Mr. Charles Dawson, a quarter of a century ago. It couldn't do any harm to encourage the young men to carry on Mr. Dawson's work, and it might, indeed, lead to the planting of a few trees in the Dublin back gardens.

Now, this attitude of amused and paternal-like tolerance towards the feverish desire of Sinn Fein to show, through its National Assembly, that it can do practical service for Ireland and that its programme is not limited to defying the British Government and going to and escaping from gaol, is not confined to the members of the Dublin Corporation. The feeling is growing everywhere in the country that the time of probation of this revolutionary organisation should not be unduly prolonged unless it can give some tangible proofs that there is anything to be gained by the nation from supporting it further. The remark of the Lord Mayor, who is anything but an opponent of Sinn Fein, from his chair in the City Hall, that he knew nothing of the Agricultural Department of An Dail Eireann, when the body over which he presides is in close touch with the similar Department of the British Government, was deadly, although no doubt he made it in the innocence of his mayoral heart, and without the least intention of doing anybody any harm.

There is another circumstance, infinitely more significant than any of those just mentioned, which goes to show that Sinn Fein is ceasing to be the formidable obstacle it was to a constitutional settlement of the Irish question. The railway strike in England gave its main political position such a shake that it seems quite impossible that it could ever recover from it.

Now, Sinn Fein won its great electoral victory in December last through the grace—some people would say stupidity, or at least the mistake—of Labour standing aside, refraining from putting up its own candidates, and generally voting for it at the polls. It was Irish Labour chiefly, and not Sinn Fein, that made the Anti-Conscription Day demonstration such an extraordinary success earlier in the year. Sinn Fein managed to get the credit of it, but it is quite absurd to think that anything but Labour

could have stopped the trains all over the three southern provinces, the trams in Dublin, shut up the shops, closed the factories, suppressed the newspapers, and put a complete stoppage to work everywhere in Ireland outside Ulster, on that day. With that experience, and the later experience of the General Election, Sinn Fein apparently believed that it held Irish Labour in the hollow of its hand. But when the railway strike took place the Irish Labour Party very promptly proved that they were not always bound to Sinn Fein principles; and when it came to a matter of self-determination for their rights as workmen, and it was a question of the very practical business of pounds, shillings, and pence, the great and sacred principle of separation from England had to go by the board. Not merely were the Irish workers in sympathy with the Englishmen, not merely were they willing to strike with them, but they actually waited, like well-disciplined soldiers, ready to down tools when they received their orders from London. And now they rejoice in the victory of "our brothers" in Great Britain, and in the almost miraculous circumstance that they have received all the equivalent advantages the men on the other side of the Irish Sea secured after nine days' idleness, and without losing an hour's work and pay. Sinn Fein had need to beware the Ides of March if a General Election, as somebody has been prophesying, comes with the Spring Equinoxes.

I had written thus far on the assumption, stated at the beginning, that "the Government had decided to impose on Ireland a broad measure of Home Rule on Dominion lines, with a special provision for the case of 'Ulster,' " and with the hope of showing that only by an imposed measure of this kind can anything practical be accomplished within reasonable time in regard to this question—when two of the leading London papers simultaneously came out with a statement, apparently inspired, to the effect that the Cabinet Committee appointed to inquire into it had recommended a scheme the chief features of which were a Northern and a Southern Parliament, with a National Council composed of equal numbers of these two bodies as a connecting-link. The announcement came on Ireland like a bolt from the blue. Why, this was the plan which, when proposed by the *Times* in July, was at once rejected everywhere outside Carsonite Ulster. And that was not its first rejection either. Virtually the same plan was even more emphatically rejected when suggested by the Prime Minister in his letter of May 16th, 1917, to Mr. Redmond when proposing the Convention. That it should be put forward a third time—especially after Mr. Lloyd George himself had declared in the House of Commons on August 8th last in regard

to its second (*Times*) edition, that "every party in Ireland joined in condemning it"—quite passes Irish comprehension. Anyhow, the new version was at once repudiated, like its predecessors; and to attempt to impose such a scheme on Ireland would be sheer lunacy. It does not give Ireland a National Parliament (which is a *sine quâ non*), with a certain objecting portion of the country cut off; it gives her two equal provincial Parliaments, with a connecting Council meant to bring about ultimate unity, which one Dublin National journal describes as "a Council *pour rire*," another as the legislative recognition of the "Ulster Veto," and about which the leading Unionist paper of the South, the *Irish Times*, writes that while the Government could impose the two legislatures, "it could no more impose a unifying Council than it could create life itself." The chief Carsonite organ in Ulster, the *Belfast Newsletter*, discusses the subject with a most timely and useful frankness, that surely, if quite unwittingly, puts the last nail in the coffin of this thrice slain abortion. "The Council," says the *Newsletter*, "must have no powers at any time except such as are voluntarily assigned to it by Ulster, and may be drawn from it if they are abused, for otherwise there would be no exclusion"! Is this how "Ulster" is to be gradually induced to work with the rest of Ireland "for the good of the whole country"?

It is not conceivable that the Government can entertain any such hopeless proposition. If there is to be Partition—and Partition is, in the first instance, essential to any scheme promising ultimate success—let it be a genuine partition such as Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson agreed to three years ago. "From the outset," writes the *Irish Times* most truly, referring again to the connecting Council, "the Northern Unionists' idea would be to barricade themselves against any contact with the South." Is that the way to bring about unity in Ireland? Now, under the Home Rule Act, which was undoubtedly accepted in 1914 by the great majority of Nationalists, including the bulk of the present Sinn Féiners, Ireland was given a Parliament of the Nation, which was to start on its career after an Amending Bill had been passed providing for the dissentient parts of Ulster. This scheme is the very opposite. It gives a Parliament to Ulster (which has not asked for it), and, incidentally, provides for the rest of Ireland. It is a travesty of Home Rule as conceived by Mr. Gladstone and the other British statesmen who have endeavoured to carry out his Irish policy. Mr. Lloyd George himself has stated on several occasions that he is willing to give Home Rule to the portions of Ireland that desire it, but that he will not coerce the remainder into acceptance. Let him try the

experiment. The Earl of Meath, a Unionist, wrote in the *Time* on August 15th last that "Nationalist Ireland would be far stronger if she left Ulster severely alone." That is so; an Nationalist Ireland, no doubt with a good deal of grumbling would settle down in a surprisingly short time under an impose Dominion Home Rule scheme constructed with that circumstance in view, if the Government has the courage, as it has the opportunity, to push it through. "The time has come," wrote the *Daily News* the other day, "when the one force calculated to inspire belief in the ideal of the League of Nations is the spectacle of the League actually and actively at work."

Apply that principle here. Let the Government make its scheme a wide one that will establish a real Parliament in Dublin, and make-believe, and let it be sufficiently elastic to admit of development by Irishmen themselves when they find development necessary. Let it remember that the Ulster and the Sinn Féin difficulties are by no means so formidable as they were. Let it not be afraid because there will be many Irish objections and criticisms, and complaints that they are thrusting a scheme on the country that particular parties don't want, to make beginning. And let it remember, finally, if anyone cries "Compulsion!" that while it was the non-application of the Home Rule Act on the Statute Book that gave rise to the present distrust of England in Ireland, it would now need compulsion to put it into operation.

HIBERNICUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the London *Spectator* of August 2nd a correspondent did me the honour of quoting my name together with that of Ibsen, Dostoevski, Nietzsche and Heine as one of the true prophets of coming events, alluding to a page in my introduction to Gobineau's "Renaissance" (Heinemann, 1918), where I predicted the imminent downfall of Germany.

While feeling obliged to this correspondent for his generous acknowledgment, I now beg to appeal to you in an affair which, I trust, is not entirely devoid of public and literary interest.

Having lived, and that previously to the war, for 20 years in London, I have ever since the cessation of hostilities felt a natural desire to return to my home, to have again access to my library, to converse again with my old English friends. I am now informed by these that a return might be difficult for me, not so much on account of my German citizenship, but because of my connection with Nietzsche, who, as an eminent English author informs me to-day, is "still, rightly or wrongly, in official circles held responsible for the outbreak of the war." Having applied for some time now, and in vain, for a passport—both to the Home Office and the British Consulate here—I am afraid that there may be some truth for this extraordinary statement, and I am thus obliged to appeal to you for a re-opening of the Nietzsche controversy in the interest of philosophical thought.

An exhaustive inquiry in what I would call "The Case of Nietzsche" is all the more necessary, as behind the present upheaval of the world there is undoubtedly going on a great war of ideas and ideals, which alone can explain and even excuse our present-day bewilderment. An investigation into all those spiritual tendencies which led up to the great war is thus required in the interest of future peace, and should be conducted with all that fairness and impartiality which is necessarily denied to all inquiries into matters of State and politics. For politicians of all countries will always plead—and sometimes justly—the reason of expediency, while no such excuses are necessary, nor even allowed, in the pure realm of Thought.

It is with regard to Truth, then, that the Case of Nietzsche should be re-opened. I myself have often said to friends that the accusation against this philosopher seemed all the more preposterous, as he—and he alone amongst nineteenth-century thinkers—combated all, but actually all, those pre-war ideas which have led up to the great cataclysm. Nietzsche stood against pan-Germanism as well as against Socialism (which in Germany proved so nearly related to each other), and he never ceased to ridicule that shallow Liberalism and Pacifism which, by their weak attitude outside Germany, directly encouraged that country in her attack upon her neighbours. Had Lord Haldane, who once called Nietzsche "a brutal man," been able to read more of him, he would have never believed "in a so-called peace party in Germany whose power would develop and which might turn the scale in favour of peace." He, too, highly gifted

man as he is, might have foreseen what was going to happen, and might thus have preserved his country and the world from a great disaster.

As to myself, I feel somewhat sore about this refusal of a passport, all the more so, as I have always been, and still am, under the impression that England is under some obligation to me. For it was I, and I alone, who brought Nietzsche to your country, and, no publisher thinking that "there was any money in it," I even had to pay every farthing for print and translation out of my own pocket. Now, there are many people, both in England and America, who think highly and even enthusiastically about this pioneer work of mine, as is proved by the many letters which I am constantly receiving; but even those who do not share this good opinion, even those who think of Nietzsche's philosophy as of the "Devil's own," even they, I think, ought not to condemn its editor too readily or too harshly. In the days of the outbreak of the war a Piccadilly bookseller exhibited the eighteen volumes of my edition in his shop window, and over them I saw myself in big letters the following words: "The Euro-Nietzschean War: Read the Devil in order to fight him the better." Well, without the undersigned you might never have heard of the Devil, you would not have been able to read him in a trustworthy version, you would certainly have had to fight him in the dark, and you would consequently have never been able to fight him so well.

My disappointment about England's "cold shoulder" is all the more keen, as a more favourable reception is given to other people—to those whose visit "will be of benefit to British trade." Though my publisher, Mr. T. N. Foulis, of 91, Great Russell Street, W.C., informs me that this would likewise apply to my own case—for Nietzsche is read all the world over, and new editions are urgently required—I feel somewhat reluctant to re-enter your house by this all-too-convenient back door. I know we live in a commercial age, but England is not a country of shopkeepers, and there may be some of your countrymen—not necessarily of the Nietzschean, but of the customary creed—who, while admitting to their shores the Jewish trader, will not exclude from them the Jewish prophet.

OSCAR LEVY,

Editor of the authorised English translation
of Nietzsche's Works.

Hotel Richemond, Geneva (Switzerland).

November 2nd, 1919.

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YOUNGER SONS.

THE IDEAL CAREER.

The increasing industrial turmoil of the present day is rendering the question as to a future career for their sons one of ever greater difficulty to parents. Perhaps the most significant factor has been the introduction of female labour in all branches of commerce and industry, and the permanent employment of women in the professions and Civil Service.

The solution, however, would seem to be found in the fact that population is increasing faster than primary products, and the tendency of progress is towards a higher standard of comfort, better food, and more of it. The overcrowded professions will undoubtedly become an even more serious problem now that the remaining barriers against the inclusion of women are being gradually broken down.

If, however, the effect of this new orientation is to direct the energies of the male population away from the orthodox professions into the channels of direct production, then the world stands to gain thereby.

In the choice of a calling too much emphasis is often laid by parents upon academic success, too little on the practical bias in many young men, which, while unfitting them for high scholastic achievement, is all the good in other spheres. Here is a young man, for instance, who has been given every advantage at school, has spent three years at a university, and yet has completely failed to realise the hopes which were centred upon him. Simply because he has little natural aptitude for learning, does it follow that his life should be made a misery to him on that account, that he should become the subject of constant reproach, and end in a ghastly failure? To force a young man at any stage to adopt a profession for which he is totally unsuited is to invite disaster.

In the realm of the practical such a young man will make good.

In times past the bias amongst the educated classes of Great Britain has invariably been in the direction of the learned and clerical professions— to such an extent, indeed, that to depart from family tradition in this regard was deemed high treason. Deeprooted social prejudices ranked the farmer in a lower category. Farming in this country is carried on under such wretched climatic conditions that it has never attained the high standard which has been accorded to it in regions where those conditions are more favourable. In the Motherland this prejudice is passing away, and now parents are looking further afield in quest of a career for their sons.

In England there is an ever-increasing lack of opportunity. The professions are overcrowded, and except for the person with influence behind him or of brilliant achievement there is little scope. For the young man of adventurous spirit and determination South Africa offers the best field, and orange-growing the greatest opportunity. What has happened in California will be repeated in South Africa. In the former country almost every type of business and professional

man is represented in this calling, as witness the following testimony from Coit's "Citrus Fruits," a standard work on the subject:—

"California citrus culture, among all horticultural industries, is peculiar in that the people who have built it up have been, in many cases, retired business men or professional men from the New England and Central States. Persons who have lost their health in the process of gaining wealth have bought and developed citrus properties, the management of which, by requiring a life in the open sunshine and dry air, has resulted in renewed health and steadied nerves. These people brought to the industry much-needed capital, commercial habits and business ability. Citrus culture appeals to people of intelligence and refinement, and such are being drawn from many occupations. Now, since the automobile has come into such general use, the wealthy business man of the city builds a residence in his orange orchard in the suburbs, while among the inter-urban electric lines may be found the small orchards of the superannuated minister, the retired high-school teacher, the lawyer, the doctor, as well as those drawn from other walks of life."

Another Californian authority—E. J. Wickson, Dean and Professor of Agriculture in the College of Agriculture, University of California—writes in his work "California Fruits":—

"It is significant that the fruit grown in semi-tropical countries, especially those which have a more or less distinctly marked two season climate, differs in character from the strictly tropical orange and is firmer, heavier, more sprightly in flavour and with much better keeping and carrying qualities. The tropical orange has but small commercial importance; the semi-tropical orange rules in the markets of the world. That the semi-typical orange should have this distinctive character is most fortunate, for it ministers directly to the will for industry, which is superior in semi-tropical countries. By the seven degrees of frost which the orange tree will endure without injury, it has gained the seventy degrees of north latitude through which its fruit freely seeks a market. Because, though the tropical orange would reach more distant markets in small quantities, it could never attain the commercial supremacy which the fruit now enjoys."

"As to the difference in oranges grown under humid and arid conditions, the moisture being supplied by rainfall in one case and by irrigation in the other, there has been shown in the arid region orange a superior density, thinness and texture of rind, higher sugar and higher acid percentages, and a more sprightly or vinous flavour. The popular conception of the superior sweetness of the orange grown in humid countries is due not to a greater amount of sugar in the juice, but to less amount of acid."

"The orange industry of the United States is unique in the high social and financial standing of those who have engaged in it, and in the striking features of its development. Both in Florida and in California large scale production was first undertaken by northern men who had gained wealth and had lost health in the pursuit of it. They brought capital and commercial ability to the ventures which they exploited. The professional classes of the north also participated largely in the work, bringing scholarship, insight and experience in organisation. There were a few also who possessed horticultural experience, but the other classes largely predominated. The result has been the development of an industry characteristically

American in spirit and new in methods. It has borrowed very little from the practices of old-world orange growers. Free from tradition and prejudice, it proceeded rapidly upon the results of original investigation and experiment, establishing a system of culture and of commercial handling of the product which are without precedent in the older orange regions of the world.

Semi-tropical fruits are nature's demonstration of the existence in a place of a climate which promotes health, comfort, and a maximum of physical and intellectual attainment in mankind. Probably all that is urged against tropical climates as enervating and depressing of human standards is true, but not a word of it applies to an arid semi-tropical climate, in which the blessing of dry air and freedom from the debilitating effect of temperature extremes rejuvenate the old and weary and bring the young to stature and stalwartness which all newcomers notice in the rising generation of Californians. Of the existence of such conditions a well-grown orange of the California type is unimpeachable evidence. It has brought a hundred thousand people and a hundred millions of capital to southern California which would not have come otherwise. In the conscious strength with which northern California has recently awakened to make systematic effort for settlement and development, the orange is accepted as an exponent of the possession of those natural characters of sky and air and soil constituting the most desirable environments of human life—the highest desirability in the location of a home.

"It is but a corollary of the foregoing that the successful and profitable production of citrus fruits is *par excellence* the motive force in promoting colony efforts and in drawing into horticulture the class of people which constitutes the most desirable element in the upbuilding of a great State—people who know what is noble and desirable in human life and desire it for their children; people who know how to secure what their aspirations and tastes approve; people who by intellectual force and training and by successful professional and industrial experience are prepared for attainment in the higher horticultural arts and in the new commercial efforts which make those arts profitable."

In the Transvaal even better conditions prevail for the growing of citrus than in California, without the risk from frost which growers in the latter country have to face. To find the ideal district for a development proposition on a large scale, with a view to building up a considerable community, was no easy matter; but this was finally discovered in the Zebediela Estates, now in process of development. Experts are agreed on the possibilities of this undertaking, among others being Mr. William Macdonald, one of South Africa's leading authorities on agricultural problems; Mr. R. A. Davis, formerly Chief Horticulturist to the Union Government; and Mr. A. H. D. Cochrane, an expert agriculturist, who has an intimate knowledge of farming in South Africa, and recently went out to that country to report on large areas for an English company.

A five-acre block on this estate may be purchased for £562 10s. cash, or £125 per annum spread over a period of five years; but for the settler desirous of making the most of his chances a minimum of ten acres is preferable. At the end of five years the return from each five acres, based on the experience of actual growers, is estimated at £500, after which the net profit would increase year by

year, attaining its maximum about the twelfth year. In the intervening period the company is entirely responsible for development. The title-deeds to the land could, if desired, remain in the possession of a parent, until such time as he was satisfied with the progress made by his son, before finally turning it over to him.

An adequate water supply is the essence of a successful citrus proposition. On Zebediela there is a rainfall of 20 inches in the estate itself, and 85 inches in the watershed, 90 per cent of which falls in the summer months.

The Company's Consulting Engineer is Mr. W. Ingham, M Inst C E, M I Mech E, London. Mr. Ingham is the leading irrigation authority in South Africa, being Chief Engineer to the Rand Water Board, Consulting Engineer to Durban and Port Elizabeth Municipalities and Lourenço Marques Water Scheme. President of the "A" Section of the South African Association for the advancement of Science; Ex-President of the South African Institute of Engineers, and recently nominated President of the South African Society of Civil Engineers. After exhaustive investigations Mr. Ingham has assured the Company that the scheme proposed by Mr. W. A. Palliser (the Company's Resident Engineer) with some slight modifications, will enable the Company to obtain sufficient water for all ground being sold for orange growing. The total expenditure on irrigation alone will be not less than £150,000.

On Zebediela one would be ensured of living a healthy and profitable life under ideal conditions. In this regard Dr. McDonnell writes:

"In the whole of South Africa it would be hard to find a locality better situated for the production of citrus fruits than the Bushveld. Here indeed is the natural home of the orange. Unlike from the cold winds and destructive frosts of the High Veld or the depressing fevers of the Low Country, this elevated Bush Veld is without doubt one of the healthiest agricultural regions in the world.

"Here, on the Zebediela Estates, the prospective settler seeking a home will find a land of eternal sunshine, fertile soil, crystal waters, and a climate with which none can compare. In the span of my own life I have seen the rise of the town of Riverside in Southern California—the most famous orange growing region in America—and I need no prophetic vision to forecast the advent of Zebediela City set at the gateways to those citrus settlements, and bidding welcome alike to the people of South Africa and the settler from the Empire overseas."

Of the ground already sold half has been disposed of to people in England, many of whom intend making their homes in South Africa, and the other half to residents in South Africa of almost desirable type. Young men at an impressionable age who settle on Zebediela Estate would be brought into contact with a highly refined and intelligent class of men, and would have every inducement to lead a clean, healthful, interesting as well as prosperous existence.

A postcard addressed to the African Realty Trust Ltd (Incorporated in the Transvaal in 1902—capital £400,000 fully subscribed), of 86 New Broad Street E.C.2 will bring full particulars regarding the project described herein.

